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The Cough that Lost a Trench

DID you read the earliest news dispatches from American soldiers on the fighting line? An American soldier coughed and betrayed his position to raiding Germans. The trench was lost. Lives were endangered.

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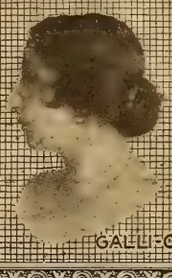
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Mankind loves to crown a Genius. The artists whose portraits appear on this page have won the applause and affection of the public for the beauty, the comfort, the entertainment, and the uplift of their matchless art, as expressed upon the stage and to that far vaster, world-wide audience who knows them by their Victor Records. As long as there are ears to hear, their Victor Records will preserve their living, breathing emotions, their infectious laughter, the exquisite, tremulous notes of their inspired instruments. Their art cannot die.

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Why I Am Paid $50,000 A Year

How a Poor Young Man Trained for a Big Job—and Got It in Three Years

AS TOLD BY EMORY E. HILL

THERE are only a few $50,000 jobs—yet of all the men in the country it is difficult to find enough to fill the few big jobs available. There are plenty of men for the $25-a-week positions—but the thousand-dollar-a-week openings "go begging." How this young man trained himself for earnings of $50,000 a year is one of the most interesting chapters in the annals of even present-day fortune making. This is the story told me, almost word for word, by the young man *who did it.*

"Three short years ago I was $5,000 'in the hole'—and earning $30 a week. I had a wife and two children to support, and I used to worry myself sick about the future.

"Today—it seems like a dream—all my troubles are over. I am worth $200,000—enough to keep me and my family in comfort for the rest of our lives. I own two automobiles. My children go to private schools. I have just purchased, for cash, a $25,000 home. I go hunting, fishing, motoring, traveling, whenever I care to.

"Let me say in all sincerity that what I have done I believe any one can do. I am only an average man—not 'brilliant'—have never gone to college—my education is limited. I know at least a hundred men who know more than I, who are better educated and better informed—and their earnings probably average less than $50 weekly while my income is over $1,000 weekly. I mention this to show that earning capacity is not governed by the extent of a man's education—to encourage those who have not had the advantage of a comprehensive education.

"What, then, is the secret of my success? Let me tell you how it came about.

"One day, about three years ago, something happened that woke me up to what was wrong with me. It was necessary for me to make a decision on a matter which was of little consequence. I knew in my heart what was the right thing to do, but something held me back. I said one thing, then another; I decided one way, then another. I couldn't for the life of me make the decision I knew was right.

"I lay awake most of that night thinking about the matter—not because it was of any great importance in itself, but because I was beginning to discover *what was wrong with me.* Along towards dawn I resolved to make an experiment. I decided to cultivate my will power, believing that if I did this I would not hesitate about making decisions—that when I had an idea I would have sufficient confidence in myself to 'put it over'—that I would not be afraid of myself or of things or of others. I felt that if I could smash my ideas across I would soon make my presence felt. I knew that heretofore I had always begged for success—had always stood, hat in hand, depending on others to give me the things I desired. In short, I was controlled by the will of others. Henceforth, I determined to have a strong will of my own—*to demand and command what I wanted.*

"With this new purpose in mind, I applied myself to finding out something more about will power, and in my investigation I encountered the works of Professor Frank Channing Haddock. To my amazement and delight, I discovered that this eminent scientist, whose name ranks with James, Bergson and Royce, had completed the most thorough and constructive study of will power ever made. I was astonished to read his statement, 'The will is just as susceptible of development as the muscles of the body!' My question was answered! Eagerly I read further—how Dr. Haddock had devoted twenty years to this study—how he had so completely mastered it that he was actually able to set down the very exercises by which any one could develop the will, making it a bigger, stronger force each day, simply through an easy, progressive course of training.

"It is almost needless to say that I at once began to practice the exercises formulated by Dr. Haddock, and I need not recount the extraordinary results that I obtained almost from the first day. You already know the success that my developed power of will has made for me.

"People sometimes worry because they cannot *remember* or because they cannot *concentrate.* The truth is, will power will enable them to do *both.* The man who can use his will can not only concentrate and remember but can *make use* of these two faculties. And I want to leave this one word with you—no knowledge, no plan, no idea is worth a penny unless it is used—and it cannot be used unless some one's power of will does it!"

Prof. Haddock's rules and exercises in will training have been placed in book form, and I have been authorized by the publishers to say that any reader who cares to examine his startling book on will power may do so without sending any money in advance. In other words, if after a week's reading you do not feel that "Power of Will" is worth $3, the sum asked, return it and you will owe nothing. When you receive your copy for examination I suggest that you first read the articles on: The law of great thinking; How to develop analytical power; How to guard against errors in thought; How to drive from the mind unwholesome thoughts; How to develop fearlessness; How to use the mind in sickness; How to acquire a dominating personality.

It is interesting to note that among the 225,000 owners who have read, used and praised "Power of Will" are such prominent men as Judge Ben B. Lindsey; Supreme Court Justice Parker; Wu Ting Fang, ex-U. S. Chinese Ambassador; Lieut.-Gov. McKelvie of Nebraska; Assistant Postmaster-General Britt; General Manager Christeson, of Wells Fargo Express Co.; E. St. Elmo Lewis; Governor Arthur Capper of Kansas, and thousands of others.

As a first step in will training, I would suggest immediate action in this matter before you. It is not even necessary to write a letter. Use the blank form below, if you prefer, addressing it to the Pelton Publishing Company, 46-F Wilcox Block, Meriden, Conn., and the book will come by return mail. This one act may mean the turning point of your life as it has meant to me and to so many others.

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The Exhibitors' Verdict

What the Picture Theater Managers Say of the Plays and Managers

EDITORIAL NOTE—The manufacturers may select their stars and pay them enormous salaries, the great writers may produce wonderful scenarios, the directors may develop great scenes and thrilling climaxes, the critics may condemn or commend, the picture patrons may have their favorites, but, after all, the final verdict is with the exhibitor. He knows whether a play is successful or not. While his patrons are the real jury, he is the foreman and speaks for all of them. If a play and its star do not draw, it is a financial failure, and the exhibitor is the only impartial detector of what is successful and what is not.

For some time one of the leading trade papers, *Motography,* has been making weekly canvasses of the exhibitors and publishing the results in a department called "What the Picture Did for Me." We have found it exceedingly interesting and instructive to ourselves and have concluded that it would be equally so with our readers. Hence we have made arrangements with *Motography* whereby we are permitted to give our readers every month the valuable information that *Motography* has gleaned from the theaters. We are confident that this department will prove a source of great interest to our readers.

"What the Picture Did for Me"

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Reaching for the Moon, with Douglas Fairbanks (Artcraft)—"A very good picture, in my estimation. It is a dream story and people should see it from the beginning to appreciate it. Some of my patrons like it and some do not. It opened up on a week's run to satisfactory business."—Castle Theater, Chicago.

The Woman God Forgot, with Geraldine Farrar (Artcraft)—"A very good spectacle which pleased."—Strand Theater, Omaha, Neb.

Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, with Mary Pickford (Artcraft)—"One of the best pictures ever made."—Hinsdale Theater, Hinsdale, Ill.

In Again, Out Again, with Douglas Fairbanks (Artcraft)—"A big card. Everyone pleased. Draws both fans and the 'once in a while' patrons."—Majestic Theater, Lexington, Neb.

In Again, Out Again, with Douglas Fairbanks (Artcraft)—"This is a good one, but not the star's best."—Columbia Theater, Provo, Utah.

The Little Princess, with Mary Pickford (Artcraft)—"Not so good as *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm.* Too much of a children's story. Did not draw so well as her two previous offerings."—Garfield Theater, Chicago.

The Silent Man, with W. S. Hart (Artcraft)—"Plenty of hold-ups, rattlesnakes and barroom fights. In other words, a 'fist and skull' picture. Everything from one-card monte to the shooting of a boy. Personally I did not like it, but it seems to go over very well with a men-audience. Business very poor on a week's run, but thru no fault of the picture."—Rose Theater, Chicago.

Hell Morgan's Girl, with Dorothy Phillips (Bluebird)—"A very good picture for those who like that class of play."—Leafy Theater, Minatare, Neb.

The Plow Woman, with Mary MacLaren (Bluebird)—"Different. Full of wonderful effects and a strong story. This will go big if patrons like this kind of picture."—Grand Theater, Bay City, Tex.

The Little Orphan, with Ella Hall (Bluebird)—"Very good. Pleased everybody. A good, clean picture for the family."—Grand Theater, Bay City, Tex.

The Cricket, with Zoe Du Rae (Butterfly)—"Clean and entertaining. Zoe draws well."—Star Opera House, Alexandria, S. D.

The Marked Man, with Harry Carey (Butterfly)—"A good, clean, Western picture. Free from all things that make Westerns objectionable." — Star Opera House, Alexandria, S. D.

Nearly Married, with Madge Kennedy (Goldwyn)—"Good business. Many compliments. People want to laugh."—Hinsdale Theater, Hinsdale, Ill.

Baby Mine, with Madge Kennedy (Goldwyn)—"Good business. A good comedy drama."—Hinsdale Theater, Hinsdale, Ill.

Baby Mine, with Madge Kennedy (Goldwyn)—"Good business for three days to pleased patrons."—Colonial Theater, Sioux Falls, S. D.

The Spreading Dawn, with Jane Cowl (Goldwyn)—"Fair business. Patrons generally disappointed in the production."—Colonial Theater, Sioux Falls, S. D.

The Spreading Dawn, with Jane Cowl (Goldwyn)—"Business fair. Audience enthusiastic."—Hinsdale Theater, Hinsdale, Ill.

The Spreading Dawn, with Jane Cowl (Goldwyn)—"From an artistic standpoint, one of the finest productions ever on my screen. Cold weather hurt business."—Star Theater, Decorah, Iowa.

Fighting Odds, with Maxine Elliott (Goldwyn)—"Not up to the standard of past releases. Star does not register on the screen."—Grand Theater, Wilmington, N. C.

The Auction Block (Goldwyn)—"A wonderful picture, one of the best of the season. Drew exceptionally good business and pleased the audience very well."—Lake Shore Theater, Chicago.

Polly of the Circus, with Mae Marsh (Goldwyn)—"Drew a much larger crowd than we expected, on a very cold night. Many compliments."—Gem Theater, Bigheart, Okla.



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Into the wilderness where no white man had ever been before, went George Cumming, the Lion Hunter. His only companions were a few black drunkards; his stores were small; he had only old-fashioned muzzle-loaded rifles, but with a great heart he plunged fearlessly on, hunting lions, elephants, giraffes, buffaloes, rhinoceros—all manner of wild animals. Often he only wounded the fiercest of them and then it was a fight for his own life. So great was his courage and daring, the story of it spread over the world. Wherever he went people were eager to know him and hear about his narrow escapes. Here is the story of his exploits just as they happened, as he told of them day by day in his diary that he carried with him into Africa.

No man had ever dared. Even the bravest of the Indians trembled and cried out that the gods had forbidden it. But this man—his right arm shot off in battle—plunged fearlessly down through the perilous canyon. Day by day he struggled on, defeating death. Day by day he wrote the story of this struggle, and he has left behind a story of splendid adventure that stands as a masterpiece among all the great tales of the pioneers of the world. Through the Flaming Canyon. This is only one of a dozen famous expeditions told about in these books. They are full of the inspiration of adventure—full of the lure of heroism—full of the great message of valor. Send the coupon today and find out free what these books mean to you.

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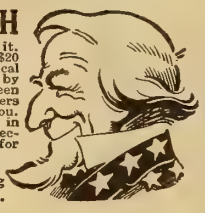
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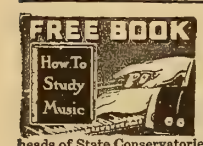


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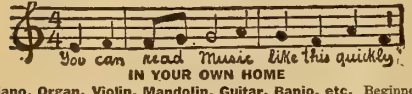
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The Manxman, with Elizabeth Risdon (Goldwyn)—"Played this four days. Slipped the fourth day. We usually change every two days."—Colonial Theater, Sioux Falss, S. D.

Sunshine Alley, with Mae Marsh (Goldwyn)—"Poor business on a three-day run. Did not go with patrons. General disappointment."—Colonial Theater, Sioux Falls, S. D.

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Thou Shalt Not Steal, with Virginia Pearson (Fox)—"One of Miss Pearson's best productions. Very satisfactory."—Grand Theater, Wilmington, N. C.

The Runaway Colt (Selig-K. E. S. E.)—"Hoyt comedy. One of the best comedies I ever played."—Palace Theater, Harvard, Ill.

Max Comes Across, with Max Linder (Essanay-K. E. S. E.)—"High-class short subject. Plenty of laughs. Will please well."—Majestic Theater, Lexington, Neb.

Max Wants a Divorce, with Max Linder (Essanay-K. E. S. E.)—"Another high-class short subject to complete a program."—Majestic Theater, Lexington, Neb.

The Law of the North, with Shirley Mason (Edison-K. E. S. E.)—"Great. Immense snow scenes. Wonderful photography. We want more like it."—Majestic Theater, Lexington, Neb.

The Cossack Whip, with Viola Dana (Edison-K. E. S. E.)—"A great production, one that any exhibitor can safely recommend to his patrons. The print I received was only in fair condition, however."—Scenic Theater, Mt. Vernon, S. D.

The "Skinner" Series, with Bryant Washburn (Essanay-K. E. S. E.)—"*Skinner's Dress Suit, Skinner's Bubble* and *Skinner's Baby* all drew well and pleased. Fine human comedy-drama stuff."—Star Opera House, Alexandria, S. D.

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Draft 258, with Mabel Taliaferro (Metro)—"Uses patriotism and the American flag to put it over, but the picture will more than pack 'em in."—Stratford Theater, Detroit, Mich.

Exile, with Mme. Petrova (Metro)—"A typical Petrova production. Fair business."—Stratford Theater, Detroit, Mich.

An American Widow, with Ethel Barrymore (Metro)—"An average picture."—Boston and Alcazar Theaters, Chicago."

Too Much Henry, with Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew (Metro)—"As usual, this went over well, altho the picture itself is not so good as usual."—Boston and Alcazar Theaters, Chicago.

The Voice of Conscience, with Bushman and Bayne (Metro)—"A good picture. Bushman plays a dual rôle. Story somewhat impossible, but the stars draw well. Six reels."—Garfield Theater, Chicago.

The Voice of Conscience, with Bushman and Bayne (Metro)—"Poor. No story, no action and Bushman does not appeal."—Grand Theater, Wilmington, N. C.

Under Handicap, with Harold Lockwood (Metro)—"This picture should have been cut from eight to five reels. Then it would have been a very ordinary program release. Business bad."—Grand Theater, Wilmington, N. C.

Miss Jackie of the Army, with Margarita Fischer (American-Mutual)—"A very clever comedy-drama. While the story lacks depth, the clever acting of Miss Fischer enables it to get over. It did not draw owing to the title, which is too much like *Miss Jackie of the Navy* and leads people to think they have seen the picture before."—Boston and Alcazar Theaters, Chicago.

Please Help Emily, with Ann Murdock (Empire-Mutual).—"A good picture, but it did not draw."—Lake Shore Theater, Chicago.

Betty and the Buccaneers, with Juliette Day (American-Mutual)—"Not worth much to us. Audience displeased and business very poor.——Lake Shore Theater, Chicago.

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Write this circle at the **beginning of** / and you will have Ed. /

By letting the circle remain **open** it will be a **hook,** and this **hook** stands for **A.** Thus / will be **Ad.** Add another **A** at the end, thus / and you will have a girl's name, **Ada.**

From *o* eliminate the initial and final strokes and *o* will remain, which is the Paragon symbol for **O.**

For the **longhand** *m* , which is made of 7 strokes, you use this **one** horizontal stroke —

Therefore, —o would be **Me.**

Now continue the **E** across the **M,** so as to add **D**—thus 7 and you will have **Med.** Now add the **large** circle for **O,** and you will have 7 (medo), which is **Meadow,** with the silent **A** and **W** omitted.

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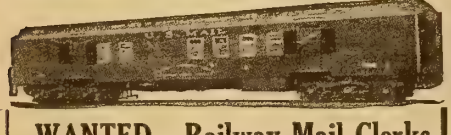
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The Voice on the Wire, with Ben Wilson (Universal)—"A good mystery serial which is holding up well at the seventh episode."—Star Opera House, Alexandria, S. D.

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April Classic a Hand-Made Magazine

The Distinction That Goes with Tailored Clothes, Hand-knitted Sweaters and Individuality of Expression Marks the Forthcoming Classic with an Unforgetable Personality

Writing things differently and illustrating them artistically is the *guerre de plume* of the MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC. Most of the news published elsewhere about picture stars and Motion Picture doings is part of the day's work—the daily grind, machine-made and inspired by studio publicity departments. The accompanying photographs are generally process prints; struck off by the thousand and sent broadcast to any one who has the nerve to publish them. It is the same with the criticism of photodrama, popularity contests, news items and all the puff and guff that the studios hand out to their audiences with the nursery prescription to "Open your mouth and shut your eyes and I'll give you something to make you wise." The Classic has a holy horror of being the official canner of canned literature and canned drama. If Motion Pictures and its players are big and appealing and represent a real art, the Classic insists that this art be told truthfully, boldly and artistically in its pages. So having cracked that nut, we will disclose its meat in the April Classic.

"ONCE UPON A TIME"

Did you know that Wally Reid, with Mrs. Wally and Wee Willie Wally, had come to New York town—there to storm its picture studios and try its Eastern domesticity? Hazel Simpson Naylor was the first magazine writer to discover it and to beard the Wally Lions in their den. Here is a hand-made story, straight from the lips of Wallace Reid, teeming with his early adventures and the odd and interesting things that have happened during his screenic career. "If you are fool enough;" said his manager, "to get hitched at your age, at least keep it from the public." "I told him," said Wally, "to go hang himself; if the public dont like me married as well as they do me single, then I am a darn poor actor!"

"DODGING A MILLION WITH MABEL NORMAND"

Another Delicious Adventure of the Classic's Extra Girl

Ethel Rosemon has become so famous during her career as an extra girl and the vivid stories of her trials and tribulations in the Classic that she has received several flattering offers to go on the stage and in vaudeville to show the outsider just how "actoring" is done in canned drama. This did not turn a hair of her witty head, and she is still plodding along as an extra girl, fondly hoping some day to arrive. In the April Classic, the persevering Ethel tells about an all-night session at the Goldwyn studios, how Mabel Normand showed her how to make up, how Tom Moore put belladonna in her eyes, and how she raided the studio pantry. Here is a breezy, truthful, inside story, alive with picture interest and illustrated with especially posed, back-stage pictures.

"EVERYTHING LOVELY"

Being Marguerite Sheridan's Invasion of Louise Lovely's Eden

Here is one of those soul-satisfying little chats with a princess of the lens. A tête-à-tête talk with Louise Lovely in which she describes herself, her work, her play, her home, and everything you want to know about her.

"MR. BIGGS PUTS IT OVER"

Continuing the Thinly Veiled Caricatures of the Would-be Great in Speechless Drama

Without naming too many names, H. H. Van Loan gets right down to brass tacks in his exposé of the powers that be in the Motion Picture field. Mr. Biggs, the "Wallingford of the Films," has existed and does exist in dozens of similar characters in real life. So does Samuel Mills, the Motion Picture magnate. In the April Classic, these two peerless gentlemen will tell us just how the strings are pulled and the wheels are greased in that fascinating film machinery called the Pearmount Film Company, Inc.

"TONY MORENO'S LOVE-LETTERS"

Some Heart Avowals from the Sorely Smitten

Antonio Moreno has been called everything from the "Apollo Belvidere of the Screen" to the "Prince Charming of Ribbon Drama." Learning that he had a large collection of letters from writers unknown to him—heart avowals, and all the curious appeals that the flesh is heir to—our interviewer asked him if we could not publish them, including his own comments. After a due amount of hemming and hawing, Mr. Moreno consented to allow us to publish a selection of these letters which will appear in the April Classic.

"THE MESSAGE OF SIR FORBES-ROBERTSON"

How the Language of the Eyes Appeals to One of the Greatest Living Actors

Some of us remember the triumphal stage tours of Sir Forbes-Robertson, and especially his last great play, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." Sir Forbes has recently come to America again and is filming this wonderfully appealing stage play. Lillian Montanye had the honor of a personal interview with him and describes in his own words what he thinks of Motion Pictures and what their destiny will be, as well as that of the stage, during the war. Illustrated with exclusive photographs that will some day be treasures in a collection of stage and screen celebrities.

MORE NEW SPRING CREATIONS BY D'IRWIN NEMEROV

The specially designed costumes for special people which first appeared in the February Classic are registering one-hundred-and-fifty-centimeter hits with our fair readers who want to be strictly up-to-date in New York's latest fashions. D'Irwin Nemerov, the artistic designer of Russek, Fifth Avenue, is a creator par excellence of fashions for the stars of the screen. The MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC is the exclusive publisher of all his advanced designs, thus giving our readers an opportunity of preparing their costumes in advance of the season and of knowing just what will be the smartest thing in clothes. Look forward to his wash drawings and *notes intimes* in the April Classic.

"A PEEP INTO THE BOOK BEAUTIFUL"

Every page of the April Classic will contain a delight to the eye or a feast for the mind. At largely increased cost, the much-talked-about Rotogravure Gallery of Photoplayers will be presented with even more elaborate and elegant effectiveness. Then there is a heart-tapping short story, "The Widow's Mite," by our favorite author, Gladys Hall. Some new and highly interesting features will be announced in connection with the Kings and Queens Contest, which will then be drawing to a whipping finish. New news departments, first-hand interviews and wondrous photographs will smile out at you from each carefully selected page. If you are a methodical person and would avoid disappointment, order the April Classic from your newsdealer IN ADVANCE. The price remains at 20c.

THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Letters To The Editor

They just wont let Miss Curtis Pierce alone. Mrs. Harriet C. Stevens, Cave Spring, Georgia, comes eloquently forward in defense of Mr. Bushman:

For some time after Miss Pierce's criticism of Mr. Bushman appeared, like Uncle Remus' Brer Fox, I "lay low an' say nothin'." It did not seem worthy of notice, but the more I thought about it the more I swelled in righteous indignation, and I had just gotten to the place where I felt that I must speak some small part of the resentment we all felt until the Magazine came containing the reply from Mrs. Crawford of Roanoke.

Mrs. Crawford handles the subject more gently than I possibly could have done, so I shall call off the hounds so far as a public protest is concerned. She has done the situation justice. *Requiescat in pace!*

Francis Bushman holds a very tender spot in the Southern heart, and while he himself needs no defense from any source whatsoever, we, who love the exquisite charm and refinement of his work, warn people to be careful about how they step on him. His name stands for the chivalrous, wholesome and clean in pictures, and one never deems it necessary to stop and consider whether or not a play will be worth while when a Bushman feature is on, unless held back thru sheer inability to get farther than the door because of the crowd. A Bushman play means an o'erflowing theater until the lights go out, which in turn means *popularity* and a lot of it.

If (capital I), as Miss Pierce asserts, Mr. Bushman is what my old friend, the late Elbert Hubbard of Roycroft fame, would call a "has-was," it seems to me that it would be the better part of wisdom for some of the "Izzers" to get into the "has was" ring and lose no time about it.

We care nothing about the make-up and less about the age. We know that the starlight has not shown the very first symptom of waning. In spite of all the petty little flea-bites to which he may be submitted, Mr. Bushman will continue to play, and he will remain a prime favorite in this part of the country at least so long as he chooses to appear in pictures.

With kind wishes for the continued success of your Magazine.

And now Miss Katherine S. Linsley has stirred up a tempest in the movie fans' teapot, as you can see by the letter of Miss Dominica Fabris, 1226 Masonic Ave., San Francisco, Cal.:

Being an ardent movie fan and a constant reader of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, as well as the CLASSIC, but never having before voiced my opinions, I trust this first offense of mine will not repose in the waste-basket. Blame not me, Mr. Editor, for taking up your valuable time, but heap your "blessings" on Miss Katherine S. Linsley's head. After reading Miss Linsley's letter in the January issue of your splendid Magazine, I couldn't rest in peace until I got a whack at her.

She states that Harold Lockwood was miscast in "Under Handicap" and that he tried to put over some Bill Hart stuff but couldn't get away with it. Some slam! Harold was not miscast. He seemed perfectly at home in his part, and,

(*Continued on page* 20)

STAGE PLAYS THAT ARE WORTH WHILE

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these speaking plays appear in their vicinity.)

Broadhurst—"Lord and Lady Algy." A dandy comedy with William Faversham, Maxine Elliott, Irene Fenwick, Maclyn Arbuckle and several other well-known players. Hard to beat!!

Empire—"Camille." Ethel Barrymore, Conway Tearle, Rose Coghlan and Holbrook Blinn in a new and quite proper version of the wicked play made famous by Bernhardt and every other emotional star since. A notable production.

Harris—"A Naughty Wife." A clever and amusing farce with a moral for young wives. Dont run away with another man unless you are sure your husband wont discover you.

39th St.—"Blind Youth." A play that is directed by Lou-Tellegen, and partly written by him, and in which he plays the leading part, tho not the title part. There are several laughs where they were not intended, and the play does not give Lou-Tellegen the opportunities for his picturesque personality and fine talents.

Cohan—"The King." A delightful comedy with one of the world's greatest actors, Leo Ditrichstein, in the title part. A satire on socialism, diplomacy, politics and a few other things, flavored with wit rich, rare and racy—particularly racy.

Bijou—"Odds and Ends of 1917." A bit of this and that cleverly sifted, giving you two hours and one-half of thrills, laughter, excellent songs and fair girlies, and best of all, Lillian Lorraine, Jack Norworth and Joseph Herbert, Jr.

Winter Garden—"Doing Our Bit." A veritable circus, in which something is sure to please every one. An enjoyable conglomeration of song, humor and dance. James Corbett, Frank Tinney and Ed Wynn carry off the honors.

Hudson—"The Pipes of Pan." A capital comedy of high order. No big moments or heart-throbs, but engrossingly entertaining thruout. Norman Trevor is excellent.

Booth—"The Masquerader." See this play. One of the best that has hit the big town in years. Guy Bates Post in the title (double) rôle is great, and so is the whole show.

Cohan & Harris—"A Tailor-Made Man." An altogether captivating comedy full of laughs, built around a young tailor who became great thru reading the book of an unsuccessful author and who then hires the latter to work for him.

Longacre—"Leave It to Jane." A musical-comedy adaptation of George Ade's "College Widow." Some first-nighters prophesied that it would not go—too clean, but this is what the better half of New York is looking and hoping for: musical-comedy that our daughters will not blush at.

Morosco—"Lombardi, Ltd." An amusing comedy starring Leo Carillo, who is excellently supported by Grace Valentine and a strong cast. A clever play, but not the thing for Sunday-school people.

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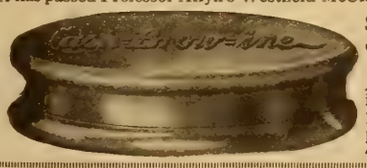
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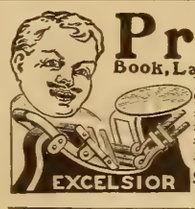


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Our Exclusive Los Angeles Column

Special News That Has Not "Worked thru the Trade"

By FRITZI REMONT

REALIZING that news about the players is becoming more and more difficult to get, and that many publicity departments send out only such information as suits themselves, the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE has established its own information bureau in Los Angeles, the studio Mecca. These items are exclusive and "personally interviewed." —*The Editors.*

Everything out here is subject to change but the weather. It's uncompromisingly sunshiny and warm, so that shoe dealers are getting chilled pedestals and marking twelve-dollar boots down to eleven ninety-eight. Of course, it's nice to get even that much change, but as there's really nothing you can buy in California for a cent, and nickels are the accepted chick-feed, one must turn to the film folk for a real bit of change.

First of all, there's the flitting of Gail Kane. There have been some undesirable features connected with her stardom in Santa Barbara. Instead of writing a photoplay around her, she complains of having been "farmed out" like "Little Buttercup" among the four companies now maintained by the Flying U. Gail knows just what she wants, and when she doesn't get it, she packs her fourteen trunks and seeks better grazing.

Then, Myrtle Gonzalez has gone and done it again. Yes, married the other day to a commissioned officer stationed at American Lake, Washington. They are having a honeymoon via motor to the Northern State, and Myrtle has given up pictures for the next four months. She will camp out near her patriotic partner until he goes to France in the early spring, when she will return to the celluloid.

George Periolat is taking the first vacation in five years, having just finished "The Mate of the *Sally Ann*" with Mary Miles Minter. He has two months' leave of absence from American, and will remain in Chicago for several fond weeks, visiting his father and intimate friends, then to New York, where the Dell Hendersons have already arranged a farewell to 1917 and welcome to George. He's been asked to give stage talks in several theaters in which the latest Minter release is featured.

Margaret Shelby has said farewell to American also and is living in Hollywood with Mrs. Miles, in order that she may study voice culture. She has definitely decided to go back to the stage, and as she has a mighty pretty voice, she surely will make a hit in musical comedy. Mary Miles Minter comes down nearly every week-end to visit Margaret, and as Mary usually has at least a week's rest between pictures, she will spend the time down in the new Hollywood bungalow. When I met the girls on Broadway the other night Mary was still wearing her curls tied back with a barette and looked exceedingly youthful and pretty. No wonder Grandma Miles is proud of her girls, for Margaret's brains and vocal talent and Mary's beauty and charm put them in the front rank everywhere they go.

Billy Garwood has forsaken the screen for good. He's a very sensitive and idealistic soul. Wouldn't you guess that from his eyes and unobtrusive manner? For years he has cherished the hope of retiring from public life and enjoying a Utopian existence in the foothills, and now his air-castle is being built on substantial foundations. He has bought a fine ranch, remodeled the house and is going to live there with Mother Garwood. No, he never married and his mother is his first and only love. But I dont see how one could help loving her, she is so wholesome and sweet.

Another builder is Jack Kerrigan. He's putting up a scrumptious home for Mother Kerrigan and himself, but some little birds have been persistently singing a refrain ending with "Lois Wilson." Jack's always been a great home-body, devoted to his mother, and he exceedingly dislikes the type of girl who frequents cafés and imbibes cocktails. Miss Wilson is one of those utterly unspoiled, Madonna-like girlies—domestic, refined and shrinking from publicity. She is studious and has high ideals. So why shouldn't Fate take a hand?

You haven't seen Louise Glaum vampiring about anywhere, have you? No wonder, for there was some scenario trouble, and Louise has been drawing her thousand a week since summer and has not been associated with "vamps," except on her shoes, for a single hour. She thinks it is tiresome to loaf, however, and would rather earn her four-figure stipend any day.

The Auto Show was the biggest thing of its kind which we've had on the Coast, and Movie Night saw the place jammed. Speaking of cars, Robert Brunton has invested in twins, for he bought two Winton Sixes, one for the garage and one for the road, so no matter whether he's home or rushing out to Paralta, there's sure to be a Winton in hailing distance. He certainly is not feeling war-pinches, for Mrs. Brunton wore one of the handsomest frocks seen at the Directors' Ball on Thanksgiving Night, and her jewelry bill last month was just a trifle over fifteen hundred dollars. But I'm told they are both very philanthropic and their servants just dote on 'em, so that is the best reference one can have, isn't it?

Bessie Barriscale has a beautiful furnished house for which she pays the

modest sum of $175 a month. Her boy is eleven years old now, goes to military college and will spend the holidays in the new home. Bessie has a two-year lease on the house, so feels that moving worries are over for a while. Besides her bedroom, with dressing-room and private bath adjoining, she has a little room for beauty culture. Everything is arranged for massages, hair treatments and various kinds of beauty baths. She is not going to part with her beauty by way of neglect. Mr. Hickman's suite of rooms is equally comfortable and there's an enormous room downstairs, big enough for all the dances and parties they have planned to give this winter.

Mary Pickford still occupies the big Bogardus house, formerly leased by Jerry Farrar. Her mother complained the other day that she is really not nearly so happy as in the old days of New York struggles, when three bairns occupied her attention and she had to figure night and day to make demand and supply meet. Perhaps one should say MEAT? Anyway, Mrs. Pickford is having her own troubles with servants, for California is certainly a terrible place to cope with the below-stairs issue. Maids here get from thirty-five dollars a month up, especially UP, and they do no window-cleaning, laundry work, and have no furnaces to feed. The Pickfords have five servants, a chauffeur and secretary for Mary, and yet on Thanksgiving Day, for a little family dinner, Mrs. Pickford was compelled to hire extra help as her regular staff declared itself unequal to the emergency. Now here's a fine opportunity for a real admirer of "Little Mary" to annex a good position in her own home, for even the secretaries are forever flitting, and Mrs. Pickford has nervous indigestion from worry. Mary says she positively will not appear at any more public affairs, she is always a nervous wreck after doing her bit at benefits and "reciting pieces" after performances at Moving Picture theaters. She took part in the big Red Cross benefit at Pasadena and says that it will never happen again. Funny that a girl who is so at home on the screen should go to pieces on the speaking stage, but I've seen her thrice and I know she suffers horribly and only good nature forces her to meet the public in that way.

Lottie Pickford has not yet recovered her health, and is living at Mary's with the baby and its nurse. She is planning to return to her work as soon as she regains strength.

One of the prettiest sights on downtown streets is the baby-blue car of Virginia Corbin. It is a sort of sedan shape, and in the rear is fastened the extra tire in white oilcloth, which bears the name "Baby Virginia Lee Corbin." It has delicate nursery style draperies, and the little princess inside wears white broadcloth and ermine, and usually is accompanied by some of her diminutive friends, for they go shopping almost daily now after four o'clock. The Japanese chauffeur seems to be all chuckles over the sallies of wit which proceed from the back of the car.

At the Directors' Ball, two men were discussing the attire of the ladies present. One said, "There are some great get-ups on the chickens present. What do you think of them, Mr. Blank?"

The latter gazed about the big Alexandria Hotel ballroom once again and said impressively, "Well, it looks to me like a case of over-exposure and underdevelopment."

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Patter from the Pacific

By HARRY HARDING

Douglas Fairbanks and his company of players are now in Tuscon, Arizona, where they are filming the exterior scenes for his forthcoming Artcraft production under the direction of Allan Dwan.

Enid Markey has returned to the Fox Company after finishing starring in "Tarzan of the Apes" for the National Film Corporation. She is playing opposite Tom Mix in his latest Western feature. The famous Fox kiddies are also in this picture, which is being directed by Sidney Franklin.

Constance Talmadge has joined the ranks of the stars at the Morosco studios, having deserted the Selznick forces. She is well into her first story since joining the company.

Alfred Whitman, the Vitagraph star, formerly known as Alfred Vosburgh, has started work on "The Home Trail," a Western feature of the period of 1870, and which he believes is the best story and rôle that he has ever had.

There seems to be an epidemic of Alaskan pictures at the present time. Clara Williams, Belle Bennett and Jewel Carmen have just completed tales of the Alaskan gold fields, and Belle has just begun work on another. Her features of this famous country have proven so popular that there has been a great demand for her in features of this type.

Earle Williams, famous Vitagraph star, and his pretty leading-lady, Grace Darmond, have arrived from the East and started work at the Hollywood studios of the Vitagraph. We are certainly very glad to have these two artists with us and they have been accorded a real welcome.

Wilfred Lucas has commenced a new five-reel feature for the Universal in which he will again have Monroe Salisbury as his star. Monroe has done some very commendable work in his Bluebirds and the Universal has engaged special writers to write stories especially suited to him.

Marshall Neilan is going around on crutches directing the latest Mary Pickford production. He fell in the gymnasium of the Los Angeles Athletic Club and broke his left foot. It does not seem to have bothered "Mickey" in the least, for he is just as busy and energetic as ever. Even a broken foot cant keep a good man down.

There has been great sorrow in the ranks of the photoplay colony due to the death of Eric Campbell, well known as Charlie Chaplin's "heavy" man. Campbell was killed instantly when his machine crashed into another car in Hollywood on December 22. Campbell had won a host of admirers for his clever screen work with the world's greatest comedian and a great many friends among the photoplayers. His loss has been keenly felt by all who knew him.

Lieutenant David Kirkland Swim, former director of comedies for William Fox, paid the studio a visit the other day, and, just to show that he was still in trim, directed several big scenes in one of the forthcoming Lehrmann-Fox Sunshine Comedies. Dave looks immense in his uniform and is being heartily congratulated.

(*Continued on page* 130)



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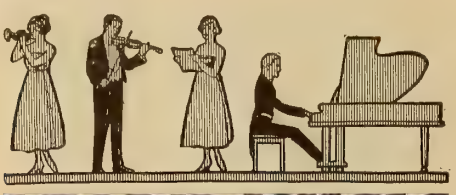
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(*Continued from page* 14)

believe me, he made a handsome "cowpuncher." The picture was very realistic and played to packed houses. Judging from the enthusiasm and remarks heard, "Under Handicap" was a decided success and added more laurels to Harold's well-earned fame.

Miss Linsley further states that there are two things that Harold can do exceedingly well — wear good clothes and make love. I heartily agree with her in that statement, but Harold can also act. (Nowhere in her letter does she say that he can act.) If those were the only requisites for a leading-man, the studios would surely be swamped and overrun with stars. Any one with red blood in his veins can see that Harold can act as well as being the last word in fashion and a charming lover. If he couldn't, he wouldn't be where he is today. I am strong for Harold and am glad to see him steadily climbing the ladder of success.

Wallace Reid also comes in for some undeserved slams. If Wally's principal asset—professionally speaking—were kissing, it is certain that such a celebrity as Geraldine Farrar would have looked elsewhere for a leading-man. I admit that Wally needs no instructions in the "art" of osculation, but he can also act, and it is his acting that has put him where he is today.

Now I've got it out of my system, so can breathe more freely.

In closing, let me say that your Magazine is splendid. Reading it from cover to cover, I never experience a dull moment. Your January issue is certainly the best yet.

Helen MacVicar, 121 Hubbell Ave., Houghton, Mich., uses her pen for some vitriolic criticism and vivid praise:

Being a devoted reader of your Magazine, I want to express my feelings on certain subjects, among them Curtis Pierce. I think she's the best ever! I'm sure I dont see why everybody started to pick on her as soon as her first letter was published. Yet I'm far from pitying her. Curtis has the spunk to beat them all with her hands tied behind her back.

Last night I went to see William S. Hart in "The Silent Man." There were parts of it that were perfectly *rank!*

For instance, the heroine, Vola Vale, is taken from the stage coach to a little mountain cabin, with no clothes except the ones she had on, and yet the next day she appears in a pretty little white dress. Now where did she get it? And in the dance-hall scene the cowboys and tough dance-hall girls were dancing the waltz and the two-step instead of the bunny hugs and turkey trots we have always been led to believe they danced in tough Western saloons.

One of my greatest favorites is Mildred Manning. I've only seen her twice, but it seems to me that she is there with the goods seven ways for Sunday.

Marguerite Clark is another *real* actress.

Eugene O'Brien—words fail me! How I do wish some director would *star* him! He is extremely good-looking and a fine actor, yet *his* name is never mentioned on the billboards. Instead it's always Mary Pickford or Norma Talmadge in such and such a picture, with never a mention of Mr. O'Brien. Now, if *I* were a director, I would *star* him with a vengeance!

Hope this wont make anybody use strong language.

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Out of Everywhere Into Here

A Lunch-Hour Conversazione with a Movie Punch

As Reported by the Office Cat

SOME things are cooked up—and hashed—in the kitchen, but in our world, which consists of making the wheels of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE go round, things are cooked up—and hashed—right in our own dining-room here. Over our luncheon we decide 'most all of our weightiest problems, believing in the old adage, "Best work is done on a full stomach." The MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE must have the snappiest chats, with the most popular persons, and we often argue long and tirelessly on just whom we will chat for a certain issue. Opinions run riot at our table, and we usually bring the matter to a vote. Each month's pictures must be timely with universal appeal; each little intimate talk must be true, and from a new angle—and Hazel Simpson Naylor is gradually bringing these talks to a state of perfection, where they become so absorbing and thrilling that you hate to leave off. Verily our lunch hour is the greatest excuse for the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE'S existence!

SOMETIMES our Round Table draws illustrious visitors. Mary Pickford has tucked fairy limbs and wide violet eyes below and above our mahogany; Earle Williams, immaculate and the perfect diner-out, has toyed with our fruit salad, and Bushman and Bayne have shared the sympathetic finger-bowl. These picture shadows, and many more, are always the silent ghosts, for whom a chair is ever ready. But mostly we meet *en famille*. The Editor-in-Chief doffs his tortoise-shell glasses and proceeds to unshred the staff of life. That is the signal for an orchestration of all the knives, forks and spoons. Deference is paid to the venerable Answer Man, who masticates the tid-bits as deftly as he thinks.

THE Assistant Editor reports a weird bit of gossip scooped from a studio that morning, and the table decides whether it is worthy of seeing the light of print. The Editor-in-Chief reads a breezy letter from Los Angeles wherein our correspondent recites the woes of discovering the stars' private phone numbers and in trying to corner them. Whereupon Mr. Green-room Jotter makes lightning notes on his pad. The Advertising Manager swells to double size with enthusiasm as he tells about posing a white-light star for a new perfume account. When the Answer Man clears his throat, it is the signal for a *bon mot* that carries both a sting and a caress.

BUT the Day of Days comes when the Editor-in-Chief unfolds the page-proof of a coming MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and spreads it out upon the eloquent mahogany for our devouring eyes. It is our rare privilege to actually see and touch and read the new-born, dismembered child three weeks before it becomes a lusty giant, standing sentinel at every newsstand, bookstall and store counter in this wide, war-weary world. The Day of Days, when the new-born babe spread in its swaddling sheets on the mahogany and its proud parents bending over it, will never lose its zest. It is our one great moment!

A FEW days ago the proof of the April Magazine came in with such startling surprises (for some of the best articles had been kept secret) that we whispered, with a friendly poke as we passed some busy person in the hall, on the stairway, or in the Circulation Room, "Oh, the April Magazine! the April Magazine! Have you seen it? Isn't it a hummer?" And by next noon we are ready to give our opinions of just what's what and who's who in the April Magazine.

THE Editor-in-Chief usually starts the *Conversazione* by carefully adjusting his tortoise-shells.

"IT seems to me," he reflects, "that 'Who's Who in Pictures' is the big punch in the April Magazine. Three plain-looking pages, no doubt, but literally overcrowded with unget-at-able information. Think of it! Real fan food! We have discovered the birth year and the married or unmarried record of over two hundred stars! That is something the Answer Man has not found out in his crowded lifetime."

"YOU have me on the hip there!" retorts the encyclopedic confrère. "I am such a storehouse of knowledge that I cant hold any more. Lead me to the realms of fancy! Let laughter creak my reverent bones! Here is a poem—a delicious, wigglesome, vampy lilt—'The Ballade of the Rheumatic Vampire,' that fairly gurgles with glee." And, adjusting his steel-armored specs, he proceeds to read some uproarious stanzas in French-Canadian dialect which begin: "W'en I tak' Marie, *ma femme,* wit' me to de Theatr' du Bordeleau."

THE Answer Man's elocution is inimitable and is greeted with a round of table thumps. "'The Rheumatic Vamp' is going to be recited from every platform in the country," chimes in the Associate Editor. But, as for me, give me this for a 42-point headliner. 'My Most Difficult Scene' has got me going. I have read how the players got in, could not get in, and were kicked out, but here is an inside story by Alice Joyce, Charlie Ray and a bunch of others who tell just how they emoted at their biggest moment. Why, I can actually *feel* with them."

THE Circulation Manager blew a reflective whiff from his last Christmas cigar and emphatically cried, "Me, too! There are too many stories in print," he announced, "by sweet high-school graduates and boarding-school girls who have never seen even the outer walls of a studio. I have just been skimming over the 'Daily Film Visitors,' and it is written by a veteran who has grown tanned and freckled from over-exposure to the blue-green lights. It tells just what is going on in the film offices day by day—the real inside stuff."

ONLY the very top of the Stenographer's head could be seen above her closely held pages. "Oh," she murmured as she came out of her dream. "I have been reading such a peachy story! It is called 'The Beloved Traitor'—and Mae Marsh and Eddie Lincoln are such wonderful lovers—and I do not think I have eaten anything yet—and—oh, I wish it were time for the April Magazine and——"

"THAT will do," interrupted the Editor-in-Chief. "We can see that a glowing story is food and drink to you."

THE modish Secretary to the Circulation Manager suddenly twitched her jabot into a most becoming shape. "These fashion drawings by D'Irwin Nemerov have got me going!" she cried. "I have just caught the grandest idea for a dance frock, and here's a skating costume that Billy will just rave about—"

"OH, gee, such beautiful Gallery pictures!" murmured the enchanted little Office-girl, who totes copy all day long thru-out the building.

"AND what's this? Oh, Miss Naylor, did you really see Miss Edna Purviance? And is she really as pretty off the screen as she is on? And is this really her first trip to New York?"

MISS NAYLOR smiled indulgently at her excited questioner.

"YES, honey," she answered, "Miss Purviance is really here on her first visit. I think she is very pretty and also very interesting. She told me how she used to be a stenographer, how she came to be Charlie Chaplin's leading lady, and all about her ambitions. She also told me that Charlie never has a scenario for his stories, but just has one main idea and makes the rest up as he goes along. If you'll read that 'Miss Happiness' article you'll know as much as I about Miss Purviance, and every one will know as much as you, when the April Magazine comes out."

THE Editor-in-Chief beamed blandly as he rose from the table. "Ladies and gentlemen," was his final benediction, "I can see that our luncheon sets well with an April Magazine dressing. Now, let's each get back to our separate dens and cook up another book just as toothsome."

Hear Ye! Hear Ye!

May it please the court and gentlemen of the jury:

Mr. President of the Boro of Brooklyn, and the Messrs. Presidents of all the other Boros, may it please your worthy excellencies:

May it please your grace, the presiding justice of the Appellate Division, and your most excellent associates:

My Lord, the Mayor, and your most excellent commissioners:

Right Worshipful the several learned jurists of the County Court, the Supreme Court, the Municipal Courts, the Magistrates' Courts, the Circuit Courts, and the courts of the Justices of the Peace all over the land:

Your honor, the Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals, and of the U. S. Supreme Court, and your most profound associate judges:

May it please His Excellency, the Governor of New York, and all other Governors, the Most High and Mighty Supreme Ruler, the President, and my Lords of both Houses, and the Honorable the several High Officials of City, State and Nation:

Right Worshipful the Board of Aldermen, the Coroners and Sheriffs of the land:

My Lord Cardinals, may it please your most reverend and illustrious eminences; and His Holiness the Pope, and the Right Reverend Bishops, Priests and Preachers:

And you, noble policemen, and brave firemen, and industrious street-sweepers:

You also, O banker, lawyer, physician, shoemaker, baker, and candlestick-maker:

Then you, sergeants and corporals, and—attention! you, soldiers and sailors all, and your great commanders:

You, peddlers, stenographers, actors, directors, plumbers, hucksters, blacksmiths, dentists, chiropodists, informers, jailors, executioners, vagabonds and undertakers:

Gentlemen and men, also women, one and all, hear me, for I would speak. I may know more than you do, and I may not. At any rate, I have $50 in gold for the person who asks me the most sensible question I cannot answer. I have answered about 2,673,000 questions in the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE during the past seven years—and I still live! Being only 76 years old, I have at least 24 years more to go, and I want to keep myself fully occupied. I will also give $25 to the person who asks me the most foolish question, $15 for the most profound question and $10 for the wittiest question. I have deposited this money with the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

Come now, one and all, and get busy!

THE ANSWER MAN,
175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

(I am the first, oldest and most learned Answer Man in captivity.)

N. B.—All questions should be addressed to "The Answer Man Contest," should be signed with the questioner's name and address, and should specify at top of question whether it is "sensible," "foolish," "profound" or "witty." Questions are limited to one of each kind and must be on separate sheets.

Before trying for this $100, read my department beginning on page 87

Established December, 1910. "We lead, others follow," and it was ever so

Motion Picture Magazine

(*Trade-mark Registered*)

Vol. XV MARCH, 1918 No. 2

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Almost a decade ago, when the art of the screen was first pronounced worthy of depicting life's dramas, this Magazine was founded. From the first, it aimed to be the voice of the Silent Drama—the friend of those in front, and of the shadowed players. It has always been ready to encourage all that is good, and eager to wield its power against all that is unworthy. Every word, every picture in this Magazine is printed for you, the reader; hence it is your Magazine, and the official organ of the Motion Picture public. This number—larger, handsomer and more elaborate than ever, in its new size and dress—must be marked twenty cents a copy, but you will admit that it is worth it.

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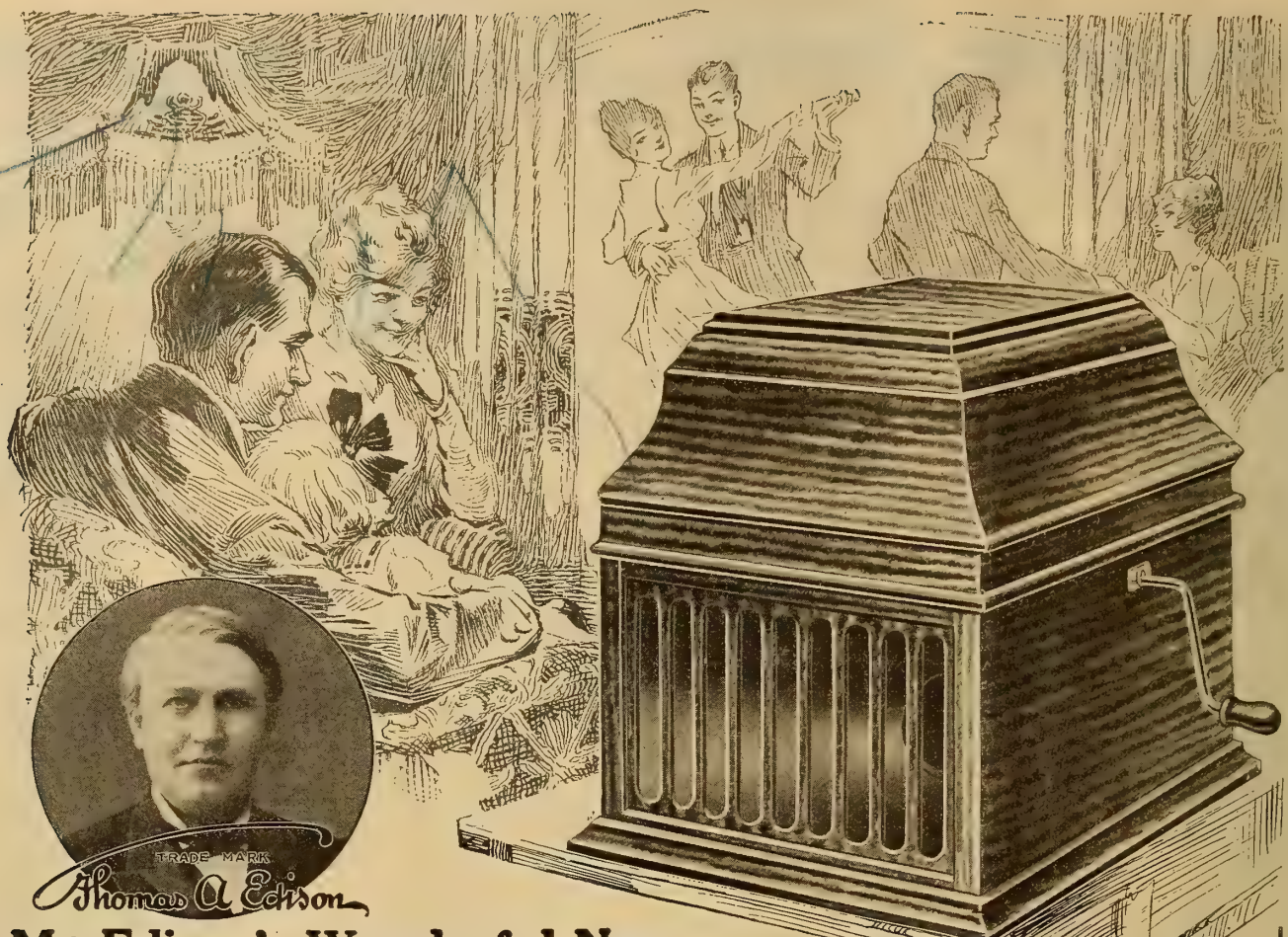
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MARCH, 1918

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Our artist, Leo Sielke, Jr., caught Norma Talmadge in a characteristic mood when he made this beautiful painting. Miss Talmadge has played every sort of rôle, from tomboy to old lady, and she certainly deserves the enviable reputation that she has made for herself. If you would learn some interesting facts about her, read "The Vogue of Norma Talmadge," by Gertrude Hamilton Field, in the April MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

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$100
is offered by the poor (but proud) old Answer Man. See his announcement on page 22. See also page 21.

DONT MISS
"Who's Who in Pictures." Brief Biographies of over 200 players, including their matrimonial status, in our April number

Entered at the Brooklyn, N. Y., Post Office as second-class matter.

25 PAGE

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BESSIE BARRISCALE



CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG

Gallery of Photo Players



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ALMA REUBEN

Described by artists as "the girl with the perfect profile" and by critics as "the most charming brunette in captivity," Alma Reuben is still far from satisfied with herself. Even tho she started as leading-woman for Douglas Fairbanks and William S. Hart, she avers that she ought to have "played extra." But directors do not recognize modesty, so she has been made a Triangle star, altho she insists she was only a firefly in "The Firefly of Tough Luck."



EUGENE O'BRIEN

Many strolling Thespians have come up out of Dublin, but none more likely than that wandering Celt, Eugene O'Brien. At one time he was so dubious about his abiding-place that he appeared on the stage in "Mid-Channel" with Ethel Barrymore. That he once studied medicine and forsook it for the stage is a proof of his Irish sense of humor. Eugene O'Brien is best known to picture audiences as the perfect lover of "Little Mary," having supported, her in "Poor Little Peppina" and "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." His latest escapade has been upon the stage, where he is playing the part of George Tewksberry Reynolds, 3d, a benighted and insular Englishman in "The Country Cousin."



MYRTLE STEDMAN

Having had the pick of the screen's lovers at her feet, among others Wallace Reid, House Peters and Sessue Hayakawa, Myrtle Stedman decided to forget and forgive them all by going on an extended personal appearance tour. Her song recitals have made her appearances decidedly distinctive. After six months of transcontinental ovations, "The Song-bird of the Movies" has reached the East. She will soon resume her interrupted picture career.



JACK MULHALL

To ask one of the loyal legion of Universal followers who Jack Mulhall is, is as bad as inquiring if Sarah Bernhardt was ever on the stage. This handsome Irish-American has played leading-man to so many stars that he has to keep a secretary to recall their names.



OLIVE THOMAS

Olive Thomas confesses that she broke into the movies for "plenty of clothes and fun." She got the fine apparel, also husband Jack Pickford, but cant seem to discover the funny part.



JEWEL CARMEN

Because she ate a plate of ice-cream so toothsomely is the reason this diminutive miss from Kentucky broke into the pictures. So she says, at any rate, as a director's first peep at her was in a candy store. Jewel Carmen herself is far from being a frozen dainty. Agile as a squirrel, blonde as a Valkyrie, sure of herself as a Browning machine-gun, she has played with honor opposite such distinguished actors as Douglas Fairbanks, DeWolf Hopper and "Bill" Farnum. Their bulk did not quite extinguish the little Kentuckian, for now she is a Fox star, twinkling in her own special film firmament.



MARY GARDEN

This emotional nightingale's "La! La!" has become as famous in the Goldwyn studio as her "Thais" once was in Paris at the Opera Comique, and her "Salome" at the Manhattan Opera House, New York. Mary Garden is Scotch and American by ancestry, French by education and temperament. Her dramatic voyage thru the war zone from Spain to New York and her triumphal resurrection of "Thais" on the voiceless stage is the biggest sensation in a season full of Motion Picture surprises.



BRYANT WASHBURN

Everything comes to him who waits—and works. After several seasons of comparative obscurity as an Essanay leading-man, Bryant Washburn became a comedy star overnight and set the film world to talking about his "Skinner's Baby" and "Skinner's Dress Suit." Bryant's fame spread so fast that even the redoubtable Doug Fairbanks trembled in his boots. Born in Chicago, Bryant has always been a real home-town boy, but his car of destiny will now travel eastward and westward under his new Pathé management.



© Charlotte Fairchild

VALENTINE GRANT

The most talented Irish peasant of them all was left stranded on her "native heath" by the outbreak of the war. Valentine Grant's colleen career was cut short just as she was beginning to be a real daughter of the "Old Sod." A concert singer by education, a colleen by desire and a picture star by chance, Miss Grant has since achieved remarkable success on the shadow stage. The recent forming of Sidney Olcott's company has given Miss Grant the chance to choose her own parts, thru her director's admiration of her original genius. Co-starring with Walker Whiteside in "The Belgian," a singularly appealing story of that desolated country, Valentine Grant assumes a peasant rôle that is one of the delights of the season, by its forceful rendering, trueness to life and mute appeal.



DORIS KENYON

Starting as a chorister in Brooklyn, and after a sensational career with Pathé, Famous Players and World, Doris Kenyon finds herself at the head of her own producing company at the age which most young girls are still dreaming of a career.



The Body Beautiful

By Dorothy Donnell

EVER since Bear-Toes, the well-known artist of the Stone Age, sketched his rather impressionistic pictures with a mallet and chisel on the walls of his cave the human figure has been the greatest subject for all forms of pictorial art. It has been displayed, angular and graceless, on the walls of the tombs of Egypt, idealized in curved and dimpled marble by the Greeks, rejoiced in with fleshly frankness by Titian, exploited by sensation-seekers, worshiped by devotees of beauty, vulgarized by the vulgar-minded.

It is only sour Puritanism that conceives of the body as in itself an evil and shameful thing. "The human form divine," in the apt words of Pope, is the supreme masterpiece of the Master Sculptor, God, fashioned in His own image, marvelous, eternally wonderful. In flow of line, in subtle curves and gracious proportions, there is nothing else on earth so worthy of representation in art, so enduringly, timelessly beautiful.

The use of the human figure in art, however, may become abuse instead. Two factors determine the dividing line: the purpose of the artist; the mental attitude of the beholder. There must be a better reason for the representation of nudity than to display dishabille, call attention to nakedness or to pander to indecent sensationalism. On the other hand, it is only the prude's unclean conception of the human body—the source and origin of life itself—that will confuse great art and mere licentiousness and place the coarse and vulgar post-card of the saucy bathing girl kicking out a shapely bare leg for the edification of a leering dude and the noble dignity of the Venus of Milo in the same class and under the same ban.

Among the Greeks reverence for beauty and passion for bodily perfection went side by side. Their athletic games and rigorous physical training found natural expression in the most beautiful sculpture the world has ever seen. Practically all of the figures are nude or semi-nude, yet the person who can look at one of the Venuses and Apollos that have come down to us from that olden, golden era and see only a naked body must certainly have some unwholesome taint of mind. These noble figures are rather abstract symbols of humanity, ideals not only



PAULINE FREDERICK'S VAMPIRISM RATHER ENNOBLES THE "CREATURE OF HER SEX" THAN DESCENDS TO KITCHEN-LURE TACTICS

THIS CLASSIC POSE BY MISS FREDERICK IS ART AT ITS BEST



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STUDY OF A YOUNG GIRL



"THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH"



"HER NATURE DANCE" (KEYSTONE)



MARY GARDEN IN "THAIS"

of bodily perfection but of man's spiritual yearning as well.

The ancients were accustomed to the sight of nude and partially draped men and women. In the arena, in the public baths, even on the streets, there was nothing unusual in the sight, and perhaps for that very reason nothing suggestive of shame. The woods and waters to them were peopled with bare-limbed nymphs, and on high Olympus the gods and goddesses moved in majestic nudity. Their familiarity with human beauties found an almost reverent expression in their statuary. It is amusing to record in this connection that very lately a school-board in a small provincial town insisted upon concealing the plaster reproductions of ancient statuary, that had been donated to the school for sketching purposes, behind potted plants, so that Juno and Hermes peeped chastely and harmlessly over the tops of begonias and rose geraniums!

That clothes and morality do not go together necessarily is proved by many savage tribes who go unclothed about the business of living and among whom immorality is almost unknown. The Japanese women and men bathe together, innocent of tights or bathing suits, and there is no chaster people in the world.

"Familiarity with the appearance of the human body should be encouraged instead of practically forbidden as now," Professor Charles Henry Smith, a Yale history professor, openly declares. "There is no material structure more worthy of general study and admiration."

The revival of classic dancing in the present generation is one hopeful sign that the old, stupid Puritan notion that bodily beauty is the child of Satan is disappearing. While such sterile dogma cast its dour scowl over the world, Art languished. Imagine statues clothed in the wide petticoats, stiff ruffs and austere cloaks of the Roundheads!

Perhaps Isadora Duncan has done more to help the present generation rediscover the beauty of the human body than any other one force. Isadora, the Incomparable, whose plastic form, spiritual grace and artistic intuition can express the "Spring Song," the "Marche Funebre," the fiery exaltation of the "Marsellaise" as not even the music itself can.

The Motion Pictures are a new vehicle for the diffusion of the old classic ideals of bodily vigor and beauty and for combating the destructive doctrines of prudery.

There may be no Praxiteles nowadays to immortalize Annette Kellermann in enduring marble, but fortunately for future generations the magic of the camera has furnished her with an immortality of fame. A hundred years from now our great-grandchildren will be able to

see her living embodiment of the lines and proportions that have defined the beauty of the body from the beginning of time.

"The most perfectly formed and beautiful woman I have ever seen," Dr. Sargent, the professor of physical education at Harvard, has called her. She has been compared to Helen of Troy, to Cleopatra and Sappho, the charmers of history. But their sweet bodies have crumbled long since to dust, and only a dry memory of their loveliness has blown down the ages to us. If "beauty is its own excuse for being," the radiant Daughter of the Gods needs no other for preserving a loveliness as great as that of the immortal Milo itself for the eyes of the future.

It is an old saw that to the pure all things are pure. Bringing it up to date, some saucy observer of men and things has remarked that, on the contrary, "to the pure almost everything is rotten!" The most conventional souls, however, have no quarrel with scanty bathing-gowns or décolleté evening corsages. They would not censor the picture of Annette in her swimming-tights that fit almost as closely as her skin, but the one beside it—shocking! A nude figure perched on a rock in a waterfall, with the leaping spray pearling the lithe, laughing body, and the sun and the wind and the joy o' life in every shadowed curve and living line. It is as much art as one of Rodin's slender, sensitive marbles or Henner's paintings of misty flesh. It is as wholesome as it is artistic. Details are lost in the mood of the whole picture as they are in a good painting. The outlines are a little vague—it is not so much the photograph of an unclothed woman as it is the abstract expression of pure pagan joy in the out-of-doors, the lilt of the spirit in the grip of elemental things.



A GRACEFUL AND ARTISTIC ORIENTAL POSE BY VIRGINIA



VIRGINIA PEARSON

And that other figure among the pine-branches, with the stir and tremble of sun and shadow on her bare, beautiful body, and the oak-leaves crowning her dark hair? Surely, she is more of a naiad than a woman! What has such a picture in common with the so-called paintings whose sole purpose is to portray nakedness? Such a one, for instance, as



VIVIAN MARTIN IN AN INTERPRETATIVE DANCE, "THE JOY OF SPRINGTIME"

was recently exhibited, showing an unclothed woman in her boudoir, with her garments scattered about the floor at her feet as tho to emphasize her nakedness. The most perfect technique could not make such a picture other than a vulgar and indecent display, intended to be suggestive, and either disgusting the spectator or appealing to his baser nature.

It is so with



PEARSON

back to the camera, self-consciously revealing a beautiful back for the admitted and avowed purpose of having that back admired. Many a society woman wears a gown cut as low, but the effect of the partial display is to invite observation and remark, and is more suggestive than complete unveiling that is for the purpose of Art and Beauty.

The Venus of Milo, serenely unconscious of her nudity, remote and dignified, is a far chaster figure than the weak and silly Venus of Medici, self-consciously calling attention to her knowledge of her own nakedness with her attitude of false modesty.

Any picture or photograph where the emphasis is laid the fact of being unclothed that makes a picture or photograph either artistic or improper. The difference lies in the treatment the artist or photographer has given his subject and the position and apparent unconsciousness of the subject portrayed.

To me the nude picture of Theda Bara, with its subtle flesh tones and its tragic posture, is infinitely more beautiful as well as far less suggestive than the one where she stands, her more upon the lack of garments than upon the beauty of the body itself is open to the censure of people of refined tastes. Virginia Pearson, with her scantily veiled beauty, stretched in sleepy relaxation on her Cleopatra couch, and intent on fondling the great Persian cat at her side, is artistic and graceful. But, glancing at the other picture of the same charming vampire, the spectator feels irresistibly as if he were looking at something he should not see—as tho he had wandered by mistake into a lady's boudoir and was much embarrassed by her terrified consciousness of his presence there.

In the picture of Pauline Frederick there is a classic aloofness about the pose, a tranquillity and sense of repose in the quiet hands clasped about the bare knees and the lift of the head, that is an echo of the sculpture of Greece. And in the vivacity that breathes in every slender



THEDA BARA



SOME OF HER RÔLES COMPEL THEDA BARA TO WEAR STARTLING DECOLLETÉ

line of Vivian Martin's youthful figure we catch a glimpse of the roguery and freedom of the Dancing Faun in the Museum at Rome.

True art realizes at once the difference between nudity and mere nakedness. It makes use of the one to express poetry, pathos, exalted feeling and the highest type of artistic treatment. True art does not make use of the other at all.

Of course, there are pictures, statues and photographs of undraped figures that are obviously meant to appeal to the baser nature of the beholder, just as there are claptrap ragtimes and indecent novels and plays.

But the jazz band cannot profane Mozart's Requiem nor the salaciousness of "Three Weeks" destroy "Les Miserables." The vulgarity of a few paintings cannot mar the reverent appreciation of great statues and fine pictures that glorify "the noblest work of God."

Charlie Chaplin Pursues the Elusive Pill in Honolulu





Strangely enough, Charlie plays a careful game of golf. "Haste makes waste" is his motto when sinking the white ball into the cup.



"Swat it," said Charlie's opponent—and Charlie "swote." "Darned if I'll let a cascaret like that get the better of me," said he, while his caddy ached to help.



Early in the morning, before the others arrive, Charlie secks the green and gets warmed up.

No question but what Charlie takes the game seriously, Behold his expression! His opponents seem equally concerned. But then, you never can tell what's at stake in the game that kings have quarreled over.





Eighteenth hole and everybody's happy cepting Charlie. He just missed his putt—which makes him host at the nineteenth hole in the clubhouse.



The native lads were all happy whenever they had a chance to tag along with the flesh-and-blood Charlie Chaplin, even if his famous mustache and shoes were missing.

The Diary of Eg usha De Butante

Transcribed by Phillup Phillum



January 1, 1918—Oh, I would—I *would* I were a Star upon the Screen! With all my astral self I do so long. To break the galling fetters of this life of toil . . . my father, the Magnate—my maid, the Parisienne—my car, the Rolls-Royce—and my mother, the Obscure. They fret me like mosquitoes milk-fed in the Hot Springs of N. J. . . . In that Screenic life . . . ah, still, my soul! . . . there are, no doubt, fathers magnater than mine—maids Parisienner—cars Rolls-Roycier—even, perchance, mothers more Obscure. . . .

Oh, Milky Way! . . .

January 1, 1919—I am still anguishing. To be a Star could mean so *much* to me. Could be such a Big Thing in my life. I have a Freudian reason. . . . I have Freckles. Not pale . . . and amber . . . and across the bridge of my nose. But Freckles. Just Freckles. *Un*abridged ones. Possible Adorers scrutinize them—and a Frigidity sets in. . . . Oh, I would—I would I were a Star! . . . the Freckles would not screen!

January 1, 1920—Always on this Day I come to you, my Diary. Always on this Day I bring my soul to you—my Soul that yearns for Cooper-Hewitt lights. My father, the Magnate, has just made another trillion. My maid, the Parisienne, has just la-la'd out of another intrigue. My car, the Rolls-Royce, has a Twin. My mother, the Obscure, drank Poison, I think. Life is so dull. And all the while there go on in the world the Big Things—the Things that Count . . . the Douglas Fairbanks Smile—the Mary Pickford Curls—the Charlie Chaplin Salary—the Theda Bara Come-Hithers—all these Great, these Cataclysmic Things. And Oh! . . . and Ah! . . . all other things are *Naught*.

January 1, 1921—How many Bernhardts have been lost to us . . . who knows . . . who knows? What strains of "hominy" have ne'er been trilled! What Raphaels are still mere Pots o' Paint! What . . . oh, dear, my soul! . . . what *have* the Fans not lost . . . in *me?* Bien! Hélas! Tout! Tout! Had I aspired Tourneur must have cast aside his Caste—poor Caste! Oblivyun must have swallowed up these luminaries who do so Lume today. Magazine Editors—ah, how I have spared them!—must needs have scrapped—fistically—for my fair face upon their fairsome covers—aye, within their Galleries of Fair Women. 'Twould have been so Dreadful. How I s-h-u-d-d-e-r! But oh! that Francis X. must pass on without my Perforated Kiss—that I may never live to Vamp the Farnums—that Wallace Reid may never know my Ingénue! Oh *where* is God—that such weird things can be?

January 1, 1922—Tomorrow I am Fifty. My tender Youth is blooming into Flower. Now are they gone—my Young, my Tender Dreams—All—All! Now are they Dim—my baby-pink, stellar Dreams . . . dear, fragile Things . . . too Sweet . . . too Sweet . . . to live. . . .

I am fifty tomorrow. Farewell, First Youth! Farewell, my Hope, my Heart! . . . Yet on my Stone let it engraven be, "Oh, I would—I *would* I were a Star!"

From the Front

By FRANCES MORRISSEY

It's good to see that somewhere
There are gardens in the sun,
And bright-haired girls to walk in them,
And children full of fun.

A man forgets the softer sounds
After the sound of shell,
And only dreams of sweeter scenes
After the sight of hell.

But they came back to me last night
At a Moving Picture show—
While we were convalescing here
We found a place to go.

One of the things I saw there
Was a play I'd seen with Her;
When they put on the bit she liked,
Why, it was just a blur.

They all were old and broken,
But, how easy to forgive,
When they showed us ways and places
In the life we used to live—

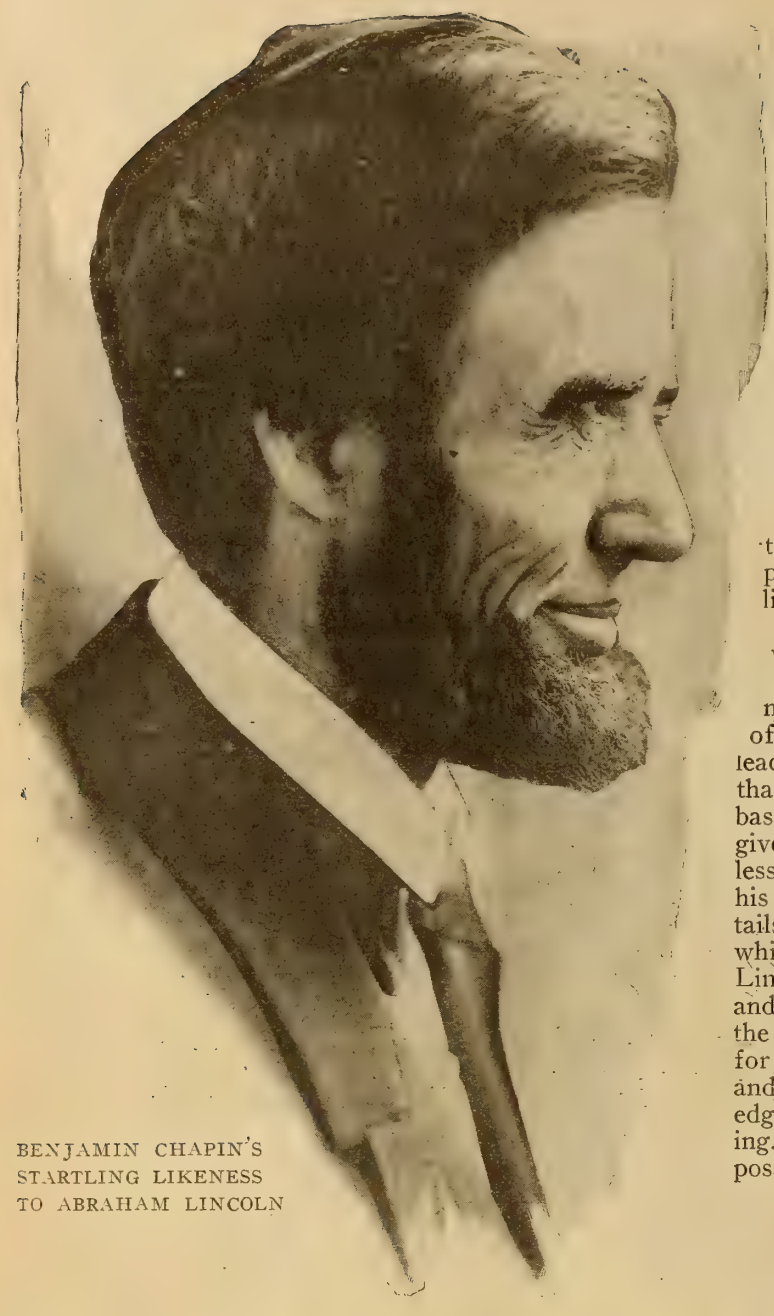
The life our girls are living now;
The life we're fighting for!
The pictures there reminded us
Of things beyond the war.

They made them real and true to us,
Who live in other ways,
And so we cheer them as a link
With past and coming days.

Abraham and

The Life Story of Abraham Lincoln, Chapin Impersonating the Mar

By LILLIAN



BENJAMIN CHAPIN'S STARTLING LIKENESS TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN

TWO score and seventeen years ago our forefathers knew a man who was destined to become an ideal in the hearts of his countrymen. They did not know, and he did not know, that in the simple virtue of his life, in the broad, humane charity of his mind, in the great love of the people which flowed from his heart, there would one day be found an inspiration to millions of freemen all over the world. So they handed their priceless legacy down to us, with only the smallest knowledge of the great inheritance that was to come to us, beneficiaries in the memory of a great national hero—Abraham Lincoln.

Five years ago a man set to work to immortalize in the sight of men, by means of the Motion Picture, the face and figure and the life history of Abraham Lincoln. His name is Benjamin Chapin, and his resemblance to Lincoln is so strong that he is a marked man wherever he goes.

Back of that resemblance is the history of years of struggle and sacrifice thru which Benjamin Chapin has gone in his devotion to an ideal which has become a great passion with him. He had a profound belief in his purpose. He followed it with a seriousness which was almost solemnity. When he wrote his first Lincoln monolog he gave it for nothing. If he got $10 a night he was lucky. Everybody discouraged him, and his best friends called it sacrilegious. He fought prejudice and misunderstanding at every turn, but today people have come to see the spirit that lay behind this devotion to the memory of a great man. It has held him for years until it is not strange that he has come actually to look like Lincoln. He has not only thought about Lincoln, but he has tried to think like him.

"I expect people will consider this a pose," he said the other day, "but I have felt that if I attempted to portray Lincoln, I must be careful even in my private life in doing things which would be unworthy of him.

"In the Lincoln picture, 'Children of Democracy,' which is being presented by Paramount Pictures Corporation, I have tried to put something more than a mere physical likeness. I have tried to get the spirit of the man himself, and countless encouraging letters lead me to believe that I have succeeded. I do not claim that the episodes are real, but every detail in them is based on historic facts. I can go thru each scene and give authority for every point I try to make—in the shiftlessness of Lincoln's father; his inability to read or write: his harshness with his son; the homely details of their everyday life; the creek which is like the one near the old Lincoln cabin; the fishing and the boy's tumble in the water; his love for his mother and her knowledge of reading. Every possibility

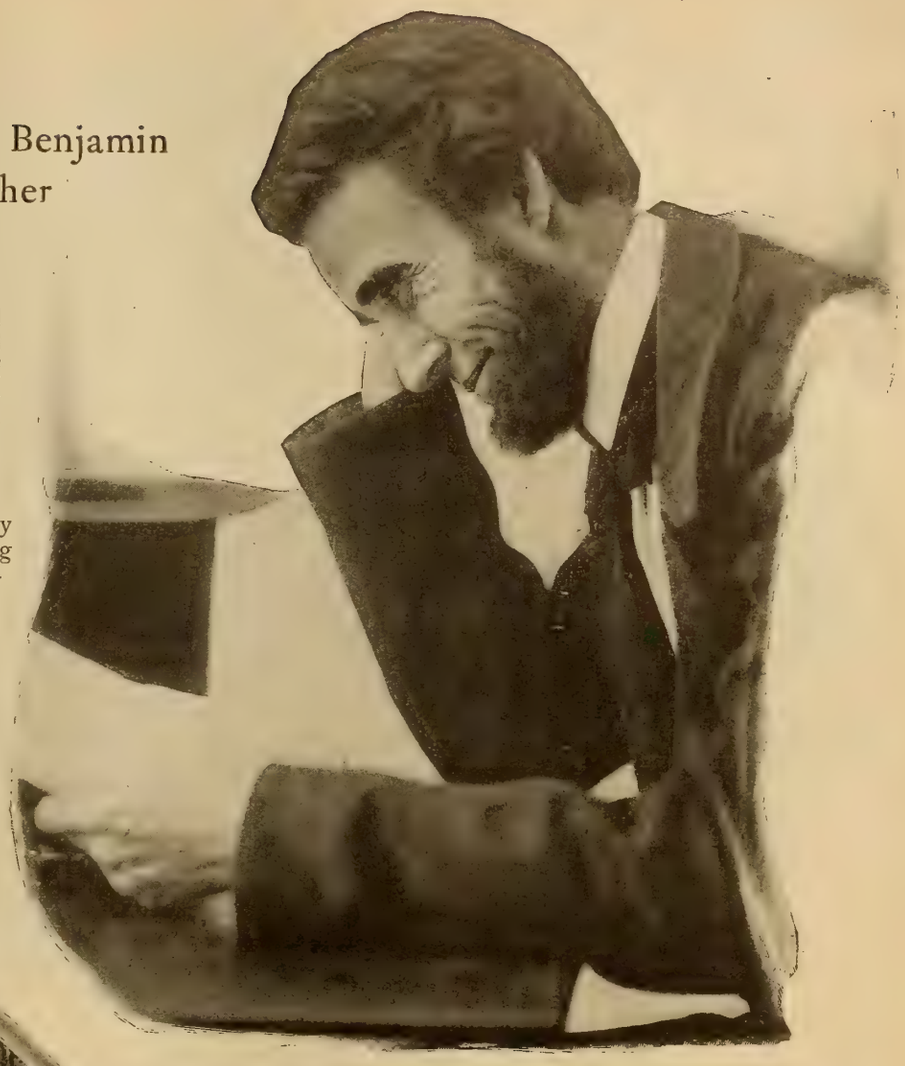


LINCOLN, THE BOY, AND HIS

Benjamin

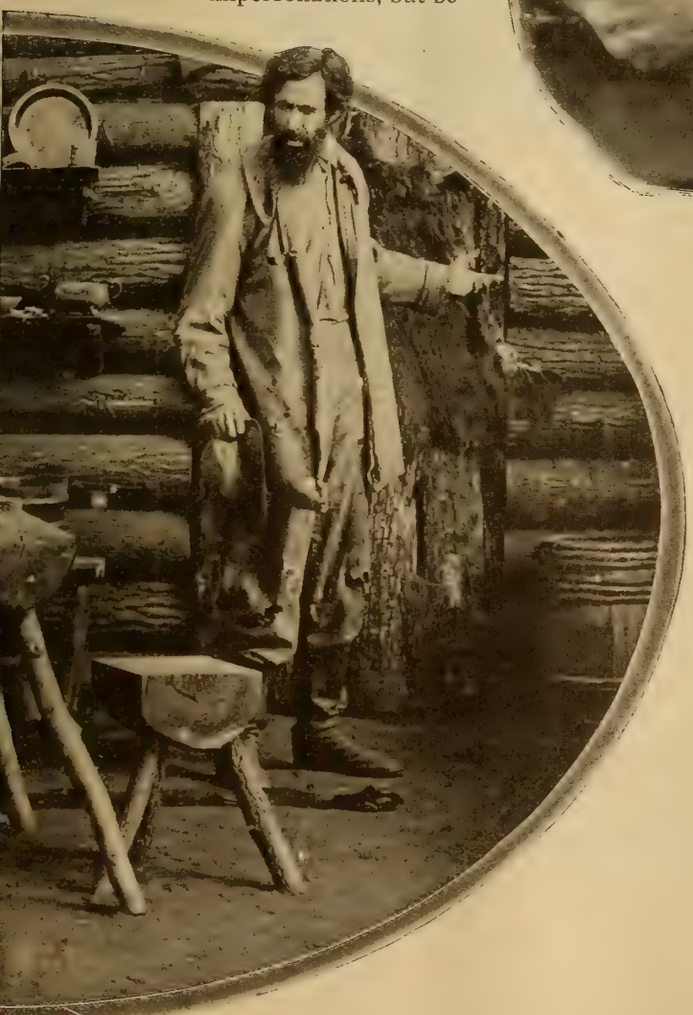
Filmed by Paramount, with Benjamin tyred President and His Father

CONLON



shown in these pictures I have tried to verify, and while I do not pretend to give an actual reproduction of Lincoln's boyhood, for that is impossible, I do claim to give a true conception of the spirit of it. People are moved to laughter and to tears by the primitive influences that molded his character, and I do not believe that any one sees these pictures without feeling that Lincoln is to them a more real personality than ever. To have achieved this is to have realized the purpose I have followed for years."

When Benjamin Chapin talks of riding in a cab and dining in a private room, he is dealing with the years after success came to him. There had been the earlier prosperity when he was giving his dramatic impersonations, but between the two there were years so lean that he and his sister, who has been at his side thru it all, knew the pinch of actual poverty.



FATHER (BENJAMIN CHAPIN)

They were poor because they were obsessed with the Lincoln idea. At any time, if he had given that up, he might have gone back to his old work with its ample rewards, but he would not give up. The time came when they could not pay their rent; when the gas was turned off because they could not pay their bill for light. A friend offered them the chance to occupy a house in the country as caretakers, but they did not have even enough money to pay their moving expenses.

When that crisis came, Mr. Chapin went to the Lyceum Bureau and took an engagement just long enough to enable them to settle their bills and to move. Then he went back to his writing of the Lincoln monolog and play.

Even when the monolog was finished, their troubles were by no means at an end. No manager would pay him to give it, so Mr. Chapin tried to make a start by doing it for nothing. He had been earning hundreds of dollars a week. The same opportunity was still open to him, but with a grim determination worthy of the man he was bent on portraying he clung to his purpose.

The managers of the bureaus assured him there was no demand for a Lincoln monolog. His sister meditated on this for a time. Then she made up her mind the thing to do was to create a demand. She managed to borrow a little money, most of which she invested in stamps and stationery.

Thus equipped, she sat down and wrote letters to superintendents of schools and pastors of churches in dozens of towns, explaining about the monolog and asking



THE EPISODE OF THE CHICKEN IN "CHILDREN OF DEMOCRACY"

for engagements. And, sure enough, the engagements came. Faster and faster they came, until the bureau managers, confronted with the evidence that the people did want a Lincoln monolog, again opened their arms, or, at any rate, their books, to the man who had fought so hard to realize his dream.

It is true, as Benjamin Chapin says, that when he began to impersonate Lincoln there was no real resemblance. His photographs prove this. It was a question of make-up and costume, but the years of trying to look like Lincoln, to talk, to think, even to live like Lincoln, have developed an actual likeness that is unmistakable.



CHAPIN, LIKE LINCOLN, IS A GIANT IN SIZE

It is a curious experience to go about with him. Elevator boys turn suddenly serious as he steps into their car. It seems to me that they shut the door more gently, that they stand back with unwonted deference for him to pass out. Waiters take his order with a respect which is subtly different from their usual manner. Taxi drivers touch their caps with a quick change of expression. Children clutch at their mothers' skirts with a startled movement, and other strange things happen.

"I had a remarkable experience the other day," said Mr. Chapin. "With my camera-man I was leaving an office-building by way of the main entrance, when two men passed in thru the swinging door as I went out. The first man and I were face to face for a second or two, and I saw in his eyes a look of puzzled recognition; the look we have when we see a face that is familiar but which we cannot definitely place.

"The strange thing about the encounter was that the man did not realize that the face he was reminded of was Lincoln's. He got only an association of ideas. For my camera-man, who was behind me, heard him say to his companion:

"Was that Christ?"

"It was a curious case of the blending of associations. He was reminded of Lincoln, but all he was conscious of was the suggestion of some one who had been his ideal of goodness. All I ask people to believe is that in trying to represent such a man as Lincoln was I have a full sense of my obligation to do it as worthily as possible. No man in history passed thru greater trials; none was greater-hearted; no head of a torn nation ever felt his responsibility more keenly; none was ever a greater martyr to his country. If I can truthfully depict Lincoln, I have done a great thing."

Pacific Coast Chirps

Film News Scoops Picked Up in "The City of the Angels"

By FRITZI REMONT



MISS BARRISCALE PULLING OUT A STRAND OF HER GOLDILOX!

DEAR ABANICOS: That's common Mex for fans. Sounds like a handy word to have around when one runs into the rocker at midnight, but it's also appropriate to Motion Pictures.

There is no better way of investing a nickel than to take the West Sixth car to the Paralta studios. It's a long ride, clear out to the end of the rainbow; scenery in the way of gray-green eucalyptus trees, flanked by sunburnt fields prayerfully gazing at the ever-blue heavens and hoping against hope that the celestial sprinkling-cart is in good running order, with miles and miles of wonderful chrysanthemums and dahlias right out to the "end of the line" where I had been warned to alight.

Not a sign of any Motion Picture studio. Registering disappointment and disgust, I turned into the dustiest California road possible, to discover the hiding-place of Bessie Barriscale. After a block or so, a parade of autos brightened the landscape. With a distinctly feminine "Sherlock-you-are-improving feeling," I followed the scent of gasoline right to the Information Bureau of Paralta, Inc.

The Information Bureau gave me to understand that not even a news purveyor for the best Motion Picture magazine in the States might be admitted to the new set on that day; but I sneaked around the side of the bungalow where the "informer" was *not* and covered the quarter-mile of slippery grass-fields with seven-leagued boots.

Such a beautiful cave! Huge stalactites hang from the ceiling; far back there's a thirty-foot waterfall, with a glimpse of azure sky. What a pity that one cant film the soft murmur of that waterfall!

In the foreground, pink table-cloths lent a sunset hue to the scene. Waiters were passing around bona fide "me 'n you's." Men in evening-clothes scanned the big cards wistfully; women looked politely expectant; a purple fan waved languidly against a cream-satin frock which leaned against a cerise-velvet cloak. A big orchestra was playing dreamy waltzes.

There was a sudden change to a spring song. Back where the spotlight blazed, a violet sprang into life, its golden center catching luster from the Cooper-Hewitts—just a whiffet of a girl, clad in violet gauzes, her golden head rising and dipping rhythmically to the bowing of violins.

What! You dont know her? Watch her tell fortunes in "The Inside of the Cup." They call her "Ikey," and she's doing extra work in two productions.

Then came my opportunity to snap Miss Barriscale, and she laughed saucily as she stepped on the old bed-quilt which saved her satin slippers from the dusty boards. She pulled a strand of the much-teased goldilox, rouged her lips and defiantly told me to do my worst. One does feel so professional taking a star's picture with all that preparation.

If you've ever seen the Pacific Ocean when phosphorescent, you can dimly imagine the glory of Bessie in her frock of shimmering Nile silk flecked with iridescent green-and-white beads, touched with "white-caps" of filmy lace. There's a weird glint in her dark eyes, which so strangely contrast with the pale yellow hair—somehow one thinks of driftwood ablaze.

Character may be read in laughter, and I'd stake a Liberty Bond on Miss Barriscale's amiable disposition after listening to her tinkling, sincere ripples of audible smiles. She's democratic enough to rule anything from a studio to a woman's club. She's perfectly at home with an extended kit of dinner-tools at the Alexandria, and she does not fear to lose her dignity by hungrily enjoying a slab of the commissary's roast flanked by a Mont Blanc of mashed spuds—just a hurry-up meal carried to her dressing-room.

George Fisher was ready for a "pose," too—all drest up in make-up, evening togs and a pleasant smile. Of course he likes being in the café scene with the fair Bessie, and he shows it.

Warren Kerrigan was motored onto the lot just as I was leaving. It certainly was inconsiderate of a California gopher to undermine the ground where Jack



BESSIE BARRISCALE AND GEORGE FISHER IN MAKE-UP AS THEY APPEAR IN CAFÉ SCENE IN "THE INSIDE OF THE CUP"



WILLIAM S. HART IS NOW OCCUPYING MABEL NORMAND'S OLD STUDIO

wanted to ride his horse. The old nag allowed Mr. Kerrigan to occupy the lower berth, which was pretty soft for the steed but hard on Mr. Kerrigan; however, handsome Jack is well on the way to recovery.

Speaking of accidents, wasn't it naughty of the burro to squeeze Marjorie Daw against the wall at Bright Angel Trail, while she was doing location work with Doug Fairbanks? Her knee is still in a plaster-cast, they tell me.

Doug and Bill Hart always come out all right, no matter *what* they do—which reminds me, Mr. Hart has taken the old Mabel Normand studio. It looks distinctly masculine now, and is covered with signs bearing his name.

I 'most forgot to mention that I saw Kenneth Harlan the other day basking like a lizard against a sunny "prop" wall. He was all made up with yellow "insect powder," but nothing can really spoil his good looks.

Speaking of "effects," if anything *could* be more striking than Winifred Kingston's new blue car with its dazzling white wire spokes smirking like an advertisement for dentozen, it was its radiant owner holding handfuls of bank-notes, gold and checks that she and a woman friend had collected from the players. She was arranging for boxes to be sent to the Sammies at the front—five dollars' worth of gifts and goodies in each box with a picture of the donating "star" pasted on the label. A pretty conceit, that.

And I almost forgot to say that I met Herschel Mayall, who occupies a dressing-room next to George Fisher and opposite Miss Barriscale. Just *entres nous,* I'd prefer to hang his photograph in the row of immortals rather than those of the younger lads who win out on facial perfection alone.

Have you heard of that nice little resting-place for movie folks on Sunset Boulevard? There's a cosy living-room, with up-to-date magazines, and one corner is made businesslike by the secretary-treasurer's desk and telephone. It is called "The Photoplayers' Equity Association," and was organized by Thomas Santschi, Raymond Cannon and other prominent men. You see, the exchanges out here have charged such exorbitant rates for placing photoplayers (from 30 to 50 per cent of first week's salary, same ratio for a day's extra work) that it seemed necessary to form some independent organization. Here one may register for work, receive mail or calls from the various studios, and the dues are only one dollar per month.

The plan is to have systematic follow-up cards, so that each studio will receive daily reports over the wire of the whereabouts of members, of available extras, of special character actors, or, if employed, the number of days for which one is engaged. The Equity Association protects them from the percentage charged by the exchange by dealing directly with the studios. It is practically impossible now for any extra to receive work direct from the waiting-bench of a studio.

KENNETH HARLAN, WALL LIZARD



Where Have They Gone?

Vanished Stars Discovered and Meteorites Unearthed

By SUE ROBERTS



FLORENCE LAWRENCE



MARGUERITE SNOW



MAY ALLISON

ONE of the truest sayings extant is that one may live in New York for years and never know one's next-door neighbor. Ever since last April the whereabouts of May Allison has been shrouded in darkness so far as the public was concerned. She had left Metro and there the matter ended so far as discovering any details was concerned. But letters of inquiry concerning her whereabouts continued to swamp my desk, so at last I decided to appeal to the lady herself. I wrote a little note containing a hundred questions or so and a please-do-answer, underlined P. S., and sent it to the Yorke-Metro studio. Then I stored the whole matter in the back of my head with an obituary line which read, "May be answered, but it's a thousand to one it wont." And so one, two, three weeks passed, and then one morning the phone in my office rang and a silvery voice said, "Good-morning, Miss Roberts; this is May Allison."

Well, the original person who was knocked over with a feather had nothing on me, I assure you.

"Oh, yes," I said, and commenced digging in the graveyard of my memory for the information which I needed so badly from this famous young lady.

"Your note," continued the silvery voice, "only just reached me. It had gone to the California studio and at last wandered to me here. If you would care to come and see me, I can answer all your questions so much more easily than writing them."

"I'll be there at once," I gasped into the transmitter.

My lady of the wire laughed and said, "I'll meet you at the Astor at four o'clock."

"Fine," I said, and rang off, and not until then did I realize that I neither knew Miss Allison nor did she know me.

Not that I need have worried, for without a second's hesitation I recognized the lovely girl clad in a sealskin coat with sable collar and cuffs and small, close-fitting hat from which peeped bright golden hair.

"Miss Allison?" I queried.

"Miss Roberts?" she replied, and then we both laughed.

"I've been worrying," she said, "and thinking that I should have told you to wear a pink carnation for purposes of identification."

"And now," I said, "where have you been all this time?"

"Right in New York, living with my mother on West 54th Street. You may not have known it, but from the time I was a child my ambition was to be a great singer, and I dont think I shall ever be perfectly satisfied until I prove to myself what I can do with my voice. That was why, when my contract with Metro expired last April, I made up my mind I was going to devote all my time to singing. My mother, who is the most wonderful personage I ever knew, always encouraging me if I am discouraged, saw that it was the one thing that I wished to do, so she advised me to try it. We packed up, left California, and came to New York. I have been here ever since, studying vocal music under Oscar Sanger, also taking French and German to help me in singing. I have accomplished as much as can be done here, and intended to complete plans to go to London for two years for further studying; but of course that is impossible now on account of the state the war is in, and so I have been obliged to abandon that plan.

"So I am going back to pictures, and it may interest you to know that I have signed a contract with Metro for 1918 to play again with Mr. Lockwood. My associations with Metro were always very happy, and for that reason I am more than glad that my picture work is again to be with them and Mr. Lockwood. Then, too, we are going to work in the East, right here in New York instead of out West, which also pleases me, for, altho I found the bungalow life in California very attractive, New York is a real incentive to me. I have much more ambition here than in California. We are to have a studio to ourselves, which is quite splendid because it is somewhat difficult to do a dramatic scene

(*Continued on page* 127)

"The German Curse in Russia"



A STEALTHY ATTACK AT DAWN

All photos from the Fathé film



A RUSSIAN RED CROSS NURSE



ALEXANDER KERENSKY

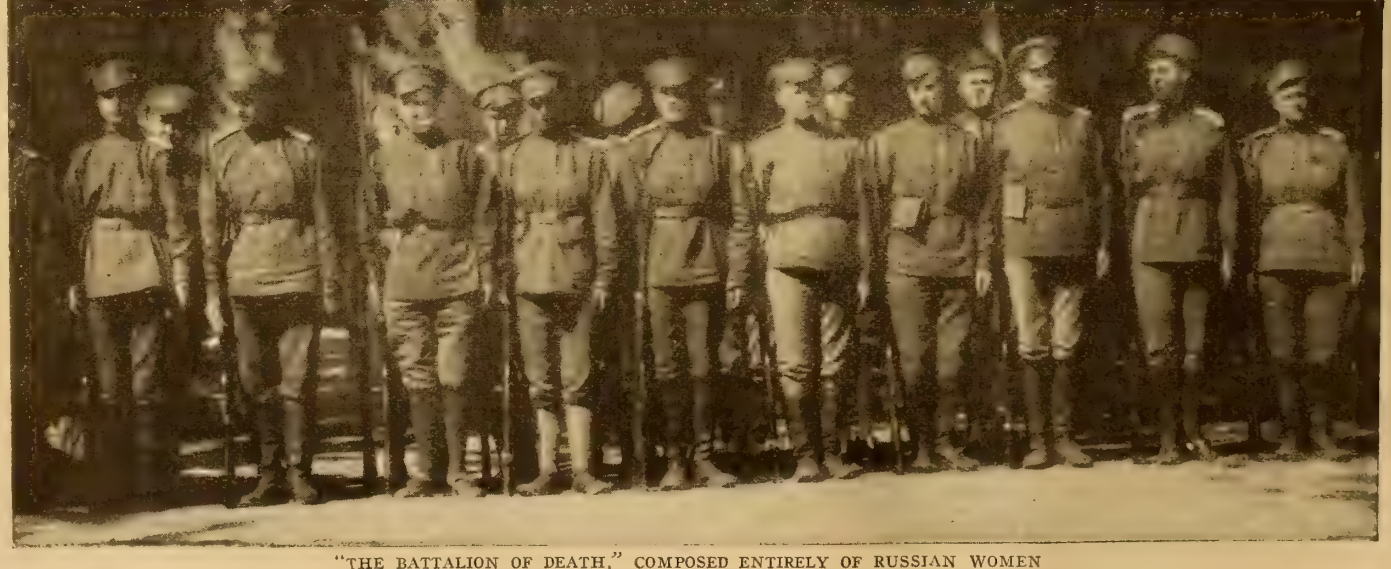


DONALD C. THOMPSON

TOP PHOTO—The vital events of the war in the Eastern arena are in "The German Curse in Russia" (Pathé).

BOTTOM PHOTO—"The Battalion of Death" (the modern Amazons). These noble Russian women, after severe training, actually led the men into battle under the leadership of Botchkaveva, their famous organizer.

Donald C. Thompson, fearless war photographer, described by Alexander Powell as "the nerviest man I ever met," shows by his pictures that the downfall of Russia, as far as effective war for a long time to come is concerned, is due to German propaganda, and the same thing might happen to the United States if pro-Germanism is not combated.



"THE BATTALION OF DEATH," COMPOSED ENTIRELY OF RUSSIAN WOMEN



GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS, THE CZAR, AND THE KING OF ROUMANIA, CAUGHT BY MR. THOMPSON'S CAMERA AT THE OUTBREAK OF THE REVOLUTION



NEVSKI PROSPECT, THE WIDEST STREET IN THE WORLD, SO CROWDED DURING THE REVOLUTION IN PETROGRAD IT LOOKS LIKE HOUSTON STREET, NEW YORK



RUSSIAN SOLDIERS WAITING IN A COMMUNICATION TRENCH

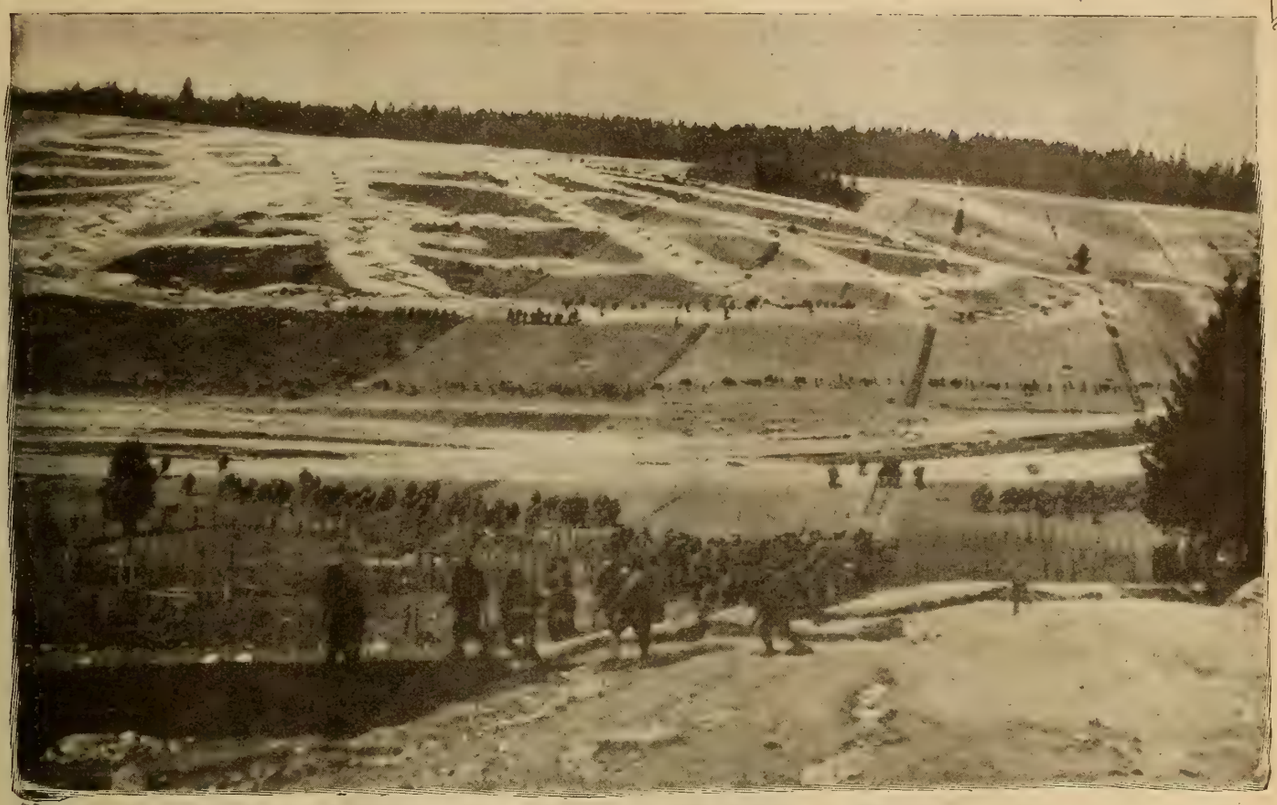


THE ONLY MAN
MR. THOMPSON SAW WORKING
OF HIS OWN
INITIATIVE DURING THE NERVY
WAR PHOTOGRAPHER'S ELEVEN
MONTHS IN RUSSIA





PETROGRAD, ONE OF THE RICHEST CITIES IN THE WORLD, HAD SEVERAL BREAD LINES DURING THF REVOLUTION



RUSSIAN TROOPS HURRYING FROM THE FRONT TO ENGAGE IN ANOTHER FIGHT—THAT OF QUELLING THE RIOTERS IN PETROGRAD



THE RED CROSS IS DOING WONDERFUL WORK IN RUSSIA AS WELL AS IN EVERY OTHER STRICKEN COUNTRY. HERE A MAJOR OPERATION IS BEING PERFORMED IN A RED CROSS HOSPITAL

This Story was written from the Scenario of S. M. WELLER

The Beautiful

THIS story concerns a small world—these United States in its suckling days, a domain that Serbia today could measure men with—and the vaunting ambitions of two of its great men. The world is only a room, after all—too small and crowded for the masterful, too vast and lonely for the mastered. And when a woman—a fallen angel, if you will—comes between the close conflict of the masters, then blood must flow freely.

This tale of the weakness of Alexander Hamilton is strong man's meat. The great, the good should never be measured by their weakness, rather by their strength. If you will believe nothing frail in the strong, pass this by. If you have pity for the blind eyes of Samson, perhaps you can read this with tolerance.

From the moment they met, this world became too small for Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr. If some one stronger than both had willed them mates—Hamilton with his idealism, youth, lion courage; Burr with his craft, long-nursed hatred, steel-tempered mind—this twain could have conquered the world. The ill-starred Burr's dream of a kingdom in Mexico and the vast West would have been no traitorous Arcadia had Hamilton been his prime minister. But the picric acid of hate and the pure wine of joy is a deadly brew at best—besides, there was the woman!

"I noticed," says a veteran of the American Revolution, speaking of the retreat thru the Jerseys, "a youth, a mere stripling—small, slender, almost delicate in frame—marching beside a cannon, with a cocked hat pulled down over his eyes, lost in thought, with his hand resting on the cannon, and every now and then patting it as he mused."

That was the outer shell of the "Little Lion." Within him, they say, were those choice gifts that made him, conscious or not, irresistible to the fair sex. The soul of a poet, the breast of a patriot and the voice of an angel were housed in this slight youth with starlit eyes.

Then there was Aaron Burr. No bigger than Hamilton, but with twice his physique, his courage knew no bounds nor his strength no end to endurance. Quick as forked lightning, a dead shot, a charming talker and a master of men's secret thoughts, Aaron Burr was born into the world either too early or too late. Once he would have made a Viking, whose grit and cunning and conquest would have been sung forever in sagas; today his would have been the master mind in the horde of the Huns.

"Law," said he, "is whatever is boldly asserted and plausibly maintained." Toward Burr women were singularly susceptible. He charmed them, bent them, broke them. And the gossips of history whisper that a never-ending procession of love affairs flickered before his willful eyes like the players on a screen.

It was in the days of their singing youth that the two men first crossed. Major Burr was attached to the staff of General Putnam, "old wolf strangler," whose brigade was quartered in New York. In the General's household



ARTHUR ASHLEY
AS
AARON BURR

was a young girl, Margaret Moncrieffe, the daughter of a British army officer. The fortunes of war had separated her from her father, who served under General Howe, then holding his army in readiness on Staten Island, and the Putnams had agreed to protect the homeless girl.

That the girl was charming the close attention of Major Burr proved. The gallant young officer drank the laughter from her eyes as she played the spinet or fanned the ruddy flame in her curls as she sat at the spinning-wheel.

Then galloped young Captain Hamilton into this blissful Eden. A fine figure of a fiery youth, as restless as his mount, and coming with secret orders from General Washington.

At their first meeting Captain Hamilton's wide-opened eyes showed admiration for the lovely Moncrieffe, which her own burning orbs returned in kind. Finding no British to fight in New York, the young captain stayed on to lay siege to the heart of a British maiden.

All this ran quite contrary to the desires of Aaron Burr. He already had a hold upon the girl, and knew that he had to play only the heavy artillery of the love

Mrs. Reynolds

Story by
EDWIN M. LaROCHE



CARLYLE BLACKWELL
AS
ALEXANDER HAMILTON

game to conquer her completely. Captain Hamilton was the first to suspect that Major Burr's intentions were not honorable, and confided his suspicions to Mrs. Putnam. The good soul took fright at once and fled to the doughty old General with the news. There was no shilly-shallying with the "wolf strangler"—no wolf could prowl around his chicken-roost. So at daybreak the next morning Margaret was packed off to Kingsbridge, the home of other friends, and Major Burr was given a mission taking him post haste to West Point.

To cast an obstacle in this grim young man's path was but to have him hurdle over it. For a day and a night he never left his saddle, and, changing horses at West Point, he began the mad ride back to the city. In the meantime Captain Hamilton, with the purest of intentions in his joyous heart, set out in quest of his will-o'-the wisp. In Kingsbridge, under a framing elm, a pretty picture faced him. Margaret Moncrieffe, her bonnet fallen and her glorious hair streaming to her waist, was caught in the arms of a mud-incrusted officer who drew her fiercely to him.

That noon, in Fraunce's Tavern, Major Burr permitted himself a bit of relaxation. Surrounded by a group of callow, unplucked youths, he related the story of his conquest.

"We may not have whipped the British yet," he boasted, "but I've conquered one of the choicest bits of English finery outside of London. She will be mine tonight."

Hamilton had the tale repeated to him and was on fire with rage. But here was a man whose razor-edge wits he must match or forever be a fool. It was but a step to the Putnams' house, and he resolved that Margaret must be saved even tho he lost her forever.

With the General in possession of the pretty tale, action was the order of the day. A coach was sent to Kingsbridge and the girl was fetched to the city under guard. Late that afternoon, as the sun was sinking into its bloody cradle back of the westerly hills, Margaret Moncrieffe was placed in a rowboat at the Battery landing and ferried across to Staten Island under a flag of truce. Four soldiers manned the oars and General Putnam stood on the landing as Hamilton assisted the girl into the boat. She may have felt the touch of his hand, but her eyes were living coals of scorn.

As the oarsmen settled into their stroke and the boat drew away from the shore a tinge of color came into the girl's livid cheeks. A horseman fairly flew across the Battery, and, with his horse's knees a-quiver in the bay, waved farewell.

The girl stood up, tore her kerchief from her neck and waved it in last reply.

Thus passed Margaret Moncrieffe out of the hearts of her lovers to a spectacular career which her beauty made for her in London and which ended in infamy and shame. Despite many sordid affairs with men of high degree—aye, even with princes—she said on her dying day that Aaron Burr was the only man she had ever loved.

As the boat bearing her away dimmed into the distance the faces of the watching men were royal studies for an artist. Hamilton calmly smiling, altho his heart was forever hurt, the tears misting his eyes; Burr, thin-lipped, eyes piercing the distance, the devil's monogram stamped on his black brows.

The war waged, bringing its measure of fortune and misfortune to the two young officers. Always there was that curious intertwining of their two paths. Hamilton became the trusted aide of George Washington; Burr sought military advancement, and it came to his ears that those in the confidence of Washington did not trust him. Who else could it be but Hamilton?

The war ended and these United States, tho free, was a country without government. The then distinguished Major Hamilton had contracted a brilliant marriage with Eliza Schuyler, the daughter of General Philip Schuyler of New York, and thus by chance his residence was established there. Naturally eloquent and always a defender of the oppressed, Major Hamilton took up the study of law.

With the sheathing of swords, Colonel Burr, as well, sought a new field of adventure. He had married well, and the gay and fertile city of New York attracted him.

When Burr applied himself to anything it was as good as done. In a miraculously short time as practices go nowadays he had made himself one of the city's ablest barristers.

As the years rolled by Alexander Hamilton reached the climax of his life work as Secretary of the Treasury in George Washington's brilliant cabinet. Aaron Burr, always a resourceful political leader, joined the new-born Republican party, gathered both the wits and rogues of New York about him and awaited his chance. It came. In spite of the influence of Hamilton, he was elected to the United States Senate.



IN ANSWER TO THE SLIGHT KNOCK UPON HER DOOR, MARIA CRIED, "COME IN!"

Now all these scraps of history and fleeting views of two who made it are but the prelude — wild and Wagnerian mayhap—of a mighty love-song, the lilt of which drove these two well-ordered men one to the grave, the other to undying dishonor.

The drama opens melodiously enough in the chintz-curtained drawing-room of an unpretentious house in Philadelphia. A lady was seated at a spinet and from her supple fingers flowed the now swelling, now plaintive notes of Handel's "Esther." The expression of her large, brown eyes was dreamy, almost languid, as if she were hugging the air to her soul. The heavy chestnut ringlets that lay against her white skin, fine-cut nostrils and exquisite brows all spoke the patrician. To a student of character, her full, cupid-bow mouth belied her otherwise splendid countenance. It confessed love of power, love of man, love of self, and from its slight pout it could be read that these longings had not as yet been satisfied.

A most curious history encompassed this beautiful woman. While still a young girl, red-blooded, with blue-stockinged parentage, she had attended Washington's first inaugural, and, at the reception following, had fallen under the spell of Jacob Clingman, a big and swaggering gallant, who concealed the brute in him under a camouflage of nimble wit and jovial good nature. Soon after their secret marriage the horns of the devil began to show. Maria, too proud to expose herself to public scandal, led a life of constant abuse. Clingman practically deserted her, and, following the call of the dice-box and the wine-cup, was arrested and imprisoned by Alexander Hamilton for defrauding the Government. Living in comparative poverty, purposely lost to her family, Maria, with the aid of her husband, decided upon a desperate adventure—the cancellation of her marriage.

On a certain starless night the newly released convict led the trusting girl to the home of a nameless clergyman, who thereupon gave her in the holy bonds of wedlock to James Reynolds, a young and dissolute crony of Clingman's, who eked out a living as a clerk in one of the Government departments. The scales soon dropped from the eyes of Maria, afterward so well known in history as "The Beautiful Mrs. Reynolds." Reynolds was a spawn of the same devil's breed as his master, Clingman. He had no saving graces, nothing to attract, everything to repel. Where Clingman had been a raw-boned wolf, here was the cringing, lapping cur.

The brilliant rendering of "Esther" was interrupted by a shuffling of aimless feet, and Maria turned to see the weak-mouthed, drink-torn Reynolds before her. Up to this moment he had never been anything but boastful, exacting, with the selfishness of a petty tyrant, and insanely jealous, but now his distended eyes were full of

courage as he advanced upon her. Before she could slip away, rough, trembling hands were about her neck, pressing with all the power of a gyve. It was a sight to make the angels weep as the beautiful woman sank to her knees when the frenzied creature bore down upon her. Whether it was the last despairing flash in her star-strewn eyes or the cowardice that whispered to him that one more step would be murder — whatever it was, he laughed discordantly and threw her from him. In another moment the door had slammed upon his wavering steps.

The first thought of the sorely wounded is to seek the nearest haven, and Maria wrapped her cloak around her bruised throat and set out for Clingman's newly established pawnshop. There was very little spirit in the girl as she recited to him the latest unutterable outrage.

"There is only one man in the world," he said finally, "who will listen to a beautiful woman in distress and not take advantage of her. At best we are only cloaked wolves or beribboned spaniels. Go to his house tonight, throw yourself on his mercy. There is only one man who will both believe you and sorrow for you—Alexander Hamilton."

Crafty counsel is seldom weighed in the balance by the desperate, and a short half-hour afterward the Secretary of the Treasury was told by a servant that a lady was waiting in his anteroom who urgently wished to see him. It can never be told at the time whether Hamilton felt a premonition of coming events. He was sitting with his two young boys and nestling girls, telling them a bedtime story. If a certain sentience was given to the man, the warning was too vague—distant voices in the night—and he kist his children good-night to bow deeply before his visitor. As he rose to a standing posture, every line and feature of the beautiful face before him bespoke appeal.

"I know it is wrong," Maria said, so low that he could scarcely hear the words, "to come to you at this hour with my affairs. I have been told that you are a man of great heart and——" A stifled sob cut off the rest, and Hamilton, the soul of chivalry, seated himself beside her and waited for her to recover her composure.

There, in the shaded light of a single candelabrum, with her queenly face set like the mask of tragedy, the beautiful Mrs. Reynolds poured out to Hamilton the tale of her persecuted life. There was a certain reservation: she thought it discreet not to tell of her present and previous relations with the unlovely Clingman. There is no doubt Hamilton was deeply touched by the appearance and story of the beautiful creature. His luminous eyes, that shone in the dark as softly as a deer's, were the sure tale-bearers of his impressionable heart, and there was a tense silence, after which his words seemed strangely cold to him.

"I will gladly assist you; it is inconvenient at this moment. Please give me your address, and I will see that the money reaches you."

The look of appeal vanished from Maria's eyes to give way for one instant to the glint of avarice. But only for an instant. As Hamilton extended his hand in parting, she came to him softly, took his hand and held his eyes with the deep feeling that hers could express so seraphically well.

Later that evening, Hamilton, seated at his escritoire, lit two candles and penned a formal note to the woman who had almost, but not quite, tempted him. Taking a banknote from his pocket, he slipped it into the envelope and addressed it. Then a strange thing happened. Hamilton stared blankly at the letter in his hand, the while a vivid picture of its appealing subject stood before him. Unconsciously his fingers pressed the letter open and took the banknote from it. In another instant he had crushed the letter in his fingers, flung his cloak around him and had left the house.

In answer to the slight knock upon her door, Maria cried, "Come in!" Hamilton stood before her and bowed low. He was as pale as she and his eyes were averted, but thru the mists of her chestnut hair her own shone like signal-fires in the dim room. Hamilton extended the hand in which the banknote trembled.

"I think," he said, "this will take care of your immediate needs and pay your way to your relatives in Albany. I have the honor of wishing you good-night."

She did not raise her hand to take the money nor did she appear to hear his words. Rising slowly with the litheness of a cat, she came toward him and placed her hand upon his shoulder.

"I could not take your money this way," she half whispered. "It shames me, yet if you only knew, it could ennoble me."



SHE SLOWLY BUT SURELY CAME WITHIN THE MAGIC CIRCLE OF HIS CHARM

For one moment the touch of her hand upon his shoulder was as keen and cold as a dagger-blade, the next it sent a surge of red blood tingling thru his brain. Hamilton closed his eyes, hesitated, then threw his arms around her in a passionate embrace.

Having once fallen from heaven, there was no second course for the infatuated statesman. The vivid half of his life was spent in a veritable catacombs of deceit—to his family, his friends and himself. Either a passion as genuine as he thought his own or the most consummate acting a great actress is capable of inspired Maria to

bind him heart and soul with invisible chains. History is yet at odds as to whether she was half angel, half rogue.

At times, during the course of this ill-starred amour, she was intriguing, the tool of Clingman and Reynolds, and again she loathed herself and loathed them with all her power.

One night, as Maria half hinted her fears while leaning in protective arms, the door was suddenly thrown open and Husband Reynolds swaggered into the room.

"So this is the virtuous Secretary of the Treasury!" he cried; "the model husband! The world—and your wife—will be profoundly interested in knowing what kind of a thief of hearts Alexander Hamilton really is."

comes here," he suggested daintily, "when your family is away. Why shouldn't her husband be welcome?"

"Let us dispense with the amenities," said Hamilton. "What is the purpose of your intrusion?"

"Well," Reynolds answered pleasantly, "that is a fair beginning. Then there is the matter of giving me a clerkship in the Treasury Department in lieu of ready cash."

Hamilton's tired eyes were instantly ablaze. Reynolds quailed before their piercing gaze. "That cannot be! My private life cannot and will not be confused with the Government. Your visit has ended—go!"

The errant lover flung himself into a chair and stared into the mocking fire.



BURR LEANED ACROSS THE TABLE AND HELD HAMILTON WITH HIS EYES

That night Hamilton left her with the distant knell of tragedy ringing faintly in his ears, but with his heart pounding so loudly in exultation that it stifled the ever-present minor note.

In the sleepless hours of that night, too, he penned the damning letter which began, "You have become the guiding star of my life," to be answered a day later by a letter from Maria which ended, "I never knew what it was to live until I met you." All this simply hastened the more violent tolling of the knell.

On the next evening, in the Hamilton library, the curtains parted to disclose to his passion-blinded eyes the sordid play in which he was the unwilling star.

Cat-footed Reynolds was ushered into his presence. The excuse for his visit was characteristic. "My wife

"So at last," he mused, "it has come. The curs, in the guise of bloodhounds, are in full bay on the scent!"

Dreams of empire led the footsteps of Aaron Burr to the "imperial" city of William Penn. Sure of the corruptness of Clingman, he knew he could use him, just as the lower order of cunning in Clingman told him he could use Maria Reynolds.

But something was lacking in Clingman's strategy, if not in Burr's. The beautiful Mrs. Reynolds was reserved for larger ambitions than petty blackmail.

Aaron Burr's first meeting with the woman of destiny was purely accidental or designed by Satan, as you wish. It was in Clingman's shop, where Burr had gone to confer with him, that the renconter took place.

She had come to demand her release from the thralls of her master. Driven by the ardor of Hamilton's love and his imminent ruin, Maria had peered into the well of her soul and shrank back from its polluted depths.

As the radiant creature stood framed in the doorway, Clingman led her forward and presented her to Senator Burr. He bowed with fine ceremonial, the while his keen eyes appraised her wares of snowy white and glossy chestnut. In another moment she swept across the shop and disappeared into the room beyond.

The unspoken question in Burr's eyes set Clingman's wits to work. His quickly whispered explanation conveyed a world of meaning. And the more he said the less apparent was his master's interest.

"Oh, yes," he interrupted. "Ah, I see — Hamilton's, you say." But with the words he had decided to woo and win her for himself.

At last Alexander Hamilton resolved on his decisive step—the breaking of the unhallowed ties that bound him.

That night, at first sight of him, Maria read her sentence in his resolute eyes. In the full realization of her love, and capable of the highest self-sacrifice, she gave full sway to all the powers of her charm. A stifled song, tears, reproaches, entreaty, love hunger, martyrdom were the guns in her battery — and Hamilton's fond heart was riddled to the core.

Then, in the dear moment of his surrender, Husband Reynolds entered to see how his wife's business was progressing. All the steel in the "Little Lion" suddenly bristled to the attack. He towered above them, an accusing conscience in the torrent of his words. "Thank God, I am well rid of you both!" he cried. "Hamilton, the blind fool, is still Hamilton the man!"

And as the door shivered shut behind him, he thought that its violent closing had cast her off forever.

That night was a sleepless one for the deserted woman. She lived years in its black hours. The burning shame of her was brighter than the sun. Her wretched heart kept telling her that she still loved Hamilton; her wounded pride kept urging her to seek revenge.

The rising sun caught the distraught beauty still staring moodily into space. At last she formed a resolution.

An hour later she was closeted with Banker Bingham, Hamilton's man of affairs.

"Yes," she confided to the stout but admiring gentleman, "Colonel Hamilton is in urgent need of that packet of letters left in your keeping. I must take them to him."

She now had them in her possession and hastened to Clingman with what was once the exalted outpourings from Hamilton's heart but was now the most damaging evidence.

A great actor—one of the world's greatest — now assumes the center of this sordid stage. Aaron Burr, ever since he had met Maria Reynolds, reckoned that she could become the weapon with which he could destroy Hamilton. But he wanted to both keep his cake and eat it—the possession of her as well for himself.

Clingman's shop was the place in which to spin his spider's web, Maria the silken strands in which to enmesh his fly. He was closeted with Clingman when Maria entered with Hamilton's love-letters. In an instant he divined their contents and their incalculable value to him. As for Clingman, he could see no further than the slow bleeding of blackmail, and he smacked his lips as he read the fine avowals.

"Perhaps I can appraise their worth," Burr said, and held out his hand.

(*Continued on page* 124)



THE FAMOUS DUEL ON WEEHAWKEN HEIGHTS—

IN WHICH AARON BURR SHOT AND KILLED ALEXANDER HAMILTON



No, the gentleman is not crazy; neither is he madly in love. These affecting scenes are all in the day's work for Frank H. Crane, Mary Garden's director. The lady, of course, is the famous song-bird rehearsing a scene in "Thais." Mr. Crane is demonstrating to the young lady on the right the way her "bit" with the star should be played.



© Floyd

One of the teams of stars in the "show of star teams" in "Miss 1917," at the Century Theater, New York, is Cecil Lean and Clea Mayfield. Their repertoire of songs and the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE are inseparable—they carry a copy before the footlights each night and it's part of their clever act.



"Shooting" the War

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The Camera as a Modern Weapon of War

By H. H. VAN LOAN

UP to the present we have heard but little of the real part the Moving Picture camera has been playing, and is playing today, in the greatest conflict in the history of the ages, and there are a great number of people who, doubtless, have long ago concluded that this infant industry, still in its swaddling-clothes, is portraying a very inconspicuous rôle in the tremendous struggle for world supremacy.

Those of us who have followed the dispatches and special articles from the other side have been disposed to conclude that, with the taking of Moving Pictures of such scenes as are permitted by the various governments, the interest of the Moving Picture man ceased. But whoever has thought this has been greatly deceived, for the Moving Picture industry figures very prominently in the present crisis, and the only actual records which posterity will have accurately to portray the lurid truth of this terrible epoch in the world's history will be the narrow celluloid, wound on reels, which will rest in the archives of the nations now at war. When Austria-Hungary declared war on Serbia, on July 28, 1914, those American film manufacturers who were fortunate enough to have correspondents in Europe sent orders to their camera-men to rush to the scene of conflict. The men obeyed instructions, but imagine their surprise when they were halted at Vienna by an order, which was issued close to the throne of Emperor Franz Josef of Austria, that no permit be given to any cinematographers to go to the front, except those in the actual employ of the government. The result was that the American camera-men and their European colleagues had to be satisfied with such pictures as they could get showing the movement of troops, maneuvers, and other similar stuff, in and around the capital of the Dual Monarchy. But these pictures proved incapable of satisfying the curious public, and the majority of the camera-men were soon recalled. One who, by the aid of pure strategy, managed to get some pictures of the two armies in action, had to surrender his film to the Austrian government, which immediately took steps to see that all of his pictures were confiscated.

However, film manufacturers had become hardened to seeing their product destroyed in large quantities by prudent censors ever since the Moving Picture took its place in the amusement world, and, therefore, this did not in the least discourage them, and when Germany declared war on France, just a few days later, on August 3d, they again made an effort to reproduce the activities at the front. They were permitted to send men within the war zone, but these men were held just far enough from the front to irritate them and the companies which



A UNIT OF AUSTRIAN SUPPLY SERVICE ON SERBIAN SOIL



BATTLEFIELD OF OVER TEN SQUARE MILES IN "THE BIRTH OF A NATION"

sent them out. They were near enough to see the white, curling smoke unfold from the mouths of the big guns and hear the terrible noise which accompanied each shell as it hurried on its death-mission. But that was all, and in order to keep them from breaking away and making a straight dash for the battle-front, a number of officers were added to the party.

It was the duty of these officers to see that no camera was cranked at anything which threatened to disclose the real horrors then being enacted. The result was that the pictures which reached America showed nothing but troops marching thru the Argonne, or scenes in the immediate vicinity of Liège, Dunkirk and Calais. It is hardly necessary to admit that there were more pictures taken; in fact, there were reels and reels of them taken. Red Cross ambulances had been very busy along the roads and thru the forests of Belgium and Northern France, and they had moved thousands of legless, armless and dying victims from the scene. But the countries at war had decided that the outside world should not be taken into their confidence, and so these unpleasant scenes were eliminated when the film was released from the hands of the censors, and all that reached us was such scenes as might have been photographed during the review or dress-parade of the armies then fighting.

Later, when, on August 4th, Great Britain declared war on Germany, the film manufacturers were encouraged. They were almost certain that King George, who is becoming more democratic as his reign continues, and who had granted many privileges to Moving Picture camera-men after he ascended the throne, would hesitate before screening from the eye of the lens the activities of his army. The Moving Picture men were confident that the king would take into consideration the ten thousand theaters in Great Britain, with their multitudes of patrons. The majority of these patrons would have a personal interest in every foot of film shown; for it must be remembered there are few families in England—in fact, in all of Europe—who are not represented at the front.

Again the manufacturer was disappointed, for he found that England agreed with the Teuton on at least one subject, and that was, that no Moving Picture camera-man be allowed at the front, unless he carried an official pass showing that he was on the staff of the government.

This convinced the observer that this war was to be the most terrible conflict in the history of the world—a duel of races for the supremacy of Europe. The Teutonic kettle, which had been heated by English hatred for years, had now reached the boiling point, and England was not going to permit her anger to cool until her army had pitched its camp on the banks of the Rhine, while Germany had secretly vowed she would never halt her troops until the great expanse between the Baltic and the Mediterranean, defined by Arthur James Balfour as "the war corridor," was kneeling beneath German colors. Since then she has accomplished this, and the statesmen who have known her ambitions from the very beginning, say that, with this strip in her possession, Germany can well afford to accept any terms of peace as long as they do not provide for her sacrificing any of this territory which she now holds.

The newspaper correspondents and the camera-men, who were familiar with the hatreds of these nations for each other, knew what was going to happen when the two armies clashed, and they were aware that neither country would give up until the other lay gasping at its feet. It was a race hatred that was to make this war, and if we follow the pages of history back to the days of Eden we will find that these are the deadliest of combats. This will be true of the future, too, for the greatest struggle of all is destined to come when the white and yellow races clash for the supremacy of the earth.

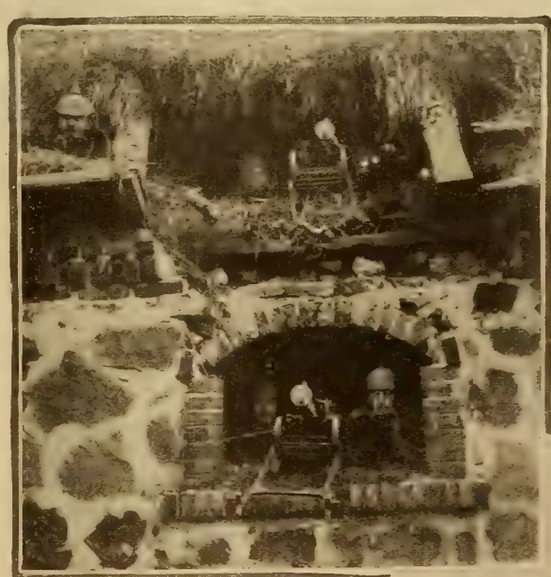
Every Englishman who went into the trenches against

the Germans had made the solemn vow that he would fight until the last drop of blood had left his veins, to destroy now and forever the bombastic arrogance which dominated the Teutonic people; while, on the other hand, every German had promised his Kaiser he would not cease until he had proved to the satisfaction of his Emperor that the German soldier was superior to any soldier in the world, and that militarism is necessary for the country whose growth justifies its desire to increase its territory. In other words, this war was to be the bloodiest conflict in the world's history; so terrible that none of the combatants had the courage to lift the veil and permit the remainder of civilization to view the slaughter, fearing that such a disclosure would blot forever the pages of time.



GERMAN OFFICERS' DUGOUT ROW, "UNTER DEN LINDEN"

The world will never know what took place in the Vosges; the Argonne; in the valley of the Marne; at Salonica, or in Eastern Prussia. But the fact that over five million names are in the book of casualties will remain as a lasting testimony of the hatred behind the triggers of the guns.



HOW GERMANS INSTALLED THEIR MACHINE-GUNS IN FARM-HOUSES AT NEUVE CHAPELLE

These are the reasons the Moving Picture manufacturers give for the scarcity of war pictures, and, whether true or not, they stand logical. There is hardly a film concern in the United States and Europe but what has made strenuous efforts to get its men to the front. Great influence has very often been brought to bear, but in all cases permission to film the fighting on the firing-line has been refused. Some of the companies have succeeded in getting their men very close to the front by secret methods, and some very realistic pictures have been taken, but when these pictures were released all the scenes which the public were anxiously awaiting had been eliminated by the censors, and the result has been that even the best pictures which have been shown on Broadway recently could easily have been faked—just as some were faked.



GERMAN CAPTIVE BALLOON ASCENDING FOR OBSERVATION OF ARTILLERY FIRE



SCOUT DUTY—GERMAN CYCLISTS AND INFANTRY RECONNOITERING

To the majority of the larger film companies in America there come quite frequently correspondents from the firing-line with five or six reels of "actual" fighting pictures. I have witnessed the private showing of many of these pictures, and must admit that, with but one or two

exceptions, the majority of the ones I have seen were undoubtedly taken far in the rear of the first line—of troops waiting to advance—and might have been posed for by soldiers while off duty.

I particularly recall a newspaper correspondent who came into the office of one of the largest producers one day with a considerable amount of dignity and five reels of "fighting" pictures, accompanied with a story that he had actually companioned a prominent general in a great western drive. Of course.



THE MARCH OF THE HUNS THRU A BIT OF CONQUERED TERRITORY IN FRANCE

SERBIAN REFUGEES SETTING OUT FROM A DESTROYED VILLAGE

the alert and progressive manufacturer is always willing to contribute his time to viewing these pictures in the hope that some day he may be able to put before the public a real war picture. With this in mind, the officials of this particular company adjourned to the private projection-room and proceeded to view what was purported to be the "first actual fighting scenes" of the European war. But as reel after reel was unwound, the general opinion was that, while the pictures were interesting, they lacked the "punch" which is necessary to make the pictures of today a success. And as the pictures progressed we were all more and more convinced that very few of these scenes had been taken near the firing-line—at least while the battle was on. The pictures were very irritating, in that they took the observer near enough for him to see the fire and smoke, then, when we straightened ourselves in our seats with the decision that here, at last, was a real war picture, imagine our surprise when the next subtitle read something like this: "After the battle the wounded were gathered up and placed on flat-cars. Entire trains consisting of twenty or thirty cars were used to convey them to the hospitals." Of course, the picture following would show the Red Cross attendants lifting and carrying the wounded to the waiting trains. This is as near as any war picture takes its patrons. The participants in this conflict have decided that the world will never know the terrible truth about the tragedies of the trenches, and they are going to abide by that decision.

The majority of the pictures shown by this particular correspondent were taken far from the front line of attack, and many of them were nothing more nor less than a review of the German troops at Potsdam before the war. He didn't know that we had a German military expert sitting in a corner of that projection-room, who was paid to scrutinize every picture thrown on the screen, supposed to be recent pictures of the German army. This expert



SERBIAN TROOPS IN THE TRENCHES DEFENDED BY A MACHINE-GUN POSITION



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INTERIOR OF A GERMAN HOSPITAL SHIP
AND TREATMENT OF WOUNDED

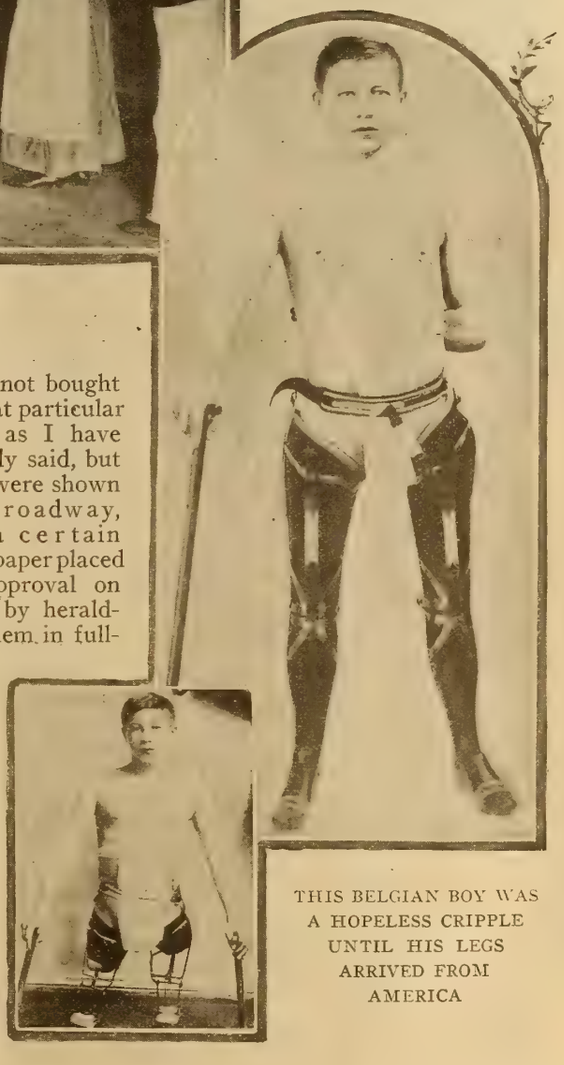
pointed out to us various little details which had been added to the equipment of the German soldier since these pictures were taken, and that the excellent picture of the Kaiser, in full dress uniform, must have been taken before the battle of Liège, for he stated that the Emperor had not appeared in this uniform since that battle, and has never posed for a camera-man, except one in the employ of the German government, and this picture had been placed in the archives of the nation. But these things were not explained to the correspondent, and he was merely told that the pictures did not interest the officials of that particular company.

I might add that this same company also kept on its staff at that time an Englishman who had just previously received an honorable discharge from the British army, and his duty was to inspect any film brought in by an outsider and supposed to have been taken at the British front. And altho this company was besieged with peddlers of "war pictures," I have never known their officials to purchase one of them, and the reason is, that every one of these pictures have been of little value because they were taken either too far to the rear of the first line or were absolute "fakes."

If you should happen to ask the film producer if he cared to show all the horrible details of this war, he would probably reply in the negative. He would be speaking the truth, too, for he belongs to that portion of the public which has no desire to witness unpleasant things. But he must cater to his public, the vast majority of whom prefer to look upon the real pictures of battle.

When the first pictures arrived from Europe, shortly after the war began, we were satisfied with what we saw. There were many who thought the scenes of marching troops were decidedly depressing. But since then the majority of Moving Picture patrons have a craving to see the actual fighting—the fallen soldier writhing in pain and the stare on the face of the wounded and dying. It is our morbid curiosity. The women are even more curious than the men, for a woman is happiest when she is weeping. She thinks it is her duty to weep periodically, and I think I am safe in predicting that if a producer would show the actual pictures of the war in all its terribleness, there are hundreds of women who would go again and again.

The pictures of the newspaper correspondent, which I have commented on elsewhere in this article, were not bought by that particular firm, as I have already said, but they were shown on Broadway, and a certain newspaper placed its approval on them by heralding them in full-page advertisements as "the first actual pictures of the war." It was afterwards learnt that these pictures were taken at a review of the German troops at Potsdam. But by that time the correspondent and the newspaper had probably reaped a handsome harvest from the deception, and the poor public was none the wiser.



THIS BELGIAN BOY WAS
A HOPELESS CRIPPLE
UNTIL HIS LEGS
ARRIVED FROM
AMERICA

In my opinion, the only actual fighting pictures which have been shown the American public were "The Retreat of the Germans at the Battle of Arras," which were released under the auspices of the British War



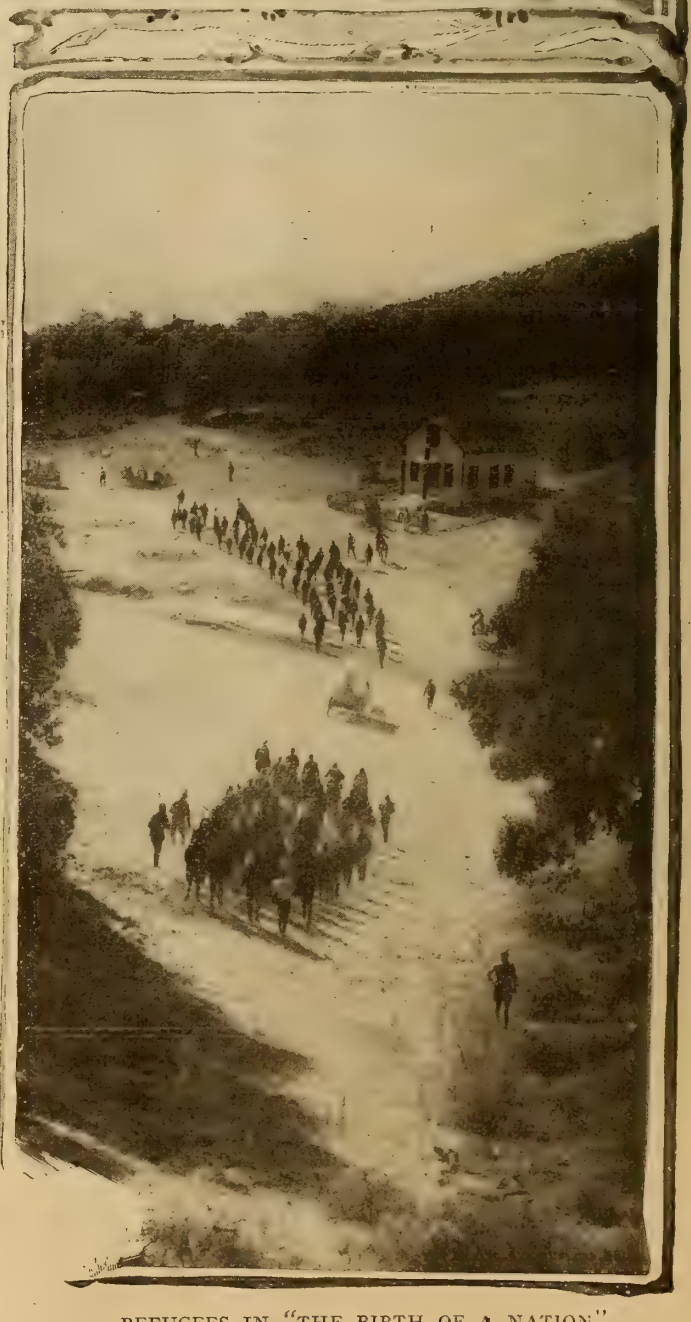
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TURKISH ARTILLERY ON THE FIRING-LINE
UNDER GERMAN LEADERSHIP

Office, and those which Mr. Weigle brought with him from Przemysl, and were shown under the supervision of the Chicago *Tribune*. The former had been carefully pruned by the British War Office before it was sent over, so that we saw little more than the prolog to a great battle: the movement of troops from the rear to the front; bringing up the heavy artillery, and the great activities which precede the attack—the real staging of the "big scene." The actual battle was omitted, and all we were permitted to see was "the before and after." However, it was all very interesting. And it was well that no more was shown, for this picture was released just at the time when our government was drafting its young men for the ranks, and had the public seen the horrors of the Battle of Arras it would hardly have proved a stimulant for recruiting.

The pictures which have arrived in this country, with the exception of official war pictures, have lacked that merit which would make them a safe investment for any film producer, and this is the reason why the manufacturers have hesitated at buying them. They have lacked the "big punch." That "punch" is the actual battle, showing the mangled dead, dying and wounded—the scenes which the curious public have been anxious to see. However, I would not discourage the reader from seeing any picture which is heralded as "actual" fighting pictures, for they are all shown for humane and charitable benefits, and we can help to "do our bit" by patronizing them when we take into consideration that the big bulk of the receipts go to the governments under whose auspices they are shown. Then, too, the pictures are to a certain degree instructive to those who are in favor of preparedness.

From the facts I have placed before you, it would seem that the Moving Picture has played a rather limited part in this great conflict, but in reality the film has occupied a very conspicuous part therein. Every nation now fighting has a corps of expert Moving Picture camera-men at the front with their troops. I know of one battle in the north of France wherein six camera-men were wounded while standing in the front-line trench "shooting" the war, as bullets whizzed

(*Continued on page* 121)



REFUGEES IN "THE BIRTH OF A NATION"

The COST OF A LAUGH



BY

ROSCOE ARBUCKLE

NO price is too high to pay for a good laugh. The amusement-loving public has made that obvious. But in reducing this question of the price-tag on humor to dollars and cents, the rub comes in the fact that no expert, however steeped in humor and versed in the risibilities of the average Motion Picture audience, has any means of knowing just what situations will strike the responsive note in the great American public's gamut of humor, the range of which extends from the sneaking snicker to the roar which makes it necessary to hold one's sides and come up for air.

The very uncertainty of laugh-making and laugh-getting in their relation to each other is responsible for the high cost of laughter from the standpoint of the mirth manufacturer who strives to keep his business on a sound financial basis. First of all, there is the scenario staff, which must be as carefully inoculated against gloom germs as the American army is against typhoid. Of course, there are few men who have not a deep and abiding belief in their own sense of humor, but the man who is funny and can make the public think he is funny is about the rarest form of masculinity extant. Of course, I really build the scenarios as I work on a picture, tho naturally it is essential to have some sort of a skeleton to follow.

Then there is the expensive item of sets and scenery. The sets erected for comedies which have never been outside the studio are more numerous than the scenarios which never travel further than the script-man's capacious waste-basket. And that is what some might call an extravagant statement, but it is true, nevertheless.

If you are from Missouri and must be shown, let me tell you about the farm-yard scene I assembled on the third floor back of my studio some three or four months ago. It was a complete barn-yard scene and perfect in every detail. It was not only the back-drops which suggested the placid atmosphere of Four Corners, I assure you of that. If it had been I probably would be several thousand dollars richer.

As it was, I imported all of the stock from a large Connecticut estate to a third-floor farm-yard for just one scene in this picture, which, at the most, would probably mean only a few feet of film. There were chickens and ducks, a mule, several goats, a young calf, a number of little pigs, and a Jersey cow. They were all given board and room at the studio for a little matter of three weeks, and the bill, while not quite so exorbitant as if I had entertained the same number of guests at the Biltmore, was quite substantial enough to make the uninitiated gasp. And now brace yourself for the shock. It just happened that this particular set was not by any means the one I had pictured, nor was it funny, so that the entire cost of entertaining my farm-yard friends was a total loss, since not a foot of this portion of the film was ever released. In this instance the laugh I failed to get was much more costly than many an uproar which I have managed to put across.

On another occasion I imported one of Broadway's finest cabarets to the same studio for two or three days, for the purpose of putting myself before the public in the proper light as a Hawaiian dancer. The cabaret consisted of eighteen or twenty members of the chorus, seven or eight featured artists, the full restaurant orchestra, a large staff of waiters, and enough extras in evening-dress to give the appearance of one of Broadway's show-places at its merriest. That same scene cost me just an even ten thousand dollars, but no one except members of my company and the cabaret performers ever saw it. It didn't fit into our comedy, and it was not as funny as I had expected it to be, and so it was thrown out. It proved to be a bit of crêpe instead of the uproar we had planned, and so it never saw the interior of a Motion Picture theater.

We might also consider the subject of my funny clothes. A comic fat man, you know, has to select his haberdashery with the same minute care that he devotes to the purchase of a copper mine, only more so. And one must have a lot of clothes to do the sort of slapstick I have been showing

in my comedies. Not only that, but I have to have everything I wear, even to my "rube" outfits, made to order so that I may have something to fit my size properly. Heaven only knows how many expensive suits I have had ruined by a garden-hose, a flour tussle, or an ice-cream battle. Only the other day I ordered a pair of trousers of the customary generous dimensions but of unusually good material, and do you think I was able to wear them more than once? Nothing of the sort.



PUTTING THE "PEP" IN A CABARET SCENE



"AT CONEY ISLAND"

They decided that the trousers had to be cut full of holes in order to get the desired effect. So they were mutilated with much diligence and despatch, and that was the end of their usefulness.

And so it goes. Really it is the biggest gamble in the world—this thing of getting the world to give you the laugh. So much goes into a comedy that it is not apparent in the finished product, and it is so hard to determine just how many laughs you get out of any certain situation that really it is almost impossible to reduce the hearty guffaw to the requirements of the dollar-sign.

When the punsters ask me what I will give for a laugh, I usually answer, "The studio—if it is a good one." But if you must have things reduced to a scale—well, then, let's say a snicker—just one of the common or garden variety costs at least a hundred dollars to produce. A smile of the Cheshire cat genus costs the manufacturer a good five hundred, and as for the uproar—well, I'll leave that to you. Isn't the sky the limit? You know it is, and it's worth it.

In one of my latest pictures, "A Country Hero," there is an excellent example of the costliness of the giggles which the Motion Picture actor never hears during the filming of a scene, but which are so absolutely essential if he is to market his comedies. Jazzville, the scene of this production, is described in the scenario as being figuratively torn asunder



"A COUNTRY HERO

by the arrival of the city chap with the Ford car who steals the little country heroine.

We wrecked two Ford cars getting this incident—no, this is not a new Ford story either—and had the cars completely demolished in a wreck with a real locomotive which also drew a large salary for accommodating us by thwarting the villain's dark designs. That part of the comedy cost us thousands of dollars because of the necessity of going over certain parts time and time again. This

picture probably made greater demands on our exchequer than any we have made in some time.

Any one who has first-hand knowledge of studio events knows how frequently expensive and elaborate sets are erected only to be torn down before the first few feet of film have been taken because enough room has not been permitted for the action required or because the proper prospective has not been obtained. I remember during one picture in New York I waited several weeks for the erection of a country town in my studio. One of the scenes had a balky mule, but when we went to take the picture we found that the mule was cramped for room. So we had to move bodily out to Connecticut to accommodate the mule.

Now that Mr. Hoover has taken a hand in things, of course, we will be able to reduce our expense accounts by a pretty penny. I understand they are asking a dollar for some pies back in New York, so in a way I am grateful for conservation. Think of pie-slinging at a dollar a throw with the public's demand for action in the films! Even a Motion Picture star's mythical salary wouldn't be able to supply the property-man with many rounds of pies.



THREE HUNDRED POUNDS OF CARMENCITA

Last summer, in one picture I bought vegetables by the bushel on the East Side to keep people laughing at my pictures. But times have changed. Now we will have to find other ways of getting our laughs and amusing the public.

In the comedy on which I am now at work, "Out West," I am taking a caboose out into the Western desert for my interiors, and building a mining town among the cactus-plants. It costs thousands of dollars to build sets of this variety, and the town in Mad Dog Gulch which will figure prominently in "Out West" is really a masterpiece.

Besides, in this my latest comedy I had to charter a freight train, on which I stole a ride in the heart of the Western desert. Railroads always did demand money, and this one was no exception, I assure you. After having paid for the privilege of a special train, I was rudely ousted by a stony-hearted conductor — but, of course, solely for comedy purposes and not because his road hadn't received a perfectly good thousand-dollar check beforehand. But the worst part of the "sting" followed. A tribe of make-believe Indians pursued me at the rate of five dollars per head and as much again for their beads and feathers. This was all very well, and if it evokes the side-shaking laughter which is my payment for the effort that hot pursuit cost me, I shall feel a little compensated for the loss of several precious pounds of avoirdupois lost in sprinting up a noble mountainside. After this I landed in Mad Dog Gulch, which by this time was peopled with bad men similar to the Indians in that they were playing for the sum of five a day and sometimes bribed with twice that to go thru with the stunts which I thought might bring forth a coveted laugh. Oh, yes, comedy life is a gay affair if the purse doesn't weaken, for you cant count the cost of production and get the proper effect.

You may not believe it, but I cannot neglect telling you that our elaborate costuming sometimes is one of the costliest items attached to laugh-making. I am thinking of the picture in which I wore the costume of a Spanish dancer. Al St. John appeared in the same production as a Scottish Highlander and Buster Keaton as a blushing bride. The fashion editors devote pages to describing the gowns of the feminine stars of the stage and screen, but I am sure these frocks of ours were worthy of the most minute scrutiny. They were masterpieces of the modiste's skill and just another item in the costliness of laugh-making. Remember, one good laugh paves the way and is sure to be followed by a drum-fire of giggles.



A GAS ATTACK IN "THE COUNTRY HERO"

Dire Influence of Dress on

"I REALLY think it was the Sassy Jane dress," explained Mary Miles Minter, ruefully. "Sassy Jane took it right off her own shapely little shoulders for me, and Sassy Jane is such an irresistibly bubbling little creature that perhaps some of her invincible spirit had been absorbed by the dress."

And, with Sassy Jane's adventuresome spirit added to Mary Miles Minter's vivacity, something was bound to happen.

Miss Minter, in plain words, failed to appear at the studio one afternoon. There was consternation there, for she is always the pink of perfection when it comes to sweetness of temper and willingness to work. But all one lone afternoon a worried mother and a harassed director were anxiously awaiting her return.

All on account of Sassy Jane's visit to the studio at Santa Barbara, where Miss Minter films her adorable pictures for the American Film Company.

Sassy Jane, you know, is the young girl who invented the Sassy Jane apron dress and bonnet. She is an admirer of Mary, and one morning she drove out to see the wee screen star, and the two spent a jolly morning. When Sassy Jane was about to leave, Mary eyed her cunning little pink gingham dress and bonnet enviously.

"I love that dress," she said, wistfully. Sassy Jane impulsively dragged Mary right into the dressing-room and peeled off the sassy little dress. "You put it right on," she said. "I'll put my long coat over my petticoat, and no one will ever know that I haven't a dress on."

"Nothing of the sort," responded Mary, gayly. "We'll trade." Sassy Jane broke into bubbling smiles.

"Just to think," she said, in awe, smoothing the folds of the little silk gown Miss Minter had taken off, "that I would ever be actually inside of anything that Mary Miles Minter had worn! My, but I'm a lucky girl!"

But that started things.

With the gay and sassy little dress on, Miss Minter started right out to play hookey. She claims the dress did it. But, anyhow, Mary certainly had a full day.

First off, she started gayly skipping down the walk from the studio. She sang melodiously as she skipped and attracted the attention of the very severe gardener at the studio grounds. That gardener loves the green lawn devotedly and keeps it looking like a green square of panne velvet. He was horrified to see what seemed to be a strange little child, clad in a gingham gown, rioting up and down on that beautiful green lawn.

"Hey, there!" he called, waving his hand impressively. "Dont you see that sign?'

Mary was sitting right down hard on the lawn, kicking her little heels joyously and making terrible dents in the sod. The angry gardener ordered her right off the grounds. He didn't recognize the American Film Company's expensive star in that plain little bonnet and gown.

"GET AWAY FROM HERE!" STORMED THE GARDENER. BUT MARY ONLY THRUST OUT HER LITTLE PINK TONGUE AND WENT RIGHT ON KICKING HOLES IN THE SOD



Mary Miles Minter

By Eleanor Brewster

I am afraid that Mary stuck out her little pink tongue at the gardener. She admits it herself, and she sorrowfully blames it on the influence of the Sassy Jane dress.

"Do you see that sign?" repeated the gardener, very red in the face and extremely furious at this strange little girl who was kicking dents in his cherished greensward.

Mary rose lightly to her feet.

"Yes," she replied, with dignity. "Of course I see it, and I consider it an extremely unpleasant and unsociable sign!"

And then she took to her heels. She could run faster than the gardener, and when she was safely out of his reach she pretended that she had on seven-league boots and could take dreadfully long strides, just like the mountain-jumping boy in the fairy-tale. She had a perfectly splendid time striding down the walk, until she caught sight of a furious director speeding from the studio after her.

And then poor little Mary remembered that there was a scene set for that very hour. She was sorry then, for her director is strict and has a fashion of looking at her in a grieved and heart-broken way that, she declares, breaks her all up to her swift little heels for the second time that afternoon. This time she bounded up on the ornamental pillar that stands at the entrance of the grounds, of the studio and, with a deft jump, assisted by a stepladder that she promptly kicked away, she landed in the big bowl that was soon to be filled with blooming plants by the gardener. "Come right down here!" stormed the director, looking up at her anxiously. He was so relieved to find her safe and sound that, like all grown-ups in a like situation, he yearned to scold her. "You come right down from there!" he persisted. The last lingering bit of

(*Continued on page* 126)

"I CONSIDER IT AN EXTREMELY UNPLEASANT AND UNSOCIABLE SIGN!" PROTESTED MARY

But the influence of the Sassy Jane dress was still strong upon her. Mary took



A CHAT with MADGE

INCLUDING HERSELF By

Peeps at an Uninterviewed But Much-Sought-After Lady

MADGE KENNEDY, who made a place for herself in the very innards of the list of de luxe movie stars with her very first screen play, "Baby Mine," is a very fortunate young girl, for she deals only in successes. And yet, as there is always a reason for everything, there is a reason for Miss Kennedy, at the age when most girls are beginning their life-work, whether it be social or professional, being the foremost comédienne in the talkies today.

To those who have a keen sense of perception it is almost summed up in a remark which a very dapper young man-about-town made to me the other day.

He said, "Madge was the queerest little girl I ever knew. She took herself so seriously. Here she was one of the best-liked girls in New York, and yet she was absolutely unavailable for tea or supper parties. Her time was taken up with all sorts of lessons—French, singing, dancing, etc. Madge spent all her available time on self-improvement, when we all wanted her to go to tea at the Plaza."

And yet you answer: "She seems bubbling over with fun."

But fun is inseparably connected with her work, for Miss Madge affirms that, in order to be happy, she must be creating, doing, advancing, achieving.

So, lucky circumstance had little to do with the success of Madge Kennedy.

Four years ago she was playing ingénue parts for the Colonial Stock Company in Cleveland. There she was discovered by Philip Bartholomae, who featured her in "Over Night," which was an instantaneous success. Since then she has been coached and trained by such able instructors as Margaret Mayo, Grace George and Edgar Selwyn. Her first success was followed by "Little Miss Brown," "Twin Beds," "Fair and Warmer," each one a greater personal success than the last. When I sought out Madge Kennedy for an interview she just groaned. In fact, she did more than that—she started to flee, but, thinking better of it, came back and, handing me several photographs, said: "There—there's some of my new frocks. Write an interview about them." So I took out my little note-book and bravely began.

Débutantes, sub-débs, girls going to your first big dance, stop, look and listen, for here are the latest styles in dance-frocks, culled by the excellent taste of Her Majesty of Comedy, Madge Kennedy.



"NEITHER WEALTH NOR FAME IS WORTH ANYTHING WITHOUT LOVE," SAYS MADGE KENNEDY

In the first place, there is one salient feature about frocks this season. They are longer. In photograph on opposite page Madge is wearing a dance-frock which emphasizes the new length. It is fashioned of pale pink tulle, looped up to give the still popular fullness at the hips. The tiny, tight bodice is of silver tissue, the neck being finished with a neat edging of crystal and pearl, with which the silk tulle is also embroidered about the skirt. A deep, richly colored hand-made rose placed at the belt completes the dainty little frock.

Madge's second concoction at your left is even more becoming to her warm, brown-eyed beauty. Its underbody, or lining, is of gold tissue ornamented with gold lace. Palest yellow silk tulle is responsible for the fairy-like drapery of the upper layer. (Yes, I know I'm talking about a dress and not a cake.) Across the left shoulder runs a wreath of pale pink rosebuds which loops up the tulle on the right side of the skirt. There is just a glitter of gold spangles also across each shoulder.

Her perfectly luscious evening wrap is of turquoise blue corded silk. It is made very full, as all wraps must be to be *de rigeur* this season. The lining is of rose-colored chiffon, and the beautiful embroidery on the collar and cuffs is of pink, silver and gold. Yes, it is very thin for this wintry weather, but I am going to let you in on a secret. It was purchased especially because it photographs well, and Miss Kennedy intends wearing it when the studio is nice and warm and no wintry winds can penetrate.

So far, so good; but then my pencil got tongue-tied, and, altho I tried to concentrate on the gowns, it just couldn't be done. Gowns—especially Madge Kennedy's gowns—are a fascinating subject, but when Miss Kennedy herself was lying in a yellow, lace-covered bed in

KENNEDY'S FRILLS

HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR



MADGE KENNEDY IN "BABY MINE"



"FROCKS SHOULD BE CHOSEN TO SUIT ONE'S PERSONALITY," SAYS MADGE OF THE BROWN EYES

a set at my left, performing a scene for "My Little Wife," and on my right Mary Garden — *the* Mary Garden—oh, such a very svelte figure of a Red Cross nurse—was telling her director that nobody understood her, while she kept a whole hospital full of wounded soldiers, Red Cross nurses, and doctors waiting, while the Cooper-Hewitts glared and the cost of production soared for Goldwyn, and Miss Garden's maid stood in front of me asking Miss Kennedy's maid in French if she was going to Jacksonville, Florida, with mademoiselle—well, as I said before, it just couldn't be done.

My mental state must have been manifested in my facial expressions, for, before I realized it, little Miss Kennedy stood beside me, and, while her maid slipped a Japanese embroidered kimono over her pink crêpe de chine and Irish lace robe de nuit, said in the sweetest way imaginable:

"You poor dear! At least come down and have some luncheon with me."

In her ivory-and-blue dressing-room, Miss Kennedy's maid brought us roast beef, spaghetti, ice-cold milk and brown bread.

"About these gowns," I said carelessly, as if it wasn't a matter of life and death to me.

"Do you like them?" said Miss Kennedy. "Lucile makes all my frocks, but I insist upon choosing them myself. You see, I dont believe in wearing a style just because it is the mode. Being a girl with a small personality (?), I always want my frock to be subservient to me; I never want my clothes to be conspicuous—to sound a louder note than my personality. I dislike the modern type of 'Where is the gown going with the girl?'"



She rubbed her eyes and asked me if I could see how bloodshot they were.

"That's light-burn," she said. "I have been working steadily from 9 A. M. until 6:30 P. M. for the last two weeks under those powerful Cooper-Hewitts; and that's what it does to one's eyes. It is very painful, but, fortunately, doesn't last long. And, do you know, I am so enthusiastic about picture-making that I'm here, on hand every moment. I'm glad I'm going to be in pictures for two years. You know, when you are on the stage you simply exist in that atmosphere—you never get away from it. You rehearse, you act, you read plays, and if you do have a day off you go to see some other stage success—you seldom meet any one but other actors, who also talk theater. I feel that pictures will keep me from getting stale. They will give me a new viewpoint—give me more time to read and perhaps do dramatic parts instead of perpetual farce. I wish always to be creating something new."

"Are you extravagant?" I asked casually. "That is, do you love to spend all kinds of ready money?"

"Money, beautiful sables, diamonds, luxuries, etc., mean nothing to me in themselves. The only value, in my mind, that money has is that it is a measure of one's artistic expression. I value money only because it is a means for furthering one's aims in life. For instance, money can purchase instruction in French, singing, dancing. It can buy automobiles that will take me to the studio, etc., so that it keeps me from getting so terribly tired. It can buy clothes that will help make my plays successful, etc. That is the only reason I value money—as a means to an end, not for what it brings in."

"How did you happen to choose the stage as a career?" I asked.

Madge Kennedy smiled in her sweet, demure, little way, and said, "The usual route—private theatricals. My mother and I (I have the most wonderful mother in the world—she is so understanding!) spent a summer at Siasconset, which is an actors' colony. Harry Woodruff was there that summer and took an interest in me. He coached me in some private theatricals, and suggested that I try the stage, so I started via the stock company route."

"Why do you object to publicity, Miss Kennedy?"

"I feel," she said, "as if I give the greatest part of my life to the public. I am glad to do it, glad to tell them all they want to know about my career, but one likes to have just a little of her home life sacred from public gaze.

"There is nothing so wonderful in all the world as for two people to be married when they are young. The most worthwhile thing in the world is the marriage of two congenial souls while they are both young and can be perfect comrades. All the money in the world, all the fame is worth nothing if one hasn't love."

And Miss Kennedy ought to know; she has all of them.



Come: let's go back to the Land-of-Beginning-Again!

BEDTIME stories over, tumble-time all through—good-night to Johnnie and Dollie.

7:30 by the clock.

"What shall we do? That's it! And it will be good because they show Paramount and Arteraft pictures. But hurry—we don't want to miss a minute of it."

* * *

You don't know exactly how it all comes about. And what's more you don't care. But before you realize it those vexatious big little things that were so important at a quarter to six aren't of any importance at all.

You slip out of yourself. And your mind is all dressed up in a pinafore or knickerbockers. You're headed hot-foot back to the Land-of-Beginning-Again. The Land where things are what they ought to be—the land of Fancy-Free, of Youth—the wonderful land of motion pictures.

You sit there for two hours that tick off faster than anything you ever believed possible—absorbed and lost in love and adventure, romance and fun—feasting your eyes on gorgeous spectacles that whirl you off into strange worlds.

And you agree that Paramount and Artcraft motion pictures are good company to keep as you go back to Johnnie and Dollie, wiser in the wisdom of the Land-of-Beginning-Again—with a mind even more ready for understanding their problems and a surer, closer comradeship with these keepers of your hearts.

* * *

Of course, you'll remember Paramount and Arteraft as the better motion pictures—better in everything that makes a picture worth while:

foremost in their stars
foremost in their direction and mounting
foremost in their literary and dramatic standards

And you'll remember the theatre, too, where you see them.

Paramount and Artcraft Pictures

TRADE MARK Paramount Pictures

Three Ways to Know

how to be sure of seeing Paramount and Artcraft Motion Pictures

one By seeing these trade-marks or name in the advertisements of your local theatres.

two By seeing these trade-marks or names on the front of the theatre or in the lobby.

three By seeing these trade-marks or names flashed on the screen inside the theatre.

TRADE MARK ARTCRAFT PICTURES

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR *Pres* JESSE L. LASKY *Vice Pres* CECIL B. DE MILLE *Director General*
NEW YORK

"FOREMOST STARS, SUPERBLY DIRECTED, IN CLEAN MOTION PICTURES"



"A Skin You Love to Touch"

PAINTED BY
PAUL STAHR

How to get this beautiful picture for framing

THIS painting by Paul Stahr, the well-known illustrator, is his interpretation of "A Skin You Love to Touch." It has been beautifully reproduced from the original water color painting. Size 15 x 19 inches. Made expressly for framing. No printed matter on it. Send for your picture today. Read offer below.

You too can have the charm of *"A Skin You Love to Touch"*

SOFT, smooth skin, the clear glowing complexion that everyone admires—these you, too, can have.

Whatever the condition that is keeping your skin from being as attractive as it should be, it can be changed. In a much shorter time than you would imagine, your skin will respond to the proper care and treatment.

Why your skin can be changed

Your skin changes continually. Every day it is being renewed. Old skin dies—new forms. This is your opportunity, for as this new skin forms, you can keep it fresh, soft and clear as Nature intended.

Is your skin dull, lifeless, colorless? Begin today to make it clear and glowing. If you are troubled by an oily skin—a shiny nose—begin today to correct it.

Learn just what is the proper treatment for your particular trouble, and use it persistently every night before retiring. In the Woodbury booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," you will find simple instructions for treating your own and many other conditions of the skin. Within ten days or two weeks you will notice a decided improvement.

How to get these treatments

The Woodbury booklet of skin treatments is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. For a month or six weeks of any Woodbury treatment a 25c cake will be sufficient. Woodbury's Facial Soap is on sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada. Get a cake today and begin your treatment.

This picture with sample cake of soap, samples of cream and powder, with book of treatments for 15c

For 15c we will send you a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap—large enough for a week's treatment—with the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," and samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder. In addition to the samples and booklet, we will send you a reproduction in full colors of the beautiful painting shown above made expressly for framing. This picture will be very popular; secure your copy at once. Write today to *The Andrew Jergens Co., 000 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.*

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 000 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

A special treatment for an oily skin and shiny nose is among the famous treatments given in the Woodbury booklet you get with the soap. Secure a cake today and the booklet that goes with it.





For enlarged pores, try the treatment given in the booklet "A Skin You Love to Touch." With your Woodbury's Facial Soap you will get one of these interesting booklets.





To look at Mary Anderson it is hard to realize that she hobnobs with idols, and, what is more, enjoys their company. The heathen god in question is Katchina Kokobille, a rain-god, given to Mary by a Hopi Indian in northern Arizona, who spent all his time watching the little actress' work when she was doing some scenes there.



When Viola Dana settles herself in a chair with a magazine, she forgets everything else—even her dancing, and Viola is a beautiful dancer, with a glittering array of trophies on her dresser. She is never too busy to read what other movie people are doing, especially her old Edison friends, and when the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is issued she instantly takes it into camp.

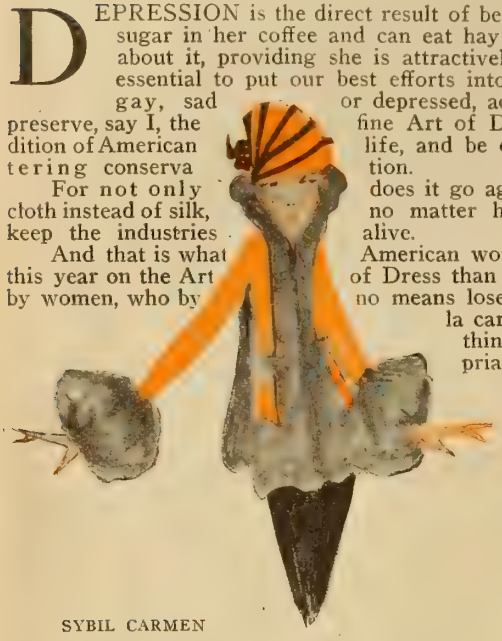
"Conservation—But Not in Clothes"

Says D'IRWIN NEMEROV, of Russek, Fifth Avenue

DEPRESSION is the direct result of being poorly gowned. A woman can do without sugar in her coffee and can eat hay for wheat in her bread and still be cheerful about it, providing she is attractively drest. A cheery, optimistic atmosphere is essential to put our best efforts into warfare, and since our spirits are lively or gay, sad or depressed, according to our particular ideal of femininity, preserve, say I, the fine Art of Dress, which has long been a celebrated condition of American life, and be deaf to the pleas of ruthless iconoclasts fostering conserva tion.

For not only does it go against the grain of an American to don sackcloth instead of silk, no matter how grieved we are, but it is our duty to keep the industries alive.

And that is what American women are doing. More money has been spent this year on the Art of Dress than ever before, but discrimination is being used by women, who by no means lose track of their obligation to America, for à la carte vividly describes the mode of today. Anything and everything you wish to wear is appropriate providing it is becoming and tailleur.



SYBIL CARMEN

Sybil Carmen, radiant in her new spring furs and Eton coatee of squirrel, topped with barrel cuffs. The unusual note of Miss Carmen's costume is occasioned by her small red toque, which is piped in black satin.



MARJORIE RAMBEAU

Miss Marjorie Rambeau, with a queen's carriage, graces this gorgeous blaze of color, held in fixed space and accentuated by a direct contrast of black satin and jet.



NAOMI CHILDERS

This is the last word in sport frocks, designed for Naomi Childers. It is composed of a vivid red Roshanara Eton and black velvet skirt.



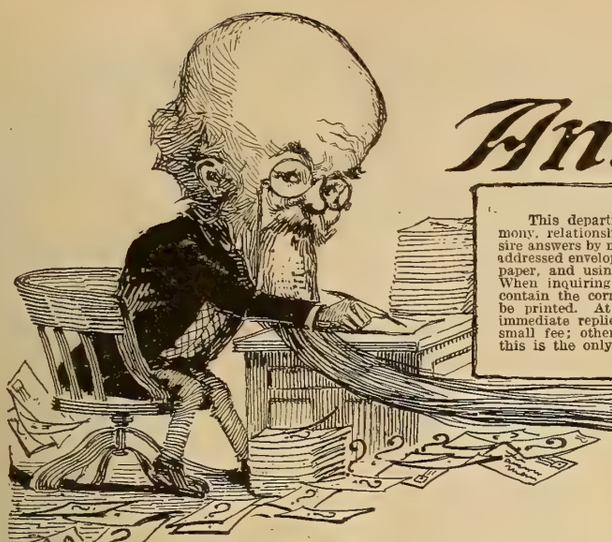
MRS. HUGH RONALD FRENCH

King George is our ally in all things. He chose Mrs. Hugh Ronald French, American from her toes up, as the most beautiful woman of all England. The keynote of this frock is its simplicity—its charm is Mrs. French.



JUNE CAPRICE

"Caprice in June" is what I was tempted to term this frock of rose taupe Georgette crêpe beaded in red mosaics, for June Caprice is to wear it, and who could better grace its youthful distinction?



The Answer Man

This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies, or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them—this is the only movie encyclopædia in existence.

GOOD reader, let us have a talk together. Sit you down with benevolent optics and a kindly heart, and I doubt not that we shall pass an hour right pleasantly. Sometimes I shall be in the cheerful vein, and at others in that subjunctive mood that conquers the jest on the lip and holds Humor in bonds. If you dont see your own question answered here, wait, be patient, and try to enjoy the answers of other inquisitive inquirers. Now! Are you all ready? Stand a little back, for here goes!

GRATEFUL.—But you must sign your name and address to all letters. Marion Warner and Phil McCullough in "Capt. Kiddo." No, dont take one of those courses you mention. No, it isn't bold to enclose 25 cents for the return of their photo, and it is proper. Never ask a favor without offering to defray the expense of the granting.

TYLLYE.—Glad to hear from you again. No, I wasn't in the draft. When I was a boy I decided to make myself an honest man so that there would be one less rascal in the world, and I succeeded without effort.

GLADYS G., DETROIT.—You are right; Margery Wilson did play opposite William S. Hart for some time. John Barrymore is a brother to Ethel.

DOLLY.—It's no bother, I'm sure. The Fairbanks sisters were on the stage last. I have indeed discovered the philosopher's stone, for I have learnt to spend less than I make.

POLEY.—Helen Eddy played in Lubin company, also Bosworth.

NANCY W.—Well, I really believe that my friends love me for what I am and not for what I have. If the latter—they would not love me at all, at all. You refer to Webster Campbell.

V. R. MC.—I ought to make a collection of letterheads. I would have some collection all right. You have Bessie Love wrong. Ah, but nature has no sorrows—perhaps that is why she is immortal.

SIGNET RING.—You ask, "Is it strictly good grammar to say 'gone on location'?" Yes. It is a technical expression and has gone into the language by common usage. Jean Sothern and Howard Estabrook in "The Mysteries of Myra." Earle Williams and Anita Stewart had the leads in "The Goddess." Rose Tapley is with Paramount.

MADURE, PANAMA.—That sure is a classic, so I'll publish it here: "The soldier returned from the war, with insects at large in his hair, and, having a tuneful catarrh, he sung thru his nose to his fair." Thurston Hall was Marc Antony in "Cleopatra." Hughie Mack is with L-Ko.

GERRY.—You can reach Mary Pickford at Artcraft Office, 729 Seventh Ave. You can reach all the players in care of companies.

U-53.—It was mighty interesting, your childhood story, and reminds me of Jane Eyre's. Raymond Hatton was the count in "The Little American." Charles Gerrard was Charlie in "Down to Earth." William Fox's studios are at Fort Lee, N. J. Dont you mean Artcraft?

HERBERT S.—You just refer to May, 1917.

CURIOUS.—Well, your letter was all about Billy West. See his picture in the Gallery? You have got me there, when you ask: "Does the tree send its roots down, or do the roots send the tree up?" I would say both. Theda Bara's next is "The Rose of Blood."

THELMA A.—Milton Sills in "The Honor System." Miriam Cooper is Mrs. Raoul Walsh, sister-in-law to George Walsh. Yes, she is a mother.

E. J. O'R.—Olive Thomas was born near Pittsburgh, Pa., about 20 years ago. She is a brunette, with gray eyes and golden brown hair. Her first picture was with Irene Fenwick in "A Girl Like That." No, I dont know the person in charge at the Vine Street entrance of Artcraft studio. So you both have been in the circus.

DOROTHEA M.—You think that Harold Lockwood and Charles Ray look alike, and that they both look like Olive Thomas. You have better eyes than mine if you can see all that. Eugene O'Brien in that Artcraft. Charles Gunn in "Madcap Madge." Frank Borzage opposite Mae Murray in "Mormon Maid." "Jean," the Vitagraph dog, is playing with Madame Petrova now.

PEACH FLUFF.—Webster Campbell with Earle Williams in "Transgression."

CHESTER C.—Send a stamped, addressed envelope, and, if you want any writing in it, be sure you put 3 cents worth on the envelope for a list of film manufacturers.

PET.—Your letter was indeed interesting. Buckram takes its name from Fostat, a city of the Middle Ages, from which the modern Cairo is descended. Bessie Love is at the Jersey City studio.

A. B. C.—Sorry, but I have no record of that information.

FRISKY FRISCO FRITZY.—Sepia is obtained from the cuttlefish. It is the inky fluid which the fish discharges in order to render the water opaque when attacked. Jane Cowl in "The Garden of Lies." George Larkin in "The Trey o' Hearts." Yes, I know Cleo Madison is playing in a stock company. You ask who ran away with Mabel Normand's "Mickey."

BOBBY M.—Come now; dont cry. Tears are the safety valves of the heart when too much pressure is laid on. You should get in touch with our Circulation Department about the Magazine. Harold Lockwood's next picture is "The Square Deceiver."

MRS. MARY E. G.—Glad to hear from you again. Where have you been? Well, E. K. Lincoln was in the picture with Romaine Fielding. It is called the S. & M. Company. Yes, "For Liberty." Thanks for all you say.

LILY N. J.—Beg pardon; you were right. Sessue Hayakawa and not Tom Forman as Sato in "Forbidden Paths." Sally Crute is with Metro.

WILLARD C.—The cast included Donald Hall, Dorothy Kelly and Harry Morey in "The Law Decides." Fannie Ward is with Pathé. Well, I like to see a man with some sort of college remembrance, either from playing basket-ball, football or baseball. A scar nobly got is a good livery of honor. True Boardman is with American.

The Answer Man

THE SILENT PARTNER.—No, I have no silent partner. Thanks for the clipping. All the girls wear chrysanthemums here on Saturday afternoons. Bryant Washburn is working in Glendale.

JIJJIE.—The girl who was born good and stayed so doesn't deserve a terrible amount of credit. It is resisting temptation that makes them creditable. So you like the Letters to the Editor, do you? Yes, he was some hero. Heroes die for a principle, fools live for a prejudice.

MADOLIN A.—You ask why Pina Nesbit isn't more popular. I dont regulate popularity, you know. Virginia Lee Corbin is about 4 years old, weighs 39 pounds and was born in Arizona.

D. L., WINNIPEG.—Mollie King is with Pathé. So you, too, have a family tree. The best thing about a family tree is the title to the real estate it's planted in.

VIOLA F.—Oh, but you must not ask that. No, that's one thing I dont do—ice-skate. You say he is a bad egg. That reminds me—a hen is the only fool that tries to hatch a bad egg.

HALLIE P.—What next will you people be asking of players? You want to know if Mae Marsh will take four girls and keep them in her home until they could get a position. She's not running a boarding-school, but you might ask her. Irving Cummings will play opposite Ethel Barrymore in "An American Widow."

LILLIS ST. CLAIR.—Glad to hear from one of the old Pansyites. You were one of the charter members, too. Florence Turner isn't doing a thing now. Thurlow Bergen is with World, Florence Roberts not playing, Courtenay Foote with Selig last and Charles Bartlett with Universal. Tell me about your visit.

MRS. C. D., OAKLAND.—There is absolutely no truth in that first question. It's said that the love-affairs of the young furnish the conventional stuff of fiction and the drama; the passions of the old and middle-aged the real tragedies of life. Balzac's perception of this truth (which conventionality and hypocrisy blink at) did much to make him one of the greatest novelists of the world. Charles Wellesley was the father.

E. M. K.—For that matter, everybody is as God made him and usually a great deal worse, which is my case precisely. No, Goldwyn have no men stars. Like angels, they are all she-males. Pauline Bush and Jessalyn Van Trump in the old Kerrigan-American films. Sorry. James Kirkwood is directing Billie Burke.

U-53.—You back here again? Thought you were submarined. So you are criticizing some of our readers. Cease, young man, cease. Have a care, for you are one yourself. Our readers are the real owners of this magazine.

HELEN B. M.; E. C. HAMILTON; O. B., DAVENPORT; FRANCIS MCG.; MARGUERITE T.; CHARLES E. M.; R. R.; D. N. F.; BARRY C.; ESTELLE K. M.; CECIL D. M.—Alas, alack! You are in the alsorans department. Sorry, but look elsewhere. Ask me no answered questions and I'll tell you no lies.

RUTH B. M.—I'm sorry indeed, but I dont keep a file of the letters I receive. Marguerite Courtot is playing in a new Edison release.

MARGARETTE K. T.—I never tried that cake yet. How do you expect me to bake cake? It seems paradoxical, but it is probably true, that a society composed altogether of agreeable people would become a terrible bore.

MARION R.—I, too, am an admirer of Marguerite Clark. I received a very beautiful autographed photo from her, of which I am very proud. I am always glad to get autographed photos of the players, and I have a fine collection. I must refuse to answer any more questions on how to become movie actresses. It simply cant be did here.

ALLAN MC.—Because you love to write, and because you have literary talent, is no reason why you should take your spite out on me by writing such long letters. Ink is dear, paper is scarce and brevity is a virtue. Yes, he has a wife. But when a man has a wife, it means that a wife has him.

JACK N.—Thanks for your letter. Glad to hear from you. Herbert Prior and Mabel Trunnelle are with Vitagraph.

CURIOSITY.—So this is your first letter. Very good, but you must ask questions and then I will answer. Oh, catch me quick! You say the shoemaker should be exempted, because he of all men is his family's sole support. Business of gasping.

MARY-TOMMY FORMAN.—So you are going to have a geometry lesson, and you are peeved because I dont have to take an exam. My school-days are over, thank heaven! Gee whiz! but yours was a real hummer! It rippled and sparkled with wit and wisdom.

LENA L.—Oh, I always believe in the friendly word. Why cant we all be friends as long as we're here? You pay us a high compliment when you say our Magazine tries to please the public. Thanks for the invitation to dinner. I might accept some time.

MRS. W. F. H.—You ask, "Is there a woman within the realm of the silent stage who truly possesses the divine love which was so nobly expressed by Ethel Barrymore in 'The Stolen Paradise'?" Marguerite Clayton is with Paralta.

LILLIAN.—Of course I will answer you, but you must be patient. I cant answer all the letters I get in one month in the preceding Magazine. Some are held over. Your letter was such a true letter.

VIOLA N.—Thanks for your biography. You name several Motion Picture freaks, and ask me if men such as these are married, intimating that no woman could live with them. Do you remember what the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table says? "I should like to see any kind of a man distinguishable from a gorilla that some good and even pretty woman could not shape a husband out of."

REX L.—The verse was great. You are some Jap writer. Douglas Fairbanks and Eileen Percy in "Down to Earth." You sign "Yours until Mary Miles Minter passes the sixteenth milestone in public print."

MISS FLORENCE.—Write to one of the trade journals. Good-night! Couldn't you think of a few more questions to ask about June Caprice?

MARGARET M. V.—I would like to help you if I could, but I believe the picture is a rather old one. You know what Faust says, "When the path lies toward the devil, woman's a thousand steps ahead, but a man overtakes her in two leaps."

LOQUACIOUS EDNA.—Well, well! Why dont you write up your experiences and send them in? Perhaps the Editor would accept it. You say you wont try to get in again—you have been cured. Perhaps many others would profit by your experience.

POLLY 1.—I thought you were sending me your last will and testament. You have been told that Douglas Fairbanks wears a wrist-watch, carries a cane and uses perfume. Well, does that make him any the worse? How do you know but what I do the same thing? Dont be prudish, Polly.

JIJJIE.—You say you want some one to tell your troubles to. Well, fire away. I like to hear of other people's troubles—it makes mine seem so small. As Pudd'nhead Wilson says, "Nothing so needs reforming as other people's habits."

LAWRENCE E. C.; MARGARET C.; ANXIOUS TO KNOW; EVELYN T.; GERALDINE L.; WALLY'S FAN; EDNA B.; MARION B.; KATHERINE S.; BABY M.; FELIX A.; A. C., WOONSOCKET; DUDLEY P.; MARY DEC.; CLARICE E.; RITA M.; U. E. D.; CLAIRE W.; ANNA H.; M. K. F.; CAROLINE T.; RUTH MCK.; ARGENTINE; A. DORSWOSKI and LILY R.—You have been unanimously elected to membership in the famous "Alsorans Club." Come again, and ask something new.

MADDY.—How can I tell you if I received your letter unless you give me the name you wrote under? Which reminds me of the Irishman who asked the postman if there were any letters for him. The postman asked him his name and the Irishman replied, "Oh, you will find it on the letter."

SUNNY, L. A.—Of course you can change your name any time—in this department. You dont have to get my consent. Another way is to get married. Never can tell when your answers will appear. You'll have to wait in line. Please observe the paragraph of instructions at the head of this department. All hands, now, read it over together. And dont forget.

The Answer Man

MARION T., OHIO.—I notice the censors passed "Lust of the Ages," Lillian Walker's latest feature, without alteration. Ohio is loosening up.

BEATRICE DE BARDI.—Thanks for the smoke. So Sessue Hayakawa is my rival. Well, I will forgive him, because he is a friend of mine. No, I have never seen his stationery. And you have joined the Red Cross. So have I, but I dont expect to do any sewing. I wish you would make something for my new fund—to furnish comfort kits for slackers.

MARIE L.—Edward Earle's leading-woman is now Agnes Ayres, and they will be featured in one-reel comedies, released once a week. Yes, it's mighty cold around here. This cold weather has interfered with my gossip collection. Cant even keep tabs on my ears any more.

ALFRED M.—You want a list of all the movie stars. Well, you will have some job getting it. This is an epoch of stars. A play, however good, must have its star. If the company has no particular star in the cast, it names the most prominent player as star and takes a chance that the public will not know the difference. That's why you frequently see a play featuring an alleged star of whom you have never heard. And perhaps nobody else ever heard of him or her.

HIGH POINT, N. C.—The first Henry Walthall picture by Paralta was "His Robe of Honor." Write direct to Marguerite Clark, Paramount, and June Caprice, Fox.

RAPHAEL H.—Sorry you didn't get your commission. If you are going to make yourself known nowadays it is not the thing quietly to hand out your card and a modest credential; you must advance with a trumpet and blow a brazen blast to shake the stars. Billie Rhodes certainly did put one over in "Putting One Over." She makes a good male player. The Bastile was destroyed July 14, 1789.

C. C. S.—So you, too, are knitting for the soldiers. I dont purl good enough for the theater, but I do some of my knitting in the subway. No, I never rest. Even when I sleep my heart and lungs keep on working. Why should I rest? Shall I not have eternity to rest in?

NELLIE GRAY.—There is a "Beauty, Charm and Portrayal" contest now running in the Classic. Enjoyed your letter very much and sorry you had such a sad experience. Couldn't do it—I have more personal correspondents than I can now take care of. Write me again, wont you?

MAE G.—Heap much thanks for the invitation. I would like to go to California to see you, but it simply cant be did. The Motion Picture Exposition will be held in Grand Central Palace, New York, February 2d to 18th. Constance Talmadge in "The Studio Girl." A meter is about one yard and three inches. A kilometer is about two-thirds of a mile.

A. G. W.—Thanks. Your outburst of poetry was mighty good, but could never be used in print. The nonsense verse which you refer to is entitled "A Provoking Inconvenience," and is as follows:

"In the drinking well,
Which the plumber built her,
Aunt Eliza fell;
We must buy a filter."

ADELE H.—Sorry, but we have no record of Maude Douglas. Lottie Briscoe is in New York. Guess you refer to "The Eternal Columbine," in which Mae Murray lends a combination of three arts to the screen in dramatic emotion, pantomime and dance.

INQUISITIVE.—You seem to have a bad temper. Curb it, my dear. Our tempers are like an opera-glass, which makes the object small or great, according to the end you look thru. And above all, you must not ask for my picture. That's one of the gravest crimes committed in this department.

MOLLIE M.—By this time you probably know how "The Gray Ghost" ends. Your other question is out of order. Carlyle Blackwell says "The Beautiful Mrs. Reynolds," which is storyized in this issue, is the 400th picture he has acted the leading male rôle in. 'Member when he starred with Alice Joyce?

S. M. W.—Mary McAlister is only six years old. There are a number of studios at Fort Lee, N. J. Charlie Chaplin lives at the Athletic Club in Los Angeles, Cal. So you think I am old and simple. Thank you! The older we are the simpler we are.

JANE NOVAK ADMIRER.—Of course they were painted scenes in "Oriental Love." Vernon Steele in "Polly of the Circus." "The Whip" was produced some time ago. No, I dont skate. Thanks for sending me a picture of that bridge. Everything comes to him who waits—particularly to the good waiter.

MARIE ANTOINETTE.—Julia Sanderson is not in pictures now. Alice Joyce remains with Vitagraph. Dont you refer to "The Cardinal" with Montagu Love? He has left the "e" off his first name.

GEMITE.—Commodore J. Stuart Blackton is taking "Wild Youth" in California, Louise Huff playing the lead. Artcraft are doing Maeterlinck's "The Blue Bird." You must see it. You say there is another correspondence club—the Gem Correspondence Club, c/o Etta Seeley, South Paris, Me. And still they come. The specific gravity of water is 100, of course.

U. S. NAVY.—Well, I never was afflicted with what they call love. I understand that it is very much like the measles; we cant have it but once, and the later in life we get it, the harder it goes with us. So watch your step. Edith Storey and Antonio Moreno in "The Tarantula." Eulalie Jensen and Rogers Lytton also.

KATE WIGGINS.—Why on earth do you people all ask if the players are dead? Just because you dont see hem is no reason to suspect that they are dead. Indeed not. W. Thompson, Margery Wilson and Thornton Everand in "The Eye of the Night." Lionel T. Kent is Ruth Roland's husband. Gladys Leslie and Harry Morey are playing in an Irish drama, "His Own People." If you write many more such letters I shall have to nominate you as the queen of letter-writers.

MAY C.—There is some doubt about it, but I understand that the first watches appeared in Nuremberg, about 1477, but clocks were in use as early as the sixth century. Nazimova will play in "The Revelation" (Metro), directed by George D. Baker. She was born in Russian Crimea on the shores of the Black Sea. She was taken to Switzerland when a child and educated there until she was twelve, when she returned to Russia.

FANNIE, S. C.—Sydney Mason is with Universal. You say I have one great fault. Indeed! Only one? Well, it belongs only to great men to have great defects, so I am content. Frances Carpenter and Virginia Corbin in that Fox. Jack Holt and Vivian Martin in "Giving Becky a Chance."

MILLIE, 13.—You will see Harry Carey at his old tricks in "Bucking Broadway." Wouldn't you think he would reform? That was some sketch of me. Harold Lockwood and Carmel Myers in "Haunted Pajamas." Robert Warwick and Gail Kane in "The Heart of a Hero."

ESTER B.—I am sorry that your bow-wow bit you, but you need not be afraid. There is a superstition that when a dog bites a person the dog becomes mad, whereas it is not usually the dog but the person. Bert Lytell was with Selznick. Mary Miles Minter's last picture was "Peggy Leads the Way."

JUNE, JR.—Courtney Ryley Cooper wrote "The Eagle's Eye," featuring Marguerite Snow and King Baggot. I always read my letters to the bottom, and some of them are an all day's job. Young folks tell what they do, old ones what they have done, fools what they intend to do. But there's nothing like making resolutions.

W. C. W.—Oh yes, Tom Mix is a good player. No, I never could see how some of the ad writers get away with stating "Standing room only." Sounds too much like a prize-fight.

MARY C., NEW ORLEANS.—My policy is, when I come across a person who thinks he knows it all, to treat him as if he did and let him go. Why waste time on him? Dont you agree? Laura Sears and Jack Livingston in "Slumberland." A. D. Sears in "Madam Bo-Peep" as Theodore.

(*Continued on page* 116)



Enid of the Glowing Orbs

By RICHARD ANDRES

THE Hawaiian craze has been responsible for many a sudden leap into fame within the past few years, and altho I should hate to imply that such a clever little actress as Enid Markey owed her rapid advance in popularity to a craze, still it must be admitted that her "Hula-Hula" costume in "Aloha Oe" made the most jaded "chair-sleepers" sit up and take notice.

Anyway, that was the beginning of the Enid Markey vogue under the Triangle banner.

William Fox Company claims her now; but for a long time "Enid of the big eyes" occupied a pretty dressing-room overlooking the sea at Inceville, and had such neighbors as Bessie Barriscale, W. S. Hart, Charles Ray, Howard Hickman, Frank Keenan, Louise Glaum and many other clever persons.

It was at this picturesque studio that Miss Markey gave the series of performances which landed her on top of the heap—there was her bewitching rôle with Dustin Farnum in "The Iron Strain"; "The Captive God," "The Devil's Double" with the redoubtable W. S. Hart, and "War's Women" opposite Frank Keenan.

Her energy is astonishing, about as dynamic as her ambition; her work can never be too hard, and she is bent on conquering every obstacle which may be thrown in her path. Enid Markey was born in Denver, Colorado, graduating from Denver high school in 1912. Shortly afterwards her determination and love of theatrical work found her a small place in stock; then luck in the shape of a mutual friend brought her photograph to Thomas Ince, where she started doing "bits" at the training-camp for her future career.

Enid is particularly fond of dogs, and her glowing orbs fascinate even the most dangerous. She herself says she never was afraid of anything in her life, and surely not of a harmless Boston terrier.

COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC INFORMATION
WASHINGTON

To the Motion Picture Magazine:

We enclose copy of a letter recently received from the President of the United States. We fully appreciate that the rapid growth of our organization, and the influence which it wields, is almost entirely due to the patriotic assistance of the Motion Picture theaters thruout the United States.

If, thru your magazine, you will convey this message to the theaters thruout the country, I shall feel much indebted to you.

Very truly yours,

W. McC. BLAIR.

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

November 9, 1917.

TO THE FIFTEEN THOUSAND FOUR-MINUTE MEN OF THE UNITED STATES:

May I not express my very real interest in the vigorous and intelligent work your organization is doing in connection with the Committee on Public Information? It is surely a matter worthy of sincere appreciation that a body of thoughtful citizens, with the hearty cooperation of the managers of moving picture theaters, are engaged in the presentation and discussion of the purposes and measures of these critical days.

Men and nations are at their worst or at their best in any great struggle. The spoken word may light the fires of passion and unreason or it may inspire to highest action and noblest sacrifice a nation of freemen. Upon you Four-Minute Men, who are charged with a special duty and enjoy a special privilege in the command of your audiences, will rest in a considerable degree, the task of arousing and informing the great body of our people so that when the record of these days is complete we shall read page for page with the deeds of army and navy the story of the unity, the spirit of sacrifice, the unceasing labors, the high courage of the men and women at home who held unbroken the inner lines. My best wishes and continuing interest are with you in your work as part of the reserve officer corps in a nation thrice armed because through your efforts it knows better the justice of its cause and the value of what it defends.

Cordially and sincerely yours,

Woodrow Wilson

The Rose of the World

This Story was written from the Scenario of Charles Maigne

By GRACE LAMB



WHEN HARRY ENGLISH LEFT FOR THE WAR

Illustrated by Photos from the Artcraft Photodrama Featuring Elsie Ferguson

RAYMOND BETHUNE told the story to me one dreary time during the rains. 'Most every one else had gone to the hills, and those who hadn't were blissfully engaged in cursing the regiment, the colonel, the colonel's wife, India and everything Indian—mostly the latter. We spent futile hours in pondering on English rule in India, and wondering why it was necessary, when it so palpably *wasn't*. We all knew that too, and that made our enforced sojourns in the accursed land so much the worse. Further, there were no sweet, young things from home to liven matters up, to take horseback riding or to tea at Frelinghuysen's. All of them that were sweet were at Simla, and so gloom pervaded.

One night after mess, as we all sat gloomily smoking and the colonel looked imminent with tales of his youthful regimental days, Ray Bethune asked us if we remembered the Gerardines. We all did. I remembered quite a lot about them—Lady Gerardine in particular—but I shut my mouth. Even tho I had to listen to a twice-told tale, 'twould be better than the colonel's reminiscences—they were told by many multiples of *thrice*.

"I remember even *back* of the Gerardine time," I interjected, feebly and somewhat irrelevantly.

"Ah!" interjected back Bethune, looking at me with the first interest he had ever betrayed to my knowledge, "you *do?* So you were alive even in that prehistoric age, youngling?"

"One might suppose so," I retorted acidly, "if knowing Rose Eng—er—Gerardine were proof. Moreover"—I was warming up to my subject—"I've seen her since her hair . . ."

"Shut up!" spat Bethune crossly. "*Never* bring in your climax before your introduction, you son of an Indian blight! Have you never taken a course in short-story telling? Apparently not. Just because you knew Lady Gerardine in her early days gives you no license to ruin the only interesting thing this mess has ever heard, does it?"

I relapsed into cold silence. Bethune surveyed the interested faces at the mess and looked satisfied. Bethune is lost to storyization in being a soldier. I sometimes think that he engages in some of his amazing adventures only for the sake of recounting them afterwards.

As he began to talk his face softened and his voice took on the cadence it has when, as Bethune, the raconteur, he tells a tale of persons dearly loved.

"There is about the story of Rose English," he began, "nothing so remarkable as the flavor of intense *romance* that weights it. It is, primarily, the tale of a great love—a love that reached out unto death, warm, passionate, imperious. I happened to be in intimate touch with it practically thruout—even to the moment of the great reconciliation at the end. I can hark back to the beginning too — that summer at Simla, before the taking of Luntungpen, when Harry English left for the war and didn't come back. Some of you here remember that."

I grunted, or squeaked, or something, and he froze me with a look.

"He didn't come back," said Bethune. "Some of us remember Rose English, and the odd manner in which she took his disappearance, and accepted his death at the hands of some of the tribes in the interior. We all agreed that it was an un-Rose-like way of taking things. Unquestionably, she was a *red* rose, with, deep in her snow-white breast, a flaming, crimson heart. But it became quite evident that that heart had never flamed for Harry English. Odd, too, English was the sort of man most women would go mad over, and he had certainly worshiped her — frantically, pathetically. His wooing of her had almost out-scorched the scorching of the Indian sun. We had all groaned "Thank God!" when they had finally ended it in matrimony.

"Anyway, Rose was too big a woman to assume a pose.



SHE FINALLY CONSENTED TO HUNT UP THE PICTURES

She just hadn't ever cared for Harry English. I proposed to her promptly—when etiquette permitted—and thereupon steadily, season in and season out, until she very calmly and coolly married Sir Arthur Gerardine. No one knew why she did *that,* either. She seemed fond enough of him, in the same cool, impersonal way; but every one *knew* that there existed somewhere, for some one, that flaming, crimson heart. Of course, she never made any explanations. She wasn't that kind — just moved along in her queenly, glorious way, with that sense of an inward fire, burning . . . burning. . . . Gad, it was maddening!"

I nodded to myself. I had found it maddening too . . . once . . . long ago.

Bethune paused to send Mohammed-Din for some fresh coffee. Then he resumed:

"It was I—I, myself—who really—well, pierced thru the cool, white flesh to that flaming, crimson heart. Yes, undoubtedly, it was I.

"About two years ago, which was some five years after the disappearance of Harry English, I bethought me, in an idle moment, that I would undertake to be his biographer. You remember, he did some pretty d—n fine things—that time at Lungtungpen, the tribal uprisings at Durga Dass, the cholera that he practically checked himself by his nerve and his resourcefulness—oh, any number of things like that, and he had been tremendously popular. More than one chap in his regiment bawled like a suckling when it became evident that Harry English was not coming back. More than one sweet young thing returned home with a wound in her heart that is still, I warrant, in the process of a slow healing. Oh, the book would have read all right, all right. Lots of the boys would have liked it just for a memoir of English. Probably the only one who would have been *disinterested* was Rosamund English—'My Rose of the World,' he called her . . . my God, *how* he called her! The thrill in his voice would have put the passion of a Swinburne, the imagery of a Keats, into a damp and muggy piece of putty. And she would lift her cool lips to his kiss, and I can see his eyes now—defeated, disappointed. Sometimes I thought he had made it too easy for the natives back there in the interior. Sometimes I thought that he had rather face their barbaric tortures than the cool disinterest of her lips. . . . I should have known better. . . . He would never have put a world between himself and his Rose of All the World.

"Well, to revert, I couldn't very well compile my biography without some of his personal memoranda—papers, letters, etc. I even bore a faint hope that she might grant me a couple of his letters to her—incomparable they were, I felt sure. She had the most impeccable taste . . . but in the interests of posterity . . . as a bit of Anglo-Indian history. . . .

"I remember her the day I sought her out. It was a blistering hot day. She served me with some iced thing, and her ayah stood behind her and fanned her. Sir Arthur dropped in and said how-d'ye, and then we were alone. I made my request perfunctorily. I felt that I was, possibly, offending her exquisiteness in digging up any sort of a discussion about Husband No. 1 on the veranda of Husband No. 2, and I an oft-offered lover at that!

"She was very cool about it, and yet I have often thought since that her curiously white eyelids fluttered strangely over her gray-green eyes; that the warm color in her lovely face ebbed and rose with almost an agitation. Could it have been, I pondered, that Sir Arthur Gerardine by comparison . . . with English . . . but absurd!

" 'Impossible, I am afraid,' she said sweetly. 'Captain English's papers are all put away in his strong-box. They have never been disturbed, and I have a sort of a superstitious fear, out here—' She paused, and I thought I caught appeal in her lifted eyes. Was she, *could* she be afraid that from the papers of Harry English his warm, insistent voice would rise to assail her ears, his pleading, needing voice would probe to the heart that had not heard before? Women are prone to such imaginings.

"And that, my friends, is precisely what happened—



AN UNPLEASANT MARITAL SCENE TOOK PLACE

just that, and nothing else. A little verse I know expresses it more nearly:

Up from it speak your voiceless lips tonight,
Poor little flower; and laughing sun and day
Seem come to banish all this dying light.
Sickness and suffering seem so far away,
Mourning seems gone, and even death seems brief,
And in my soul—an emptiness of grief!

"Yea, verily! Up from the yellowing pages, out from the written, futile words, back from the distances he had gone, he won her love at last.

"And such a love as he awakened! Such an agony of longing—such an ecstasy of pain! The flaming, crimson heart of her expanded, and flowered, and breathed forth perfumes as heavy and as strangling as the essence of attar of roses."

Bethune paused, and then he glanced at me and grinned. "I'm sort of doing the cart-before-the-horse act myself," he said. "I should have said for your information that before she finally consented to hunt up the papers I had to enlist the services of Aspasia Cunningham and Sir Arthur Chatelard, who was researching on some ultra-cholera toxin, or some equally ambiguous thing. He had known Harry English too, and persuaded her that she was withholding something of real value when she withheld his papers.

"'Such papers, of such a man, are, vraiment, the property of his people,' he told her, 'and not of one woman, even so charming a one as yourself, madame.'

"Rose English was inherently just. Between Aspasia and the wily Chatelard she finally assented.

"But, of course, I never got the papers. Aspasia found her on the floor the very day she gave her consent, with the box beside her.

"I believe she made one more valiant attempt to go thru with the business, when Sir Arthur Gerardine came upon her and, finding her tears bathing the inanimate pages as they had never bathed the very animate hands of Harry English, an unpleasant marital scene took place.

"She never exactly came out of the faint. One of those nasty, low, malignant fevers followed and hung on damnably. Sir Arthur Gerardine went around with a face an ell long by a tape measure; Jani, her ayah, crooned uncannily about the place; and even Sir Arthur Chatelard looked unnaturally grave. One can never depend on these Indian fevers, particularly when they have sort of—well, heart complications, a pervasive dont-careness. Aspasia told me afterward that she was always conscious of a struggling on Rosamund's part not to stay . . . but to go . . . to go . . . to where Harry English awaited her on the other side . . . calling her . . . Rose of the World. . .

"All Simla was upset over it. Rosamund was a delightful hostess and thought up the bulliest parties. All of the married men flirted with her . . . and were sanely safe. All of the youths fell in love with her . . . and she turned maternal and tended their wounds. No wonder Simla worried.

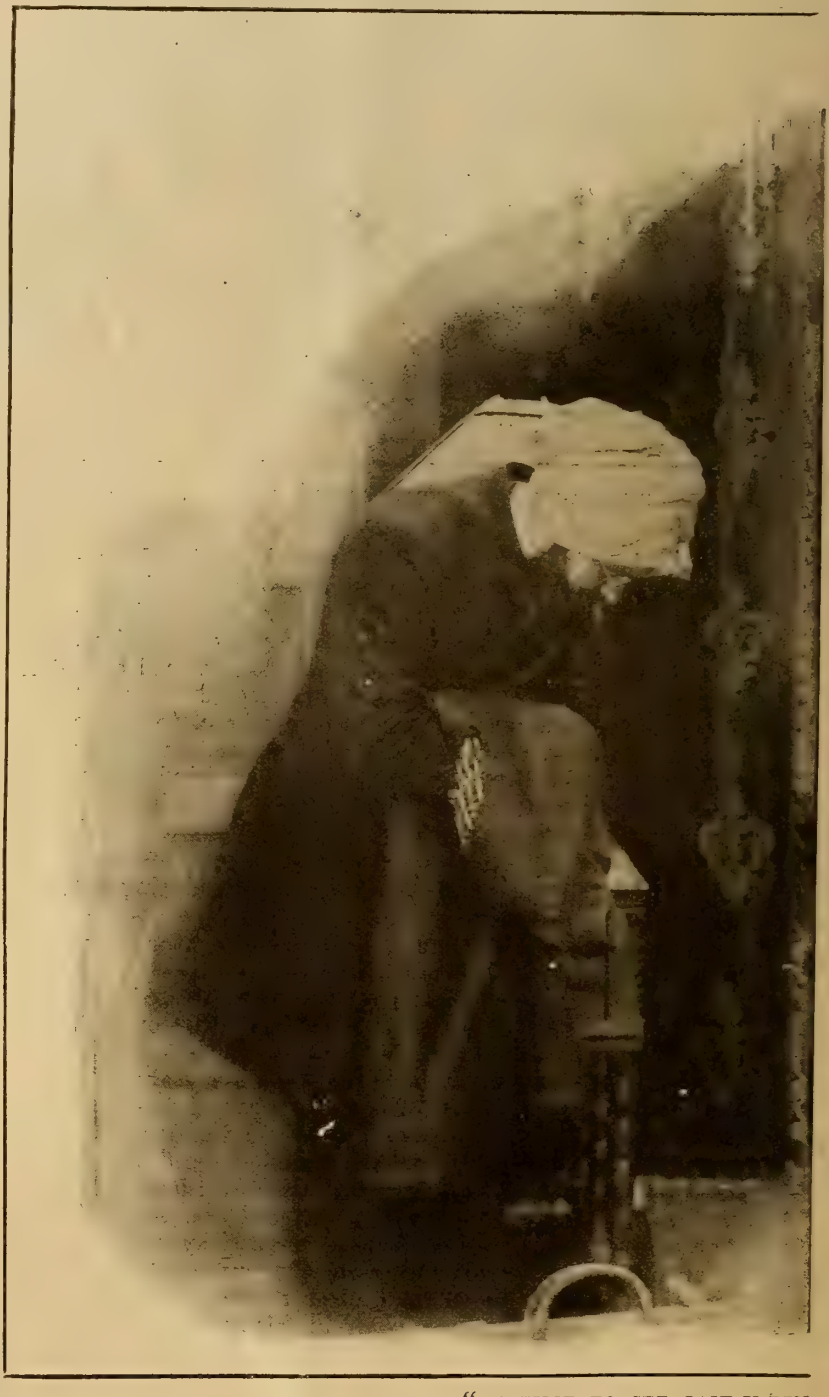
"No one worried more than Dr. Chatelard's private secretary, Saif-u-din. The doctor laughed at the fellow's insistent inquiries and at his nightly vigils and inexhaustible willingness.

"After Rose had dragged along for weeks, Chatelard ordered her home. Gerardine got leave, and Aspasia, Saif-u-din, Jani and myself completed the party.

"I shant ever forget that trip. I proposed to Aspasia on that trip and was, as you may judge by my completely conjugal state at present, accepted.

"Well, the end of it is near. . . . I crave your indulgence, Colonel. . .

"Rosamund was most abominably ill after her installation in her London home. Night and day she kept the strong-box by her side. Aspasia has told me that she would hold one of the crumpled pages in her hand



"IN TIME TO SEE SAIF-U-DIN

and then drop off to sleep like a child who is comforted at last. At other times, when the fever was on her, she would moan his name—beg him to bend nearer, nearer, to kiss her, just once, just once. Aspasia said her longing for him was terrific—like nothing she had ever seen before. It seemed like a love, too vast to break its bonds at first, liberated at last. At other times she would tell Aspasia that she was in a frightful state of indecision. 'I cant decide whether to go or to stay,' she told her once; 'whether to wait for him here or go to him there. Some-

where again I must feel his lips—somewhere know his arms. Oh, Aspasia, when love bends over you, sheer love, kisses your lips, closes your eyes, twines your long hair, calls you and calls . . . just *answer*, that is all . . . with all that is in you . . . every least particle . . . every tiniest particle! . . . I am starving for him, dear. . . . that is all . . . just starving . . . slowly . . . to death.'



BOWING LOW BEFORE HER"

"Dr. Chatelard and myself had a rough time with Sir Arthur. We talked on delirium till we were blue in the face, tried to convince him that all this was merely a result of the fever; but there was too vast an intensity in Rosamund's pleadings to blind anybody. Even when the fever left her and she wandered hither and thither, refusing even to see Gerardine, she still held the letters of the man who hadn't returned—still kept her great, famishing eyes on Aspasia and told her of Harry English and their young life together.

"On the day that Dr. Chatelard admitted to us that Rosamund's sanity hung on a thread and nothing short of a miracle could save her, we heard a piercing shriek from one of the rooms. Aspasia reached her first, in time to see Saif-u-din bowing low before her and then bowing out. Rosamund was intensely excited when Chatelard and I reached her. She held Chatelard's hand and looked up at him. Her smile was the saddest and the sweetest I have ever seen. 'You are going to call it Indian magic, Don Docteur,' she said; 'but—he—has called me—just across the threshold—let me go—I beg of you! Your marvelous skill—your stimulants—oh, I know!—but you would not hold a dumb thing in a trap that struggled to be free—when there were green woods—and peace—awaiting it. Then why not set me free—I——'

"There followed an onset of the fever—an all but disastrous one. That night Saif-u-din got the truth from the doctor, left the room and returned.

"Returned, I say—*Harry English!*

"Well. . . ." Bethune glanced around at our gape-mouthed faces and laughed. Even the colonel was staring, as who should say, "Do you tell *me* a fairy-tale, young man—*me?*"

"Well," said Bethune again, rather apologetically, "what else can I say? It *does* sound fictional, graphic, even the supernatural it took poor Rose a long time to get over believing in; but the plain, stark truth is, that Saif-u-din was Harry English, and none other, and, like all miraculous things, when explained, it was really a very logical affair. It seems that English was captured and held prisoner by one of the interior tribes. They kept him, from all I can gather, as a sort of a fetich for their heathen, sun-worshiping clan. When, after some years, they finally came to the certain conclusion that he was far from being a desirable fetich, they made him a present of his life and let him go. Nearly mad with fear for Rose, and longing for her, he made straight tracks for Simla. En route, he learnt the truth about her, and his disguise was the result. He chose Chatelard because he knew him to be a devoted friend of Rose's.

"It took both Chatelard and myself three hours of stark amazement and questioning before we could get down to Rose and view the thing from her standpoint. 'What a heaven for her!' I groaned. 'We must be careful,' warned Chatelard, 'that it isn't a heaven in fact—she is very weak.'

"Harry English said nothing, but his lean face quivered, and his sunken eyes—hungry eyes—lit with a feverish light. Literally, these two were starving to death, the one for the other. I have never known such a case.

"We finally concluded that some way or other Rose must be apprised of the fact that she need not cross to the other side to meet Harry English.

"'She nearly penetrated my disguise,' said English; 'there was such a *question* in her eyes—such a famine—dear God!'

"'Steady there, old chap!' I warned him.

"'It has been a long while,' he said, simply.

"None of us reckoned with Sir Arthur Gerardine.

Somehow or other Rosamund and Harry English seemed the only two living, vital mortals on earth. All the rest of us were pale shades beside them. Sir Arthur proved quite obdurate. He brought up, not without justification, his years of marriage with her—loveless on her part, we forced him to admit. He brought up the fact that he loved her, but we barely listened to him. It sounded like the wan echo of a song by comparison with Harry English when he said, 'It has been a long while.'

"The unutterable yearning with which he said it! All his early, thwarted love of her—all his martyred, half-crazed years there in the interior—all the stern, the stoic patience of his life practically by her side—all the repression of his silence when he realized she loved him but kept the silence till it meant her actual life or death. Here, here was a deathless thing — vast, elemental, Christ-like. 'Whom God has joined together let not man put asunder.' Therefore exit, Sir Arthur Gerardine. And, as most of you know, he did so, very decently.

"We finally decided to stage a little act. Harry English should stand outside of the door, just out of her sight. Chatelard, Sir Arthur and myself should engage her in a desultory conversation, leading adroitly to unaccountable returns of persons long lost, etc. Then, after carefully laying our ground, we would retire and English make himself manifest.

"Our rehearsal went off all right. We were only the minor characters and scene-shifters who could not make nor mar the piece. Sir Arthur, as he looked at her lying there, scarcely breathing, put almost too much spirit into it for a soon-to-be-abandoned husband, so no wonder he overdid his part. It would have made no difference with her how well our little prolog was staged. By dint of force or mere garrulity, it was our clue to let her know that Harry English stood waiting just behind the door. It would have been almost sacrilegious for us to have been players in the final scene. When everything was ready, we made our exit. And then the door opened, slowly at first, to admit English.



"WE FINALLY DECIDED TO STAGE A LITTLE ACT"

"At first her eyes were closed, she scarcely breathed; her hands lay like fallen petals on the sheet. English afterward told me that the moment was terrible. Read the heart of Brutus when condemning his son to death . . . a mother's first sight of her still-born child . . . the face of a soldier struck blind, and you can know the fears that crowded thru his tortured brain. He approached the bed noiselessly, stood stock still, suppressing even his



"HER TAWNY, GOLDEN LOCKS AS WHITE AS THE WHITEST SNOW"

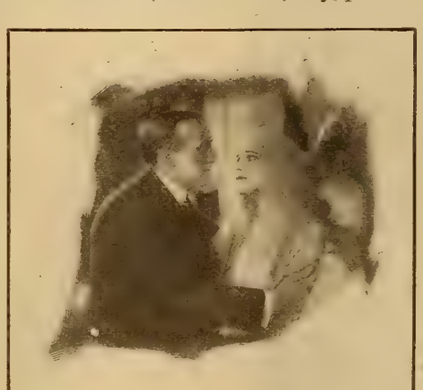
slight breathing. Poor fellow! he dared do nothing else. Each second there was a lifetime, housing its separate fate. She opened her eyes and turned her face to his. If ever a heart throbs wantonly, it showed then in those two great, strained gray eyes. Yet she thought the man before her was only the vivid creature of her fancy—love which had now become so strong and dominant that it could summon his dear image before her with all the truth of flesh and blood.

"For a long while she lay entranced, feasting her great, gaunt eyes on the Harry English of her fancy.

"Presently she spoke. A low voice, yet sure enough to carry back there to the plains of India. 'Harry,' she said, 'I knew you would come to me. Love—our love—is such a lasting thing; life is such a feeble one. Ah, to know that you are here at last . . . that my eyes can hold you close. I—my love has summoned you here. I can hear your voice calling.'

"She did. The spell was broken. It was his tone—his most holy, most wonderfully tender tone—as he bent to her and called her: 'Rose—my Rose—Rose of the World——'

"It all came out all right. But my vocabulary, my voice, my powers of speech fail me when I attempt to describe the face she turned to his—the dawning, the indescribable dawning of all things in her eyes—or his tone, his most holy, most wondrously tender tone as he bent to her and called her 'Rose—my Rose—Rose of all the World.'



"WHITE ROSE OF MY HEART"

"As I say, you all know the rest—their remarriage, their perpetual honeymoon—the beautiful air of 'On earth as it is in heaven' that is always about them. You all know how he found her the next morning, with her tawny, golden locks as white as the whitest snow—white from the too severe shock of his returning. But only Aspasia and myself heard him whisper as he bent to her again, '*White* Rose of my Heart!'"

Bethune smiled as tho to himself and waved his hand.

The colonel rose and raised his glass. "To the Rose of the World!" he said.

We all drank.



WALLACE MACDONALD AND MILDRED MANNING DO SOME EXCELLENT WORK IN "THE MARRIAGE SPECULATION"



BILLIE BURKE SEEMS MISCAST IN "THE LAND OF PROMISE," A DRAB PLAY OF FAMILY DIFFICULTIES



EARLE WILLIAMS IS AGAIN A PERFECT HERO IN "IN THE BALANCE" (GREATER VITAGRAPH)



"TOM SAWYER" (PARAMOUNT), WITH JACK PICKFORD, IS VERY NEARLY A PERFECT PICTURE

Across the

A Department of

Conducted by HAZEL

"THAIS" (Goldwyn).—This is the début of Mary Garden, the famous prima donna, into an opera of shadows. "Thais," you remember, is the story of a great struggle between the desires of the flesh and the spirit. It is the story of the reclamation of a passionate, selfish dancing-girl's soul by a Christian, who has to overcome not only her earthly desires, but his own for her. Miss Garden is pictorially beautiful; but it is the beauty of chiseled marble, of perfection of line and form and accoutrements. One admires her. One thinks to oneself, what gorgeous gowns, what a marvelous figure, what a handsome face; but never do we sense an emotional appeal. Miss Garden seems quite conscious that this is Mary Garden having her picture "took." Towards the finale, however, when Thais has abandoned her glittering robes and in the simple garb of the sisterhood has sought peace and spiritual cleansing, Miss Garden strikes a sincere and appealing note.

The street scenes of Alexandria have been visualized with great care and realism. In fact, the ensemble is one of richness and artistry, but as to Mary Garden, because she is a great lady in her own sphere of grand opera, every one will welcome a chance to see her on the screen. But Mary Garden is an acquisition to the silversheet, and an addition to the art of pantomimic drama solely in that another great name has been added to those who have heard the call of the newest art and answered. A review of "Thais" would be incomplete without mentioning Crawford Kent, who makes the small part of Lollius, Thais' forsaken lover, stand out in a manner which proves Mr. Kent a master artist. Hamilton Revelle as Paphnutius is also histrionically adequate. H. S. N.

"In the Balance" (Greater Vitagraph).—Earle Williams walks thru this, the latest love-affair of his shadowed self, like a masculine angel from heaven on a short vacation. His clothes, his manners, his gestures, his carriage, all are perfect. He hasn't one little fault, but when he is led to think that the actress recipient of his love has a flaw he is ready to cast her aside and depart from the wickedness of city life, to his home among the scenic hills. In spite of an irresistible desire which this play arcuses, to know whether the picturized Mr. Williams still has red blood in his veins (please note the old-time gesture of raising his hands to his countenance as if to hide the vision of the girl who had suddenly grown so repugnant to him), this is an excellent and pleasing entertainment. Miss Grace Darmond is not only beautiful but is dramatically satisfying, as also is Miriam Miles as Sophy Gerard. As for Denton Vane as Prince of Sayre, well, to our mind the virility of his performance almost wrests the stellar honors from the blue-blooded hero. H. S. N.

"Blue Jeans" (Metro).—Metro spent a small fortune advertising this picture. Scare-line spreads in the newspapers asked for



"THE FRINGE OF SOCIETY" (GEORGE BARKER) IS A MELODRAMA REPLETE WITH THRILLS, ABLY PORTRAYED BY RUTH ROLAND AND MILTON SILLS



MARY GARDEN IS PICTORIALLY BEAUTIFUL IN "THAIS" (GOLDWYN)

Silversheet

Photodrama Review

SIMPSON NAYLOR

months ahead "Who is June?" This was followed by full-page ads that June in "Blue Jeans" was Viola Dana, heralded as the most wonderful "little girl" star. In reality Miss Dana as June is sweet, attractive and lovable, but evidently the director or the Metro system had impressed it upon her mind that she was out after the title of second Mary Pickford. At any rate she is a combination of Mary Pickford and Marguerite Clark in an "East Lynne" setting. Oh, yes, "Blue Jeans" is of that hair-raising, yellow-backed novel, Lena Rivers, Laura Jean Libbey type of screenic literature. There are the terrible villain and villainess, who bind the heroic hero to a buzz-saw, from which he is rescued only in the nick of time by the little heroine more sinned against than sinning. "Blue Jeans" is "East Lynne" carried into the third and fourth generation. It is excellent of its kind, its types being particularly well chosen. Sally Crute is especially effective as the villainess, playing in the very spirit of Joseph Arthur's old-time melodrama. Herein Metro inaugurates a new process of subtitling by using stills of the momentary action with the words supposed to be spoken printed thereon. These are very offensive to our artistically trained eyes and seem to interrupt the action rather than to facilitate it, as they are supposed to do. Robert Walker is splendid as the hero and the atmosphere of the 80's is carried out as we have always imagined it. H. S. N.

"The Fringe of Society" (George Barker).—Another melodrama with the accent on the "meller." Replete with thrills, villainy, drunks, fights and hold-ups. Ruth Roland and Milton Sills play the leading parts with intelligence, ably assisted by J. Herbert Frank, who makes a splendid gentleman-villain. The plot is founded on the power of King Alcohol, but does not prove much. The story seems to be an excuse for introducing numerous hand-to-hand encounters intended to add "punch," and so far as good scrapping goes the play will receive the O.K. of all who enjoy such things. J.

"Raffles, the Amateur Cracksman" (Lawrence Weber Photodramas).—E. W. Hornung's "Raffles," the father of all "amateur cracksman" stories, has been celluloided into a photodrama which is a worthy successor to the stage play adapted by Eugene W. Presbrey, in which Kyrle Bellew starred. It is of course, primarily, a starring vehicle for John Barrymore, and he makes of Raffles, society crook who steals for the excitement of the chase and who exercises great ingenuity in the methods of his escape from justice, an interesting character. The sop to the powers that be, namely, that Raffles stole to help the poor, is the only discord in the whole piece. A fictionary thief as fascinating as Raffles needs no other *raison d'être* than his entertaining self; however, in real life he might not be so entertaining. Mr. Barrymore has little mannerisms that are distinctly John Barrymore. Notice the perpetual, quick little nod of his head, the continual opening of his eyes. His suavity, cool



VIOLA DANA IS VERY LOVABLE IN "BLUE JEANS," A METRO THRILLER



"NAN OF MUSIC MOUNTAIN," STARRING "WALLY" REID, IS AN EXCELLENT PICTURE AND ONE YOU SHOULD NOT MISS

collectedness and resourcefulness are indeed typical of the character. The action is so swift, the settings so excellent and Mr. Barrymore such a magnetic John Barrymore, that "Raffles" is thoroly enjoyable.
H. S. N.

"The Marriage Speculation" (Greater Vitagraph).—The plot of this current flickerature has a unique conception and is developed along the course of cause and effect. Clara Wilton, a candy-store clerk, and Billie Perkins, a grocery clerk, are in love with each other, but the girl is ambitious, the lad indolent, so when old Cliday, who has saved $10,000 in twenty years as a pickle factory foreman, suggests that he invest his money in a fashionable education for Clara on the condition that she marry a millionaire and provide for him (Cliday) for the rest of his life, Clara accepts the proposition. Clara's disappearance is the necessary spur for Billie, who becomes a financial success and in the end saves Clara from a poseur, a fortune-hunting, make-believe Earl. So far everything sailed along beautifully. We were intensely interested, thought we had found a sure-fire wonder, when—would you believe it, Billie, the grocery clerk, turns out to be the real Earl, yes he does. Truly the arm of coincidence is elastic. Wallace MacDonald does excellent work. H. S. N.

"Nan of Music Mountain" (Lasky-Paramount).—Our own manly Wally comes back strong in this tale of feud, bloodshed, and love. After his painfully pretty picturization with Jerry Farrar in "The Woman God Forgot" we are doubly glad to meet this Wally, a man's man, the ideal hero of Frank Spearman's novel. Traversing mountain ledges a foot wide, six-to-one gun and fistic encounters are mere bagatelles to him, and by the way, here are the most remarkable storm and blizzard effects ever achieved thru the crystal lens. I have it on excellent authority that this storm was taken at the Lasky studio (I am sure about the rain-storm) while two whole months were consumed in waiting for snow in Northern California. An excellent picture and one you mustn't miss. H. S. N.

"Les Miserables" (Fox).—William Fox has an odd way of doing that which is out of favor and getting away with it. Every one says that morbid tales should be abandoned during these dark days and yet here we have Victor Hugo's great story of Jean Valjean pictured for us in all its unhappiness and—as popular as anything on the silversheet today. It is a masterly production of a tragic tale. Gruesome thruout, the atmosphere of rural France and Paris during the revolution is caught in a splendid semblance of verity which places its director, Frank Lloyd, in the foremost ranks. William Farnum as the starving peasant, bloodthirsty convict, reformed gentleman, broken-hearted and pursued always by his nemesis, Javert, does some really great work, while his make-up is that of an artist. Mr. Fox is to be congratulated upon this splendid popularization of one of the greatest classics.
H. S. N.



JOHN BARRYMORE MAKES A VERY FASCINATING "RAFFLES" (WEBER)



MARK TWAIN'S IMMORTAL "TOM SAWYER" BECOMES ALIVE IN JACK PICKFORD



MOUJIK TRYING TO RESCUE HIS CAPTAIN IN "THE CURSE OF RUSSIA" (PATHÉ)

"The Curse of Russia" (Pathé).—Donald C. Thompson's pictures of war-ridden Russia, almost a voice crying in the wilderness, "Beware of pro-Germanism, of German propaganda; all this happened to Russia, it could happen to the United States!" These are by far the most vivid war pictures yet produced, Mr. Thompson having used his camera for weeks under fire in the trenches. Here indeed we see the gruesome side of warfare. Men literally die in front of the camera. Thru Mr. Thompson's long-distance lens we see the captain of one troop killed when trying to penetrate the barbed wire entanglements. A huge moujik gathers him on his back and like a dumb animal seeks shelter only in his turn to be shot. This is only one of the tragic incidents caught by Mr. Thompson's camera. It is a worthy picture in that it helps us to understand things as they are in that clouded country today. H. S. N.

"Tom Sawyer" (Paramount).—Cant you recall it all, the days of enforced ear-washing, of despised school and difficult Sunday-school, the days when all the world seemed against you and no matter what you wished, whether it was jam or a stolen apple, it was wrong and you got punished? Cant you remember the dozens of times you threatened to run away? Tom Sawyer, Mark Twain's immortal boyhood character, literally steps from the pages of the book and becomes alive in the person of Jack Pickford. This is one of the most perfect *objets d'art* compounded by the grinding crank. The Lasky Co. has perpetuated the quaint, old-fashioned environment, costumes, mannerisms, yes even atmosphere, with a realism, a poignancy that denotes the height of skill. H. S. N.

"The Land of Promise" (Paramount).—If Billie Burke *will* espouse the movies where the charm of her coloring, and many of her delightful, little nuances of characterization are lost, why not cast her suitably in comedy drama? "The Land of Promise" is promising in title only. The story is that of a young girl companion fostered in the belief that riches will be hers only to have her benefactress die without leaving a will, thus forcing Billie Burke to seek shelter with an uncouth brother and sister-in-law on a farm in Manitoba. Sister-in-law and Billie get so on the outs that Billie marries a farm-hand, but only to wash, scrub and mend for him, you understand. But farm-hand Tom Meighan wants to have a real kiss now and then and trouble brews right then and there. Enter brother with some money and Billie is about to abandon Thomas, when, lo and

behold! the ancient words "For better or for worse" are flashed on the curtain of shadows and Billie returns to her gingham existence as real wife of farmer Tom, while brother exits with a bless-you-my-children expression, when only one moment before he has said, à la subtitle, "I never approved of your marrying a farmhand anyway. Miss Mary Alden contributes the most excellent bit of characterization in the whole piece. H. S. N.

"The Cinderella Man" (Goldwyn).—Here is a bright, pretty little story, entertaining tho not very convincing, but with many touches of human interest. It is about a very rich little girl who has everything in the world but love, and finally even that comes to her in a very romantic and fairy-like way. Mae Marsh, as Marjorie Caner, is charming, but her usual appeal is somehow lacking. The subtle something that was brought out under Griffith has disappeared. Where her facial expressions used to be appealing because of their vague uncertainty, now they are a series of set and distinct changes, which leave her audience wondering at times just what idea she is trying to convey. George Faucett, as her father, was excellent, as were Dean Raymond, George Farren and Louis Grisel, three friends bent on seeing Mae happily married. Tom Moore, as Anthony Quintard, made an interesting leading-man. R. S. L.



"THE CINDERELLA MAN," WITH MAE MARSH STARRED, IS REPLETE WITH HUMAN INTEREST

"A Modern Musketeer" (Artcraft).—A certain prominence is attached to this picture because it was chosen by that master showman, S. L. Rothapfel, for the opening of the magnificent new Rivoli Theater in New York City. The Rivoli, a wonderful palace of cream, gold and old-rose hangings, marks a decided step in the advancement of picture theaters. The opening performance was attended by all the celebrities of the film world. The line-o'-type critics formed a shirt-front brigade in the foyer, and it was easy to tell by their pleased countenances just what a cheery report would spring from the inside pages of their respective papers. But, to my mind, Rothapfel missed the chance of a lifetime. He opened the performance with a stirring dramatic revue of the great episodes of American history, "The Victory of Democracy," rendered by Mary Lawton and Forrest Robinson, followed by a tableau vivant representing all the Allies-at-arms. This, together with the stirring musical setting, worked the audience to the topmost pitch of patriotic fervor. Had Mr. Rothapfel then continued his performance with a big, patriotic picture, the event would have been unique and a smashing sensation. But Rothapfel chose "The Modern Musketeer." And right here I want to say that you will all like Douglas Fairbanks in "The Modern Musketeer." The play is a succession of remarkable Fairbanks stunts. He hangs over the Grand Canyon of the Colorado; he climbs church steeples, vaults porches, hedges and housetops. You will like it, because it is Doug Fairbanks and not because of any virtue attached to the picture. In fact, the scenario absolutely lacks continuity and the subtitles are almost crude after the delicious ones which Anita Loos heretofore penned for the lively Doug. It is a peppery hodge-podge of Doug, the jumping-jack, ably assisted by little Marjorie Daw and Kathleen Kirkman. An excellent evening's entertainment, but scarcely worthy of the honor Mr. Rothapfel gave it. H. S. N.



WILLIAM FARNUM REACHES THE PERIHELION OF HIS ARTISTIC POWERS IN "LES MISERABLES" (FOX)

"The Devil's Stone" (Artcraft).—Altho you will find this an interesting play, I doubt if you will enthuse over it, for it lacks the human note. The story is that of a young girl, played by Geraldine Farrar, who finds an emerald, the devil's stone. When the owner of the fisheries hears of her discovery, he persuades her to marry him. She doesn't love him, but thinks how she can help her people, who are very poor. As soon as they are married, the husband steals the stone and has it appraised by a jeweler, who claims it is worth $3,000. Returning home, he asks Jerry for the stone, which, of course, she cannot find. Hubby immediately orders her to find it. Then hero Wally Reid enters and leads in a detective, who soon discovers that her husband has the stone. Hubby and Jerry quarrel, with the result that she hits him over the head with a candleholder, killing him. Then she marries Wally, who tells her after the marriage that he is going to put the detective on the case until he finds out who killed her husband. That night she makes a secret visit to her old home and they follow. She breaks down and confesses, explaining it was self-defense, and everything ends happily. As usual, Farrar is an interesting personality and Wally Reid pleasing. L. C.

"Our Navy" (Prizma).—The first picture done by the new color process. There is no plot nor story, merely a series of pictures of the navy, interesting and beautiful. While the color work is wonderful, it has the same defects that the old Kinemacolor process had, namely, inaccuracy of tints and occasional flashes of color when a sudden movement is made by anything close to the camera. Flags and brilliant costumes are reproduced splendidly, but there is a dazzling glare to these pictures that is far from restful and to some they may be even unpleasant. I doubt if color photography will ever supersede black and white for a full evening's program. J.



"THE DEVIL'S STONE" (ARTCRAFT), FEATURING GERALDINE FARRAR, IS INTERESTING THRUOUT

"Jackie of the Navy" (Mutual).—One of the most tiresome and monotonous of plays. Margarita Fischer is the whole thing, and her attempts to appear vivacious and coquettish overshadow what little plot there is. There is not enough continuity of anything to hold the interest, altho there are spots that may interest children and grown-ups who like naval affairs done up brown in screen heroics. J.

"The Motion Picture Hall of Fame"

The World's Greatest Tribute to Its Screen Players

THINK of being elected the world's greatest Motion Picture player by the vote of 10,000,000 people! Your portrait is then painted by a distinguished artist in life-size and goes on a tour of exhibition thruout the principal cities of the United States. Accompanying it is a bronze tablet bravely reciting your right to be called great. At the end of the triumphal tour your portrait is taken to Washington, formally presented to the United States Government and hung in a gallery in one of our public buildings—perpetually, for all time! The collection of portraits will be officially known as "The Motion Picture Hall of Fame," and the players who have posed for them will have been judged the world's twelve greatest interpreters of Silent Drama.

This page of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is the forum — the market-place — of this huge endeavor. Screen favorites in the past have been the prize-winners of automobiles, phonographs and monogramed timepieces, but there was nothing lasting about their rewards where reputation is concerned. Prizes of this sort are about as valuable as tossing lollipops to children. The art of Motion Pictures *must* continue to move forward. Its artists are the interpreters, without which its language cannot find expression. The time has come when they should and *must* be recognized, just as the master minds of the stage, the brush and the chisel.

The Hall of the Immortals

It is the purpose of "The Motion Picture Hall of Fame" to select by a popular vote the twelve greatest players, living or dead, and to strive to make their memories live for future generations. This contest aims to be the larger, more worthy and more appealing of any that have gone before—big in every sense of the word.

The rules are absolutely simple. Twelve players of either sex should be voted for on the ballot printed elsewhere. In selecting them we request that three main qualities be borne in mind—Beauty, Portrayal and Popularity. These need not all apply, but should have their influence in making the ballots. There is not a single inducement for augmented votes. A subscriber's ballot counts for no more than a month-by-month purchaser. This in itself will insure an absolutely representative and popular selection of the twelve greatest players. In all cases the official ballot must be used and can be voted upon each month.

A Most Enthusiastic Start-Off

As this page goes to press the official ballot has been in circulation for less than one month, yet we have already recorded over 100,000 votes. This speaks eloquently for those that are to come. In the history of all our contests, and those of other publications, none have taken hold so instantly as "The Motion Picture Hall of Fame." Our prophecy of 10,000,000 votes—a pretty fair expression of public opinion and more than the combined votes for President of the United States—is going to be fulfilled.

Concerning Further Rewards

We realize that even a transcontinental tour of the famous paintings will not be sufficient for half of our readers to see them. In order to satisfy those living in smaller cities and towns, we intend to reproduce the paintings in all their fullness of color and to issue them in the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, month by month. The full collection of these, especially posed and especially painted, will be a "Hall of Fame" in the home of each of our readers.

The contest has hardly progressed far enough to begin to draw conclusions, but it will be noticed that the top of the list is crowded with acknowledged favorites. Get aboard, everybody! Help to make this the biggest monument that has ever been built for the permanent fame and advancement of Motion Pictures and its players. Send in your ballot at once and help to keep your favorite on top. Here is the vote up to January 1:

Mary Pickford	4,829	Alice Brady	836	Crane Wilbur	341	Montagu Love	198
Marguerite Clark	3,487	Geraldine Farrar	825	Tom Forman	330	Ralph Kellard	198
Douglas Fairbanks	3,124	Violet Mersereau	770	William Desmond	319	William Duncan	198
Harold Lockwood	3,091	George Walsh	748	Robert Warwick	319	Tom Moore	187
Wm. S. Hart	3,047	Bessie Love	737	Earle Foxe	308	Kathlyn Williams	187
Wallace Reid	2,585	Mae Murray	737	Blanche Sweet	297	June Elvidge	187
Pearl White	2,387	Dustin Farnum	704	Edith Storey	286	Marie Osborne	187
Anita Stewart	2,013	Mae Marsh	660	Jackie Saunders	286	Virginia Pearson	176
Theda Bara	1,650	Bryant Washburn	638	Harry Morey	275	Eugene O'Brien	165
Francis Bushman	1,650	Charles Ray	627	Helen Holmes	275	Louise Glaum	165
Mary Miles Minter	1,650	Carlyle Blackwell	605	Ethel Barrymore	275	Ben Wilson	165
Clara Kimball Young	1,496	May Allison	594	Fannie Ward	275	Anna Little	143
Earle Williams	1,485	June Caprice	594	Ruth Roland	275	Harry Hilliard	143
William Farnum	1,452	Olga Petrova	572	William Russell	264	Dorothy Gish	143
Norma Talmadge	1,375	Dorothy Dalton	561	Mary Anderson	264	Mary Fuller	143
Pauline Frederick	1,342	Mollie King	561	George Beban	264	Irving Cummings	143
Vivian Martin	1,331	Louise Huff	495	Stuart Holmes	264	Maxine Elliott	132
Charlie Chaplin	1,243	Owen Moore	462	Thomas Meighan	242	Mahlon Hamilton	132
Billie Burke	1,089	Olive Thomas	429	Lillian Gish	242	Edward Langford	132
Ethel Clayton	1,067	Antonio Moreno	418	Madge Evans	231	Vola Vale	132
Beverly Bayne	990	Bessie Barriscale	407	Grace Cunard	231	Shirley Mason	121
Warren Kerrigan	968	Sessue Hawakaya	396	Irene Castle	220	Marie Walcamp	121
Alice Joyce	913	Viola Dana	385	Gladys Brockwell	220	Niles Welch	121
Jack Pickford	913	Creighton Hale	374	Ann Pennington	220	Herbert Rawlinson	121
Henry B. Walthall	847	House Peters	374	Peggy Hyland	209	Theodore Roberts	121



ALICE MANN

An Actor and His Indian Friends

By RICHARD ANDRES

IT is not generally known that Monroe Salisbury, whose performance as Allesandro in the classic, "Ramona," is acknowledged one of the greatest characterizations the screen has shown, is a student of Indian customs and lore, as well as a rancher in his own right. Some years ago (how time does fly!) Salisbury left the speaking-stage to play opposite Marguerite Clark in "The Goose Girl." Unlike the majority of the artists of the speaking-stage who act for the screen for the first time, he was impressed with the opportunities for actors in the "shadow" drama. One of the first thoughts which came to him was, "Oh! if I only got the chance to play Allesandro in 'Ramona'!" Years before Mr. Salisbury was selected by Charles Frohman to play Allesandro in a stage version of "Ramona," but the project fell thru and the actor was keenly disappointed. This was not the first time a producer had thought of staging "Ramona," but the story always presented insuperable difficulties.

It so happens that Salisbury's big fruit farm is distant but one and one-half miles from the Saboba Indian reservation, and the actor is an honored and welcome guest among his Indian friends. There is not a member of the reservation between seven and sev not seen "Ramona" on the eral of the Indians have three or four times. It was the actor should know his wards in such an atmos better understood when one Salisbury is fond of ro erature. He says that it been the intensity of behind the desire to play brought him the coveted opportunity. Once Director Donald Crisp had interviewed Monroe the thing was settled, the actor's enthusiasm and evident love of the part were so evident.

Mr. Salisbury made many trips to the reservation when studying his part in "Ramona," and his knowledge was of great value to the director at the time Helen Hunt Jackson's book was adapted as a photoplay. The quaint Saboba village was the home of Ramona and Allesandro before they were driven away, and the fiesta grounds, adobe huts and burying-ground are actual reminders of the period when Ramona lived on what is now the reservation.

The location of this reservation is strikingly beautiful, and the valley, backed by mountains covered with vegetation, is one of the most fertile in California. It would be hard to find a more peaceful or delightful spot.

It is a curious coincidence that the impersonator of Allesandro should have been intimate with the Saboba Indians and that his beautiful fruit-ranch should be in such close proximity to the home of Ramona and her lover.

Monroe Salisbury's ranch home is full of Indian relics and costumes, and it contains a notable library of books on Indian life. On his fruit-farm are orange, grape-fruit and tangerine trees, and he is very proud of his treasured avocado pear-trees, which yearly become more valuable.

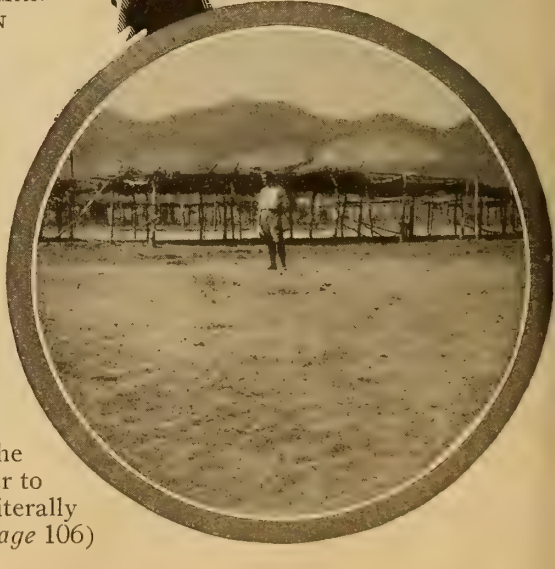
There is a small Indian boy, a member of the Isador Costa family, who is named after the actor; when he writes, he will sign himself "Monroe Salisbury Costa." The child is very fond of his godfather and often goes to see him.

Salisbury acts because he loves his art; he ranches because he loves to produce and to live in the open country. Incidentally, his "crops" are making him rich, so he is able to combine pleasure with profit.

The blood of the Salisburys, father to son, can almost literally

(*Continued on page* 106)

MONROE SALISBURY THE MAN AND AS ALLESANDRO IN "RAMONA"



MONROE SALISBURY VISITING THE INDIAN BURYING-GROUND



TOM MIX

An Actor and His Indian Friends

(*Continued from page* 104)

be said to course thru horse-flesh. The late Monroe Salisbury was famous as the owner and driver of piston-limbed trotters. His sulky and trotters were a familiar sight on all the Western tracks. Young Monroe "followed in his father's hoof-steps" and became a great lover of blooded horses. The day of the big stable string has passed away, but Monroe Salisbury still shows his appreciation for and fondness of the horse by taking the best of care of the mounts in his ranch stable.



MONROE SALISBURY IS A SIX-FOOTER BUT HE LOOKS LIKE "ALICE IN WONDERLAND" AMONG THE "WEEDS" IN HIS GARDEN

THESE GIANT CACTI ARE FINE SPECIMENS OF THEIR KIND, FORM IMPASSABLE BARRIERS ACROSS THE PLAINS, AND LIVE TO A VENERABLE OLD AGE



THE INDIAN GRAVEYARD IN THE VILLAGE IMMORTALIZED BY "RAMONA"



MONROE SALISBURY IN FRONT OF AN OLD INDIAN ADOBE HOUSE BUILT BY THE SABOBAS

Bill Hart's First Interpretation of An Indian

By MARJORIE GLEYRE LACHMUND

A FRIEND of mine, who was a neighbor of William S. Hart and knew him in the days before his rise to screen fame, tells this amusing incident:

"It was about four years ago, before Bill Hart entered the picture field—before he even dreamed of the renown and popularity which were to be his. He was, and is, a modest, unaffected fellow; and whatever 'posing' he does is thrust upon him by his present position in the limelight. The scene of this incident is laid in Westport, Connecticut, which is his home-town and mine.

"On a very hot summer day I was going down to the beach to see if I could possibly cool off. As I passed the house of my artist friend, Norbert Marchand, I thought I would stop and ask him to go along. He was not in the house, so I went over to the old shack which he had fitted up for a studio. Looking over the half-door, I beheld Marchand painting away for dear life, while in front of him Hart was posing as an Indian. Sitting astride a *saw-horse,* which was equipped with saddle and bridle, he was gazing at the opposite wall with the lofty expression of noble hauteur befitting an Indian warrior, while drop after drop of perspiration coursed down his cheeks. It was a sight for the gods!"



Why Did Bill Hart Laugh?

Have you ever seen William S. Hart laugh outright?

Even tho you think of all the scenes thru which you have followed this grim, silent man of the screen your answer will be "No!" You may possibly have noticed a slight flicker of amusement just at the very end of a play—say, when Bill has put a bad-man rival to sleep or won the girl; but this was instantly suppressed and died out, leaving only a cynical twinkle in the eye.

And now the strange thing has happened. It was a spontaneous laugh—not made to order—and "Silent Bill" was its sole originator and proprietor.

In this extraordinary photograph, in which the famous Thomas H. Ince star was caught unawares, the stern exponent of the hardy pioneer is actually letting out peals of laughter. No one will ever know why Bill laughed. Members of his company were too taken aback even to risk a guess—they dared not hazard his reputation by asking him, "Why this sudden merriment?" And he laughed and laughed until the diffusers trembled and the rafters shook.

Once more, what caused his outburst of merriment?



HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

Photodrama in the Making

A Department of General Interest to All Readers, Showing How Photoplays Are Plotted, Written, Submitted and Sold

Conducted by HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

Staff Contributor; Lecturer and Instructor in Photoplay Writing in the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences; also in the Y. M. C. A. of New York; Author of "The Photodrama" and "The Feature Photoplay," and many Current Plays on the Screen, etc.

A COMPLETE PHOTOPLAY SYNOPSIS

NOTE—More than half the inquiries I receive ask me how to submit material and what material they should submit for the consideration of Producers. The following Photoplay is the exact copy of the one purchased by the World Film Corporation and produced by that company in 1917, Alice Brady taking the part of the *widow*. Hence this is the salable form. This is the *third instalment* of the serial publication of this Photoplay.

A SELF-MADE WIDOW

By Henry Albert Phillips

SYNOPSIS

PART I.—THE QUEST OF ROMANCE (Continued)

Quite in an opposite stratum of life we are introduced to Fitzhugh Castleton. All his life long has Fitzhugh been a rebellious scion of wealth and do-nothingness. He was born with a golden spoon in his mouth and on coming of age finds himself in possession of vast wealth. He is strong and hearty, but has never been permitted to think or work for himself. Early in life he was formally engaged to Lydia Van Dusen, heiress of a neighboring estate. Arriving at manhood, Fitzhugh is deadly dull and flabby from force of habit. He is discontented and dissatisfied. He wants to see the world in his own way, he wants to exercise his splendid physique like a man, he wants to do as he darn pleases, he does not want to marry Lydia—he hates the whole shooting-match of life that he is tied up to.

Fitzhugh's confidant, worshipper—yet his taskmaster—is the old butler, Butts, who has sworn many secret oaths that his young master shall be brought up in the way of his fathers.

Thus Fitzhugh is ridiculous in the way he is still pampered. Affairs come to a crisis on his twenty-first birthday, when he realizes that he should have become a man. The thought chafes him, and he goes out to walk it off. Arrayed in swagger togs, he strays off of his own magnificent estate. Once on the highroad, he is so deeply absorbed that he does not even see the stalwart sailor who stands insolently laughing at him.

The sailor is Bobs, the village blacksmith's son. Bobs deliberately puts a stick between Fitzhugh's legs and trips him up. Fitzhugh tumbles and then sits up and looks steadfastly at Bobs, who continues to laugh at him, like the bully he is. Fitzhugh gets up and is about to walk off, when Bobs grabs his cane from his hands and deliberately breaks it in two.

Then Fitzhugh wakes up. The result is a terrific fight, and Bobs is completely vanquished in the end. But Bobs is a good sport and shakes hands with Fitzhugh as the better man, and Fitzhugh is amazed at himself and his new-found power. There is a fraternal feeling between them now, and Bobs tells him he is on his way back to his ship, which leaves for South America at daybreak. Bobs urges him on and on with his blustering tales of the bounding main and foreign climes. Fitzhugh is enchanted. This is the wildest Romance suddenly come within his ken. A wild desire suddenly enters his mind, which will mean revolution on his part.

At the mansion a corps of servants, marshaled by Butts, has been waiting obsequiously around a big birthday cake and a dainty lunch. Fitzhugh has never before been a minute late to anything. He strolls in arm and arm with Bobs, several hours late, cut and bleeding, the clothes torn half off his back that had never before been awry.

The servants are amazed as they light the one-and-twenty candles and prepare to serve tea. Butts thinks his duty lies in taking things in his own hands and calls Fitzhugh aside. But Fitzhugh is no longer the mild servant of servants, but a mighty master, and waves Butts aside. Bobs looks contemptuously on the cake and tea, and Fitzhugh asks him what he will have, and he demands, *"Boiled beef and onions!"* At which Fitzhugh commands that the dainty display be removed and boiled beef and onions be served.

Later they both confess it the best meal they have ever eaten. Fitzhugh then cleans up a bit and takes Bobs to the library and demands more tales of the sea and the world. Bobs finds it necessary to produce a vile clay pipe, which rouses the servants' quarters to a suspicion of fire in the house. At length, quietly closing the library door, Fitzhugh announces, *"This is the life for me—I'm going back with you tonight!"*

(*To be continued in the April* MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE)

CORRESPONDENCE

A student of the University of Illinois writes the following interesting letter:

(*Continued on page* 110)



Elsie Ferguson, whom many consider the most beautiful and appealing woman on the stage, says: "I have used Pond's Cold Cream and I find it a most delightful cleansing cream."

Of Pond's Vanishing Cream, Miss Ferguson says: "It is all that a disappearing cream should be. It is splendid for daytime use; never makes my skin oily."

These photographs of Miss Elsie Ferguson were posed especially for the Pond's Extract Company.

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Rub Pond's Cold Cream on one hand; rub Pond's Vanishing Cream on the other. Learn just when each should be used; how each one benefits the skin as the other cannot

Every woman who really understands how to make her skin lovely, has found that she needs *two* creams—an oil cream (cold cream) for cleansing and massage, and a greaseless, vanishing cream, to protect the skin from roughness and chapping; to keep it smooth and delicately radiant.

Pond's Cold Cream is an oil cream, for cleansing and massage only. Unless a cold cream is easy to work into the pores and free from all grit, it does not thoroughly cleanse and benefit the skin. The moment you use Pond's Cold Cream you will be delighted with its smoothness and perfect consistency. Try it tonight.

Vanishing Cream—the Cream women had wanted for years

Pond's Vanishing Cream is wholly different from any other cream you have ever used. For years women had only oil creams which were so unsuited for daytime use. No matter how thoroughly one wiped them off the oil in these creams *would* leave the face shiny.

The chemists of the famous Pond's Extract Company, after months of study and experiment, found the ideal formula for an absolutely greaseless and protective cream in the product now known as Pond's Vanishing Cream.

Use Pond's Vanishing Cream freely, without fear of any disagreeable oiliness whenever you want your skin to look especially lovely.

You will find it wonderful also for chapped skin. Just before going out, soften your skin with a slight application. Women say they never would have believed anything could keep their skin so perfectly smooth, soft and delicately colored all winter, as Pond's Vanishing Cream does.

If your skin has already become rough, or reddened, bathe it liberally with Vanishing Cream tonight and allow the skin to absorb it. Almost at once the redness and painfulness will disappear and your skin will soon take on its normal pliancy.

Neither Pond's Vanishing Cream nor Pond's Cold Cream will cause the growth of hair or down.

Sample tubes of both creams, free!

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POND'S EXTRACT CO.,
133 Hudson Street, New York City.

Please send me free the items checked:

- Free sample tube of Pond's Vanishing Cream.
- Free sample tube of Pond's Cold Cream.

Instead of the free samples, I desire the items checked below, for which I enclose the required amount:

- A 4c sample tube of Pond's Vanishing Cream.
- A 4c sample tube of Pond's Cold Cream.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

Photodrama in the Making

(*Continued from page* 108)

Dear Mr. Phillips: Attached to this letter you will find a clipping from the *Daily Illini*, the student newspaper of the University of Illinois. Students for some time have been urging that a course in scenario writing be included in the curriculum of journalism. The enclosed article is the answer the students received.

Inasmuch as I consider you one of the foremost critics of the art of scenario writing, I thought that perhaps this specimen of "narrow-mindedness" would be of interest to you.

The clipping is as follows:

THE FACULTY DOES NOT FAVOR A COURSE IN MOVIE WRITING

The university will hesitate for some time before instituting a course in scenario writing in the curriculum of journalism if the canvass made yesterday of the different members of the department of English is representative of the university body as a whole.

"Emphatically not," said H. T. Baker, instructor in English, when asked whether he favored such a course. Mr. Baker maintained that the university should not sanction such a course until the Motion Picture business could rid itself of its many incompetent and dishonest men. Mr. Baker further added that authors of the caliber of Booth Tarkington, George Ade and others who had sold their works to Motion Picture producers experienced such poor treatment of their stories by movie directors that they were almost unable to recognize their own writings after the film presentation.

M. J. Curl, another instructor in English, believes that a course in scenario writing would not be objectionable if the students did not use the method as an aid to provide for a living while in school.

"Of course," said Mr. Curl, "I do insist that the movie writing ideals must be higher, have better logic, and, above all things, the movies must tell the truth."

I have grave suspicions, from the high-handed manner in which the learned persons hereinbefore mentioned treat the humble sphere of photodrama, that they have honored the screen by gazing upon it once or twice and then got an eyeful of some of the more putrid productions that regretfully flourish under our best advertised standards. They have been blinded to the great underlying principles ever since. I, for instance, might assume that I had sounded the depths and possibilities of English by judging the whole language from the examples of how she is spoke and wrote by these professors and their learned news-sheets.

It is very peeving to hear this perpetual clatter about the movies being rotten, dishonest, degenerate, incapable of improvement. "The movies" is one thing and photodrama another. That there are dishonest pirates in this business as well as in the Church proves nothing. Booth Tarkington and George Ade had no business to offer their works as such for photoplay production. They are not photodramatists and their works are not photodramas.

These learned collegiate gentlemen and their still more learned institution insist upon improvement, thus premising that there is an art and that it can be improved.

The only way to improve an art is to study it and give the world the benefit of your findings thru general or specialized education such as a university might offer, with proficient masters of the art in charge.

Good Lord deliver us from the iconoclast who crushes the world under his heel as he elaborates on a piece of mud from his own back yard!

WHAT YOU WANT TO KNOW

J. M., Philadelphia.—But why write out a full working scenario, including all the scenes, when I constantly admonish to send producers *synopsis only?* Send synopsis to Triangle by all means. They bought a play from me last week.

G. C. F., Elizabeth.—The correct method of preparing photoplays for the market will be found in this department under the heading, "A Self-made Widow." Send the play to the company. Always enclose return postage. I should not advise calling at the studios, where too frequently the author makes a nuisance of himself.

H. P. B., Baltimore.—The Canadian National Features Company, Toronto, Canada, seem to have dropped off the map. The street address was 309 Dominion Bank Building.

D. H. H., Omaha.—Producers want *synopsis only.* Send 12 cents to me and I will send you a printed market list. Producers pay from two hundred to five hundred dollars for feature photoplays. You will gain nothing by having your photoplays copyrighted.

M. I., Dallas.—Few, if any, producers want three-reel plays at this time. An average price paid for such plays is fifty to one hundred dollars. I do not collaborate with *any one,* as I already have more ideas than I can use in a lifetime.

F. C. G., Hastings.—Do not accept the opinions of Motion Picture Exchange people as final on the merits of a manuscript. California Motion Picture Company is out of business. You will find a complete synopsis running serially under this department. Submit your complete material direct to the producing companies.

In connection with Mr. Phillips' series of articles on photoplay writing, we wish to suggest a list of valuable reference and text-books. We will be pleased to supply them at the prices named:

"The Photoplaywrights' Primer." By L. Case Russell..... 50c., pospaid

"Technique of the Photoplay." By Epes W. Sargent..... $2.10, postpaid

"Writing the Photoplay." By Arthur Leeds and J. Berg Esenwein..... $2.10, postpaid

"The Art of the Moving Picture." By Vachel Lindsay..... $1.35, postpaid

"The Photodrama." By Henry Albert Phillips..... $2.10, postpaid

"The Universal Plot Catalog." By Henry Albert Phillips..... $1.05, postpaid



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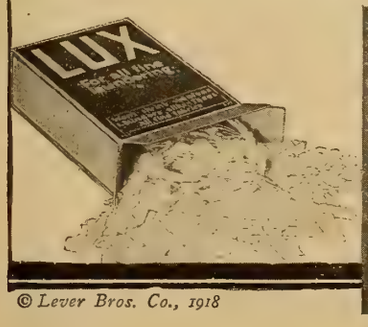
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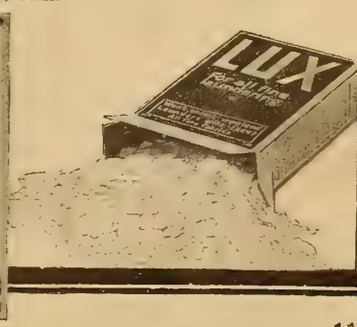
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GREEN ROOM JOTTINGS

Ann Pennington's alarm clock has been kept busy recently calling Ann for "Calvary Alley" at the Famous Players' studio, after an evening of pirouetting thru "Miss 1917" at the Century Theater, New York.

"Wally" Reid is walking around New York (when he walks) like a sea-going hack; endeavoring to ease his back, which was severely strained when he moved a huge boulder in "The Devil's Stone," by assuming a gait between a débutante slouch and an Alpine chasseur's amble.

Recently **Pauline Frederick** sustained a severe cold, the result of the thermometer registering 28 degrees above zero in St. Augustine, Florida, during the filming of "La Tosca," and also due to the fact that Miss Frederick was playing Tosca, another famous lady who never acquired the habit of dressing for the rigors of wintertime.

Eric Campbell, the big "heavy" in Charlie Chaplin pictures, was instantly killed when his touring car struck another machine at a street crossing in Los Angeles.

That little bit of love, **Bessie,** who celebrated her début as a Pathé star in "The Spring of the Year," is now at work on "How Could You, Caroline?"

Eugene Pallette resigned from Mary Pickford's company to enlist and has earned a lieutenancy in the aviation corps. **Lucien Littlefield,** who went to France with the ambulance corps, has also earned a commission in aviation, and **Sidney Harris,** of Goldwyn, has joined the marines.

Edna Goodrich, star of "Her Second Husband," wishes to thank the anonymous donor who sent her from Siberia a Russian otter coat worth $2,000.

Myrtle Stedman, who has been touring the country singing at the theaters where her films were shown, finally ended her trip in New York on January 15.

Altho it has often been suggested, recommended and urged that the producers of certain Motion Pictures ought to be put in jail, **Robert Goldstein** is the first man to achieve that distinction for making the photoplay, "The Spirit of '76," a picture of pro-German propaganda.

Feminine hearts just cant resist a uniform. Now **Myrtle Gonzalez,** of Universal, has become Mrs. Captain Allen Watt of the 363d Infantry.

D. W. Griffith has returned to his own and taken possession of the Fine Arts studio in Hollywood, where he made "The Birth of a Nation" and "Intolerance." Here he will complete the picture he started on the European battle-front, following that by a series of productions for the Artcraft program.

James Young, once-upon-a-time husband of the beautiful Clara Kimball, is the fox-trot champion of Southern California. Asked if it were true that you could always sleep at night in Los Angeles, Jimmie said, "It may be so."

And speaking of **James Young,** he had nothing to do with the production of "On Trial," except to adapt it to the screen, cast it, play the "heavy," direct it and make a speech at the first showing.

Recently **Clara Kimball Young** kept open house for Uncle Sam at her studio in New Rochelle, where she provided about fifty soldiers with sleeping quarters until Fort Slocum could accommodate them.

Irene Castle, daring Pathé star, is suing the Century Amusement Company, lessee of the Century Theater, New York, for $30,000. Endeavoring to curtail expenses, they notified Mrs. Castle that her services would not be needed in "Miss 1917," thus saving the firm $1,000 a week. Irene alleges violation of contract.



EDNA GOODRICH AS SHE APPEARS IN "HER SECOND HUSBAND"

Select has purchased "The Knife," from Eugene Walter's stage drama, to exhibit **Alice Brady's** talents.

Lou Ostron, Alfred Davies and **Arthur Horsely,** former Fox employees, have been arrested in Los Angeles, charged with stealing 300,000 feet of film from the Fox plant, valued at $10,000.

Mollie King is taking a short plunge into vaudeville.

"The Splendid Sinner" is **Mary Garden's** second portrayal for Goldwyn.

"My figure is my fortune," says **Adella Barker,** Metro player. Once upon a time she sang in Gilbert & Sullivan operas and wore tights. Now she poses before the camera in rôles that call for an attractive woman who tips the scales at 250. Her figure is still her fortune.

Playing sweethearts in "Shirley Kaye" convinced **Claire Whitney** and **John Sunderland** (on furlo from the English Aviation Corps) that they wished to be life partners, so they slipped quietly away and had a minister tie the knot that binds—but sometimes slips.

Charles Marriott, old-time actor and a pioneer in screen-playing, died December 7 at Hollywood, California.

Remember the beautiful recipient of Max Linder's kisses in his Essanay comedies? Well, now she is receiving Harold Lockwood's embraces in "Broadway Bill." Her name? Martha Early she was called, **Martha Mansfield** it is.

Metro begs **Edith Storey** admirers to have patience and they will soon see Miss Storey in "The Eyes of Mystery."

For the first time in five years **Earle Williams** is again an inhabitant of his home State, California. There he and Grace Darmond are adding to the bee-like atmosphere of the place.

Irene Castle, Milton Sills and **Warner Oland,** favorites in "Patria," have been reunited by Pathé to depict "The Mysterious Client."

Cecelia Santon has had rumor announce her marriage many times to Crane Wilbur and Earle Foxe, but truth reports that on December 18, 1917, Miss Santon became the bride of Lieutenant E. W. Arnold, of El Paso, Texas.

As a result of his limousine encountering a telegraph pole on the way to the Vitagraph studio, President **Albert E. Smith** is disguised these days behind a number of plasters and patches.

William Courtleigh, actor and several times Shepherd of the Lambs Club, is bemoaning the loss of his home up Westchester way, New York State, which was destroyed by fire.

A new serial is about to be launched on the market—no, not breakfast food, but fan food. "The Woman in the Web" will be **Hedda Nova,** the latest serial addictant under the Vitagraph influence.

"Over the Top," the best-known war book, is to be produced by Albert E. Smith himself and starred in by **Sergeant Arthur Guy Empey,** author of the book, and Lois Meredith.

Theodore Friebus, well-known stage and screen actor, was stricken with heart trouble while waiting for his cue to appear in "A Tailor-made Man," running at the Cohan and Harris Theater, New York. He died in a few moments, but the play continued with an understudy in his rôle.

John Bowers has become stock lover for World's feminine stars. Ethel Clayton was his first love in "Stolen Hours" and June Elvidge is his second in "The Strong Way."

Hulette and Hale, whose front names are Gladys and Creighton, are a new team formed by Pathé to work at "Annexing Bill."



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LITTLE WHISPERINGS FROM EVERYWHERE IN PLAYERDOM

In spite of the coal shortage last month, the temperature of the Essanay studio was kept up to 90 degrees for twelve straight hours, the occasion being the bathroom scene in "Sadie Goes to Heaven," **Mary McAlister's** latest picture.

Kathleen Clifford has claimed **Fred Church** as her leading-man at the Balboa studio. Mr. Church attracted her admiration recently as the lover-soldier of Theda Bara in "Madame DuBarry."

From the Los Angeles Athletic Club **Herbert Rawlinson** writes us that he is leaving Universal to come to New York and take his pick of the many film plums offered him.

The soldier lads stationed at San Pedro, whom **Louise Huff** provides with old-fashioned Southern "goodies," beg to differ with Sherman concerning war.

Frank A. Keeney, whose name is synonymous with high-class theatrical entertainment, has organized the Frank A. Keeney Pictures Corporation, of which he is president and Ray C. Owens secretary and treasurer. Catherine Calvert, "The Girl with the Wonderful Eyes," is to be his first star, to be directed by James Kirkwood.

"Calculated to excite femininity's interest" is the way the Fox press agent describes **George Walsh's** next picture, "Jack Spurlock, Prodigal." Mr. Walsh has just finished "The Pride of New York."

Tied tighter than a drum by a former contract with Fox, **R. A. Walsh** discovers that he cannot abide by his new contract, recently signed with Goldwyn, so he will have to hie himself back to the Fox fold.

Catherine MacDonald, sister of Mary MacLaren, has in the short space of three months achieved unusual success as a leading-lady. She has already appeared opposite Crane Wilbur, Jack Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, and now it is Bill Hart.

Imagine our sweetheart, **Mary Pickford,** playing "Amorilly of Clothes-line Alley," but, after all, a rose by any other name would smell as sweet.

Altho a Triangle-Keystone comedian, **Mal (Slim) St. Clair** has a kind and gentle heart. The other morning, while passing a cemetery on his way to the studio, he saw a gravedigger hard at work keeping time with his shovel to merrily whistled strains of "Over There." Now, when Slim passes a cemetery, he pulls down the curtain and turns deathly pale.

Jack Pickford is all a-grin these days because he's back in little old New York for a short time. It isn't that Jack doesn't like California, but now and then he likes to stroll down the White Way, or rather where it used to be before all the flash-signs were turned off.

Albert Glassmire, Triangle-Keystone director, has tears in his eyes these days. He lost a Christmas gift when the Culver City post-office was robbed. The tears, however, are not for the loss of the present, but because he cant lose another—for **Peggy Pearce,** when she heard of Glassmire's loss, hugged and kissed him in sympathy.

Edith Wharton's sensational society novel, "The House of Mirth," will be celluloided by Metro with **Emmy Wehlen** as the heroine, Lily Bart.

One of Larry Evan's stories, known in its magazine shape as "One Clear Call," will be fashioned into a screen subject with the title "The Wife He Bought." **Carmel Myers** will be the wife and Kenneth Harlan the mercenary husband.

William Russell's fad is expensive dogs. His latest purchase is an Airedale, which cost the star $1,800—probably a war price.

Florence B. Billings, erstwhile "Billie," having finished the picture "Loaded Dice," in which she supported Frank Keenan for Pathé, is now under the Norma Talmadge banner.



GEORGE WALSH IN "THE PRIDE OF NEW YORK"

Bessie Barriscale, having finished her work in "Within the Cup," has started another production which is entitled "Blindfolded."

Being a famous vampire has its advantages. **Theda Bara** received so many Christmas presents from admirers all over the world that her limousine played freight-car twice between the Fox studio and Miss Bara's home.

Much to the regret of the many clubs and war relief associations with which she has been so actively identified, **Mrs. J. Stuart Blackton** has announced that she will leave for California and join Commodore Blackton, who is producing "Wild Youth" for Paramount.

In one of the scenes of the forthcoming Paramount production, "Wild Youth," **Louise Huff** is thrown from a runaway horse. Altho it looks easy in films, the feat takes nerve, and, at any rate, for several days after the filming of the scene the "delicate" perfume of arnica pervaded the atmosphere of Miss Huff's home, while members of the family worked up considerable muscle massaging the black and blue spots that covered the little star.

L. Case Russell is evidently becoming a fixture with Petrova pictures, having started continuity work for the Polish star's fourth production.

'Tis said, and on good authority, that of all the innumerable varieties of gas wagons that crowd the boulevards of Los Angeles, there is none more noisy or which can be seen further owing to its brilliant crimson hue than the new car of **Charles Ray.** A traveling advertisement, so to speak!

Louise Glaum writes that she expects to pay New York City a flying visit soon. She says she is Hooverizing on clothes, and while here will buy only thirty-nine different costumes for her next picture instead of the usual forty. And there will be no needless waste of material, she adds.

About two years ago **Darwin Karr** was playing leading rôles with such stars as Earle Williams and Clara Kimball Young. Now he is again with the Vitagraph Company, but this time to bury himself in the sales department.

Richard Barthelmess gave a New Year's Eve supper in his apartment overlooking Times Square. Considering that most of the guests had never been initiated into New York's method of bringing in the new year, he thought it better for them to be over the White Lights instead of under them. His mother, known on the stage as Caroline Harris, played chaperon.

Eddie Polo and **Vivian Reed** are the "big typers" in Universal's new serial, "The Bull's Eye."

Handsome **Eugene O'Brien** has abandoned "The Country Cousin," his big stage success, and will appear exclusively in pictures with Norma Talmadge.

The Fox Film Corporation is as clever in coining words as they are in coining foreign birthplaces for their actresses. Their latest announcement is of a big "cinemelodrama" called "Cheating the Public," a story of today.

Even the baby stars are temperamental. Recently when **Jane** and **Katherine Lee** left for Jacksonville, Fla., Jane insisted upon parading thru the waiting-room with an opened baby-blue parasol over her head. On her wrist she had tied a fan and she wore a white straw hat. Outside the thermometer registered thirteen below zero.

Mary MacLaren (no relation to the man who makes the cheese) is at last on the road to complete recovery from injuries received in an automobile collision.

Sonia Markova, announced as a great Russian actress but suspected to be in reality **Gretchen Hartman,** is appearing in "A Heart's Revenge" for Fox.

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Write for a sample of the latest "Perfect" product made only by Daggett & Ramsdell—a shaving cream in which we have scientifically incorporated D. & R. Perfect Cold Cream. The first time your husband tries this "Perfect" Shaving Cream he will say, "Well, that's the best shave I ever had." He will be as enthusiastic over "Perfect" Shaving Cream as you are over Perfect Cold Cream. Surprise him with a sample.

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL
Department 246
D. & R. Building, NEW YORK

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 89*)

SILVER SPURS.—Earle Foxe is with Metro. Forrest Halsey is the author of "Ashes of Ember."

DOLLY OF BEAUMONT.—Do you remember the advice of the Duke of Wellington? "Call on a man of business during the hours of business, transact your business and go about your business, in order to give him time to attend to his business." Did you get it? Olga Petrova is in New York. Hope you are better.

ANGELA MCGEE.— I'm sorry indeed. Roland Bottomley is somewhere in France, I'm sure. Yes, I have heard "They Go Wild Over Me," but I dont sing it.

H. C. U., SASK.—Oh yes, Mildred Harris is playing in "The Price of a Good Time." Oh, you neyer can tell by the titles. Titles, like beauty, are deceiving. See here, you are stepping on my corns when you ask has Charlotte Burton been married more than once. Passover.

GYP, 17.—You have reference to Laura Sears in both cases. I am not exactly a boarder, for I do most of my own cooking. No sort of boarding can be the same as housekeeping. It is demoralizing to board, in every way; it isn't a home if any one else takes the care of it off your hands. But I wouldn't mind having that jam.

CHELSEA.—My word, you want Tom Forman's wife's address. Are you male or female? Have you an ulterior motive?

MRS. M. W., ASBURY PARK.—No such cast as you mention. You must get the first word right. Charlotte is announced as the greatest woman skater in the world. She appeared at the Hippodrome in New York last season. The Capitol at Washington is in latitude 38° 53′ 20″.4 north and longitude 77° 00′ 35″.7 west from Greenwich, and fronts east.

GLASGOW.—You thought you weren't old enough to ask questions. I answer them anywhere from seven up to seventy. Florence Reed and Irving Cummings in "The Struggle Everlasting." Irving Cummings as Soul and Milton Sills as Mind. All this was directed by James Kirkwood. Lottie Pickford isn't playing now. Always glad to know your favorites. Wont you please let me hear from you again?

GEMITE.—You back again? Essanay are reissuing the Chaplin comedies. Get your photos of the stars direct from them or the companies. You ask how long I expect to live; at least to a hundred. There appears to exist a greater desire to live long than to live well. Measured by man's desires, he cannot live long enough; measured by his good deeds, he has not lived long enough; measured by his evil deeds, he has lived too long.

MARJORIE J.—Dont write any more war stories—some one said that something like 109,243 scripts were returned from the studios last week using the European war as the main idea. And have you no regard for the high cost of postage? We had an interview with Eugene O'Brien in November, 1916. The Editor is going to have another soon.

PEGGY.—Francis Ford directed Harold Lockwood in "The Avenging Trail" at North Conway, N. H. Ralph Kellard is not in the army as reported. He is playing leading-man in "The Eyes of Youth," opposite Marjorie Rambeau, on Broadway. Miss Mitchell and Mr. Stanton in "North of Fifty-Three."

RUTH H.—So you dont like this department any longer. Well, I'll have to make it shorter. Yes, but be sure you enclose enough postage for return. The clipping was of "Seventeen." Billie Burke's next picture will be "Eve's Daughter." Write some more. The seven wonders of the modern world are, wireless, telephone, aeroplane, radium, antiseptics and antitoxins, spectrum analysis and X-rays.

L. A., LOS ANGELES.—Wasn't cast. But you should meet more people than you do. If a person does not make new acquaintances as he passes thru life, he will soon find himself alone. A man should keep his friendships in constant repair.

MAE G.—Glad to hear from you again. Oh, but you must not kick on the war tax. I am sorry that I aint got enough income for Uncle Sam to bother about taxing.

DOLORES; ELIZABETH F.; MACK FROM WALDEN; BEATRICE E. K.; GRACE CUNARD ADMIRER; WILLIAM E.; EVELYN MC.; BULLETIN T.; EDITH F.; CHARLOTTE F.; J. G. B.; ORIENTAL FIREFLY; MARJORIE B.; MARGARET CY; ROBERT W.; DOT; VIOLET B. and WAWIE.—Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no lies. Not one of you asked a question that had not been answered before, so therefore I must simply say THANKS. Write again and often. Dig up something different and fire at me. I dont like to answer the easy ones so much as I do the puzzlers.

EMMA, 17.—How dare you call me a woman! You know this is the very thing I detest the worstest way. What next? Earle Foxe was not really killed in "The Fatal Ring." The lost has been found—Helen Gardner's "Cleopatra" is being brought up to date—that's what they are advertising and it will soon be sold for State Rights. Perhaps they believe that Helen compares favorably with Theda.

FRANCELIA.—You ask how I spend my salary. The same as Elsie Ferguson spends hers—with regret. Haven't seen "New York Luck" yet—and I have been here for some time now. Write direct to Lasky.

C. K.—You ask "the name of the young lady putting "The Rosary" on the victrola, who stands behind two other girls all about her own age and who when leaving the house is the last one to go out of the door, closing same after her." I may know a whole lot, but I dont know that. Dont ruffle my fur the wrong way.

A FARMERETTE.—Jack Gilbert was Heller in "Golden Rule Kate." No, I never irrigated beans—I have eaten them, tho. Enjoyed your farm missive immensely.

SILVER SPURS.—Again? Sorry to hear of your grief. I dont know what size shoe Norma Talmadge wears—never held her foot. Trifles make perfection and perfection is no trifle.

INEEDA SISTENCE.—Surprises, like misfortunes, rarely come alone. Glad I surprised you. I believe they have heat in our trolley cars—sometimes too much, but it is mostly animal heat. We close at 5:30—that's when the Editor unlocks my cage. Yes, all the fudge seems to be going to the soldiers. Your poem was immense. The headquarters of the I. W. W. is 164 West Washington St., Chicago.

JUST ME.—May Allison played in "The Promise" and "Hidden Children." Have no fear, I wont go to war. I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.

LILLIAN M. O.—Address it to Paramount. Send a stamped, addressed envelope for a list of the different manufacturers with addresses. Mighty interesting.

SUZANNE.—If you are fond of writing, write to me. Your writing is beautiful, but why write so small? G. Serena was Petronius in "Quo Vadis?" I believe that good women do love good men best, whatever modern novelists may say.



"More Corns Than Ever

But They Do Not Stay"

The Story That Millions Tell

This is not a way to prevent corns.

That would mean no dainty slippers, no close-fitting shoes. And that would be worse than corns.

Our plea is to end corns as soon as they appear. Do it in a gentle, scientific way. Do it easily, quickly, completely, by applying a Blue-jay plaster.

Modern footwear creates more corns than ever. But have you noted how few people ever evidence a corn?

The chief reason lies in Blue-jay. It is ending millions of corns each month. Instantly, for every user, it puts a quietus on corns.

The procedure is this: Attach a Blue-jay at the first sign of a corn. It will never pain again. Let it remain two days, and the corn will disappear.

Occasionally, an old, tough corn needs a second application. But that's an easy matter, and the corn is sure to go.

This is the modern method. Old, harsh, mussy methods are long out-of-date. Paring, of course, is dangerous.

Here a gently-acting wax is centered on the corn alone. The corn is protected in the meantime, and the wrapping fits like a glove.

It's the expert way of dealing with a corn, and everyone should employ it.

Try it to-night. Note the results on a single corn. In a few hours you will know that corns are needless

B&B Blue-jay Corn Plasters
Stop Pain Instantly
End Corns Completely
25c Packages at Druggists

Never again will you pare or pad them, or treat them in old-time ways. And never again will you let a corn spoil an hour of joy.

BAUER & BLACK

Makers of Surgical Dressings, Etc. **Chicago and New York**

How Blue-jay Acts



A is a thin, soft pad which stops the pain by relieving the pressure

B is the B & B wax which gently undermines the corn. Usually it takes only 48 hours to end the corn completely.

C is rubber adhesive which sticks without wetting. It wraps around the toe, to make the plaster snug and comfortable.

Blue-jay is applied in a jiffy. After that, one doesn't feel the corn. The action is gentle, and applied to the corn alone. So the corn disappears without soreness.

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The World's Star Army is made up of happy, prosperous, contented women. They enjoy steady incomes from an agreeable, dignified business—a business admirably suited to their needs. Among them are married and unmarried women—young, middle aged and elderly—women with families and without—some devoting part time, many their entire attention. All are profitably engaged under our direction.

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During our 23 years in business selling the output of our immense mills, direct to the consumer through local representatives, we have shown thousands of women the way to get the needed money—to meet the increased cost of living—to help support the family, to educate the children, etc. You, too, can free yourself from worries and have money coming in. Write us at once and receive full information.

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Unsurpassed quality and exceptional value keep up the demand for these goods wherever introduced. This makes it easy to get and keep customers and to build up a permanent business.

Your Success Assured

No previous experience is necessary. Our most successful representatives began with no experience whatever. We tell you plainly just how to proceed. We help you get started and show you how to continue making money.

Make the Start

The opportunity is here. It remains simply for you to grasp it. Don't delay. Write immediately for full particulars.

Our free Catalog tells the whole story. Send for it.

WORLD'S STAR KNITTING CO

Dept. 391 Bay City, Mich.

We have been here in this business 23 years.

The Answer Man

HELEN H., DETROIT.—What you say reminds me of that old saying of Hippocrates: "Life is short, art long, opportunity fleeting, experience uncertain, and judgment difficult." I have lived seventy-six years to find that out. "Huckleberry Finn" hasn't been released at this writing. William Gillette and Marjorie King in that Essanay.

BEACH COMBER.—Yes, indeed, my little hallroom is full of pictures, for I believe, with Sir Joshua Reynolds, that a room hung with pictures is a room hung with thoughts. Cant give you that here.

NEW READER.—I expect to have a lot of new readers now that we are publishing a larger book. Edna Purviance in "The Pawnshop." We have done as you suggested about the Gallery pictures. Clara Williams in "In the Corner."

IMOGENE C.—A jackety-pinch is a person who does all kinds of odds and ends and left-over jobs for other people—that's me. But I dont mind doing them. Paul Willis was Blackie in "Trouble Buster."

MADELINE HAMILTON.—Most graciously I thank you. You say I am the first man you ever met who possesses patience. I am not sure that I possess that rare virtue to the degree you imagine. I suppose that Harold Lockwood and I receive more love-letters than any two living men. I am getting so that I can feed on them and still feel hungry.

SKINNY MCLEAN.—Well, I have found that of all the animals, cats, flies and women take the longest time in dressing. Kenneth Casey is on the stage and Adele De Garde is with Vitagraph. First issue of the Magazine was February, 1911.

LELA L. I.—You say that Ford is not to make any more pleasure cars. When did he ever make any? Do you mean Arthur Lehman in "The Scarlet Runner"?

CYRIL B.—Bert Lytell. Your joke about the two little fellows one of whom said his father had electricity in his hair, and the other replied "That's nothing, my father's got gas in his stomach," is much too much. Put on the chains—you're skidding.

FARRAR ADMIRER.—Oh I dont mind some of the questions I get, but of all thieves, fools are the worst; they rob me of time and temper. Lucille Lee Stewart in "The Ninety and Nine." Alfred Whitman was John in "Princess of the Dark." I was wrong, sorry.

MRS. C. K.—Come, cheer up. They say that God created woman only to tame man, but I believe that she has one or two other missions. "The Honeymoon" was taken at Niagara Falls. Naturally.

COLLEGE STEWDZAT.—Julia S. Gordon, Rosemary Theby and Leo Delaney in "Rock of Ages." Several States and cities have their own censors. Thanks for the clipping.

MARION H. L.—Jewel Carmen in "The Kingdom of Love." Yes, the price went up. The total area of the Pennsylvania station in New York is 28 acres; of the N. Y. Central, 79 acres.

M. M. T., SOLDIER BOY.—Haven't seen either of Shorty Hamilton's two five-reel pictures. His first was "Denny from Ireland." Your letter was very interesting. Let me know when you go.

PROTEGE.—Glad to hear of your success. Bravo! Tut, tut! The Bible says that woman is the last thing which God made. He must have made her Saturday night. It shows fatigue. Yet, she is today our equal and can vote and smoke and swear just as if she were a man.

FRECKLES.—Oh, but you must believe that I am 76. You say you will write more next time—it isn't necessary.

COLLECTOR.—George Cooper and Adele De Garde in that Xmas piece. How happy life would be if every person owning an automobile could afford to keep it! And I haven't even a second-hand Ford.

THELMA B.—We dont give out the personal addresses of players. Address them in care of the company. So you think I could write patent medicine advertisements for a living. That's easy. All you have to do is to convince the reader that there is such a disease, and then that he has it. I would rather try something more difficult.

MRS. G. L. L.—You must have beautiful hair. Of course I am interested in your hair. I lost mine years ago, and it has never been found. Do you use henna?

MRS. M. S.—You ask if Robert Warwick will return to the stage or to pictures after the war. I dont believe he knows himself. Let us hope that it will be pictures.

E. K.—That's right—ask for the universe with a small part of the earth thrown in for good measure. Those who want little get nothing. Milton Sills and Miriam Cooper in "The Honor System." Pauline Frederick is 5 feet 4 inches, blue eyes, brown hair and weighs 130 pounds. Theda Bara is about 27 years old, I'm told.

JOHN T. R.—A thousand thanks for the poll-parrot. He will be good company for me. But who taught him to swear? Did you, John?

MARGARET K. T.—Sorry I didn't see you when you were in New York. I want to thank you and all who so kindly remembered me on Christmas and New Year's. I received lots of very useful gifts, for which I am very grateful.

VELMA A.—I enjoyed your letter very much. I didn't see either of those pictures. A bachelor may be thrilled in gazing at a beautifully gowned woman, but half the thrill is consolation at the thought that he doesn't have to pay her bills.

A CONSTANT READER.—Sorry that picture of Elliott Dexter wasn't in the Classic. Carmel Myers in "My Unmarried Wife." Bigelow Cooper with Metro.

FRANCIS X., THE SECOND.—I can say nothing against the company you refer to. Yes, our Editor is also an artist, and his paintings are in quite some demand. He is secretary of the Brooklyn Society of Artists.

MAUD S.—I eat three meals a day only, but I nibble on chocolate occasionally to keep the fire going. Yes, he is the same Harold Shaw. Violet Mersereau is playing the innocent country girl again in "The Girl by the Roadside." That was George Odell as Steve in "The Wolf and His Mate."

FEDORA T.—Young lady—hast thou cast thy optics on the paragraph heading this department?

OLGA, 17.—I thank you most graciously for the epistle. So you liked William Farnum in "Les Miserables." You say you never cried so much in your life.

CHARLES G.—Thursday night is a lightless night in New York now. All the signs on Broadway are in darkness. The Rivoli Theater on Broadway and 49th St. opened on December 27th with Doug Fairbanks in "A Modern Musketeer." It is a handsome palace. Lou-Tellegen was born in Holland. You can reach Pearl White at Pathé and Geraldine Farrar at the Metropolitan Opera House New York.

SERIAL QUEEN ADMIRER.—It is worth a thousand dollars a year to have the habit, as you have, of looking on the bright side of things. You ask if Pearl White is rich—well, she is rich in popularity, but I do not know what her bank balance is.

How Famous Movie Stars keep their Hair Beautiful



PROPER Shampooing is what makes beautiful hair. It brings out all the real life, lustre, natural wave and color, and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

Your hair simply needs frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, but it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it. This is why leading motion picture stars, theatrical people and discriminating women use

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ON EVERY ORIGINAL BOTTLE

This clear, pure, and entirely greaseless product, cannot possibly injure, and does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and has the appearance of being thicker and heavier than it is. It leaves the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage.

You can get MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL at any drug store, and a 50 cent bottle should last for months.

If your druggist does not have it, an original bottle will be mailed direct upon receipt of the price.

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NORMA TALMAGE
"You may use my testimonial to the value of WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL"





BLANCHE SWEET
"I am pleased to indorse WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL for shampooing."

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"I have, for some time, been a constant user of WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL, and like it better than anything I have ever used."



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"Shampooing with WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL always keeps my hair looking its best."



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"It keeps my hair looking its best, and is so easy to use."

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"Of all the shampoos I have ever used WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL is by far the superior."



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"I find WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL indispensible."

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YOU admirers of the clever screen stars, just glance through this selected list of the BIG Ones. Wouldn't you like to receive by return mail a dozen portraits, original poses by the Stars and Autographed, your own selection?



Ten Cents Each or a Set of Twelve for One Dollar

Here's the list:

Theda Bara	Olga Petrova
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The Goddess Group	Pearl White
Alice Joyce	Ben F. Wilson
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Check the 12 you'd like, pin a dollar to this advertisement with your name and address written plainly on the margin, and mail TODAY to **S. BRAM, Dept. A-33, 126 W. 46th St., N. Y.**

If you are not satisfied, we will refund your money. Send stamp for descriptive list.



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My Eyelashes and Eyebrows?

You can have the same

LASHNEEN TRADE MARK REG.

A Hair Food

applied once each day, will absolutely produce thick and long eyebrows and eyelashes. Easy to apply—sure in results. **Lashneen** is an **Oriental formula.** One box is all you will need. Not sold at Druggists. Mailed on receipt of 25c coin and two cents postage, or Canadian money order.

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30 DAYS FREE TRIAL



and ***freight prepaid*** on a new 1918 **"RANGER"** bicycle. **Write at once** for our *big catalog* and *special offers.* Take your choice from 44 styles, colors and sizes in the famous **"RANGER"** line.

Marvelous improvements. Extraordinary values in our 1918 price offers. *You cannot afford to buy* without getting our *latest propositions* and **Factory-to-Rider** prices.

Boys, be a **"Rider Agent"** and make big money taking orders for bicycles and supplies. Get our *liberal terms* on a sample to introduce the new **"RANGER".**

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Do you know that many Moving Picture actors and actresses get from $500 to $5,000 a week? Many young ladies and young men working for small wages could do just as well if they knew how.

This book will teach you everything from start to finish. Also tells how and where to apply for a position. Gives the addresses of all the studios and managers and tells everything in detail. It is a pleasant and profitable profession and the demand exceeds the supply all the time. We will mail the book to you for 10c and 2c for mailing.

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PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff.

For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair.

50c. and $1.00 at druggists.

½ PRICE—To Introduce



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To prove to you that our blue-white **MEXICAN DIAMOND** exactly resembles the finest genuine South African Gem, with the same dazzling rainbow-hued brilliancy **(Guaranteed)**, we will send you this beautiful, high-grade, 12-kt. gold-filled Tiff. Ring, set with 1-kt. gem, regular catalog price $4.98, for **One-Half Price, $2.50.** Same gem in Gent's Heavy Tooth Belcher Ring, catalog price $6.26, for $3.10. Wonderful, dazzling, rainbow brilliancy. **Guaranteed 20 years.** Send $1.00 and we will ship C. O. D. for **Free Examination.** Money back if not pleased. Act quick. State size. Offer limited. Only one to a customer. Catalog **free. Agents Wanted.**

MEXICAN DIAMOND IMPORTING CO., Dept. C.A., Las Cruces, NEW MEXICO
(Exclusive Controllers of the Genuine Mexican Diamond)

SPY.—Thanks for the fee. That speech was very well put. You will see King Baggot again soon. Virginia Pearson and Gladys Kelly as Henrietta and Celeste in "All for a Husband."

IDA L. F.—So you have 385 autographed photos of screen-players. You refer to Charles Wellesley in that Vitagraph. She is the same Elsie McLeod. Your letter was all right, except your terminal facilities; just a wee bit long.

ROSE M.—You want to know where to send your photoplay after it is written. You may send it to any of the manufacturers. Send a stamped, addressed envelope and I will send you a list of their addresses. Dont you read Brother Phillips' Photodrama Department? Dont be alarmed if it comes back—it probably will. Good luck to you.

GLADYS L.—You are wrong. When poverty comes in at the door, love (if it be real love) takes the pattern of her garment and thinks it will not be so unbecoming after all. Shirley Mason, Viola Dana and Leonie Flugrath are sisters.

BRONCHO BILLY'S PAL.—I thank you most graciously. Your poem is all very nice and all that, but—it's too, too personal. How did you know? Dont you think you might be wrong? I admire your stationery very much.

QUEER LILL.—I haven't heard of Helen Gardner for some time. Cheerfulness is usually put down as one of the minor virtues, and when we get married or employ a cook we dont look for it in the category of recommendations, but it is one of the most essential virtues to the well-being of a family. I am not always of a cheerful disposition, but since I live all alone we get on very well together.

CURIOSITY.—William Shay is with Selznick. Yes, Earle Williams' own car. Your letter was dated November 6th, and the January Magazine went to press on November 5th, just too late.

JIM H. D. C.—Paramount release Black Diamond, Blackton productions, Klever Comedies, Artcraft, Lasky, Morosco, Roscoe Arbuckle and Thomas H. Ince productions. I admire your frankness.

L. P. PROVOST.—Victor Sutherland was Lieutenant Burrell in "The Barrier." Vivian Rich was Doña and Gladys Brockwell was Conchita in "A Branded Soul." Thanks for the clippings.

MURIEL E. T.—Yes, I smoke pipes, chew gum, drink buttermilk, swear a little, pay all my bills (when I have to), never borrow, sit up late once in a while with my cat, wear white socks, part my hair in the middle, admire Charlie Chaplin, do my own marketing, live in a state of single blessedness, earn nine dollars a week, attend church at least once a year, mind my hallroom and my own business, and that is more than you do.

CECIL G. D.—Yes, George Larkin is playing—he played in "The Natural Law" with Marguerite Courtot. I believe that astronomy was first studied by the Moors, and was introduced by them into Europe in 1201. The rapid rise of modern astronomy dates from Copernicus.

GRACE N. Z.—Well, if you go to any physician, I am sure he can help you.

J. F. T. R.—But I might think you would sign your name. Perish the thought! I do want to answer you. I remember your letter well, and it was answered.

GIRL.—Sergt. W. W. Peavey, Co. H., 10?d U. S. Inf., A. E. F., France, wants you to know that he is still a club member, and that he wants to hear from his old friends. Girls, do a little bit.

IRISH-AMERICAN.—Yes, I see you are here again. Write to any of the following correspondence clubs: Bushman Club, Mrs. Alice R. Allen, 3011 Abell Ave., Baltimore, Md.; Pansy Correspondence Club, Queena Kaliba, Box 227, Corning, N. Y.; Reel Correspondence Club, John Chase, 416 E. 11th St., Los Angeles, Cal.; Scroll Club, Mrs. Grace Kramer, 3009 N. Vandeventer Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

ALBERT G.—I doubt whether Sir Herbert Tree ever did "Trilby," but Clara K. Young played in it for the World Company. Montagu Love was Jacques in "The Awakening" (Brady-World). Dorothy Kelly was Marguerite.

HERBERT D. H.—Yes, that's her honest Injun name. You say the longshoremen went on a strike and your magazine was on the boat for a number of days before you could get it. That was a sure case where anticipation wasn't greater than realization.

JACK N., NEW YORK.—Thanks for the snaps. Sorry I haven't any to send you. I am not a snapper. When do you go away?

MYRA, BRISBANE, QUEENSLAND.—You want me to name for you the tallest player, the shortest, the fattest, the thinnest, the best-looking, the homeliest, the richest, the poorest, the youngest and the oldest? Isn't there something else I can do for you?

M. B. C.—You just bet it is cold out at this writing. No, I am not lonely at this minute. I cant tell you where you can get some sugar. If I could, I am just mean enough not to tell you, because I need some myself. That was Ethel Clayton and Frank Mayo in "Easy Money."

(*Continued on page* 126)

Stella Maris

(*Continued from page* 82)

gin-soaked Thing had done to her—witness the angry scars on her poor body and the angrier ones on her soul—and these things festered within her and gave birth at last to a determination. She took to muttering to herself. "He'll smile again," she would say. "He'll smile again . . . again. . . ."

But none of this did the police take into account when Unity Blake shot to death Louise Risca. They knew her record. She did it to "get revenge," they said. But then they would have been slightly ridiculous had they said, "She did it that the man she loved might learn to smile again."

When they sought for her, with sleuth-like instinct, they found her in the Thames—as battered, as unlovely and as obscure as when she had been admitted into the Orphing 'Sylum. They had not witnessed her descent into the waters of death, nor seen the white bird that rose from the widening circle of water—a bird as white as fresh-fallen snow, that steered a course straight into the heavens where the heavens were most blue.

Nor did they see, for John Risca did not show them, the note he found on his desk—a poor, somewhat illiterate little note, for Unity Blake hadn't progressed very far educationally; but it told him why she did it, and hoped he would be very happy, and told him that she loved him. He didn't show it, because he sensed that poor, painfully shy Unity Blake had rather not. She hadn't done it for display; she wouldn't wish for justification—only that he, *her* Great High Belovedest, might smile again.

And, walking thru a country lane a few weeks afterward with Stella Maris, John Risca smiled again—the gift of Unity Blake—into the dear eyes he loved—dear eyes no longer blind.

That is the story; this is the epilog: *That came at last to God.*

MONEY

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"Shooting" the War

(Continued from page 68)

all round them and shells and shrapnel dropped on all sides. One of this number died later of his wounds. Every reel of these films is preserved by the nations at war, for they serve as valuable records of this modern warfare. These are the films which have not been shown in this country, or any other country outside of the warring nations. If they are ever shown at all it will be to our enlightened descendants, to reveal to them the conditions which reigned when civilization reverted to barbarism and Christianity went mad.

The films which have been shown to us, even tho they lacked scenes of actual battle, have instructed our army and navy officials as to the methods used by our enemies to promote warfare, and undoubtedly assisted them in preparing for the rôle America is now playing in this great international tragedy. Our ancestors have been denied, like ourselves, the valuable information posterity will glean from these records, for up till now the world has had no such record of instruction of the big battles of the past, which, had they been preserved on film, doubtless would have proved very valuable to the students of modern warfare. The pictures which are now being taken on the battlefields of Europe are of great assistance to the generals of this war. This is the only means they have of studying the movements of their troops on the firing-line. It is absolutely impossible for these generals to be on the entire front during an attack, so they have to be satisfied with the pictures which are especially for the purpose of showing them just what occurred there. These pictures are developed, printed and shown to the generals at their headquarters, and they study them carefully and note every movement of their men, with a view to noting what errors are made in the attack, if any, at the same time recording the courage of the men. The pictures which are viewed by these generals have more thrills than the average dramatic picture based on fiction, and they contain more heroic deeds than can be found in a dozen features or fiction serials.

The Red Cross is also using the camera to great advantage during this war, and Moving Pictures are being taken in the majority of hospitals for the future instruction of physicians and surgeons. Few, if any, of these pictures have made their way to a public screen, for they are being preserved exclusively for the use of scientific and medical colleges and institutes. Only a few weeks ago, while discussing this subject with Dr. John R. Clark—who is an expert surgeon and holds the distinction of having fitted Sarah Bernhardt's artificial limb—he told me that the principal object of his trip to America was to make arrangements with some film company to take Moving Pictures in the hospitals for the care of the soldiers who have lost their arms and legs in the war. The surgeons of Europe say that the best artificial limbs and arms are made in the United States. Since the war began, Dr. Clark says that American factories have supplied about twenty thousand artificial arms and legs to the Allied governments. The manner in which these are fitted has a great deal to do with the progress of a patient, and as here again the American is more proficient in this work than European experts, these pictures will prove very valuable to Continental firms.

While the Moving Picture is giving but little to the public of scenes of the real

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Susanna Cocroft

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war, yet it is to be doubted if any other invention of modern times, with the exception of the gun itself, is playing such a vital part in the conflict. I am convinced that science will receive the greater benefit from the Moving Picture camera in this war. The medical profession, especially, will receive remarkable instruction. For we must appreciate the fact that some very remarkable operations are being made by the surgeons, and these are all being faithfully recorded and will prove of limitless value to the medical schools and colleges thruout the world. In their efforts to prolong the lives of poor human beings, surgeons have performed operations which have been little short of miraculous. In the past, science would have to be content with a description of just how these operations were performed, but today they are taken by a Moving Picture camera-man and will startle the medical profession when they are thrown on the screen some time in the future.

Another interesting way in which the Moving Picture has been utilized during the present war is in spying on the enemy. A corps of men approach to within a safe distance of the enemy's lines and install a Moving Picture camera in the basket of a captive balloon. To this camera is attached an electric wire which leads to a set of batteries, enclosed in a little box which rests on the rear of an automobile. The camera-man, who is also a member of this branch of the Army Signal Corps, turns on the current and the machine faithfully reproduces every movement of the enemy's troops. After a few feet of the film has been run, the balloon is brought down and the negative developed and printed, right in the automobile. These pictures are then taken to headquarters and screened before the general and his staff. This is one of the most effective uses made of the Moving Picture since the war began and has resulted in the combatants obtaining very valuable information from "the other side."

As an instance of the respect the crowned heads of the warring nations have for this modern invention, it is well to mention here that King George, Emperor William, King Victor Emmanuel, President Poincare have appointed special Moving Picture camera-men whose duties are to take pictures of them as they cover the battle-fronts. Their actions are not inspired by egotism, but in order that the archives of their respective governments may have a faithful record of their rulers during these times.

Aside from the many other uses which have been made of the Moving Picture in this war, it has also been most humane in the projection of its pictures. Innumerable cases have been reported where relatives of soldiers have discovered sons, brothers, sweethearts and husbands in scenes which have been flashed before them on the screen. In some cases the death of one of these has been later reported, and the Moving Picture camera was the means of giving these relatives a last glimpse of their loved one. At times a soldier, who has been reported to his relatives as missing, has later been seen on the screen by a brother or sister, or perhaps his mother or father. These are probably some of the reasons why the public is demanding to see the real horrors of the war, with no scenes eliminated.

I recall now the story of an aged mother in Antwerp who had received word that her son had been shot in battle. Imagine her anguish when, as she was seated in a little Moving Picture Theatre, several weeks later, she suddenly witnessed a scene wherein her son was shown seated among his comrades, back of the "third line," smoking his pipe and apparently in the best of spirits. This is one of the pleasant scenes in Moving Pictures, and that picture will probably remain stamped indelibly on that mother's memory as long as she lives.

On the other hand, the Moving Picture has done a great deal, in an entertaining way, for the soldier himself. Improvised theaters have been erected behind the lines, in France, for the benefit of the brave boys after their return from the trenches, and, were it not for this amusement their evenings would be dull indeed. It is doubtful whether a soldier's life ever knows a real happy moment. He makes an effort to be cheerful, but the uncertainty of his future is the predominant thought forever on his mind, regardless of all his attempts to shake himself free of it. The Moving Picture has, in a small way, assisted him in forgetting himself, and, again, he like his superiors, is grateful to the Moving Picture. Many producers have eagerly offered their films to the Allied armies and they have been accepted with great appreciation. Bud Fisher was one of the first to come to the aid of "the boys in Europe," with the result that "Mutt and Jeff" films are shown in any camp where there is a Moving Picture theater. In addition to this, Bud has also been supplying the various ships in the navy with regular releases of these inseparable twins.

Aside from the commercial aid the Moving Picture camera is rendering in this war, it is actively engaged in doing a most humane work for the wounded. A Cinematograph Ambulance Fund was created in England for the purpose of purchasing, equipping and sending to the front fifty modern ambulances, which cost twelve hundred dollars each. The industry raised one hundred and fifty thousand dollars towards the maintenance of these ambulances and an efficient corps of surgeons and nurses. To Mr. William Jury, one of the largest exhibitors in Great Britain, belongs the honor of the inauguration of this fund, and upon learning of its creation many exhibitors in the United States sent in large donations to help this excellent cause. In order to illustrate how enthusiastic the industry became over this humane movement, three thousand exhibitors in England recently gave their entire day's receipts to help the fund.

In the United States, the producers and exhibitors have been most generous in their offers to assist the government in every way. When the government started out to raise the first Liberty Loan, the manufacturers came quickly to its aid, not alone with enormous purchases, but in an active way, and, by preparing slides urging the people to buy bonds, which were thrown on every screen in the country, and "trailers" on all their films, they undoubtedly were instrumental in increasing and maintaining the wonderful enthusiasm manifested thruout the entire land. In the same way, the industry assisted the government in raising the second Liberty Loan. Again, the tax which has been placed on film, negative and positive, in addition to the tax on the Moving Picture theaters, will result in the industry contributing over fifty millions of dollars to the government to assist it in carrying on the war.

So, while there are those who have questioned the part the Moving Picture is playing in this great physical combat, this remarkable invention, tho still in its infancy, is rendering a service which is unique and will preserve for future generations the only accurate record of the greatest war since the beginning of time. Its importance now is next to steel.

And the man the world must thank is Thomas Edison.



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The Beautiful Mrs. Reynolds

(*Continued from page* 61)

The greedy Clingman handed the packet to the distinguished lawyer, his ears attuned to drink in a round sum of money.

Burr calmly slipped the letters into his pocket and arose. Clingman grew suddenly white and snarled like a wolf as he sprang around the table. As quietly as a professional duellist, Senator Burr drew a pistol from his coat and presented its business end at Clingman's breast. "My legal opinion is," he said, turning to Maria, "that these letters are treasure trove, and that possession is nine points of the law."

With a sweeping bow, he set his cocked hat upon his head, stepped jauntily to the door and left his astonished audience to their own opinions.

The weeks swept by and the revelations in the precious letters had not become public property.

Maria was by stages infuriated at Burr's bold robbery, deeply penitent as she drew the picture of Hamilton's ruin and finally the close listener to Aaron Burr's counsel.

In time she came to believe him her only friend in the world. His courtship was guarded, chivalrous, flattering. His use of the explosive letters (so he told her) had been to get them out of the country in the safe keeping of a trusted friend.

With her heart besieged by a master tactician and her fears lulled by his "magnanimous" advice, she slowly but surely came within the magic circle of his charm. Aaron Burr's love-making may have been a science, but his performance of it was surely a graceful art.

The crisis in these three strange (each big) lives was coming to a head. One morning the whole of official Philadelphia was simply stunned with the publication of charges of official misconduct against Alexander Hamilton and the insinuation of a secret liaison.

It traveled to the sinning lover. The new fortress of his happy home, the newer shriving of his soul, the innate love that he felt for his wife and children were no buttress against the fine clamor in his ears.

The man was just enough to know that he was guilty.

Facing the supreme crisis of his career, his innermost honor, his veriest self, the "Little Lion" did not flinch nor quibble.

Locked in his room, tearing down the high reputation of a lifetime, probing his inner conscience, face to face with his Nemesis, Alexander Hamilton did not shirk his Via Dolorosa—his Crown of Thorns. Writing all thru the night, far into the morning, he completed the most remarkable confession ever achieved by any man high in public life and esteem. The very essence of his love for "The Beautiful Mrs. Reynolds" was laid bare to the probe of his pen.

There were two big results—both unguessed by the self-confessed sinner: Public approval of the man's magnificent sacrifice of pride and the complete forgiveness of his wife.

The last was by far the sweeter. In her embrace, in the sacred confessional of her arms, in his complete and final confession of weakness, in his righteous tears he felt that his newer and greater life was reborn.

Hamilton put every effort into the cleansing of himself—the reincarnation of a truly noble spirit.

One day, during a vigorous gallop on his horse, he came suddenly upon Maria. She turned her nag across his path in a despairing effort to check him.

"Alec!" she cried, seizing his horse's bridle, "you are the only man I have ever loved. Listen to me now!"

The man shivered in horror—the very intensity of his new resolve to be clean.

"Those letters!" she gasped. "Burr stole them from Clingman at the point of his pistol. To me they were heart's blood, my most precious——"

His horse reared from the touch of cruel spurs. An unnamed fear—a terror and a tenderness—possessed him. He *must* be free of her. With steel hoofs and averted eyes, Hamilton tore himself free.

Years passed—fallow ones for Hamilton and Burr. Aaron Burr was nominated for President of these United States and a tie vote resulted between him and Thomas Jefferson. The Presidency depended upon the splitting of a hair. Alexander Hamilton was the deciding factor and his influence pressed down the scales in favor of Thomas Jefferson.

With the passing of years, too, Maria had become the creature of Aaron Burr. Never loving him—always fearing—she had become the facile tool of his will.

The result of the election was announced to Aaron Burr: "Jefferson wins. Maryland has flopped its votes to him thru the influence of Hamilton."

From that moment murder was fixed in two hearts—in Burr's to snuff out the

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vital spark in his lifelong rival, in Maria's to plot the destruction of Burr thru her lover (never to be forgotten), the "Little Lion."

The following days drew to a close, each pregnant with hateful meaning. Burr, checked in his mad career, blunting his steel will against the inexorable Hamilton, realized the easiest, the most dangerous way. He must have his life. Therein Maria erred in her judgment. A woman, always beautiful, always sated, yet craving the unattainable Hamilton. To her he was unconquerable.

Once at grips with Burr, she thought, and the "Little Lion" would crush him like a fly.

To the acid of Burr's hate she added poison. Each fine insinuation led up to the pistol's point. She did everything but cast the bullet of his duelling pistol.

At last Burr was resolved upon the renconter. Upon the pretext of a published slight, he sent an insolent letter to Hamilton, demanding a public retraction.

The man whom his young country had rewarded, and who in full measure had served it, read between each line of Burr's penmanship. A life was at stake—the hoarded hate of years. There was no avoiding Burr. The issue was clear; he must or must not be met on the field of honor. Then came the acid test of Hamilton's courage. Still young, still great, still honored and poignant with ambition, Aaron Burr stood inevitably across his path.

The duel was designated to take place ten days hence on the heights of Weehawken, overlooking New York. Hamilton passed the intervening days in close association with his wife and in putting his high affairs in the best of order.

Not so with Burr. The duel with him had become a canker upon his brilliant mind. Maria fed it artfully. And as it fattened, he prepared in every essential for the final outcome.

For days he stood back of his mansion in a pathway, paced off the ten given steps, wheeled sharply and fired the charge of his pistol into the inanimate body of a straw Hamilton.

The meanwhile Hamilton drew up his will, confessed himself to his God and resolved to throw away his fire if he was not mortally hit from Burr's first shot.

There was one more meeting between the historic rivals before the final scene. A great banquet was held in New York at which the two statesmen were distinguished guests. By the merest chance Burr sat directly opposite his prey, and as Hamilton rose in deference to the applause to make the last speech of his life, his deadly enemy leaned across the table and held the inspired speaker with his baneful eyes. For the barest second Hamilton grew pale, hesitated for words, actually felt the searching bullet of Burr in his heart. Rising above all personal feeling, shaking off the hateful eyes, he delivered an oration that rang down the pages of history with its fine fervor.

The prearranged day dawned—a peaceful morning like any other—and Hamilton was rowed across the river to meet his antagonist pacing up and down a little terrace on the lordly heights above the silver Hudson. The weapons were chosen, the men took their places and Burr fired at the first word.

Hamilton raised his pistol, discharged it into the air and slowly sank to the earth. His seconds rushed to him. Already his luminous eyes were glazed with the final mist that curtains this life.

Burr instantly left the ground. Hamilton was placed in a rowboat and pulled across the river. His life was ebbing faster than the tide in the mighty stream. As the rowers neared a pier he said firmly: "Let Mrs. Hamilton be sent for, but give her hopes."

Those were Hamilton's last words. Presently he sighed gently, took his second's hand and passed away as he lay there on the river.

Schoolbooks do not record the homecoming of Aaron Burr nor the fate of Maria Reynolds. Yet delvings in odd corners—dusty books of old gossips—reveal her last days.

'Tis said that when Burr rode home, the empty pistol at his belt and a smile on his thin lips, she rushed forward—all marble white and chestnut brown as Hamilton first beheld her—and greeted him.

"You here! What of Hamilton?" The last words are soon told. In the hush of an early morning soon afterward a tear-flecked woman rode her horse to the edge of the Palisades and looked down to where Hamilton (the great lover) had fallen.

She dismounted, tied the horse and descended to the duelling ground. By some strange prescience the woman found the very blades of grass that Hamilton had pressed back in his inglorious fall. This creature (the evil destiny of giants) fell upon her servile knees and touched her face to Hamilton's last pillow.

Tears came and the unreasonable tempest of a full breast. The glorious river—his couch—crooned far below. Slowly she leaned over the sheer rock and let her frail body harken to the call of his voice. It came loud and strong—the great Hamilton's. And the mighty stream—inexorable in its surge to the sea—sang as it claimed her, its own.



Dire Influence of Dress on Mary Miles Minter

(*Continued from page 73*)

perversity made itself known: "Yah!" she mocked him. "Come and get me!"

But even perverse little sixteen-year-old screen stars must be conquered sometimes. So they sent for Mary's mother. And Mary's mother was provoked enough to want to spank the little star, sixteen tho she is.

"Mary Miles Minter!" said her mother—just like that.

And Mary slid down quite demurely and meekly and ran, with a pleading kiss, to her mother.

"It was the dress, mother dear," she confessed; "the awful, cut-up Sassy Jane dress."

But deep down in her roguish eyes there was a twinkle that indicated that there was considerable Mary Miles Minter spirit there as well.

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 120*)

HERBERT D. T.—I haven't received your photo at this writing. So many letters come in from New Zealand with insufficient postage. Be sure you have them weighed. Triangle are releasing, but not producing many new plays. Thanks for all you say.

FRANK HASWELL, NEWARK.—Dont you think that your name would be just as well without the H? So you have been looking forward to this Magazine in its new dress? What say you, Frank, is it not a James Dandy?

J. V. S., WINNIPEG.—Thanks, I was glad to get those snap-shots. Thanks also for that kind remembrance. You are one of my oldest—I mean longest admirers.

ZELMA P., KOOSKIO.—Yes, Earle Williams and Grace Darmond have gone to play in Western Vitagraphs. Very few people can stand prosperity; but they are legion compared with the people who never have a chance to stand it.

LILLIAN D., HOLYOKE.—Eric Campbell was killed in an automobile accident. Donald Hall is with Universal. There is still lots of land in this country that is unappropriated and unreserved. On July 1, 1916, it amounted to the enormous sum of 254,945,589 acres. Why dont you apply to Uncle Sam for a few million acres and settle down? Of course I would like to have one of your pictures.

JOHN E. P.—I admire Douglas Fairbanks very much, but he always reminds me of the man who looked like a grasshopper and behaved like a lion. I also think that Bryant Washburn has more charm and that Tom Mix has more virility.

ARTHUR T. B., HUDSON.—Your letter in verse was mighty clever, but—I wouldn't advise you to put those plots in practice. Scenario writing is confined largely to the studios nowadays.

BETTY OF MELROSE.—Your calendar received with many thanks. Yes, I love you samezever, 'deed I does.

FRISCO FRITZY.—Your French was quite shaky. You need a little more study. You say you love the modern fashions, yet you would be in despair if Nature had planned you as Fashion makes you appear. Marguerite Courtot and Ray McKee are going with Edison.

J. E. PENN.—Glad to hear from you. You say you are deaf and like to watch the lip movements of the different players. And you say that Douglas Fairbanks and William Farnum have the easiest lips to read and that Mary Miles Minter, Virginia Pearson and Marguerite Clark come next. Write again.

JACK N.—I dont always answer questions requiring research unless I happen to have the information at hand, particularly when the questioner can probably get the information just as well as I could. I announced once that you would be glad to exchange photos.

BABE, HAMILTON, ONT.—Nothing so narrows the mind as steadily looking for what you wish to see and seeing that only. Widen your vision and take a look at this great world of ours. Francis Ford had the lead in "The Purple Mask." Your letter wasn't so long, and it was mighty interesting.

MINERVA.—You are quite wrong. It is the deepest sort of egotism never to refer to one's self; it must take constant thought. Ford Sterling is with Fox. But I want you to write to me. Sorry I cant tell you of that player. Jack Livingston was the father in "Slumberland." Do you know that you have real literary ability?

C. C. J., U. 53.—How dare you contradict me! I am a middle-aged man and I am 76. Of course I dance. How can I go on telling you these things if you dont believe in me!—you must trust me and have confidence, for I am not a confidence man. I got your little P.S.—"More later."

PRIVATE JOHN MC.—Lillian Walker is with the Ogden Company, and you can reach Pearl White at Pathé, 1 Congress St., Jersey City, N. J. No worse fate can befall a man in this world than to live and grow old alone, unloving and unloved.

FRANCES E. O'B.—I thank you. You think the Pearl White is the best cover yet. Just you wait! The woman who cannot sharpen a pencil takes her turn at laughing when her husband tries to thread a needle.

JIM J., MA.—You are right about that serial. Charlie Chaplin is in California. I enjoyed your letter and want all the soldier boys to write to me. There are plenty of girls here in our office, too, who are always willing to write to the soldier boys.

J. K. W.—You ask the addresses of about fifty players. You know you should address them in care of the companies.

MARGARET K. T.—Some actors are born to publicity, others pay for it, and still others have it thrust upon them. When a man calls you queen of his heart, dont forget that as far as changing its rulers is concerned, the average bachelor's heart is a perfect little Russia. Do you refer to Florence Vidor?

DENIE.—Your poem on the Kaiser was very good. The question now is, what shall the authorities do with the picture of the Kaiser that hangs in the Metropolitan Museum of Art? Some say, "Celebrate the President's birthday with a nice bright bonfire with the picture; others, that it should be left on the wall, but with face toward it, because of its historic value.

I. M. A. DEAR.—Your other initials are all right too. I'm right here on the spot, and I do hope you will come again soon. The rotation of the earth is not the cause of gravitation. None knows what gravitation is, nor its cause; nor the cause of anything. But the trend of science is toward the theory that universal gravitation is electrical.

FANNIE B.—Thanks for your splendid wishes. I have sent the American Beauties to Francis Bushman for his birthday as suggested. Let me hear from you again.

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BLANCHE L.—You address me as "Kitty's lover." Are you speaking of the cat or is that your name? I admire Kitty Gordon very much, 'deed I does.

ROSE B.—Some rude but well-meaning creature has just sent me a bottle of blonde hair-dye. Camouflage my whiskers? Never! Guy Coombs in "My Madonna." James O'Neill in "The Heart of a Painted Woman." Eugene O'Brien played that part in "The Scarlet Woman." Courtenay Foote was with Selig last.

MARGARET.—Yes, that was a mix-up. Sorry I cant tell you who the shipping clerk was in "The Soul Master." I am convinced that digestion is the great secret of life, and that character, talent, and virtues are qualities powerfully affected by lobster, clams, corned beef, pie-crust and Welsh rarebits.

E. E. P.—Leonie Hutton is with Triangle. I am sorry you didn't hear from Olga Olona. I am aware that I have several contemporaries who find it easier to borrow from this department than to create original answers of their own. Imitation is the sincerest flattery!

GRACE W.—I doubt whether Charlie Chaplin would accept your play, but you might send it on. Yes, the Classic Extra Girl comes in to see us often.

DAN, 88.—There was a picture of Dorothy Dalton in the January Classic. Olive Thomas is with Triangle. Milton Sills in "Diamonds and Pearls." You want me to tell you who was the wickedest man in history, and ask if it was Nero. No, it was Moses, for he broke all the ten commandments at once.

GEORGE W.—We never had an interview with George Walsh. Olive Tell as Eleanor in "Her Sister."

Where Have They Gone?

(*Continued from page 51*)

with a comedy going on two feet away, and we are going to work under the double director system, which means we wont have a day's wait between pictures. I have no idea how I shall find time to get my costumes. By the way, Harry Collins is designing some wonderful new frocks for me right now."

I couldn't resist enthusing, "This *is* good news" (not the Collins frocks, but the Metro contract).

"It's nice of you to say so," said May Allison, while a smile appeared in her blue, blue eyes as well as on her lips. "Now that I am going back to pictures, I am going to do my very best, but, you see, I am abnormally ambitious, and I just wanted to accomplish as much as any one could with the same abilities. Not that I loved pictures less, but grand opera more."

So after the war is over you may hear of May Allison as a great lyric soprano prima donna, but just at present let's be thankful for the gifts the gods ha' gi' us: May Allison in pictures.

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It would seem that Florence Lawrence has abandoned the silent stage for good. She who was among our first picture players—in fact, one of the first stars—has definitely retired to private life.

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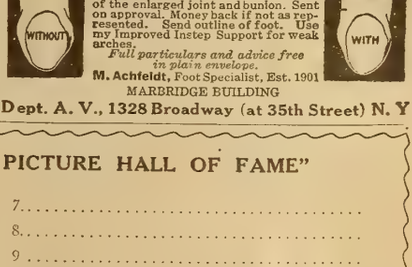
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with Harry Solter. To get a rest from the steady grind of studio life, she took up her private life on her large estate near Westwood, New Jersey. There for two years she was perfectly contented and put the thoughts of pictures out of her mind. And then, like the majority of those who belong to the great world of theatricals, she found she was getting restless, and finally, when President Laemmle of Universal sent for her and offered her a contract (which, by the way, had to measure high in the thousands, as Florence Lawrence is one of the richest actresses today), Miss Lawrence accepted. Over at the Fort Lee studio of Universal, Miss Lawrence produced "Illusive Isabelle." But the two years' retirement, two years of home surroundings, had embedded themselves more deeply in Miss Lawrence's soul than she realized. She found that she was very sensitive. Little things annoyed her that hadn't before; the director's voice sounded harsher; the hours seemed longer; and so she decided that being Mrs. Solter was glory enough for her, and she abandoned the call of art finally for the call of home. So out in Westwood, New Jersey, she spends her time mainly working for suffrage and more especially of late for the Red Cross. She is vastly interested in her farm, and makes a point of attending all the New York theaters.

Recently at the Casino Theater, Westwood, N. J., an entertainment was given for the benefit of the Red Cross fund. In honor of Miss Lawrence, who had worked unsparingly for the success of the fund, Tolstoy's "The Resurrection," made in 1909 by D. W. Griffith, was reeled off. Miss Lawrence and Arthur Johnson played the stellar rôles. In spite of the mechanical defects, the leading players presented as faithful interpretations as we might look for with all the present-day equipments. Florence Lawrence in this little one-reel picture has given a remarkable illustration of emotional acting; and from the public's standpoint, it is to be deplored that her talent is not being turned to account in the same fashion as that of her co-workers of that period, among whom were Mary Pickford, Owen Moore, Mack Sennett, Linda Griffith, Herbert Prior, and many others, but Miss Lawrence—beg pardon, Mrs. Solter—is leading such a very useful and worthwhile private life that, after all, the screen's loss is many people's gain.

A LOST CHAPTER DISCOVERED IN MARGUERITE SNOW'S LIFE

I did not have much trouble in discovering Marguerite Snow. The trade papers had announced that she was to be co-starred with King Baggot in a new serial, "The Eagle's Eye," which was to be produced by the Whartons in Ithaca, New York. I did discover, however, where Peggy has been keeping herself in hiding for the six months previous to her sudden reappearance with George M. Cohan in his "Broadway Jones" picture.

The "actor man" who told me the story was one of its ill-fated adventurers, and as the facts of Peggy's disappearance and consequent woes have never seen the light of print, but have only been whispered along the Rialto, I think that I have really run across a big scoop concerning disappearing "Peggy" Snow.

Everybody remembers the announcement that Marguerite Snow, Holbrook Blinn, Barry O'Neil, Clifford Bruce, June Daye, Herbert Prior and Mabel Trunelle were engaged by the Canadian National Features Company last spring. This new organization had its headquarters in Toronto, Canada, and its announcements stated that they were assembling the greatest collection of stars ever brought together under one glass roof. Very few players are blessed with business sense—they usually hire a lawyer to do the heavy thinking for them; so Holbrook Blinn, whose long career as a stage manager and producer had given him a reputation for being strictly "in the know," acted as a committee of one to go to Toronto in advance of the others and carefully to look over the new and wonderful film Mecca. The redoubtable Holbrook, no doubt, was conscientious in his report on his return to New York, especially as he had a large salary at stake in the new venture.

Everybody was apparently satisfied, and Peggy Snow and troupe therewith packed their trunks and proceeded across the border. When they arrived at the new studios everything was still in a state of chaos. The technical department—property men, technical directors, scenery experts, all the fuel of the actor's fire—was still in the land of the missing. However, after several weeks of delay in which scenarios were purchased and whipped into shape and directors engaged, Marguerite Snow started working on a big story. All the others said, "Me, too!" and some of them, including Holbrook Blinn and Barry O'Neil, also stepped out upon the camera stage.

For a time salaries were forthcoming—a large and generous ghost walked every Saturday night. But behind the scenes the stockholders were very hard pressed. Only a small amount of cash had gone into the treasury. The balance was rosy promises based upon the coming big business. The small stockholders—butchers, bakers and candlestick-makers—were a stalwart little army when expensive properties were necessary, such as fine furniture, paintings, rugs—all the costly studio stuff—and express wagons were hurriedly sent around to the homes of the various stockholders and the necessary properties were borrowed for the occasion. It was a fine community of interest, but it could not hold out with only a few thousand real "iron men" in the treasury.

One Saturday night the ghost refused to walk, but as he had been so liberal in the past, both Peggy Snow and Holbrook Blinn continued to deliver their emotional best. Several weeks went by with still no salaries, and after the actors had held a conference, they decided that the salary ghost had been planted good and cold, never more to rise. Peggy Snow was "in" for several thousand dollars; ditto Holbrook Blinn; ditto Barry O'Neil; and it was with chastened spirits and not even an I. O. U. from the ghost that they decided to hark back to Broadway again.

"General" O'Neil, however, conducted a masterly retreat. One of the big features on which they were working was practically complete except for the cutting and titling. This "General" O'Neil, so it is reported, seized upon and cautiously convoyed across the border. In those few little tin cases were locked up the efforts, to say nothing of the salaries, "of the greatest collection of stars ever gathered under one glass roof." It is, however, reported that "General" O'Neil has edited the film, and that it is a strong photoplay which he will put upon the market. Perhaps, from the proceeds of its sale, the long-lost salaries of the ill-fated expedition will be redeemed. Let us hope so for sweet Peggy Snow's sake at least.

So really, while I have not discovered Peggy Snow, I have unearthed the lost chapter in her history.



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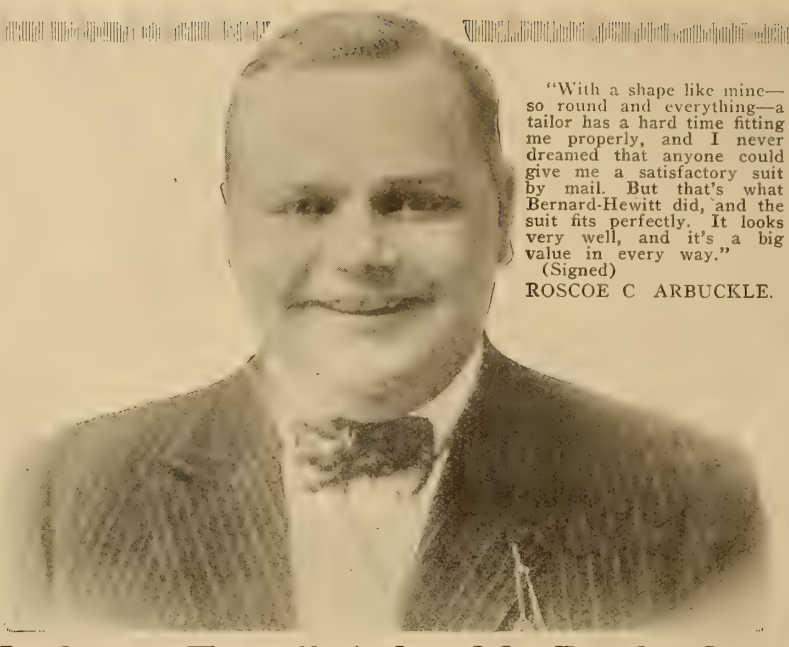
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Patter from the Pacific

(*Continued from page* 18)

Frank Lloyd, Fox director, gave a big party at his home on Xmas day and night which proved to be a very interesting affair. The house was crowded with movie stars from all the studios and every one had a fine time. Lloyd is certainly a great host.

Harry Williams, former Keystone director, has been engaged to direct Ford Sterling for the Sunshine comedies.

Fay Tincher has completed her second two-reel comedy and is now selecting her wardrobe for her third.

Rhea Mitchell, who has been starring in productions for the Paralta Company, has joined the Fox forces and is now appearing with Bertha Mann, Morosco stage favorite, in a special seven-reel production.

Jack Kerrigan's leg is still keeping him from working before the camera. He took it out of the plaster cast a little too soon, with the result that it broke again and had to be reset and put in its plaster coffin again.

Charles Ray, the Ince star, was a heavy investor in tobacco at Christmas-time and also in books. Charlie sent away large crates of books and soap-boxes chuck-full of the "makings" to the soldier and sailor boys now at the various training camps and "over there."

Gertrude Bambrick, former Biograph star, is now visiting on the Coast. Gertie looks better than ever and is every bit as jolly as she ever was. She says that she is having a wonderful time renewing all her old acquaintances and intends to stay with us thruout the winter.

Kenneth Harlan and Lottie Pickford added another cup to their large collection when they won the Henry Lehrmann dancing trophy at Watts Tavern last week.

Just What Did He Mean?

Douglas Fairbanks, who has a young son of his own, knows how innocently pointed a child's remarks may be. He has a story to prove it. Whether it is his own story or not he is not telling.

Supper was in progress, and Doug was telling about a row that took place on the main street of a little Western town:

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The young son of the family had become so greatly interested in the narrative that he had stopped eating his pudding, and his eyes fairly shone as he cried:

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A complexion powder especially distinguished by the fact that it stays on. Furthermore a powder of unexcelled delicacy of texture and refinement of perfume. Four tints — White, Pink, Flesh and Brunette—50c.

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"Just to show a proper glow" use a touch of Ingram's Rouge on the cheeks. A safe preparation for delicately heightening the natural color. The coloring matter is not absorbed by the skin. Delicately perfumed. Solid cake. Three shades—Light, Medium and Dark—50c.

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In the package you will find cotton and orange stick. Wrap some of the cotton around end of the stick; dip into Cutex bottle and gently push back cuticle.





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MAY ALLISON

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May it please your grace, the presiding justice of the Appellate Division, and your most excellent associates:

My Lord, the Mayor, and your most excellent commissioners:

Right Worshipful the several learned jurists of the County Court, the Supreme Court, the Municipal Courts, the Magistrates' Courts, the Circuit Courts, and the courts of the Justices of the Peace all over the land:

Your honor, the Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals, and of the U. S. Supreme Court, and your most profound associate judges:

May it please His Excellency, the Governor of New York, and all other Governors, the Most High and Mighty Supreme Ruler, the President, and my Lords of both Houses, and the Honorable the several High Officials of City, State and Nation:

Right worshipful the Board of Aldermen, the Coroners and Sheriffs of the land:

My Lord Cardinals, may it please your most reverend and illustrious eminences; and His Holiness the Pope, and the Right Reverend Bishops, Priests and Preachers:

And you, noble policemen, and brave firemen, and industrious street-sweepers:

You also, O banker, lawyer, physician, shoemaker, baker, and candlestickmaker:

Then you, sergeants and corporals, and—attention! you, soldiers and sailors all, and your great commanders:

You, p e d d l e r s, stenographers, actors, directors, plumbers, hucksters, blacksmiths, dentists, chiropodists, informers, jailors, executioners, vagabonds, and undertakers:

Gentlemen and men, also women, one and all, hear me, for I would speak. I may know more than you do, and I may not. At any rate, I have $50 in gold for the person who asks me the most sensible question I cannot answer. I have answered about 2,673,000 questions in the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE during the past seven years—and I still live! Being only 76 years old, I have at least 24 years more to go, and I want to keep myself fully occupied. I will also give $25 to the person who asks me the most foolish question, $15 for the most profound question and $10 for the wittiest question. I have deposited this money with the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

Come now, one and all, and get busy!

THE ANSWER MAN,
175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

(I am the first, oldest and most learned Answer Man in captivity.)

N. B.—All questions should be addressed to "The Answer Man Contest," should be signed with the questioner's name and address, and should specify at top of question whether it is "sensible," "foolish," "profound" or "witty." Questions are limited to one of each kind and must be on separate sheets.

Before trying for this $100, read my department beginning on page 94



The Exhibitors' Verdict

What the Picture Theater Managers Say of the Plays and Managers

EDITORIAL NOTE—The manufacturers may select their stars and pay them enormous salaries, the great writers may produce wonderful scenarios, the directors may develop great scenes and thrilling climaxes, the critics may condemn or commend, the picture patrons may have their favorites, but, after all, the final verdict is with the exhibitor. He knows whether a play is successful or not. While his patrons are the real jury, he is the foreman and speaks for all of them. If a play and its star do not draw, it is a financial failure, and the exhibitor is the only impartial detector of what is successful and what is not.

For some time one of the leading trade papers, *Motography,* has been making weekly canvasses of the exhibitors and publishing the results in a department called "What the Picture Did for Me." We have found it exceedingly interesting and instructive to ourselves and have concluded that it would be equally so with our readers. Hence we have made arrangements with *Motography* whereby we are permitted to give our readers every month the valuable information that *Motography* has gleaned from the theaters. We are confident that this department will prove a source of great interest to our readers.

"What the Picture Did for Me"

(Copyright by *Motography*)

ARTCRAFT

The Man from Painted Post, with Douglas Fairbanks—"Broke all house records for attendance. Doug grows more popular with every picture. This was made near here and the story concerned this locality."—Iris Theater, Belle Fourche, S. D.

Reaching for the Moon, with Douglas Fairbanks—"Some thought it wasn't so good as his others, but it kept them laughing."—Gayety Theater, Payson, Utah.

Down to Earth, with Douglas Fair-Banks—"Picture fair. Drew a big house." Pelham Theater, Philadelphia, Pa.

Seven Keys to Baldpate, with George M. Cohan—"Fair business. Picture fair." —Pelham Theater, Philadelphia, Pa.

Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, with Mary Pickford—"A very clever photoplay. Business could have been better." Pelham Theater, Philadelphia, Pa.

Barbary Sheep, with Elsie Ferguson—"Medium feature. Fair business."—Pelham Theater, Philadelphia, Pa.

A Romance of the Redwoods, with Mary Pickford—"We used this as a Christmas special at advanced prices and had a big crowd. It is not her best production but is very good."—Kozy Theater, Eureka, Ill.

A Romance of the Redwoods, with Mary Pickford—"Fair picture."—Rex Theater, Toronto, Ohio.

A Romance of the Redwoods, with Mary Pickford—"Up to the usual Pickford standard. Fair business."—Pelham Theater, Philadelphia, Pa.

BLUEBIRD

God's Crucible, with George Hernandez—"One of the kind that keeps you interested all the time. Patrons well pleased."—Star Theater, Newton, Ill.

The Little Terror, with Violet Mersereau—"The usual program feature. The star is well liked."—Pelham Theater, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Clean-up, with Franklyn Farnum—"Feature O. K. Business fair."—Pelham Theater, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Show-down, with Myrtle Gonzalez—"Good subject. Fair business."—Pelham Theater, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Man Trap, with Herbert Rawlinson—"A fair picture. Patrons do not care for this type of story. Good for a change, however."—Iris Theater, Belle Fourche, S. D.

The Raggedy Queen, with Violet Mersereau—"Not up to Bluebird standard."—Scenic Theater, Keene, N. H.

FOX

Cupid's Round-up, with Tom Mix—"A very clever story. Tom Mix at his best. A roar from start to finish. Business was poor, but we expect great things from Tom if he keeps up this gait. He seems to have everything back of him and needs only an introduction to the public."—Boston and Alcazar Theaters, Chicago.

Every Girl's Dream, with June Caprice—"This picture stars June Caprice, but the patrons, passing out, commented on the cleverness of the dog."—Globe Theater, Sullivan, Ill.

The Yankee Way, with George Walsh—"A fine picture. Business very good."—Rex Theater, Toronto, Ohio.

Miss U. S. A., with June Caprice—"A pleasing production. Excellent play to encourage patriotism. Star delightful."—Pastime Theater, Greenville, O.

All for a Husband, with Virginia Pearson—"One of the kind that depends on the finish to put it over. Might be classed as good."—Iris Theater, Belle Fourche, S. D.

The Honor System, with all-star cast—"A much better picture than you would expect from the title. It is entertaining, thrilling and instructive. In all a picture worth while."—Iris Theater, Belle Fourche, S. D.

Miss U. S. A., with June Caprice—"A good, timely picture. A melodramatic start leads up to a picture with a punch. Acting weak in spots."—Iris Theater, Belle Fourche, S. D.

The Painted Madonna, with Sonia Markova—"A good picture of this type, but rather out of date for the type of stories that the public now enjoys."—Iris Theater, Belle Fourche, S. D.

GENERAL

General Film Program—"I have run General pictures exclusively for five years and have had but one losing week. Can you beat that?"—Bijou Theater, Indianapolis, Ind.

The Understudy, with Ethel Richie (Falcon)—"A much better picture than we expected to find. The story is good and would have been better under better direction. This is the home of the author, Leigh Gordon Giltner, so, of course, it pulled well for us."—Eminence Theater, Eminence, Ky.

Judge Brown Stories—"These two-reelers are very interesting. Dont miss booking them."—Vaudelle Theater, Muncie, Ind.

George Ade Fables (Essanay-General)—"Two-reel comedies that are comedies. High-class stuff."—Vaudelle Theater, Muncie, Ind.

Falcon Features—"These are very good four-reel pictures. I have run them all."—Vaudelle Theater, Muncie, Ind.

GOLDWYN

The Spreading Dawn, with Jane Cowl—"A well produced picture, but somehow it did not register with my patrons."—Globe Theater, Sullivan, Ill.

Fighting Odds, with Maxine Elliott—"Nothing out of the ordinary. The star is not very well known here."—Globe Theater, Sullivan, Ill.

JEWEL

Sirens of the Sea, with Louise Lovely—"One of the best. Business good."—Scenic Theater, Keene, N. H.

KLEINE-PERFECTION

Skinner's Baby, with Bryant Washburn—"A fair comedy-drama. Pleased some. Nice business for two days."—New Strand Theater, Warren, Minn.

Filling His Own Shoes, with Bryant Washburn—"The people like Washburn and these light dramas. No complaints on this service."—Star Theater, Viroqua, Wis.

Adventures of Buffalo Bill, with Col. Cody—"Film in poor condition. Crowd disappointed. Not worth the price paid."—Grand Theater, Pollock, S. D.

Skinner's Bubble, with Bryant Washburn—"Pleased a fair crowd. Film not in good condition."—Bijou Theater, Crookston, Minn.

METRO

The Slacker, with Emily Stevens—"Capacity business. A very good picture of the kind everybody should see."—Rex Theater, Toronto, Ohio.

Their Compact, with Bushman and Bayne—"Fair picture. Business fair."—Scenic Theater, Keene, N. H.

More Truth Than Poetry, with Mme. Petrova—"A picture that depends on the ending to put it over. The best Petrova has done for some time."—Iris Theater, Belle Fourche, S. D.

The Adopted Son, with Bushman and Bayne—"A pleasing, entertaining picture except for Bushman. The director made several blundering mistakes which real fans will notice."—Iris Theater, Belle Fourche, S. D.

Paradise Garden, with Harold Lockwood—"A good picture. Well cast. Nice settings. Story good, altho too long."—Iris Theater, Belle Fourche, S. D.



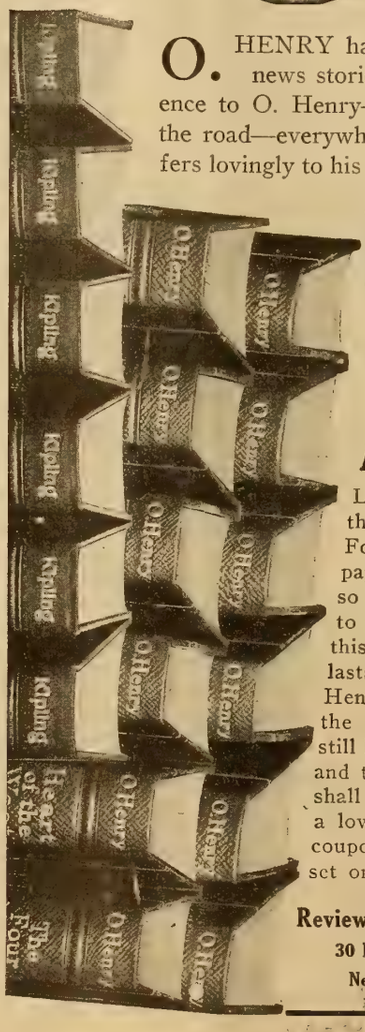
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The Staff of The Motion Picture Magazine

wish to thank their many kind readers for the number of testimonials and congratulations received upon the great beauty and merit of the March Magazine. Such tributes of appreciation are very gratifying to us and encourage us to even greater efforts to please our public. Letters from all over the globe assure us that this is the handsomest and best magazine in the world. So it is with pardonable pride that we assert our claim. The lack of space prevents us from publishing some of these letters in this publication, but we thank you one and all.

Mr. 44, with Harold Lockwood—"The scenery is the outstanding feature of this picture, but the star is good and so is the story. My patrons all seemed to like it and we had a good house. If you book it, boost the scenery."—Eminence Theater, Eminence, Ky.

At a Premium, with Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew—"This comedy is sure to win a laugh. I've heard of poker being played for almost everything else except trading stamps and bread labels." — Eminence Theater, Eminence, Ky.

Draft 258, with Mabel Taliaferro—"Altho business was less than with *The Slacker,* on account of the weather, it pleases about as well. Went over extra well."—Star Theater, Viroqua, Wis.

The Silence Sellers, with Mme. Petrova—"Star has no drawing power here. Picture very ordinary. Business poor."—North Side Theater, Bryan, Ohio.

MUTUAL

Please Help Emily, with Ann Murdock—"A good picture. Business fair."—Rex Theater, Toronto, Ohio.

The Girl Who Couldn't Grow Up, with Margarita Fischer—"Film in good condition. Picture very good. Business 75 per cent above the average at advanced prices. This is a program picture at a program price and, if handled properly, is equal to any high-priced star production on the market."—Bijou Theater, Alpena, Mich.

Pride and the Man, with William Russell (American-Mutual)—"Film in good condition. Picture good. Business 25 per cent. above the average. This is the kind of a picture that gets and keeps the business."—Bijou Theater, Alpena, Mich.

The Impostor, with Ann Murdock—"The picture was severely criticized by many of my patrons, altho we did exceedingly good business with it. It is not up to Mutual standard nor so good as Miss Murdock can do."—Boston and Alcazar Theaters, Chicago.

Environment, with Mary Miles Minter (American-Mutual)—"A dandy picture. Star at her best, and she is some star."—North Side Theater, Bryan, Ohio.

Environment, with Mary Miles Minter (American-Mutual)—"A very good picture. Pleased a big audience."—Bijou Theater, Crookston, Minn.

The Girl Angel, with Anita King (Horkheimer-Mutual)—"Great picture. Pleased a capacity audience. Book this one and advertise it strong." — Bijou Theater, Crookston, Minn.

Miss Jacky of the Navy, with Margarita Fischer (American-Mutual)—"An excellent comedy-drama. Two days to packed houses."—Bijou Theater, Crookston, Minn.

Outcast, with Ann Murdock—"Very satisfactory, but somehow we cant get results on Mutual pictures."—Columbia Theater, Provo, Utah.

PARAMOUNT

The Eternal Temptress, with Lina Cavalieri—"The only fault my patrons found with this picture was the way it ended." —Gayety Theater, Payson, Utah.

The Secret Game, with Sessue Hayakawa—"Excellent box-office value and gives satisfaction, as all this star's productions do."—Columbia Theater, Provo, Utah.

Jules of the Strong Heart, with George Beban—"Beban's best. It is great. Beban is a master of character rôles."—Boston and Alcazar Theaters, Chicago.

Bab's Diary, with Marguerite Clark—"Fair picture. We have had others with this star which were better. Fair business."—Pelham Theater, Philadelphia, Pa.

Bab's Diary, with Marguerite Clark—"An excellent production. Star and play pleased all. Good business."—Pastime Theater, Greenville, O.

Bab's Diary, with Marguerite Clark—"A Clark picture which cannot help but please. Lays a solid foundation for other Bab pictures."—Iris Theater, Belle Fourche, S. D.

The Virginian, with Dustin Farnum—"Very good. Very large crowd. Dustin is surely some actor."—Grand Theater, Pollock, S. D.

The Virginian, with Dustin Farnum—"A great picture. Went over big against muddy roads in a small town. If you haven't used Paramount pictures, try *The Virginian, Tennessee's Partner* or *Burning Daylight.*"—Grand Theater, Juliaetta, Idaho.

Arms and the Girl, with Billie Burke—"A very good picture. It is better than the star's first Paramount picture."—Gayety Theater, Payson, Utah.

Arms and the Girl, with Billie Burke—"A picture that pleased. Well done by director and cast."—Iris Theater, Belle Fourche, S. D.

The Varmint, with Jack Pickford—"A very good one. Takes you back to school-days. Well produced. One of the best we have had."—Iris Theater, Belle Fourche, S. D.

The Varmint, with Jack Pickford—"A good college picture. Big business."—Pelham Theater, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Dawn of a Tomorrow, with Mary Pickford—"Business fair. A good picture but with too much padding. Could be cut down."—Family Theater, Kingsburg, Cal.

The Dawn of a Tomorrow, with Mary Pickford—"A dandy picture. A different title for this picture would be more suitable. Acting very good."—Family Theater, Kingsburg, Cal.

The Hostage, with Wallace Reid—"A fair picture. Bad weather hurt business." —North Side Theater, Bryan, Ohio.

The Hostage, with Wallace Reid—"Feature fairly good. Business fair."—Pelham Theater, Philadelphia, Pa.

Lost in Transit, with George Beban—"Have had far better plays with this star, but this brought big business."—Pelham Theater, Philadelphia, Pa.

Double Crossed, with Pauline Frederick—"Very poor subject for a brilliant star like Miss Frederick. Business fair."—Pelham Theater, Philadelphia, Pa.

Exile, with Mme. Petrova—"Very good. Big business."—Pelham Theater, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Sunset Trail, with Vivian Martin—"Very good subject. Big business. Star is a good drawing-card."—Pelham Theater, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Crystal Gazer, with Fannie Ward—"Just ordinary for a Paramount picture. Star good. Business poor in bad weather." —Pastime Theater, Greenville, Ohio.

The Law of the Land—"A good picture. Star better than usual. Good business."—Pastime Theater, Greenville, O.

Snow White, with Marguerite Clark—"The most elaborate picture Miss Clark made on the old program. A big crowd at increased prices. Seven reels."—Kozy Theater, Eureka, Ill.

The Judgment House—"This is a fine picture. It pleased my audience well."—Gayety Theater, Payson, Utah.

The Hungry Heart, with Pauline Frederick—"This picture is not up to the Paramount standard. Very slow in getting started on the story."—Gayety Theater, Payson, Utah.

Hulda from Holland, with Mary Pickford—"A very good picture. It more than pleased my patrons. Title very good. Book this one."—Family Theater, Kingsburg, Cal.

Silks and Satins, with Marguerite Clark—"An A-1 photoplay. Miss Clark is a very good drawing-card."—Pelham Theater, Philadelphia, Pa.

Nanette of the Wilds, with Pauline Frederick—"Big business. Miss Frederick is a big drawing-card."—Pelham Theater, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Amazons, with Marguerite Clark—"Fair picture. Not up to the usual Clark pictures. Fair business."—Pelham Theater, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Mysterious Miss Terry, with Billie Burke—"Picture fairly good. Weather too cold for good business."—Pelham Theater, Philadelphia, Pa.

Hashimuro Togo, with Sessue Hayakawa—"Star a big drawing-card."—Pelham Theater, Philadelphia, Pa.

Peer Gynt, with Cyril Maude—"These older plays, if well selected, can be safely and profitably booked. This one drew well and pleased."—Star Theater, Viroqua, Wis.

Little Miss Optimist, with Vivian Martin—"Star is a good drawing-card for me. Business very good."—Pelham Theater, Philadelphia, Pa.

A Million-Dollar Husband, with Blanche Sweet—"Poor business. Acting not very good."—Family Theater, Kingsburg, Cal.

Cinderella, with Mary Pickford—"Very good, but did not draw a very good crowd."—Grand Theater, Pollock, S. D.

The Winning of Sally Temple, with Fannie Ward—"Good for a costume play. Miss Ward put it over all right."—Eminence Theater, Eminence, Ky.

Countess Charming, with Julian Eltinge—"A good picture. Eltinge has now enrolled himself in the picture world as a star worth while."—Iris Theater, Belle Fourche, S. D.

PATHÉ

Under False Colors, with Florence LaBadie—"A good program picture. Fair business."—Pelham Theater, Philadelphia, Pa.

A Crooked Romance, with Gladys Hulette—"Fair picture. Fair business."—Pelham Theater, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Torture of Silence, with Emmy Lynn—"A mediocre foreign picture."—Pelham Theater, Philadelphia, Pa.

SELECT

The Easiest Way, with Clara Kimball Young—"One of this star's best. A truly fine production. Excellent business."—New Strand Theater, Warren, Minn.

Shirley Kaye, with Clara Kimball Young—"A nice, clean story and well done, but bad weather hurt business on it."—Columbia Theater, Provo, Utah.

TRIANGLE

One-Shot Ross, with Roy Stewart—"Not much to it. Overdrawn. Too much on the order of the old Bison 101 type of years ago. I cant see Stewart as a Western man."—Iris Theater, Belle Fourche, S. D.



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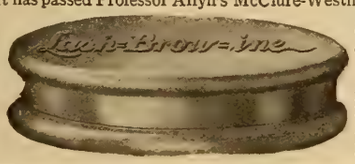
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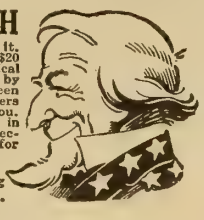
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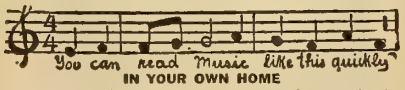
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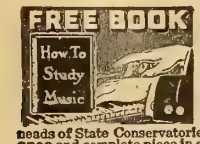
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Sweetheart of the Doomed, with Louise Glaum—"A splendid picture. Star excellent. Good story and action."—New Strand Theater, Warren, Minn.

Hell's Hinges, with W. S. Hart—"Splendid, and as our box-office receipts were nearly doubled on the first picture, we believe this star is going to be one of our best drawing-cards."—Eminence Theater, Eminence, Ky.

Seeking Happiness, with Enid Bennett—"Story and star delightful. Everybody liked it. Business good for such extremely cold weather."—Eminence Theater, Eminence, Ky.

The Lamb, with Douglas Fairbanks—"This picture ought to take well anywhere. The film was in poor condition, tho."—Gayety Theater, Payson, Utah.

Keystone Comedies—"I tried two or three all-comedy nights with Keystones but found it did not pay. The comedies were poor and people wanted features instead. Keystones will do for fillers but not for features."—Kozy Theater, Eureka, Ill.

His Bitter Pill, with Mack Swain (Triangle-Keystone)—"A good, clean Western comedy that keeps the audience laughing all the time."—Topic Theater, Fairfax, Minn.

Going Straight, with Norma Talmadge—"This is a good feature and the star takes well. Good business."—Topic Theater, Fairfax, Minn.

The Weaker Sex, with Dorothy Dalton—"A very good picture. Good business. Dorothy Dalton is some star."—Topic Theater, Fairfax, Minn.

The Firefly of Tough Luck, with Alma Rubens—"A good picture. In my opinion the ending is not human and spoils the effect of the picture. Not true to American life; more characteristic of the Huns."—Iris Theater, Belle Fourche, S. D.

Cassidy, with Dick Rosson—"A good picture. I would criticise the too-long scenes which make Rosson over-act."—Iris Theater, Belle Fourche, S. D.

The Patriot, with William S. Hart—"If you have never used this, do so. If you have used it, no doubt you will repeat it."—Iris Theater, Belle Fourche, S. D.

The Phantom Husband, with Ruth Stonehouse—"A picture that will entertain and please. Story is a little different and with pleasing settings and detail."—Iris Theater, Belle Fourche, S. D.

Golden Rule Kate, with Louise Glaum—"A very good Western picture. Good business."—Pelham Theater, Philadelphia, Pa.

Master of His Home, with William Desmond—"Business good. Feature up to Triangle standard."—Pelham Theater, Philadelphia, Pa.

Wooden Shoes, with Bessie Barriscale—"Wonderful subject. Business good."—Pelham Theater, Philadelphia, Pa.

They're Off, with Enid Bennett—"A feature worth repeating. Big business."—Pelham Theater, Philadelphia, Pa.

They're Off, with Enid Bennett—"The best Triangle for three weeks. A good crowd, as the star is well liked here. Picture has an excellent steeple-chase. Southern setting."—Kozy Theater, Eureka, Ill.

Payment, with Bessie Barriscale—"Very good. Played to capacity house. Received compliments on it. Film in good condition."—Topic Theater, Fairfax, Minn.

The Grafters, with Jack Devereaux—"Only fair. Business good."—Pelham Theater, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Firefly of Tough Luck, with Alma Rubens—"My audience was well pleased with this. The star and supporting cast excellent."—Globe Theater, Sullivan, Ill.

Wee Lady Betty, with Bessie Love—"Feature O. K Business fair."—Pelham Theater, Philadelphia, Pa.

Wee Lady Betty, with Bessie Love—"An average comedy-drama that pleased a good crowd on Saturday. The Irish setting appealed to many."—Kozy Theater, Eureka, Ill.

Double Trouble, with Douglas Fairbanks—"This film has been run very hard and was in poor condition. The picture is a self-advertiser and a fine tonic for poor business. Business well up to the average in very bad weather."—Bijou Theater, Alpena, Mich.

In Slumberland, with Thelma Salter—"A fair picture. Business only fair."—Pelham Theater, Philadelphia, Pa.

Sudden Jim, with Charles Ray—"Very good. Big business."—Pelham Theater, Philadelphia, Pa.

Borrowed Plumage, with Bessie Barriscale—"Very good. Business good."—Pelham Theater, Philadelphia, Pa.

Madame Bo-peep, with Seena Owen—"A very unusual photoplay. Good business."—Pelham Theater, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Food Gamblers, with Wilfred Lucas—"Picture tip-top. Business fairly good."—Pelham Theater, Philadelphia, Pa.

An Even Break, with Olive Thomas—"Good business. Miss Thomas is well liked by my patrons."—Pelham Theater, Philadelphia, Pa.

A Woman's Awakening, with Seena Owen—"We run Triangles on Saturday nights, as they average good. This one gave good satisfaction."—Star Theater, Viroqua, Wis.

The Habit of Happiness, with Douglas Fairbanks—"Return engagement doubled receipts over the first time here and at high prices."—Columbia Theater, Provo, Utah.

Grafters, with Jack Devereaux—"A very poor picture—weak story, no settings, acting or anything else."—Kozy Theater, Eureka, Ill.

Idolators, with Louise Glaum—"A fair vampire picture. Good settings. Did not please nearly as well as *Golden Rule Kate.*"—Kozy Theater, Eureka, Ill.

The Lamb, with Douglas Fairbanks—"Better than *Double Trouble,* which started these reissues off wrong. Titles are in bad condition."—Kozy Theater, Eureka, Ill.

The Disciple, with William S. Hart—"This proved a good drawing-card, as Hart is popular here. He plays the part of a preacher, which is a novel rôle for him."——Kozy Theater, Eureka, Ill.

VITAGRAPH

Apartment 29, with Earle Williams—"A real picture. Pleased our patrons very much."—Star Theater, Newton, Ill.

Big V Comedies—"One-reel slapstick comedies that do for a change, altho about every other one is poor."—Kozy Theater, Eureka, Ill.

The Fall of a Nation—"Very good. Crowded house."—Grand Theater, Pollock, S. D.

The Bottom of the Well, with Evart Overton—"Very good. Business fair."—Scenic Theater, Keene, N. H.

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Fifth prize, one year's subscription to the MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC.

Sixth prize, $1.00 cash.

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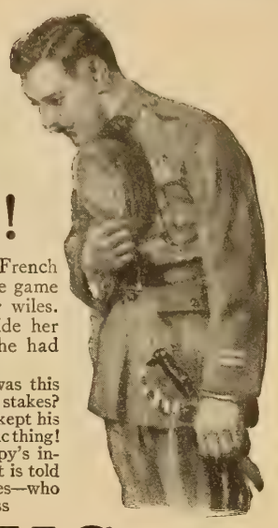
In case two or more puzzlers have the same number of correct solutions, the prize will be given to the one having the neatest and most artistic solution. Each of the following twenty-two sentences describes either the name of a popular player or a well-known company. For example: A task peculiar to women, and a synonym of lazy. Answer—Solax (Sew, Lax).

1. A young girl, and the means to enter a door.
2. A young human being, and what he usually does.
3. A place where eggs are found, and a conjunction.
4. The earth's greatest treasure, and a verb for victory.
5. A good weather report, and safe places for money.
6. A man's name, and a no-account dog.
7. A Scottish church, and a species of growth.
8. A cold weather complaint, and a city in Massachusetts.
9. Necessary to every girl, and to build a fire.
10. A fruit, an article, and a verb signifying going up.
11. An aquatic sport, and the opposite of aquatic.
12. The cow's richest product, and an airman's duty.
13. Creative art, and the product of manual labor.
14. Characteristic of the night, and a trimming for women's hats.
15. A man's name, a personal pronoun, and a male heir.
16. A verb for endeavor, and a kind of worm.
17. A form of cooking, and the profession of a painter.
18. The indefinite article, a state of joy, and a food container.
19. A state of silence, a sacrificial lamb, and a carpenter's tool.
20. A drinking resort, third person singular of a common verb, and a slang term for money.
21. A kind of soil, and a heavy weight.
22. A receptacle for carrying articles, and a verb of possession.

Address Charade Puzzle Editor, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., and be sure that your name and address is on your answer. Contest will close May 30th, 1918.



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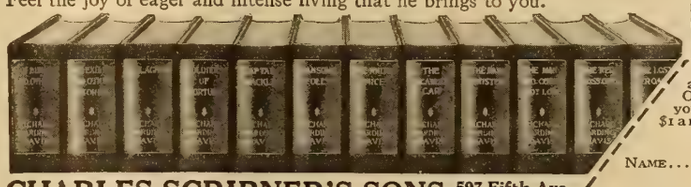
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STAGE PLAYS THAT ARE WORTH WHILE

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these speaking plays appear in their vicinity.)

By "JUNIUS"

Longacre—"Yes or No." A dandy play that will amuse and delight everybody except the dramatic critics. Very well acted and full of laughs.

Plymouth—"The Gipsy Trail." A beautiful fantasy, satire and romance combined to make a charming evening's entertainment. The hero might have looked more romantic, but otherwise he was fine, as were all the others, particularly his rival, who makes a hit.

Park—"Seven Days' Leave." Thrilling gripping war melodrama appealing to the army and navy. H. Cooper Cliffe, of photoplay fame, is the head of the Secret Service and does finely, and so do William J. Kelly and Evelyn Varden.

Casino—"Oh, Boy!" Still continues to be the wonder of Broadway, and after two seasons is out to break all performance records. Nothing vulgar or broad in this clean, sparkling, zippy musical-comedy. Tom Powers, of former Vitagraph fame, makes a fine-looking and fine-acting leading-man. The music is as tuneful as the "Big Burg" has seen since "The Merry Widow."

Cort—"Flo-Flo." Glorified burlesque has at last come to Broadway. Sprinkle some catchy music between the gags, add a flashing chorus, season well with bold if not risqué situations, and flavor with dazzling costumes and you have "Flo-Flo" ready to serve. Vera Michelena, the star, displays a well-modulated voice and some real honeymoon lingerie.

39th St.—"Blind Youth." A play that is directed by Lou-Tellegen, and partly written by him, and in which he plays the leading part, tho not the title part. There are several laughs where they were not intended, and the play does not give Lou-Tellegen the opportunities for his picturesque personality and fine talents.

Cohan—"The King." A delightful comedy with one of the world's greatest actors, Leo Ditrichstein, in the title part. A satire on socialism, diplomacy, politics and a few other things, flavored with wit rich, rare and racy—particularly racy.

Norworth—"Odds and Ends of 1917." A bit of this and that cleverly sifted, giving you two hours and one-half of thrills, laughter, excellent songs and fair girlies, and best of all, Lillian Lorraine, Jack Norworth and Joseph Herbert, Jr.

Cohan & Harris—"A Tailor-Made Man." An altogether captivating comedy full of laughs, built around a young tailor who became great thru reading the book of an unsuccessful author and who then hires the latter to work for him.

Morosco—"Lombardi, Ltd." An amusing comedy starring Leo Carillo, who is great. A clever play, cleverly acted.

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Strand—Select first-run photoplays. Program changes every week.

Rivoli—De luxe photoplays, with full symphony orchestra. Weekly program.

For further reviews and pictures of scenes from notable stage plays, see the MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC, out March 15.

Patter from the Pacific

By HARRY HARDING

Edgar Lewis, who produced "The Barrier," "Bar Sinister" and many other successes, has arrived in Los Angeles to make his forthcoming features. Accompanying him are his wife and daughter. Welcome, Edgar! Welcome!

Herb Rawlinson writes us from New York that he is having a very nice time, but that he hopes to be back on the Coast again in short order. He has several propositions in view, but wants to make his pictures in dear old Los Angeles.

Lloyd Hamilton, who is being featured in Sunshine Comedies since he left the Kalem Company, has had a five-weeks' vacation since he finished his second picture for the company and has been out every morning on the Griffith Park golf links, walking over eighteen holes, chasing the elusive ball. Lloyd expects to get in good form very shortly, so he can hook up with Charlie Chaplin in a match game.

Douglas Fairbanks' Red Cross Rodeo was a huge success, and a large amount of money was realized for this worthy organization. Four thousand dollars was taken in on the programs alone, to say nothing of the attendance.

William Parker, until recently on the scenario staff of the Metro Coast studio, has just signed up with the American Film Company and has gone up to work at their Santa Barbara studios. Bill is a likeable fellow and a very prolific writer. He should prove a very valuable addition to the American staff.

Shorty Hamilton has been kept on the jump for many weeks, turning out comedy dramas at the William H. Clifford studios. Shorty is very popular with the exhibitors, and his stuff seems to be selling real well.

Speaking of Paralta, Bessie Barriscale has begun work on a new feature under the direction of Raymond B. West. Howard Hickman will support her. Reginald Barker, who has been directing for the Paralta, has left that concern. His future plans have not been announced as yet.

Several of the studios suffered small losses as the result of a recent windstorm that swept thru Hollywood. The Fox studio had one side of their glass studio blown out, and the Fay Tincher Company had a set, which was erected on the Willis and Inglis studios, blown down, and the diffusers on top of the stage were greatly damaged.

J. A. Berst recently gave a dinner at the Athletic Club to his past and present producers and to his stars and support, which proved to be quite a gala affair. Bryant Washburn, W. A. S. Douglas, Toto, Gertrude Selby, E. D. Horkheimer, Hal Roach, Bebe Daniels, Harold Lloyd, and several other members of the various Pathé Companies attended.

Alfred Whitman, the Vitagraph leading-man, was laid up for a few days last week with a touch of la grippe. It just happened that a few days' work could be taken in which he did not have to appear, so the company was saved a great deal of expense.

D. W. Griffith is keeping things going full blast at his Hollywood studios, and is working a great deal nights getting some very wonderful effects. He has two other directors working with him, Chester Whitey and George Seigman. Bobbie Harron and the Gish sisters have had very little rest since they started to work after their return from Europe.

Our friend Dick Willis, who has developed into quite a poet of late, has left his partner, Gus Inglis, to look after the firm's business out here while he journeys on to New York to look after their interests there. Dick has a list of people and friends to look up that resembles the Los Angeles telephone directory for size.

William D. Taylor and Marshall Neilan are to switch stars. Taylor will guide the work of Mary Pickford, who has been having Neilan pilot her work, while the said Marshall will put Jack Pickford thru his scenes. Jack has been used to Taylor's instructions in the past.

Mack Sennett has been keeping his comedians on the jump at his studios in Edendale, and has been adding continually to his force of workers. Now that Walter Wright is back on the job again, a large order of piano-wire ought to be forthcoming at the studio.

Crane Wilbur has just added a new interest to his always accumulating number. He has just formed a company to run a chain of theaters on the Coast, and is backed by Oakland and San Francisco capital. Crane is a great business man, and has a number of paying investments, besides his acting and writing.

Mary Miles Minter came all the way down from Santa Barbara to be presented with a fine little automobile that she won as the result of being declared winner in a recent popularity contest conducted by a local magazine. Mary was very proud of her prize, and tried out the car by driving back to Santa Barbara in it. Betty Compson won a diamond ring for second prize, Doris Baker a Victrola and Winifred Westover a $125 order on a local firm.

Everybody's busy with those famous questionnaires and asking every one else how to fill them out.



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Next Classic Has Haunting Personality

Alive with Good News of the Players and Fresh Happenings in the Land of Filmdom, the April Classic Will Hold Your Attention, Then Haunt You for Many Months to Come

The keynote of success is sincerity. The April Classic brings this idea home so forcefully that there is no room left for doubt. Each article is absolutely different from anything heretofore published between Classic covers, the pictures, if possible, more exquisite. Our readers have shown great interest in the Kings and Queens Contest and a sincere desire to push their favorites. When readers show such sincerity and a book itself shows proof of equal sincerity—well, just watch for the April Classic!

"ONCE UPON A TIME"

A short time ago Wally Reid came East. Hazel Simpson Naylor discovered the fact and decided that she had to have a picture of Wally, Jr. She called upon Wallace Reid, found him in a very reminiscent mood and wove a mighty interesting story around him. He told her lots of funny little incidents, mostly of his early adventures, as well as some odd and interesting things that happened during his screen career. "If you are fool enough," said his manager, "to get hitched at your age, at least keep it from the public." "I told him to go hang himself; if they dont like me as well married as they do single, then I'm a darn poor actor." Incidentally Miss Naylor obtained the picture of Wally, Jr., which she had gone after. It appears in the April Classic with some striking new ones of Papa Wally.

"HOLBROOK BLINN—THE MAN"

Here is a peek into the very heart of Holbrook Blinn, a convincing little story with a fleeting glimpse of the real man. He tells all about his likes and dislikes, a few of his plans—to say nothing of his hopes.

"THE LASS EILEEN"

Fate is a peculiar thing. Just listen to this! Doug Fairbanks had a party—just a little one—at the Plaza one day, and Elsie Janis was adding her wit to the gaiety of it. In the course of conversation Doug confided to Elsie that he was looking for a new kind of girl to play in his "Wild and Wooly," then about to be produced—and Elsie produced Eileen. Doug was tickled to death—so was Elsie—*so was Eileen.* Read what Eileen Percy has to say about herself in the April Classic—and dont forget that we have Elsie Janis to thank for her.

"THE LEGION OF DEATH"

The name itself makes you shiver, doesn't it? There has been so much in the papers lately about the Russian "Legion of Death." This Metro story is based on conditions in Russia—startling, gripping, thrilling. Edith Storey as the leader of the Legion of Death will make you laugh, gasp or cry at will. It is a story unusually suited to Miss Storey's personality, and she makes the most of it. Read the story in the April Classic and you'll simply have to see the picture when it comes to your home theater.

"TONY MORENO'S LOVE-LETTERS"

Antonio Moreno has been called everything from the "Apollo Belvidere of the Screen" to the "Prince Charming of Make Believe." Learning that he had a large collection of letters, requests, demands, and, most interesting of all, love-letters from persons unknown, one of our interviewers asked him if we could not publish them, including his own comments. After a due amount of hemming and hawing, Mr. Moreno consented, and you will find some of these letters in the April Classic, together with his own comments.

"THE MESSAGE OF SIR FORBES-ROBERTSON"

How the Language of the Eyes Appeals to One of the Greatest Living Actors

Some of us remember the triumphal stage tours of Sir Forbes-Robertson and especially his last great play, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." Sir Forbes recently came to America again and is filming this wonderfully appealing stage play. Lillian Montanye had the honor of a personal interview with him and describes in his own words what he thinks of Motion Pictures and what their destiny will be, as well as that of the stage, during the war. His ideas are unique. Read them.

"DODGING A MILLION WITH MABEL NORMAND"

Another Delightful Adventure of the Classic's Extra Girl

Ethel Rosemon has become so famous during her career as an extra girl and thru the vivid stories of her trials and tribulations in the Classic that she has received several flattering offers to go on the stage and in vaudeville to show the inquisitive audience just how they do it in a real movie studio. These offers did not seem to bother her in the least, for she is still plodding along as an extra girl, fondly hoping some day to arrive. In the April Classic Miss Rosemon tells about an all-night session at the Goldwyn studio, how Mabel Normand showed her how to make up, how Tom Moore put belladonna in her eyes and how she raided the studio pantry. Here is a breezy, truthful, inside story, alive with picture interest and illustrated with especially posed, back-stage pictures.

"WHEELER OAKMAN"

Is there any particular reason why a rainy day will untie the string of a person's tongue? No one has ever discovered a reason, but nevertheless there must be one. Adolph D. Berg called upon Wheeler Oakman on a day when it was "raining cats and dogs." Maybe it was because he couldn't do anything else that Mr. Oakman talked so long and earnestly about the art of acting, the difference between stage and screen art and about himself, but Mr. Berg just blessed the weather and drank in all Mr. Oakman had to say. The April Classic has Wheeler Oakman's rainy-day chat just as Mr. Berg heard it. Dont wait for a rainy day to read it. It's indeed worth-while.

AND STILL THEY COME

Some new and highly interesting features will be announced in connection with the Kings and Queens Contest, which is now drawing to a whipping finish. New news departments, first-hand interviews and wondrous photographs will smile out at you from each carefully selected page. Order the April Classic from your newsdealer *in advance.* The price remains at 20c.

THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC, 175 Duffield St., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Prizes for Popular Player Puzzlers

Which Includes a Pleasant Duel of Wits

THE January Magazine announced a puzzle in which twenty-four players' names were concealed in such weary words as Hobo, to say nothing of such saintly ones as Halo. We regret having kept many of our readers from enjoying an evening at the movies, but thousands of them must have stayed at home for at least one night to pit their wits against the cryptic words of the Popular Player Puzzle. Many of them succeeded in solving it, and we are awarding the $10 in prize money to the five who submitted not only the correct answers, but also the neatest and most artistic ones. The correct list of answers is also given for the benefit of those who fell by the wayside.

As a result of a most careful selection, the Puzzle Editor announces the prizes as follows:

First prize, $4.00—Frances Mitchell, 500 N. Broadway, Lexington, Ky.

Second prize, $3.00—Miss T. Michaels, 745 Driggs Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Third prize, $1.00—Lillian C. Smith, 3037 O St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Fourth prize, $1.00—G. J. McCarty, Box 33, Coffeyville, Kans.

Fifth prize, $1.00—Ruth Randall, 4443 Lorain Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

Here is the list of correct answers:

Hobart Bosworth.
Harold Lockwood.
Wallace Reid.
Viola Dana.
Dorothy Bernard.
Warren Kerrigan.
Peggy O'Neill.
Mae Marsh—Mary Maurice, Marc MacDermott, Mary MacLaren.
William Desmond.
House Peters.
Marshall Neilan.
Ruth Stonehouse.
Miriam Nesbitt—Milton Nelson.
Lewis S. Stone—Leslie Stowe.
Howard Estabrook.
Katherine Lee—Kate Lester.
William Sherwood—William Shea.
Ralph Kellard.
Wheeler Oakman.
Louise Beaudet.
Jack Dean.
Lucille Lee Stewart.
Ralph Ince.
Roscoe Arbuckle.

CULTIVATING A NASAL ACCENT

Recently George Fisher annexed one of those colds which have visited film folks in every Western studio. Back East they might call them grippe, but here they dont dignify the ailment by a name. Mr. Fisher says his chest rattled like a regular "come seben, come leben!" shaker. The other day he complained mournfully of his troubles to Captain Kidd, the Paralta publicity-puller, in approved code lankwidge: "I jus' bish I dew bare I cawd this code."

Captain Kidd drolled unsympathetically, "For goodness' sake, stop pitying yourself. What good would it do you to know *where* you got it?"

Mr. Fisher glared reproachfully as he retorted, "I mide waddago bag ad ged anubder wud subtibe."



THE MANAGING EDITOR AND THE ANSWER MAN

The Riddle

By VIRGIL O. JORDAN

Motion Picture! Motion Picture!
How well you have defined
Within your unpretentious bounds
The fickle human mind!

As when at last we must receive
Compensation for our sins,
Even tho the doctor tears his hair
The Motion Picture grins.



EARLE WILLIAMS AND ALICE JOYCE SHOWING THE LATEST STYLE OF CONDUCTING A LOVE-AFFAIR. THIS WAS STAGED FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE OTHER PLAYERS IN THE VITAGRAPH STUDIO WHO ARE LESS PROFICIENT IN THE ART

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Take the ordinary longhand letter *d* Eliminate everything but the long downstroke and there will remain *l* This is the Paragon symbol for D. It is always written **downward.**

From the longhand letter *e* rub out everything except the upper part—the circle—and you will have the Paragon E.

Write this circle at the **beginning of** *l* and you will have Ed. *el*

By letting the circle remain **open** it will be a **hook,** and this **hook** stands for **A.** Thus *l* will be **Ad.** Add another **A** at the end, thus *lA* and you will have a girl's name, **Ada.**

From *o* eliminate the initial and final strokes and *o* will remain, which is the Paragon symbol for **O.**

For the **longhand** *m* , which is made of 7 strokes, you use this **one** horizontal stroke —

Therefore, —*o* would be **Me.**

Now continue the **E** across the **M,** so as to add **D**—thus *7* and you will have **Med.** Now add the **large** circle for **O,** and you will have *Mo* (medo), which is **Meadow,** with the silent **A** and **W** omitted.

You now have 5 of the characters. There are only 26 in all. Then you memorize 26 simple word-signs, 6 prefix abbreviations and one rule of contractions. THAT IS ALL.

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Motion Picture Magazine

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Almost a decade ago, when the art of the screen was first pronounced worthy of depicting life's dramas, this Magazine was founded. From the first, it aimed to be the voice of the Silent Drama—the friend of those in front, and of the shadowed players. It has always been ready to encourage all that is good, and eager to wield its power against all that is unworthy. Every word, every picture in this Magazine is printed for you, the reader; hence it is your Magazine, and the official organ of the Motion Picture public. This number—larger, handsomer and more elaborate than ever, in its new size and dress—must be marked twenty cents a copy, but you will admit that it is worth it.

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15 PAG



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The return of "the prodigal daughter," May Allison, to her screen domicile has won for her the finest bit of publicity in the theatrical and Motion Picture world—the cover of this Magazine. Contrary to previous reports that she would again co-star with Harold Lockwood, "The Golden Beauty" will go it alone under Metro auspices. The Wise Men of the East, as well as those of the West, are prepared to follow the course of her resplendent star.

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is offered by the poor (but persistent) old Answer Man. See his announcement on page 4.

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ANNA LITTLE



VOLA VALE



BESSIE LOVE

Will the "Little Brown Wren" from California be another Mary Pickford? is the question of the hour in Filmiana. Bessie Love casts vivid youth, beauty, adaptability and appeal into the scales—she is being most carefully groomed for the race for film honors by Pathé. Her present screen portrayal, "The Spring of the Year," has won her many admirers, and her following "How Could You, Caroline?" promises to keep her star of fame and fortune whirling onward and upward.



FANNIE WARD

'Tis said that people age rapidly in Gay Gotham. Fannie Ward set the saying at nought by growing even younger since she cast her fortunes with Pathé and came to New York. She is one of the rare exceptions who has long since passed the ingénue age and can still stand the deadly "close-up" of the camera. In "Innocent," her current production, Fannie Ward plays the part of an eighteen-year-old girl, and, to give her full credit, she looks it as well as she plays it. "The Yellow Ticket," from another popular stage play, is Miss Ward's coming offering.



© Sarony

BEVERLY BAYNE

This damask-cheeked and limpid-eyed Metro star has been so closely identified with her antithesis in complexion, the blond and stalwart Francis X. Bushman, that they are the silent stage's best-known pair. Miss Bayne is as retiring as she is talented, is purely a dramatic child of Motion Pictures and is a devout worker for the Red Cross. Recently she proved her versatility by appearing in some thrilling Western rôles. "Under Suspicion" is her latest presentation.



ANTONIO MORENO

"Tony" Moreno's screen career has been interwoven with his two best-known opposites—Edith Storey and Irene Castle. Last fall he earned the right to star in solo. "The Angel Factory" and "The Naulahka" are his stellar offerings for Pathe. The announcement that the olive-toned Spaniard will play opposite pearly-cheeked Pearl White in a new serial, "The House of Hate" brings two highly popular as well as daring screen favorites together.



MARY ANDERSON

In the spring of 1914 no one had ever heard of Mary Anderson—she was not even on the casting director's list of extra girls. Six months afterwards, toilet-soap makers, perfumers, calendar men and "first aid to beauty" doctors were sending her a torrent of letters asking for testimonials and for the "loan of her face." Such is fame! But little Miss Four-feet-eleven did not have her head turned nor turn her head in her stellar career. For two seasons she has driven her vivacious stellar chariot for Vitagraph over the hills and into the arroyos of California Mary Anderson recently heard the call of home and has fled across continent to "The City of Churches."



HELEN HOLMES

Not content with being "Daredevil Helen" and "The Right o' Way Lady," the inexhaustible Helen is raising all sorts of supplies on her ranch for the boys in khaki and has added another adopted child to her family, this time a son.



When ruddy-haired Ann Murdock made her stage première in "The Lion and the Mouse," she played the part of the Mouse, but made a regular Lioness out of the little rodent. She recently starred in "The Three Bears" on Broadway, as well as picture-posed in the Frohman studio.



ARTHUR ASHLEY

Arthur started life as an Ash, but is still a long way off from ashes. Going on the stage as Arthur Ashley, he was best known to fame as leading-man for Poli's Stock Company, which enviable but hard-working position he held for six seasons. In John Bunny's time at Vitagraph, Arthur Ashley was one of the busiest stock players as well as photoplaywrights. After a season of vaudeville and another with Thanhouser, Arthur Ashley came to World, where he is known as one of the best all-round actor-directors in Filmiana. He has principally supported Alice Brady and June Elvidge.



Tea, Philosophy—And Some Movie Ideals

SERVED BY VALENTINE GRANT, THE GIRL WHO ALWAYS SEEKS SOMETHING BETTER.

By Hazel Simpson Naylor

SATURDAY afternoon in New York, when dusk is beginning to fall, electric lights glow mellowly, and all the well-drest world seems seeking the steaming brew, is, perhaps, the most pleasing time in the hurly-burly, hurry and strife of the great city.

It was at this fascinating hour that I, appointment bound, entered the Knickerbocker Hotel. Rose-colored lights threw a cosy glow over the jolly groups of girls and men, soldier-boys and adoring mothers who were sauntering in and out of the dining-room, while the orchestra was playing its first heart-throbbing notes. A delicate odor of sachet, of roses, of orange pekoe assailed my nostrils, and then Valentine Grant, charmingly petite, clad in a brown costume and hat, and gorgeous sable furs, rushed up and greeted me.

"I do hope I haven't kept you waiting long."

I assured her she hadn't, and in a second we were seated at a rose-lighted table and chatting of our hopes, aims and ambitions.

"I am so glad you liked 'The Belgian'," said Miss Grant, speaking of her most recent picture. "You know, when Mr. Sidney Olcott and I decided to leave Famous Players, it was that Mr. Olcott might do bigger pictures, big subjects with a universal appeal. We wish to make photoplays that will appeal not only to the masses, but to the discerning classes as well; and, by the way, you will find that that which pleases the cultured people will please the commoners also. We wanted to get away from the stifling deadliness of routine. A person cannot perpetuate an artistic photoplay on schedule time any more than a great artist can paint so many pictures in so many weeks, or an author write so many novels a year. Artistic, creative work cannot be run like a railroad.

"From now on I want to do parts that call forth everything I have in me as an actress; but my first consideration is the picture as a whole; I wouldn't allow anything, any personal feelings or differences, to interfere with that. When I am playing I make myself absolutely subservient to my director. It is the success of the picture as a whole, not personal glory, that I seek. One of the most difficult things in screen acting is to express emotion without making it theatrical. So many actors and actresses are filled with their own conceit that they cant forget themselves. To be a real artiste in pictures one must undress her very soul."

"Were you ever on the stage?" I queried of this serious little lady whose brown eyes sparkled and whose deep dimples showed evanescently.

"No, never," she said. "I left Seattle and came to New York to study singing. I used to do concerts for the four hundred, but my ultimate aim was grand opera. It happened that I caught a bad cold which developed into grip. Just at that time I met Mr. Olcott, who was organizing a company to go to Florida. Mr. Olcott, you know, was the first director to take his companies to real locations. Well, I was bemoaning my fate to him because I was held up with a cold and couldn't sing, when I had at last succeeded in obtaining an appointment for a trial with one of the big operatic managers. Mr. Olcott asked me, 'Well, how would you like to go into pictures?'

"I smiled. I had never had any time to consider Moving Pictures, and said, 'What for?'

"'Money,' said Mr. Olcott. Then he went on to explain that he would give me leads at once.

"'But,' I protested, thinking it all a huge joke, 'I never had any experience.'

" 'That's precisely the reason I want you. If you have talent and ability to interpret character correctly and can play a story as you would live it, you will make a good picture actress. If you dont make good, there's nothing lost, anyway.'

"Then he named a wonderfully inducing salary. I was not particularly thrilled, but took it all in a practical, calm way. At first, I looked at it entirely thru commercial eyes. I took it as grasping an opportunity of bettering my condition in life. I didn't realize that Olcott was one of the great producers in the business—Griffith was only hovering in sight then—until I saw some still pictures of Mr. Olcott's 'From the Manger to the Cross.' Then I realized that here was composition that could have been posed only by the hand of an artist, a master artist.

" 'I'll go down to Florida with you,' I said.

"In my first picture I played a woman from sixteen to seventy-five. Perhaps you saw it, 'The Mother of Men.' The very first scene I ever acted was as an old woman of seventy-five. Mr. Olcott said that some one could substitute for the old lady part, but I said, 'If you can make me up to look the part, I'll do it. Some one might notice the lack of resemblance.'



VALENTINE GRANT AND WALKER WHITESIDE IN "THE BELGIAN"



VALENTINE GRANT IN ONE OF HER PEASANT COSTUMES

"It was the first of January and right cold, and I, made up as the old woman, wore only tattered and thin garments.

" 'Why, Miss Grant,' said Mr. Olcott, 'you are actually shivering; you ought to put something warm underneath.'

" 'But,' I protested, 'I am meant to be shivery and hungry, am I not?' He nodded. So I went on location that way and shivered and shook right naturally.

"At that time I didn't know that a picture actress should always look pretty, and the next characterization I did was of a little lumber-camp girl with my hair skinned back from my forehead, just like I had seen them back home. After that we went to Ireland and Scotland to take pictures, and I specialized in correctly interpreting Irish lassies. Then I did 'The Daughter of MacGregor' and 'The Melting Pot.' "

Valentine Grant loves to do peasant types and in this she is unique and original; for most picture actresses wish first of all to look beautiful and wear gorgeous creations. Miss Grant, however, is of a very sympathetic temperament, and it is for this reason that she has been able to understand, study and love the Irish, Scottish and Belgian lassies, whose hopes, fears and aspirations she has transcribed so truthfully to the silversheet. A bit of a Swiss apron, a crisp white Belgian head-dress, a bit of Brussels net, picked up in an out-of-the-way corner of the globe, will bring more joy into this velvet-eyed little lady's heart than all the Parisian frocks shown on Fifth Avenue, New York.

You who read this may not remember, but after her very first picture critics hailed Miss Grant as a great photoplay actress. So I asked:

"When you read the notices and knew that you were a success almost overnight, weren't you pleasantly thrilled?"

Valentine Grant looked at me plainly expressing disapproval.

"Never!" she said, emphatically. 'When we become thrilled at what we do, at our puny accomplishments, we get the most abominable characteristic in the world, egotism, self-centeredism, the worst sentiment there is. As for me, I have never yet done anything that came up to my standard of the really artistic. My thought is always, Next time I'll do better."



AS MISS GRANT LOOKS TO HER FRIENDS

"Then, what *is* your ultimate ambition, Miss Grant?" I asked.

Valentine Grant stirred her tea thoughtfully and gazed into the amber liquid as if seeing the future in a crystal globe; slowly she spoke, enunciating very clearly. "My ambition," she said, "is to be as really fine a picture actress as Maude Adams is on the stage. I want people to say of me in the future, 'Valentine Grant never interprets two rôles alike, never looks the same. Valentine Grant is the girl of a thousand faces.' "

Just then the Knickerbocker orchestra played "The Star Spangled Banner," and as we stood up I clasped this little, serious-souled lady's hand in mine and said, "Good luck to you, Valentine Grant; you deserve it!"

The Japanese Point of View

And Incidentally a Chat With Hayakawa

By
HARRY CARR EASTERFIELD



SESSUE HAYAKAWA



SESSUE HAYAKAWA AND HIS WIFE, TSURU AOKI, IN "EACH TO HIS KIND"



HAYAKAWA IN "THE JAGUAR'S CLAWS"

WAY back in the early youth of Motion Picture drama, along about 1907, they had a telling way of expressing emotion. Do you remember it? J. Movie Booth, the leading-man of the Graphoscopo Kinemabio Film Company, could give you an emotion so labeled; you couldn't miss it, even in those days of the flickering shadows. Suppose it were grief. The heroine has just flopped out of the door, shaken the scenery and the hero, bumped into a back drop that looked like a cross between a lake in the Sierra Nevadas and a tennis court at Coney Island. J. Movie must register his heart-stricken woe. So he turns full on the audience, walks up toward the camera and allows his facial muscles a bit of exercise. His eyebrows go up, his forehead is wrinkled, his brow is furrowed, the mouth corners turn down, his nose is drawn, and even his ears seem to wiggle in sympathy, the while he seems to say, "This is grief, O ye of little faith!"

If there were another person in the scene with him, to whom he must communicate his grief, he accomplished the purpose by the simple expedient of again turning full on the audience and slowly moving his mouth about and his jaw up and down to indicate the spoken word. If you had been as good at lip-reading in those days as you are today, you could have told your theater neighbor just what J. Movie was saying.

They were the happy days! We have grown a bit beyond that palmy time. Today we know what the backs of our stars look like and no longer do we see their lips move in conversation as if they were addressing the Fifteenth National Convention of the Amalgamated Association of Deaf Mutes.

They tell a story of how Sir James Barrie, the great dramatist, administered a Scotch rebuke to Granville Barker at a time when that deeply psychological manager was about to produce a Barrie play in London. Barker had been rehearsing the company for hours while Sir James had been looking placidly on. The manager had been expostulating at length on subtle analysis of character, hidden meaning and a lot of allegorical stuff in the play which Barrie did not even know he had written. After two hours of this sort of new-thought stage direction, Barrie could stand it no longer. From the pit he raised his voice for the first time during the rehearsal of his own play. "Wouldn't it be well, Mr. Bar-r-r-ker," he called out, "if Jeems, when he turns up-stage in that scene with Lucy, would suggest —mind you, just *suggest*, you know—in the way he held his shoulders, that his brother was born in Shropshire?"

Nowadays the movie stars are taking on an order no less subtle. There are many of them trying to suggest by the turn of their shoulders that their brothers were born in Shropshire, and the explosive facial expressions of a past day are considered bad art. The consequence is, that those ultra-suppressed emotionalists are leaving their audiences cold. They have swung so far from the side of plainly labeled emotion that they have landed on the side of showing no emotion at all, duped into the false belief that they are registering their "suppressed desires."

But there is one picture actor who gets away with it. His name is Sessue Hayakawa. You who are judges of fine emotional acting must have been swayed by this wonderful Japanese actor and you must have wondered, as I have, at the effects he got and the methods he used in getting them. If you have noticed that tense acting of Hayakawa, you have observed that his greatest effects are all accomplished by repression rather than expression.

There are a lot of people today who are fond of expressing the somewhat trite theory that Motion Pictures can never tell a great story because there are no words; that subtle pyschological effects cannot be shown simply by gestures. This theory I put to Hayakawa.

"That is where you are wrong," he said. "Words are the crude things. You know some one has said words are things used to disguise thought. It is words that cannot tell a subtle story."

"But gestures," I expostulated. "Can you tell the story of a man's soul by wriggling your hands?"

"I do not wriggle my hands," he replied with dignity.

"Neither do I make gestures. If I want to show on the screen that I hate a man, I do not shake my fists at him. I think down in my heart how I hate him and try not to move a muscle of my face, just as I would in life."

"How does the audience get it?" I asked.

"That is one of the matters difficult of explanation," said Hayakawa. "But the audience gets it nevertheless. It gets the story with finer shades of meaning than words could possibly tell them. Words would, in fact, take away from the meaning and confuse it."

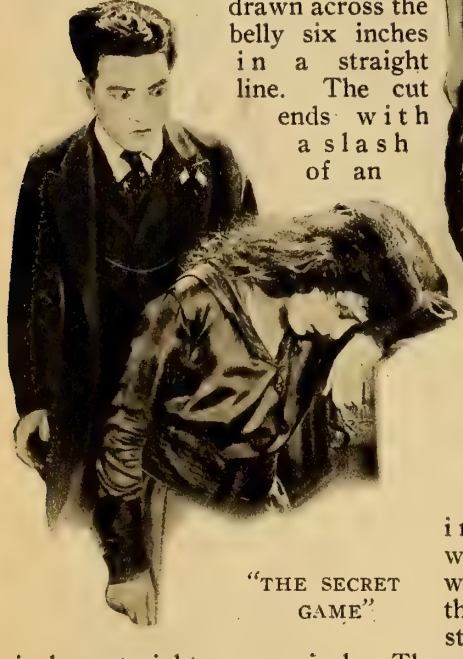
There's something to think on. The fact is that in "The Cheat," "The Call of the East," "The Secret Game," and all the Paramount pictures of Hayakawa, this Japanese has opened to the eyes of the western world ideas on art to which we were strangers, and still are strangers.

Hayakawa spoke of these things tactfully.

"Life in the Orient is harder than here and yet more harmonious," he said. "You western people dread death; I dont. To a Japanese, death is nothing; it is welcomed joyously. We meet it with happiness. Our only dread is that its agonies may not be borne with sufficient courage. Suicide among the Samurai of Japan is an elaborate ceremonial. I tried to show something of it in 'Hashimura Togo.'

"With us it is an elaborate ceremonial. It is undertaken without desperation. Sometimes an old officer, whose post has become obsolete thru the consolidation of army departments, is given permission to commit hari-kari as an honor.

"The actual suicide is performed by an exact ritual. After proper prayer, the suicide seats himself on his knees and plunges a knife in his abdomen exactly one inch deep. The blade is then drawn across the belly six inches in a straight line. The cut ends with a slash of an inch straight upwards. In other words the stroke of the hari-kari knife is straight across six inches, straight up one inch. The motion must be one continuous cut.



"THE SECRET GAME"

"If the knife is stopped before the cut is finished, it brings disgrace upon the man's family. It is also considered shameful if the position of the dead man's limbs shows that he kicked around while in his death agonies.

"Death comes very slowly after the hari-kari. The suicide must sit on the ground with his knees drawn up and die without moving a muscle. To insure this it is customary to bind the knees with a silken cord.

"It is a common thing in Japan for a man who has offended a friend to slash himself with the hari-kari knife, then bind a white cloth tightly about his middle. He walks to the house of his friend, begs his pardon and receives forgiveness. Then he unbinds the cloth and dies with perfect composure at the feet of his dear friend."



JAPANESE DRAMA IS TRAGIC



"THE BOTTLE IMP"

As showing how little was thought of death, Hayakawa said in the old days of Japan a gentleman of the Samurai class customarily tested the quality of a new sword by cutting off the head of some passing peasant. He stood at a corner of a street and slashed off the peasant's head as he went by. To this day, he says, every Japanese, from ancient custom, makes a wide detour in turning a corner.

"The ancient drama of Japan," he said, "is all tragic and tells of death. Comedies were almost unknown among the elder Japanese. Shakespeare is popular in Japan, but the favored plays are 'Othello,' 'Hamlet' and 'The Merchant of Venice.'

"The favorite native Japanese plays are still full of sorrow and tears, but I am surprised to note that among the American screen players the most popular in Japan is Charlie Chaplin. A great vogue for Chaplin has come thru the school kids of Japan.

"They spend their pennies for post-cards of him, and the Japanese caricaturists and cartoonists take great delight in depicting the comic screen comedian. In the larger cities of Japan, Chaplin's feet and cane are as well known as in the United States. Mary Pickford is also well liked in Japan. While the American school of acting is radically different from the Japanese, there is a charm about Miss Pickford that apparently has universal translation.

"In my coming picture, 'The Honor of His House,' I take the part of a Japanese nobleman who marries an American girl who brings disgrace upon him. It is not the nature of a true Japanese nobleman to rush into the

courts and into the newspapers with his family troubles. He is in the habit of being master of his house, sometimes with very stern results. My latest part calls for the supreme sacrifice and I decide to kill myself that my family's ancient name may remain unblemished. In 'The Honor of His House' I commit hari-kari, altho its gruesome details are not revealed on the screen.

"In all modesty, I might add that my wife Tsuru Aoki, is also a favorite in Japan. She has played with me in two of my favorite Orientals, 'Each to His Kind' and 'The Call of the East.'

"We live in Los Angeles in a bungalow which in many ways reminds us of our native houses in Japan. Part of our furnishings are Japanese and part American. We do not, of course, retain the Japanese beds, which are only padded quilts laid upon the floor, nor the Japanese pillow, which is a wooden block, hollowed out to fit the head, but there are so many convenient as well as luxuriant Japanese furnishings that we have permitted ourselves to retain them.



THE CEREMONIAL OF HARI-KARI



REPRESSION IS AN ORIENTAL CHARACTERISTIC



THE JAPANESE STOICISM



"THE SECRET GAME"

"Repression is characteristic of not only the Japanese, but of the entire Orient, and even extends its influence to the South Sea Islands and as far east as Hawaii. There are thousands of Japanese in this new colony of America and their influence has been strongly felt by the natives.

"In my most recent picture, 'The Hidden Pearls,' I take the part of a Hawaiian, and I tried to interpret it strictly along the lines of Oriental expression. In Japan we take most things seriously; even our athletic games, especially jiu jitsu, are looked upon more as a physical discipline than as a sport. The secrets of jiu jitsu are handed down from father to son and it is years before one can become proficient in this really marvelous art of self-defense as well as of sudden destruction.

"I am very fond of jiu jitsu," confessed Sessue, "and practice it daily. I also have a weakness for your great American game of poker. They say that I am a great poker player and perhaps I can give you the reason why. I think it is on account of my 'poker face,' which never gives my hand away, so you can see there is something in the art of repression.

"Japan is not a nation that thinks lightly; the struggle to live is too severe. Fiction stories are rarely read. The Japanese boy is usually to be found devoting his time to hard study.

"I remember when I was a little naval cadet in the Japanese navy that they sent us into the Indian Ocean at the height of the typhoon season. I can remember being sent aloft and being lashed to the rigging when the sea was running so high the upper rigging would be tipped over into the sea first on one roll of the ship, then on the other.

"No; the conditions of life are not soft in Japan."

Hayakawa smiled in reflection. "Yet," he said, "I think life is more pleasant there; the amenities of life are more harmonious.

"The Japanese are proud of the fact that ours is the only commission that did not come to America with outstretched palm. Of all the delegations that have visited

(*Continued on page* 119)

What Could Be Funnier, Minerva?

Step Right This Way for the Greatest Side-Show on Earth—A 1918 Revue of Filmdom's Clowns

By BETTY FLEET







© Mishkin

MARIE DRESSLER



CHARLES CHAPLIN

"STEP right this way, ladies 'n' gentlemen, 'n' see the greatest show on earth!" Thus do the hawkers cry at the circus side-show. But in Camera-land there are no audible shouts, no hoots and yells to attract attention to the fat lady, the human skeleton, and "Jojo," the dog-faced boy. Nevertheless some of the weird make-ups used in the comedies of the darkened theater would do justice to a one-ring circus side-show. Our clown friends of the screen are, as a rule, just as careful about preserving their make-up intact as if, in reality, they were the freaks of a side-show; but it is delightfully interesting to unmask them and to discover not only perfectly human-looking persons, instead of freaks, but oftentimes handsome young men and pretty women.



ROSCOE ARBUCKLE

© Apeda



© Apeda

BILLIE WEST



The superb clown of the Silversheet side-show is, without question, Charles Spencer Chaplin. Like his fame, Charlie's mustache continues to grow—not on Mr. Chaplin's upper lip, but on those of his imitators. Billie West, chief among these, is so very clever, in his own way, that some cannot even tell the difference.

Then there's Marie Dressler, clown-ess de luxe, who is so fond of depicting nightmares, and Roscoe Arbuckle, most famous of all the barrel-shaped chunks of chuckles.

Freak is Alice Howell's middle name—she mangles her hair and twists her body in all kinds of weird stunts just to bring the tickle to her audience's funny-bone. Charlie Murray, debonair devil of domestic difficulties under the Sennett régime, is so good at falling out of windows and scaling skyscrapers that he deserves to be classed among the eight wonders of the world.

Tripping up and down and



ALICE HOWELL





CHARLES MURRAY





CHESTER CONKLIN



VICTOR MOORE





WILNA WILDE



GEORGE (SLIM) SUMMERVILLE

all about and in my lady's chamber is the weakness of Chester Conklin, who masks his comicalities under a spreading mustache. If it is true that the funniest spectacle is seeing another poor human in trouble, then Chester must rank as foremost funmaker, for he's always in hot water, literally and figuratively.

Victor Moore is fast approaching Roscoe Arbuckle's heretofore exclusive territory, that of champion *pomme-de-terre*—oh, I beg pardon, embonpoint champion! Clowns of the sawdust ring have nothing on Victor.

Step right this way—tallest girl in the movies, Wilna Wilde She doesn't look very wild; but, oh, boy! that's only the half of it.

Louise Fazenda can impersonate a wild woman of Borneo or a hula-hula dancer—take your choice. She's just as apt to do a hula-hula as an Oriental wiggle, so it's always safe to call her either one. As a matter of fact she's a thriving Sennett starlet.



TOTO

George Ovey's contribution to the Silversheet's seven ringer is "Jerry," an able clown of "checkered" tastes.



LOUISE FAZENDA

And then there's Toto, an honest-to-goodness clown culled from the Hippodrome, New York, to make shadow comics for Pathé via the Rolin studio. Mack Sennett is the chief ballyhoo for Ben Turpin, the cross-eyed clown, and "Slim" Summerville is the thinnest, tallest freak in Shadow-land. Whoop-la!

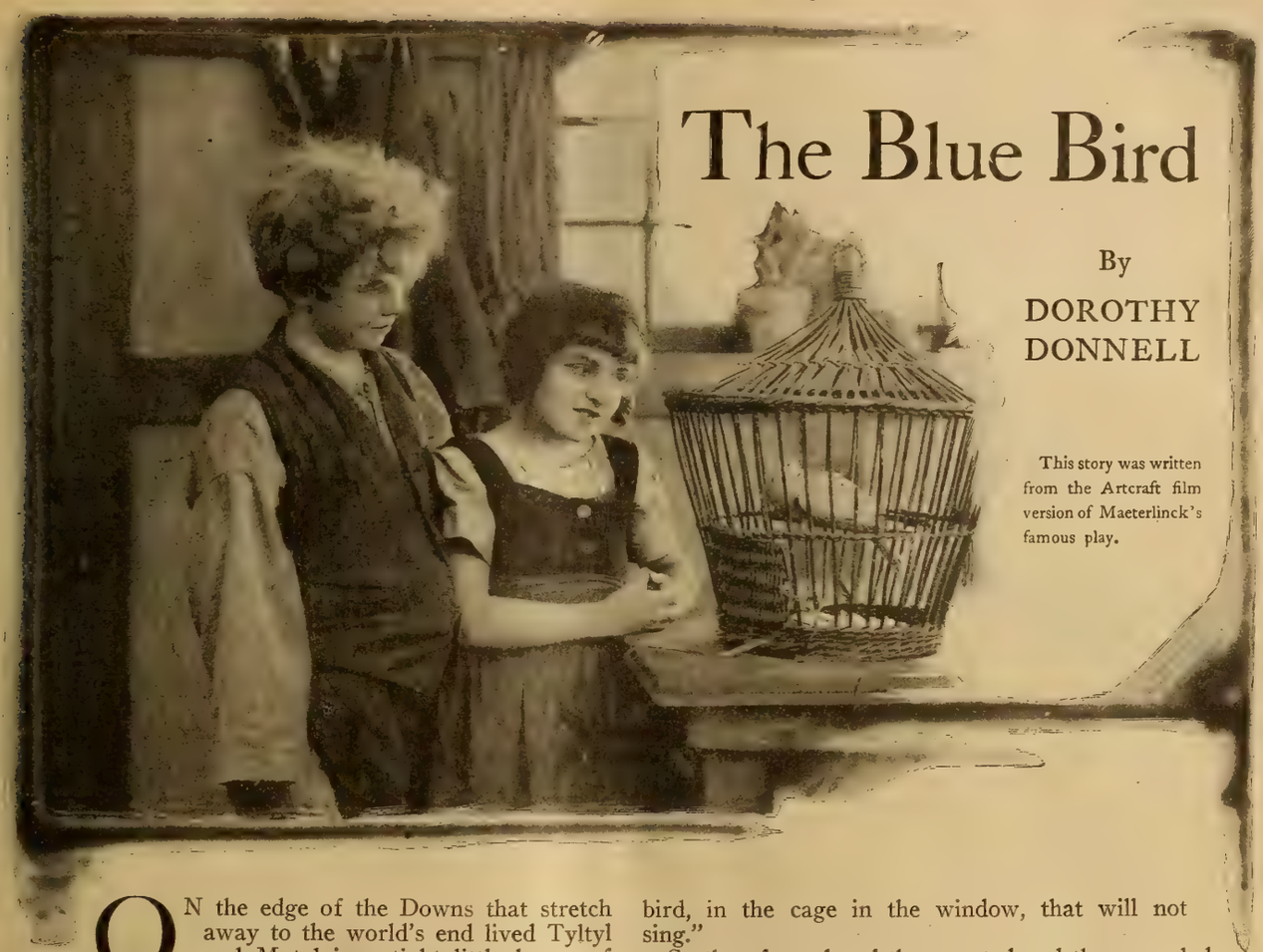


BEN TURPIN





GEORGE OVEY



The Blue Bird

By
DOROTHY
DONNELL

This story was written from the Artcraft film version of Maeterlinck's famous play.

ON the edge of the Downs that stretch away to the world's end lived Tyltyl and Mytyl in a tight little house of stone. Now, Daddy and Mammy Tyl were not either very rich nor very poor. There was always a fire on the hearth, a crusty quartern-loaf in the dresser, and plenty of milk in the brown earthenware pitcher, but there were never any silver pieces to spare for cakes and tarts and barley sticks such as children love.

Over the way toward the sunset lived the Happy Family. This is what Tyltyl and Mytyl called them. The Happy children wore white pinafores every day and had many fine toys to play with, and besides all that they often left fruit and comfits on their plates because they were not hungry enough to eat them. Tyltyl and Mytyl could not understand not being hungry enough to eat goodies.

"If we were rich we would be happy," they told each other, longingly. "But we have nothing—only Tylo, the dog, and Tylette, the cat, and the bird, in the cage in the window, that will not sing."



ONE HAD HAIR AS DARK AS MIDNIGHT, THE OTHER HAIR AS GOLDEN AS THE SUN

So they fretted and they pouted and they scowled at their brown crust of bread and bowl of sweet milk until good Mammy Tyl was at the end of her seven wits to know what to do with them.

One night she tucked them snug in their trundle-beds and blew out the lamp.

"Go to sleep, children," she bade them, sadly; "perhaps you may find happiness in your dreams, since you cannot in your home. It is a strange thing, but I have found it myself in my mending-basket and my mixing-bowl many a time!"

After she was gone Tyltyl and Mytyl laughed long and scornfully. Grown-up people are so stupid—as tho any one could be happy in darning stockings and baking bread! Even the smallest child knows better than that.

The fire flickered rosily on the hearth, the cat purred, the dog blinked, and the silent bird in the window tucked its head under its wing. In their two white little trundle-beds the children were fast asleep, so fast

that they did not see the two strange and beautiful beings who stood by their sides.

Now, if you are going to read any farther you will have to admit that you believe that there are fairies in the world. You know, for instance, that there are babies, dont you? And fairies are not a whit more wonderful than babies. But you've never *seen* one, you say? Nonsense! There is many and many a thing you haven't seen that is true, all the same; stomachs, for instance, and the day-after-tomorrow and the south wind.

The two that stood by Tyltyl's and Mytyl's beds were fairies. One had hair as dark as midnight, the other hair as golden as the sun



THE BLUE MIST CLEARED TO SHOW A SIGN-POST

"Come, children, wake up—wake up quickly!" they cried, softly laying their hands on the tumbled curls on the pillows. "There is no time to be lost if we are to find the Blue Bird before Mammy and Daddy Tyl open their eyes."

Tyltyl and Mytyl jumped out of their beds, clapping their hands joyfully.

"Who are you?" they chorused. "And what is the Blue Bird? Is it like our bird in the cage yonder?"

The dark fairy shook her head doubtfully. "The Blue Bird has brighter plumage," she said, "and sings from dawn to dawn. Its other name is Happiness. I am the Fairy Berylune and this is the soul of Light, who will go with us to show us the way."

"I never knew Light had a soul," Tyltyl said, wonderingly.

The Fairy Berylune took a little green cap from her pocket and placed it on Tyltyl's head. "Turn the diamond in the front," she directed, "and you will see that everything has a soul."

And true as you live, or I live, or any one lives, when the stone was turned the room was full of souls—souls with great stomachs and red jowls, souls with streaming hair and souls with flame-red doublet and hose, souls with dog-faces and cat-faces, and a strange soul in a striped barley-sugar robe, who immediately broke off two of his fingers and offered them to the children with a bow.

"I am the soul of Sugar," he smiled stickily; "the fat fellow yonder is Bread, and there are Water and Fire, and the Cat and Dog, and others that dont matter. We're all going along with you to find the Blue Bird, if you like."

"Take our cage, too, Tyltyl!" cried Mytyl. "We will leave our bird on the table. Perhaps if we bring back the Blue Bird it will learn how to sing."

Out of doors the world was covered with a blue mist. They had not taken four steps when the tight little house and Mammy and Daddy Tyl were lost entirely. Mytyl whimpered a little under her breath, but Tyltyl pretended he was not at all afraid.

"Where are we going first to look for the Blue Bird?" he asked in a dont-care voice, taking very long strides and trying to look as tho he were six feet tall.

"To the Land of the Dead," said the Fairy Berylune, solemnly. "Turn the diamond and you will find the way."

Tyltyl obeyed and the blue mist cleared to show a sign-post directly before them, with a raven sitting



"THE TREES HAVE FACES!"

on the top, peering down with round, bright eyes. Bread and Fire and Light and Sugar and all of the rest stopped to read the three signs on the post. Mytyl pointed to the raven.

"That is not the Blue Bird, at any rate," she said. The Fairy Berylune smiled. "Are you so sure you will know it when you see it, child?" she asked, kindly. "There have been many who thought Death was Happiness. Perhaps when midnight strikes and the graves open for the Dead to take the air, we shall find the Bird there."

They walked on with the blue mist all around until they came to a dark woods. Bread and Sugar and the rest stopped, shaking their heads.

"We will wait here," they said, uneasily; "the Dead have no need of us. If you'll take our advice, you wont look for Happiness there. You will never find it buried in a grave."

Light took Tyltyl's and Mytyl's hands. "Come," she said; "I will go with you. There is nothing to be afraid of if you look at Death in the right light."

Tyltyl was playing with the diamond in his cap, and suddenly Mytyl gave a scream of terror. "The trees have faces!" she cried. "Oh, Tyltyl, why did you turn the stone in your cap? See!"

Cruel and crafty faces they were, too, looking down at the poor, shivering children from every side.

"They do not like humans," Light explained, hurrying them on. "You have cut them down, and burned them and pounded them into houses and ships, and treated them anything but kindly. But we must hurry and get out of the woods before it is midnight or we may be too late to see the graves open."

"When Riquette and Pierrott died they were very white and still, and would not play with us at all," Tyltyl said, thoughtfully; "and once I saw a dead rabbit lying in the field. Its nose did not wiggle nor its long ears move. If we do find the Blue Bird in the grave, I think that it will have forgotten how to sing."

Mytyl clutched his hand, trembling from her little gold head to her little pink feet.

"This must be the Land of the Dead," she whispered. "Oh, Tyltyl, I am afraid to go in! It looks so strange and dark and gloomy, and Light has gone, too. What do you suppose we shall see beyond the gates?"

"No one knows," Tyltyl said wisely. "Not even the parson, I think, tho he is a very good man. The only way to find out is to go in, and we'll have to hurry! It's striking midnight now."

Silently the great gates opened and the children stood within, looking about them fearfully. On every side the white gravestones stirred, the crosses tottered and the slabs upon the low mounds rose up like opening doors. A white mist covered everything, like a nuptial veil. When it cleared they saw tall beds of silver lilies, slim and laughing jonquils and splendid crimson roses opening their secret stores of perfume to the sun. Awed, they gazed at the flowers, and then into each other's faces.

"Where are the Dead?" Mytyl asked in wonder.

"There are no Dead!" said Tyltyl, joyfully.

They heard a low laugh behind them, and there was the Fairy Berylune, holding the forgotten bird-cage in her hands.

"You have found much," she told them. "There are sages who seek all their lives and never learn what you have learnt. Yet the Blue Bird is still lacking. You must go to seek it in the Land of Memory."

Obedient to her directions, Tyltyl turned the stone in his little green cap, and a cold blue fog wiped out the flowers like a sponge.

"My feet ache!" Mytyl whimpered, staggering along after Tyltyl, the bird-cage bumping at her heels. "My fingers are cold. I'm tired! I'm hungry! I want to go home."

"Shame on you! A great big little girl like you crying so." Tyltyl spoke a bit crossly, I must confess, and Mytyl was just about to reply more crossly still when they walked straight out of the fog and saw before them the pleasantest little cottage imaginable, all covered with creepers. There were flower-pots on the window-sills, beehives beside the door, and a dear old man and woman nodding on a bench in the sun.

"It's Gaffer and Granny Tyl!" Tyltyl shouted, clapping his hands. "Goodie! Perhaps now we shall have cabbage soup for dinner, as we used to."

Up jumped the old people, rubbing their eyes, and such a hugging and a kissing as there was!

"How you've grown, my little dearies, and how clean and tidy you look, to be sure!" Granny cried. "It's been such a long time since you were here. We thought you were never coming."

"But we didn't know the way before," said Mytyl puzzled, "and we wont know it again. It's such a long way——"

"Only the span of a thought," Gaffer explained. "Whenever you Living think of one of Us Others, we wake up and see you, but when you forget us, you keep us away from you."

Even as he spoke there was a great shouting and laughing, and a troop of little children came around the corner of the cottage. They were Tyltyl and Mytyl's brothers and sisters who had stopped living long ago. While they all made merry together, Gaffer and Granny set out the table in the sunny kitchen with wooden bowls and pewter spoons and a great tureen of smoking cabbage soup; then they all sat down to dine.

"Oh, how good it tastes!" Tyltyl cried, almost choking in his haste. "I could eat cabbage soup forever, couldn't you, Mytyl?"

"Forever is a long while," Mytyl replied, doubtfully; "besides, we've the Blue Bird yet to find, you know."

Tyltyl jumped to his feet, catching her hand. "Yes, yes, that's so!" he cried. "Gaffer, are there no Blue Birds in the Land of Memory? Surely there is Happiness in remembering happy things like you and Granny, and plum tarts and kisses and good times that are gone."

Gaffer Tyl sighed. "If the Living could only remember!" he shook his white locks sadly. "But other plum tarts and other kisses make them forgetful of the ones gone by. Didn't you pass thru a fog on the way here? That was the fog of Forgetfulness, and it takes the color out of Blue Birds and other things."

Regretfully the children said good-by, and Tyltyl turned the diamond. Once more the blue mist came down all around them, and they stumbled along thru it, calling desolately:

"Fairy Berylune! Light, Fire, Water—where are you? Bread, Sugar! Tylo, Tylette!"

"Here we are," said a crusty voice in their ears, and there stood Bread, turbaned like a Turk, and the clownish Sugar and all the rest of the Souls of Things.

"I'm sure you've been long enough to find a dozen Blue Birds," grumbled the Cat, "and your cage still empty! My whiskers! Where else is there to look?"

"The Palace of Night is near by," the Fairy Berylune said. "I have been told many people think Happiness is to be found there, among the Pleasures, the Sins, the Dreams, and the other things therein. At least we will see."

She took Tyltyl by one hand and Mytyl by the other and led them away from the rest into the azure mist.

"The third turn to the right from sunset," she murmured. "Ah, here we are. And now, my dears, you must not be terrified whatever you may see here. Some of the Dreams are not very agreeable, and they keep the Sicknesses in a closet in the Palace, and the Terrors in

another." Mytyl would have been glad to draw back, but already they were inside and the great house-doors had clanged to behind them. Night, an old woman clad in a black robe, came forward to meet them.

"The Blue Bird?" she repeated, in reply to the fairy's question. "I haven't seen any; but you may look around if you wish. There are all sorts of things."

Tyltyl and Mytyl and the Fairy Berylune went from one cupboard in the Palace to another. In one they saw the pale-faced Sicknesses, sneezing and coughing and groaning fearfully as they pressed their hands to their aches and pains. They made haste to close that door, you may be sure, and the next one, too, which contained the veiled Mysteries. At last they stood by the porphyry well in the center of the hall.

"I am so thirsty," sighed Mytyl. "Is the water in this well good to drink?"



"THIS MUST BE THE LAND OF THE DEAD!" SHE WHISPERED



"THERE ARE NO DEAD!"



"HOW GOOD IT TASTES!" CRIED TYLTYL

"My Most Difficult Scene"

In Which Webster Campbell, Carlton King, Alice Joyce, Charles Ray and Valentine Grant Describe Their Biggest Moment

IN pictures, the hardest scenes are not always the biggest scenes. Of course, this statement, being a generalization, is subject to exceptions; but many times the big scenes are comparatively elemental and so not difficult. For instance, scenes of gun play; scenes depicting (thru the instrumentality of a letter, for example) the shattering of cherished hopes; scenes wherein the heroine, tearful-eyed and pathetic, sinks sobbing to the floor because her lover has abandoned her. In the first instance the player depicts hate or revenge; in the second, despair; and in the last, an aching heart. These are all familiar emotions; and, unless the scene entails technical difficulties, are easily registered by an experienced actor.

Most players agree that the most difficult scenes to enact are those wherein the player must register conflicting emotions. A character is perplexed by an uncertain mental attitude. He must make a decision, retract it, hesitate, ponder and finally make a fresh and definite conclusion. In that scene the actor must register various transitions of thought. Add to the inherent complexity of such a scene technical or physical difficulties, and the stage is set for much nervous anxiety on the part of the actor and a wealth of vigorous exhortation from the more or less impatient director.

Webster Campbell, Vitagraph star, had an experience of this kind in the filming of "Sin's Penalty" several years ago. "This story," says Mr. Campbell, "was a melodrama of considerable suspense and called for a thrilling finish. The story that led up to it was this:

"I am a young man about town. I reform and try to rid myself of evil associates. At a fashionable winter resort I meet a young girl and fall in love with her. Back in the city a girl of the cafés commits a crime, and circumstantial evidence points to me. She follows me to my mountain retreat, followed by a detective who has learnt the truth about the crime. I am skiing—supposedly—with the girl of the mountains. In reality neither of us had ever worn skiis before. So we were merely trying to keep our balance; and—well, strap those long, narrow, funny-looking things on your feet, get out on a hard snow-crust, and try to stand up and look perfectly natural and unself-conscious!



© Lumière

WEBSTER CAMPBELL



JEAN PAIGE AND CARLTON KING

"The other girl comes to the top of the toboggan-slide, sees the detective, and starts down the slide. Her sled leaps from the course, she is hurled over a cliff and thru the ice of the river below. The detective, the girl of the mountains, and I reach the scene and find only the broken ice and the black, swift waters below.

"The detective explains

that I am exonerated. For a moment I must stand immobile, awed by the miracle that has swept away the barrier. Then I must register thankfulness for that miracle. Great care must be taken that this expression does not register joy, for a man must not be joyful in the presence of tragedy. I turn to the living girl. Have I the right? Will not the ghost of the past, with haunting memories of the dead girl, be between us? These are the thoughts that run thru my mind (so the scenario says). But with these thoughts was the consciousness that my feet were encumbered by the treacherous skiis and were likely to skid from under me. Finally, I decide to let bygones be bygones, and take the girl in my arms.

"We rehearsed that scene for two hours before we could get into it the delicate shades the director wanted. At last he called, 'Camera!' 'Fine!' cried the director, after a minute or two. 'Keep it up.' I turned to the girl, took her in my arms to kiss her, which was the cue for the camera-man to 'fade out' and end the story. But —my skiis got tangled with hers. I wobbled, regained my balance, wobbled again, and we went down in a heap. What the director said could not be repeated. We tried it again—and got it. That was the hardest scene I ever enacted, and the director said 'me too.'"

"'Simon Legree' stuff doesn't go very well with stars of the screen even if the public is fond of seeing a bit of realistic acting of this character now and then," says Carlton King, star in the O. Henry picture, "The Indian Summer of Dry Valley Johnson."

"In this story there is a scene where Dry Valley, thoroly cured of his debauch of giddy clothes by the sight of Panchita's mimicking of the absurdities of his dress, retires to his strawberry patch to brood in silence while guarding his treasured berries. Out of the dusk comes Panchita to offer evidence of her love for Dry Valley. But he, still in the throes of mental torture, mistakes her coming for an invasion of his berry patch, and lifts his whip as she continues to approach. The heavy lash cuts a welt into the flesh of the girl's arm. Horrified at having struck the girl, he drops the whip and takes her in his arms.

"This was one of the hardest scenes I ever enacted for the screen," said Mr. King. "I just couldn't nerve myself up to the point of striking dainty, demure Jean Paige, who played the part of Panchita. I tried it dozens of times, but each time failed to get the realism into the scene demanded by the director. Miss Paige was game and kept urging me to go ahead and not be afraid of hurting her, but it was no use. I held up the story for several days trying to do a lifelike imitation of Dry Valley, but every effort was a failure. I got to the point where I would rather give up my place than to go thru with it, but Miss Paige insisted upon going ahead with it. Finally I became desperate, and swung the lash far around Miss Paige's shoulders—and she never even flinched.

"I felt as tho the weight of a thousand tons had fallen from my shoulders when the director called 'Cut!' but there will be no more such work for me. I hope, however, that, from an artistic standpoint, the scene will be approved by the public. Miss Paige says she is sure it will be from the sting of pain she felt."

"The most complex, and therefore most enjoyable, rôle



ALICE JOYCE IN THE MOMENT THAT REQUIRED EXPRESSION OF THE MOST COMPLEX EMOTIONS



VALENTINE GRANT IN "THE BELGIAN"

felt that I was on trial—as was Mary. I had given all the art, sympathy and sincerity within me to that rôle, and only those who have striven long to attain a cherished success can realize my joy and thankfulness for the kindness accorded me by the critics and public. I didn't want to be credited with being 'the greatest Mary Turner,' because I do not believe the stage and screen versions are comparable. The actress of the stage can express such subtle shades of powerful emotion thru the voice, but cannot rely on facial expression to convey the meaning, while the screen actress has only the latter medium. Thus I was Mary Turner of the face, and those splendid interpreters of her on the stage were Mary Turners of the voice, principally.

"It is hard to say just which scene required the greatest skill, for the moods ranged thru despair, sullenness, rage, determination, cynicism, triumph, love, grief, repentance and happiness; but the moment that required expression of the most complex emotions was that wherein Mary is submitting to a mental third degree before the police inspector, shortly after the shooting of English Eddie.

"Garson, who has been her confederate and loyal friend, is in the act of confessing his guilt. Mary is grief-agonized with her desire to save her friend and her husband, both under strong suspicion. At the same time she realizes the futility of seeking

(*Continued on page* 120)

that I have ever lived on the screen," says Alice Joyce, "is that of Mary Turner in 'Within the Law.' Nor were all the difficulties inherent to the part. A number of splendid actresses had already interpreted it on the stage, and I knew that the public would be quick to compare me with those illustrious predecessors. I fancied that the comparison would be dangerous for me, because, you know, there is still the feeling that a stage actress is just a little more artistic than her sister of the silent drama.

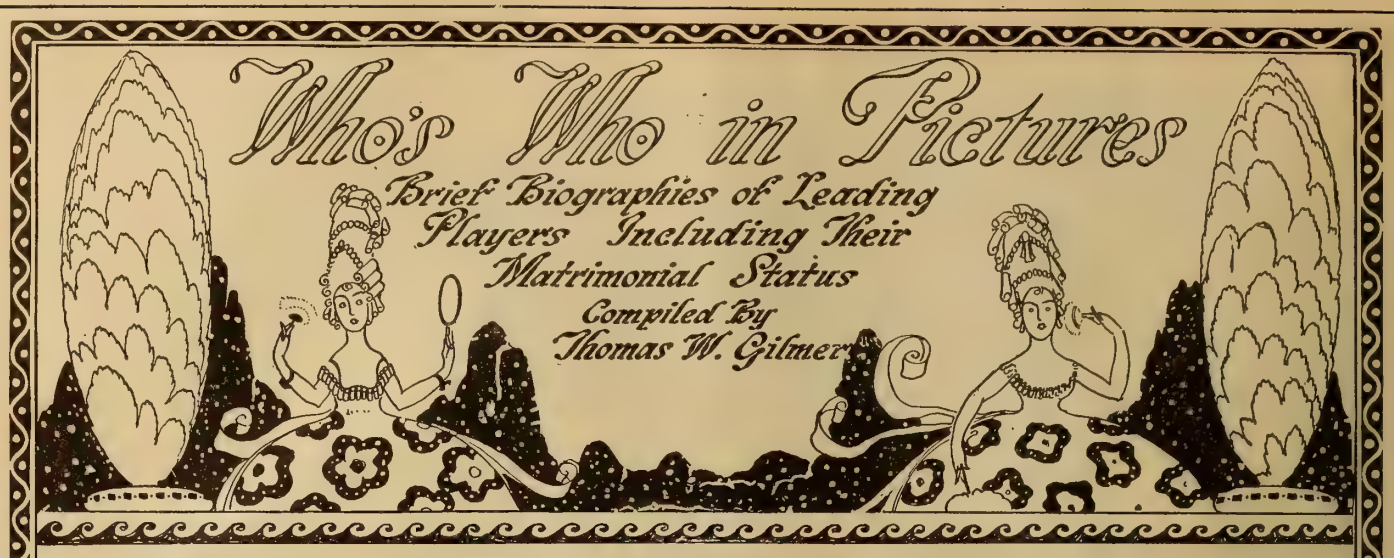
"Never have I felt the presence of the public so intimately as I did during the filming of 'Within the Law.' I seemed to feel that they were all 'out front,' and were saying, 'I saw Miss So-and-so do the part on the stage; she did it quite different ly, and much better.' I think this feeling put the fight in me, the determination to vivify Mary Turner in a way that would carry the message of her life just as effectively from the screen as from the stage.

"While the picture was being produced I lived Mary Turner day and night. I studied each scene in minute detail, rehearsed it in the studio and in my home, and endeavored to gain the most effective expression by enacting it before a mirror.

"When the first night of the Broadway showing of the film came around, I



CHARLES RAY IN "THE FAMILY SKELETON"



Name of Star. Description, etc.	Year of Birth.	Matrimonial Status.
MAY ALLISON. 5 ft. 5; weight, 125 pounds	1895	Not married.
G. M. ANDERSON. Screen's first "woolly Westerner"	1879	Married.
MARY ANDERSON. 4 ft. 11; 107 pounds	1897	Married to Pliny Goodfriend.
MIGNON ANDERSON. 5 ft.; 95 pounds	1893	Married to Morris Foster.
TSURU AOKI. A real Yum Yum	1895	Married to Sessue Hayakawa.
ROSCOE ARBUCKLE ("FATTY")	1887	Married to Minta Durfee.
EDWIN AUGUST. Real name Von Der Butz	1888	Married.
KING BAGGOT. 6 ft.; 185 pounds	1879	Married.
LEAH BAIRD. 5 ft. 6; 148 pounds	1887	Married to Mr. Beck.
THEDA BARA. Real name Theodosia Goodman; 5 ft. 6; 135 pounds.	1890	Not married.
BESSIE BARRISCALE. 5 ft. 2; 123 pounds	1891	Married to Howard Hickman; one son
JOHN BARRYMORE. Real name Blythe	1882	Married.
ETHEL BARRYMORE. Niece of John Drew	1879	Married to R. G. Colt; three children.
LIONEL BARRYMORE. Began with Griffith	1883	Married to Doris Rankin.
BEVERLY BAYNE. A cute little Juliet; 5 ft.; brown hair	1895	Not married.
GEORGE BEBAN. The Sentimental Dago	1887	Married.
HARRY BENHAM. Late of "Florodora"	1886	Married to Ethyle Cook.
FRANK BENNETT. Charles IX in "Intolerance"	1890	Married to Billie West.
DOROTHY BERNARD. 5 ft 5; 124 pounds	1890	Married to A. H. Van Buren.
SAM BERNARD. Real name Barnett	1863	Married.
SARAH BERNHARDT Real name Damala	1844	Married.
FRANCELIA BILLINGTON 5 ft 7; 130 pounds	1896	Not married.
CARLYLE BLACKWELL. Actor and director	1886	Married; two children
TRUE BOARDMAN. 6 ft.; 180 pounds	1885	Married.
HOBART BOSWORTH. A film forty-niner	1867	Married to Adele Farrington
JOHN BOWERS. 6 ft.; 180 pounds	1890	Married.
ALICE BRADY. Smiles and dimples	1892	Not married.
GLADYS BROCKWELL. A vampire de luxe; from the stage	1894	Not married.
CLIFFORD BRUCE. 5 ft. 11; 175 pounds	1885	Married.
FRITZI BRUNETTE. 5 ft. 3; 117 pounds	1894	Married to W. R. Daly.
BILLIE BURKE. Real name Ethel; "Pink Pajama Girl"	1886	Married to Florenz Ziegfeld; girl baby.
FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN. 5 ft. 11; 186 pounds	1885	Married—5 children.
E. H. CALVERT. Former football expert	1890	Married to Lillian Drew.
WEBSTER CAMPBELL. Actor and author	1892	Married to Corinne Griffith.
JUNE CAPRICE. Real name Betty Lawson; 5 ft. 2; 110 pounds; brown hair and blue eyes	1899	Not married.
HARRY CAREY. Began with Griffith	1880	Not married.
IRENE CASTLE. Formerly Irene Foote; 5 ft. 7; 135 pounds	1893	Married to Vernon Castle.
LINA CAVALIERI. Opera singer	1883	Married to M. Muratore, her second husband.
CHARLES SPENCER CHAPLIN The world's pet; 5 ft. 4; 125 pounds; brown hair and blue eyes	1889	Not married.
THOS. CHATTERTON 5 ft. 11; 175 pounds	1890	Has been married.
MARGUERITE CLARK. Little Baby Face; 4 ft. 10; 91 pounds; reddish hair	1887	Not married.
CHARLES CLARY. 6 ft. ½; 198 pounds	1873	Not married.
ETHEL CLAYTON. Red hair and blue eyes	1890	Married to Joseph Kaufman—no children.
MARGUERITE CLAYTON. Not related to Ethel. Light hair and blue eyes	1896	Not married.
GUY COOMBS. War hero	1882	Married to Anna Nilsson.
GEO. M. COHAN. Borrowed from stage	1878	Married.
MIRIAM COOPER. "An Innocent Sinner"	1893	Married to R. A. Walsh.
MAURICE COSTELLO. The first screen idol	1877	Married to Mae Tresham; two little girls that act.
MARGUERITE COURTOT. 5 ft. 3½; 110 pounds	1897	Not married.
EDWARD COXEN. "Flying A" lead	1889	Married to Edith Borella.
JAMES CRUZE. Black hair and eyes	1884	Married to Marguerite Snow.
IRVING CUMMINGS. A screen prince	1888	Married to Ruth Sinclair.
GRACE CUNARD. Reddish hair and blue eyes	1894	Married to Joseph Moore; her second husband.
DOROTHY DALTON. 5 ft. 3; 130 pounds	1893	Has been married.
VIOLA DANA. Real name Flugrath; brunette; green eyes	1898	Married to Director J. H. Collins.
HAZEL DAWN. 5 ft. 4½; 135 pounds	1892	Not married.
LEO DELANEY. Like Costello	1885	Married; one baby.
WM. DESMOND. Black hair and blue eyes	1890	Married to Lillian Lamson.
MARIE DORO. "Morals of Marcus"	1885	Married to Elliott Dexter.
MARIE DRESSLER. "Tillie"	1871	Married to J. H. Dalton.
SIDNEY DREW. Actor and director	1864	Married to Lucille McVey (Jane Morrow).
WM. R. DUNN. "Villain"	1884	Married.
EDWARD EARLE. 5 ft. 11½; 160 pounds	1884	Married.
HELEN EDDY. 5 ft. 7; 135 pounds	1897	Not married.
ROBERT EDESON. 25 years on the stage	1868	Married; one child.
JULIAN ELTINGE. Real name Wm. Dalton; female impersonator.	1883	Not married.
JUNE ELVIDGE. A Juno of love and villainy	1893	Not yet married.
MADGE EVANS. A Starlet	1909	Not ready to marry.
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS. The laughing hero	1883	Married to Beth Sully; boy child.
DUSTIN FARNUM. "The Virginian"	1874	Married.
WM. FARNUM. "Ben Hur;" 5 ft. 10½; brown hair and blue eyes.	1876	Married to Olive White.
FRANKLYN FARNUM. Not related to William	1883	Not married.
GERALDINE FARRAR. 5 ft. 3; 135 pounds; opera singer	1882	Married to Lou-Tellegen; no child.
WM FAVERSHAM. Borrowed from the stage	1868	Married to Julie Opp.
LOUISE FAZENDA. "An unpolished gem"	1895	Not married.
ELSIE FERGUSON. Beauty and brains	1885	Married to Thos. B. Clarke.
ROMAINE FIELDING. Actor and director	1877	Married until recently.
LEW FIELDS. The Dutch comedian	1867	Married.

Who's Who In Picturer

BRIEF BIOGRAPHIES OF LEADING PLAYERS INCLUDING THEIR MATRIMONIAL STATUS

Name of Star.	Description, etc.	Year of Birth.	Matrimonial Status
MARGARITA FISCHER.	5 ft. 2; 120 pounds	1894	Married to Harry Pollard.
EDNA FISHER.	A retired favorite	1893	Married to Director Rollin Sturgeon.
GEO. FISHER.	6 ft.; 170 pounds	1892	Not married.
FRANCIS FORD.	Real name Feeney	1882	Recently married.
TOM FORMAN.	Now in the war	1893	Married.
EARLE A. FOXE.	Blond; 6 ft. 1; 178 pounds	1887	Married to Betty Scott.
PAULINE FREDERICK.	The Sculptor's Dream; dark hair and blue eyes; 5 ft. 4; 132 pounds	1886	Married to Willard Mack.
MARY FULLER.	5 ft. 3; 118 pounds	1893	Not married.
WM. GARWOOD.	Actor and director	1886	Not married.
GENE GAUNTIER.	"Mother of Christ"; scenes taken in Jerusalem	1891	Married to Jack Clark; in Jerusalem.
MARGARET GIBSON.	5 ft. 1; 110 pounds	1896	Not married.
DOROTHY GISH.	The Screen Soubrette; recently in France	1896	Not married.
LILLIAN GISH.	The Lily of the Screen; recently in France	1896	Not married.
LOUISE GLAUM.	5 ft. 3; 130 pounds	1894	Married to Harry Edwards.
NAT. C. GOODWIN.	Borrowed from the stage	1859	Married to Marjorie Moreland; 5th wife.
ETHEL GRANDIN.	4 ft. 11; 115 pounds	1896	Married to Director Ray Smallwood.
WINIFRED GREENWOOD.	Late "American Beauty"	1892	Married to a "villain," Geo. Field.
D. W. GRIFFITH.	Actor and director	1873	Married.
ALAN HALE.	Blond; 6 ft.; 190 pounds	1890	Married to Gertrude Hartman.
CREIGHTON HALE.	From Cork; 5 ft. 10; 140 pounds	1892	Married.
DONALD HALL.	5 ft. 9; 170 pounds	1878	Married to Frankie Mann.
ELLA HALL.	Began with Griffith	1896	Married to Emory Johnson.
GENEVIEVE HAMPER.	From the stage	1892	Married to Robert Mantell.
ROBERT HARRON.	Was an errand boy with Griffith; recently in France	1894	Not married.
WM. S. HART.	The Great Western	1870	Not married.
RAYMOND HATTON.	5 ft. 5; 127 pounds	1890	Married.
GAIL HENRY.	Real name Trowbridge	1893	Married to Bruno Becker.
HARRY HILLIARD.	Real name Smith; 5 ft. 11; 170 pounds	1886	Not married.
RAYMOND HITCHCOCK.	From comic opera	1870	Married to Flora Zabelle.
THOS. HOLDING.	An Englishman; 6 ft.; 172 pounds	1882	Married.
ALICE HOLLISTER.	The original vampire	1890	Married to Geo. Hollister; two children.
HELEN HOLMES.	The railroad heroine	1893	Married to J. P. McGowan.
DE WOLF HOPPER.	From comic opera	1862	Married to Elda Furry; 4th wife.
MAY HOTELY.	Temporarily retired	1882	Married to Director Arthur Hotaling.
MAY IRWIN.	Borrowed from the stage	1862	Married to Kurt Eisfeldt.
WM. JEFFERSON.	Son of Joseph Jefferson	1877	Married to Vivian Martin.
RITA JOLIVET.	From France	1894	Married to Count de Cippico.
ALICE JOYCE.	Sweet Alice Ben Bolt; formerly a hello girl	1889	Married to Tom Moore; girl baby, 2 years old.
BERTHA KALICH.	Born in Germany	1877	Married to Kenneth Hunter.
GAIL KANE.	5 ft. 7; 142 pounds	1892	Not married.
FRANK KEENAN.	6 ft. 1½; 170 pounds	1868	Married; has grandchildren.
ANNETTE KELLERMANN.	Professional swimmer	1887	Married to J. R. Sullivan.
DOROTHY KELLY.	Formerly an artist	1894	Married to Herbert Havenor.
DORIS KENYON.	5 ft. 6; 125 pounds	1898	Not married.
JACK WARREN KERRIGAN.	6 ft.; 190 pounds	1887	Not married.
HENRY KING.	Actor and director	1888	Married to Gypsy Abbott.
FLORENCE LABADIE.	An art student. Died October 13, 1917; hurt in motor accident	1895	Not married.
WILTON LACKAYE.	From the stage	1862	Married.
FLORENCE LAWRENCE.	Griffith's first star	1889	Married to Director Harry Solter.
SHELDON LEWIS.	A serial villain	1880	Married to Virginia Pearson.
MAX LINDER.	From France and the war	1883	Not married.
ANNA LITTLE.	From musical-comedy	1892	Married to Alan Forrest.
HAROLD LOCKWOOD.	A lady-killer; 5 ft. 11; 176 pounds	1887	Married.
ANITA LOOS.	Fairbanks' scenario prodigy	1896	Not married.
BESSIE LOVE.	Real name Horton; "Love's Young Dream"	1898	Not married.
MONTAGU LOVE.	6 ft. 1; 195 pounds	1887	Not married.
EDDIE LYONS.	An athlete	1886	Married to Virginia Kirtley.
MARY MACLAREN.	From musical-comedy; real name MacDonald	1900	Not married.
MARC MACDERMOTT.	Born in London	1880	Married to Miriam Nesbitt.
CLEO MADISON.	Real name Bailey	1890	Married to Don Peake.
MAE MARSH.	The Maude Adams of the screen; 5 ft. 3; red hair and gray eyes	1895	Not married.
SHIRLEY MASON.	Real name Leonie Flugrath	1901	Not married.
MARY MAURICE.	The Screen Mother	1844	Married.
EDNA MAYO.	5 ft. 5; blue eyes	1893	Not married.
EDNA MAY.	"The Belle of New York"	1877	Married to Oscar Lewisohn.
THOS. MEIGHAN.	Another lady-killer; 6 ft.; 190 pounds	1887	Married to Frances Ring; no children.
VIOLET MERSEREAU.	5 ft. 4; 115 pounds	1894	Not married.
WALTER MILLER.	"The Slacker" in play only; 6 ft.; 145 pounds.	1892	Married to Lilian Coffin.
MARY MILES MINTER.	Real name Juliet Shelby; hair like Mary Pickford's	1902	Not married.
FRANK MORGAN.	5 ft. 11; 166 pounds	1890	Not married.
MOORE BROTHERS.	From Ireland:		
JOE			Married to Grace Cunard.
MATT			Not married.
OWEN			Married to Mary Pickford.
TOM			Married to Alice Joyce.
ANTONIO MORENO.	From Spain	1888	Not married.
HARRY T. MOREY.	From the stage	1879	Married.
JAMES MORRISON.	5 ft. 8; 137 pounds	1888	Not married.
CHAS. MURRAY.	Face like a comic map of Ireland; began with Biograph	1872	Married.
ALLA NAZIMOVA.	A Russian; "War Brides"	1879	Married to C. E. Bryant.
HAZEL NEASON.	A retired favorite	1892	Married to A. E. Smith.
MARSHALL NEILAN.	Actor and director	1891	Has been married.
MARGUERITE NICHOLS.	Began as an extra	1894	Married to "Lonesome Luke."
MABEL NORMAND.	An athletic chicken. Known in England as Muriel Fortesque	1894	Not married.
JANE NOVAK.	A beauty	1896	Married to Frank Newburg.
LAURA OAKLEY.	Brunette society character	1885	Married to Milton Moore.
WHEELER OAKMAN.	5 ft. 11; 190 pounds	1890	Married to Gertrude Ryan.
EDWARD O'CONNOR.	Irish comedian	1862	Married.
NANCE O'NEIL.	Real name Lanson; from the stage	1885	Married to Alfred Hickman.
MURIEL OSTRICHE.	Easy on the eyes	1897	Not married.
DORIS PAWN.	"Blue Blood and Red"	1896	Married to Rex Ingram.
HOUSE PETERS.	Hero of stage and screen	1888	Married to Mae King.
DOROTHY PHILLIPS.	5 ft. 3½; 125 pounds; golden hair	1892	Married to Allan Holubar.
MARY PICKFORD.	Real name Gladys Smith; known in England as Dolly Nicholson; born in Toronto, Canada, April 8; blonde; hazel eyes	1893	Married Dec. 1910, to Owen Moore; no children.

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Name of Star. Description, etc.	Year of Birth.	Matrimonial Status.
LOTTIE PICKFORD. Sister of Mary	1895	Married to Mr. Rupp; girl baby.
JACK PICKFORD. Brother of Mary	1896	Recently married to Olive Thomas.
DAVID POWELL. Born in Scotland	1887	Married.
EDNA PURVIANCE. The Nevada Pippin; opposite Charlie Chaplin; restful to the eyes; blonde; 5 ft. 5; 140 pounds	1895	Not married.
MARJORIE RAMBEAU. From the stage	1887	Has been married.
HERBERT RAWLINSON. 6 ft.; 165 pounds	1885	Married to Roberta Arnold.
CHAS. RAY. 6 ft.; 170 pounds	1891	Married; no children.
STELLA RAZETO. Black hair and brown eyes	1885	Married to Director E. J. Le Saint.
FLORENCE REED. From the stage. Daughter of Roland Reed	1883	Married to Malcolm Williams.
KITTENS REICHERT. A household pet	1911	Not big enough to dream of a hubby.
WALLACE REID. Brown hair and blue eyes; 6 ft.; 185 pounds	1892	Married to Dorothy Davenport; boy baby.
CHAS. J. RICHMAN. 6 ft.; 198 pounds	1870	Married.
CLEO RIDGELY. 5 ft. 5; 130 pounds	1893	Married; has twin babies.
THEO. ROBERTS. A stage favorite	1861	Married.
LOLITA ROBERTSON. From the stage	1890	Married to Max Figman.
GERTRUDE ROBINSON. 5 ft. 2; 105 pounds	1895	Married to James Kirkwood.
RUTH ROLAND. Reddish hair and black eyes; 5 ft. 6; 122 pounds	1893	Recently married to Lionel E. Kent.
WM. RUSSELL. 6 ft. 2; 203 pounds	1886	Recently married to Charlotte Burton.
TOM SANTSCHI. From Switzerland; actor and director	1885	Married.
JACKIE SAUNDERS. Began with Biograph	1892	Married to E. D. Horkheimer.
FRITZI SCHEFF. From comic opera	1879	Married to Geo. Anderson.
EILEEN SEDGWICK. 5 ft. 2½; 128 pounds	1900	Married to J. H. McCloskey.
MACK SENNETT. Been with Biograph; actor and director-general	1886	Not married.
JACK SHERRILL. 5 ft. 9; 135 pounds	1898	Has been married.
PHILLIPS SMALLEY. Lawyer, actor and director	1870	Married to Lois Weber.
MARGUERITE SNOW. 5 ft. 5; 105 pounds	1892	Married to James Cruze; girl baby 4 years old.
MATT SNYDER. Famous old man with beautiful whiskers	1834	Married.
E. H. SOTHERN. From the stage	1859	Married to Julia Marlowe.
FORD STERLING. Began as a clown	1885	Married to Teddy Sampson.
ANITA STEWART. "The Wood Violet"	1895	Engaged to be married.
LUCILLE LEE STEWART. Sister of Anita	1894	Married to Director Ralph Ince.
RUTH STONEHOUSE. A professional dancer	1894	Married to Joseph Roach.
EDITH STOREY. Dark hair and eyes; athletic	1892	Not married.
VALESKA SURATT. Head-liner in vaudeville	1882	Not married.
BLANCHE SWEET. Real name Alexander; known in England as Daphne Wayne	1895	Not married.
MABEL TALIAFERRO. Stage star of "Polly of the Circus"	1887	Married to Thos. J. Carrigan.
NORMA TALMADGE. A Thespian Queen	1897	Married to J. M. Schenck.
CONSTANCE TALMADGE. "The Mountain Girl" (vixen) of "Intolerance"; sister of Norma	1900	Not married.
ROSE TAPLEY. A beauty	1883	Has been married.
CONWAY TEARLE. From the stage	1880	Married.
ROSEMARY THEBY. 5 ft. 5; 122 pounds	1892	Married.
MARGARET THOMPSON. A blue-eyed blonde	1892	Married to E. H. Allen.
HARRY TODD. Long on the stage	1865	Married to Margaret Joslin.
R. C. TRAVERS. Real name Tibbs; gone to the war	1885	Married to Lillian Cattell of musical-comedy.
MABEL TRUNNELLE. Brunette, 5 ft. 4½; 120 pounds	1892	Married to Herbert Prior.
LOUISE VALE. 5 ft. 10; 128 pounds	1894	Married to Director Travers Vale.
MARIE WALCAMP. Wild animal and other stunts	1894	Not married.
LILLIAN WALKER. Blonde; 5 ft. 2; 120 pounds	1888	Not married.
GEO. WALSH. Lawyer and actor	1891	Married to Seena Owen; one baby.
FLORENCE WALTON. Dancer	1895	Married to "Maurice."
HENRY WALTHALL. 5 ft. 6; 135 pounds	1878	Married to Isabel Fenton.
FANNIE WARD. 5 ft. 1; 125 pounds	1875	Married to Jack Dean.
ROBERT WARWICK. Real name Bien	1881	Married to Josephine Whittell.
H. B. WARNER. Born in London	1876	Married to Rita Stanwood.
BRYANT WASHBURN. Villain and lead	1889	Married to Mabel Forrest; parents of Bryant IV.
NILES WELCH. 5 ft. 11; 160 pounds	1882	Married.
PEARL WHITE. The serial heroine; 5 ft. 3; 125 pounds	1889	Not married.
CRANE WILBUR. 5 ft. 9; 169 pounds	1886	Recently married to Mrs. Florence Williams.
EARLE WILLIAMS. Aristocratic Earl	1880	Not married.
KATHLYN WILLIAMS. Leads with wild animals; first in this line.	1888	Married to Director C. F. Eyton.
BENJAMIN WILSON. Actor and director	1885	Married.
CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG. Big-eyed beauty	1891	Married to James Young.



A Little Orfant Censor

By A. W. PETERSEN

Mr. Movie Censor's come to our town to stay, and clean the city's morals and snip the films away.

And draw a nice fat salary and put all vice to rout, and he'll snip you, little fillum, if you dont watch out!

Be careful, little Theda, and all you other vamps, and all you picture ladies who charm men with your lamps.

Altho I like your vamping, the censor's got the pip, and your vampin's sure to suffer snip, snip, snip.

He'll gaze just once upon you and emit one awful shout, and he's mighty sure to slit you if you dont watch out!

I like to see a picture where the villain is real tough, and he swats the noble hero with his hankie in his cuff.

And as he draws his weapon the fair young child to shoot, the heroine respondeth with a smash upon his snoot.

But the censor says you mustn't, and he knows what he's about, and he'll surely, surely get you if you dont watch out!

I want to see sweet Theda roll her eyes sublime, and I want to see Miss Annette of the human form divine.

I want some blood and thunder, and I want some vamping, too, but the censor says you mustn't, so what you gonna do?

He'll clean the peepul's morals, he'll put all vice to rout, and he'll slit you, tho it pains him, if you dont watch out!

Catherine Calvert

"The Girl With the Wonderful Eyes"

By HECTOR AMES



© Lumière

CATHERINE CALVERT, the young and beautiful widow of Paul Armstrong, playwright, has been in pictures only a year this March, and yet she has just signed a long-term contract to star in feature photoplays of the Frank A. Keeney Pictures Corporation. Miss Calvert married the late Paul Armstrong, famous playwright, while she was still in her teens, and was starred by him in some of his most successful plays. She was so young and so beautiful that her husband wrote around her a number of dramas especially designed to set off girlish, winsome types.

"I have always been a girl, on the stage and off it," she confided to him one day, " and I want to see if I cant be something else—something that will show constructive originality. I want to play a character part. Cant you let me do it?"

"Character!" he exclaimed, in unfeigned astonishment. "Character! My dear, would you have me turn a pansy into a sunflower?" There was something so gently withering in his sarcasm that she did not renew the request. But one day the opportunity came—unexpectedly, as most opportunities do. Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong and a well-known newspaper critic were sitting in a box at Hammerstein's Olympia, New York. They went there to see the opening of a three-act playlet, adapted by Mr. Armstrong from his play, "A Romance of the Underworld." Just at the finale of the first act the actress who took the important character part of Dago Annie fainted and had to be carried off the stage.

Armstrong hurried back-stage, accompanied by his wife. They found the actress in a state of collapse, unable to go on with her part. Time was called for the second act.

"I am going to play that part myself!" exclaimed Miss Calvert, with a defiant look at Armstrong.

"Well, go on, then," he replied, with a touch of despair in his tone. "But how about the make-up?"

"I dont need any," she said, quietly; "the audience will understand."

The audience did understand. It didn't know who the dazzlingly beautiful girl actress was, but it did know that a remarkable substitution was being made and fairly went wild over the novelty of it.

"I had seen the act rehearsed so often that I knew every speech forward and backward," says Miss Calvert. "A newspaper critic spread it along Broadway that Paul Armstrong had 'pulled a good one' to give his girl-wife a little advertising. And so it was recorded by the newspaper wiseacres, but their mistake was proven to them. The actress who was taken ill on the evening in question died two days later."

The Movie Dictionary

COMPILED BY "THE PHOTOPLAY PHILOSOPHER" WHILE VIEWING AND REVIEWING THE MOVIES FOR THE LAST SEVEN YEARS AND JOTTED DOWN IN HIS NOTEBOOK. THE MORAL (AND IMMORAL) LESSONS HE HAS LEARNT FROM THE STAGE AND SCREEN AND FROM THE VARIOUS LOBBIES AND AUDIENCES ARE HERE GIVEN FOR THE FIRST TIME, AND THEY WILL BE CONTINUED EVERY MONTH.

Audience—A crowd in a theater, so called because they cannot hear half of what is said; in a movie theater, so called because there is nothing to hear. Antonym, Observers; so called because they cannot see half of what is shown, owing to female obstructions.

Bluff—A faker or pretender; grows in every climate, but best thrives in and around New York, where new M. P. companies are started every hour; usually begins on stilts, but ends on crutches.

Critic—A learned person who sees everybody's faults but his own. He usually sees thru a glass which magnifies faults and reduces merits.

Doctors—Human upholsterers. Screen doctors always wear whiskers as a refuge for germs.

Egotism—Suffering the private I to be too much in the public eye.

Face—The silent echo of the heart, on which our thoughts are soon engraved in indelible lines. Synonym, Fortune.

Generosity—Giving freely to others that which we do not want ourselves, such as photographs; also an excellent form of publicity.

Hell—A place to which many are told to go, but to which nobody ever goes—except bad actors.

Insanity—A mental affliction that comes on all murderers shortly after arrest, but which disappears immediately after acquittal. Cause: the attorney for the defense. On the screen, a subterfuge of the scenario to explain inconsistencies.

Jealousy—Tormenting yourself for fear you should be tormented by another.

Kiss—The *finis* of the average picture.

Luck—The religion of the ignorant and the eternal excuse of the unsuccessful.

Man—A wild animal under cultivation. It talks, but not always intelligently; it thinks, but not often.

Nose—A useful but sometimes a bothersome addition to the human countenance; intended to smell with, but more often used to insert into other people's business. They appear in assorted sizes and colors, and are found on every face except the face of Nature and Sidney Drew.

Oath—A swear-word used both in and out of court and seldom respected. The italics of speech, used mostly by the cowboys and villains.

Photoplayer—One who plays for the camera and, incidentally, for a salary—usually a mere trifle, such as $1,000 a week.

Qualm—A scruple of conscience which makes us pause to consider whether it is safe.

Reputation—A will-o'-the-wisp, oft got without merit and lost without deserving.

Self—The most important person on earth. He always comes first.

Tippling—Washing the polish off our brains with fire-water. The universal practice of all men in the pictures, but of only a few of us in real life.

Unbearable—See "Slapstick."

Virtue—Caution.

Woman—————? (But we wont give her up!)

X—The letter that Francis Bushman made famous.

Young—The age of every actress.



How I Got In the Movies

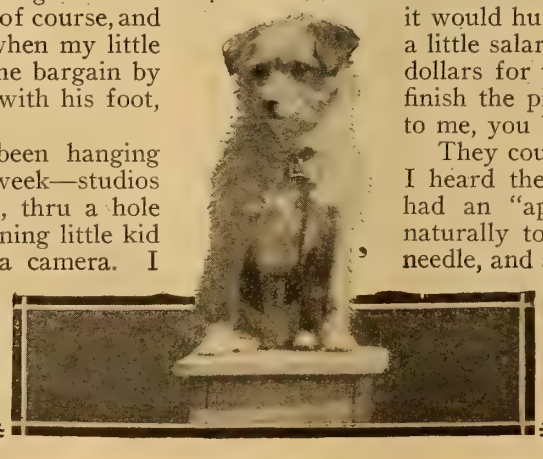
By PADDY VITAGRAPH

"HELLO, that your dog?"

"Yep, but what's that to you?"

"It's a dollar to you if you lend him to me for a week."

My ears pricked up as far as they could go, and that's a lot farther than a bunch of swell dogs I know can prick up theirs. I was very much excited, of course, and my tongue hung out so far that when my little master, Jimmie Dugan, clinched the bargain by shoving me toward the other boy with his foot, I nearly bit my tongue off.



You see, Jimmie and I had been hanging around the Vitagraph studio for a week—studios are pretty interesting places—and, thru a hole in a big wall, we used to see a cunning little kid doing all sorts of stunts before a camera. I found out later that he was Bobby Connelly, the famous little star.

Well, it was this same Bobby Connelly who hired me for a dollar and put me in the movies. I've always wanted to do my bit and here I was doing it at last. Personally, I think I acted as well as Bobby, so did Jimmie Dugan, because at the end of the week Bobby and the director still needed me, but Jimmie said no, I was too good an actor to work around any studio for a dollar a week; that it would hurt me professionally to play for such a little salary and that I would have to have two dollars for the next week, if they wanted me to finish the picture with them. And they gave it to me, you bet!

They couldn't do without me, that's the truth. I heard the director tell some one once that I had an "appealing face" and that I took as naturally to the camera as yarn to a knitting-needle, and as a Sammy to warm socks.

Well, Bobby wanted me for his own at the end of the picture, but I am true to Jimmie Dugan, and we're going off on one grand lark with the three dollars I made for him.



© Witzel

ENID BENNETT, THE AUSTRALIAN BEAUTIFUL

Every nation claims a national anthem, a national flower and a type of beauty suited to itself. Altho born under the English flag, the beautiful Enid Bennett is of an entirely distinctive type. Australia is her natal country, and being a continent, it avers that a mere national beauty is not half big enough for it. So here's to Enid, the Australian Aphrodite! As a protegée of Thomas Ince, a rosy future is predicted for his star, who, after a year of Triangle successes, makes her Paramount première in "The Keys of the Righteous."

Business of Direct
Photo



DOUG AND HIS DIRECTOR, ALLAN DWAN, DEVELOPING THE STORY—EVIDENTLY A PLEASANT PASTIME

NEXT: MR. DWAN SUBMITS AN ESTIMATE ON THE COST OF THE PICTURE TO BUSINESS MANAGER JOHN FAIRBANKS



DIRECTOR DWAN TALKING NEW PICTURE WITH

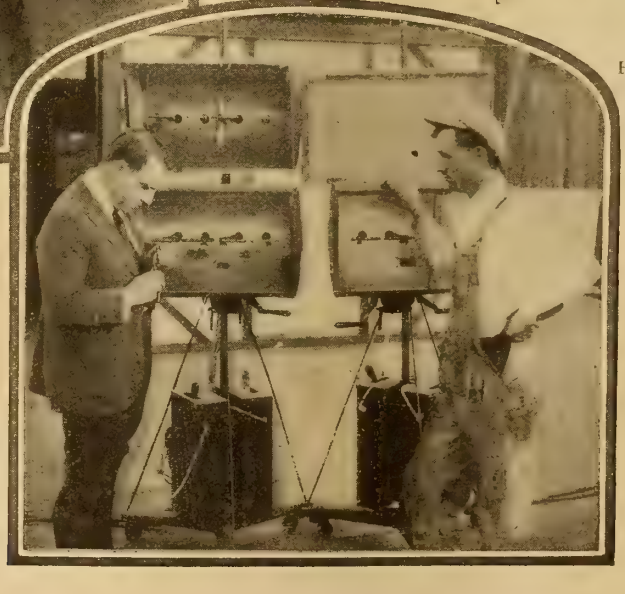




ALLAN DWAN REHEARSING DOUG AND FRANK CAMPEAU. IT IS ALWAYS DIFFICULT TO MAKE INDEFATIGABLE DOUG TAKE THINGS SERIOUSLY



MR. DWAN PERSONALLY SELECTS THE COSTUMES



TO AVOID DELAY, DWAN SEES TO IT THAT THE COOPER-HEWITTS ARE O. K. BEFORE HIS STAR ARRIVES

ing a Fairbanks play



CELLULOIDING THE FAMOUS FAIRBANKS SMILE



"FINGERING" OUT AN APPROPRIATE MUSICAL ACCOMPANIMENT



OVER SETS FOR THE WILFRED BUCKLAND



DWAN AND FAIRBANKS "GOING OVER" THE MANUSCRIPT WITH BILLY SHAY, HEAD OF THE ASSEMBLING DEPARTMENT



REVIEWING THE FINISHED PRODUCT IN THE PROJECTION-ROOM



DOUG AND DWAN GETTING LIMBERED UP FOR A SCENE

"The Motion Picture Hall of Fame"

The Rush of Over 100,000 Votes from Every State in the Union Gives This Contest the Aspect of a Presidential Election

"THE MOTION PICTURE HALL OF FAME" has caught on with a zip, a boom, and a rush of enthusiasm that is carrying everything before it. Our prediction that this contest would be the greatest and worthiest, as well as the most significant and most enthusiastic, ever conducted for the advancement of screen players and their art, already has been more than justified. Think of it! Over 900,000 votes have already piled into our offices since January 1st.

The Voice on the Wire

Our offices, during the past month, have taken on the aspect of a Presidential election—the full mail-sacks of ballots in every mail, the busy ballot clerks and the daily record sheets remind one of the editorial rooms of a big newspaper on election night. The interest of the players manifests itself by constant telephone calls. "Am I showing up well?" "Am I still leading So-and-so?" "Who's at the top of the list?" Questions like these are fired over the wire at us all day long. Which all goes to show that if our readers and the super-stars of the screen have joined hands to make "The Motion Picture Hall of Fame" a success, that it is a SUCCESS.

Our Allies, the Newspapers

One of the remarkable features of "The Motion Picture Hall of Fame Contest" is the consideration it has received from the newspapers. Hundreds of clippings have been sent to us, wherein the newspapers, from small towns to cities of the first class, are mentioning the contest and publishing the list of leading players. As a rule, newspapers are jealous of a big idea, but insomuch as "The Hall of Fame Contest" is going to benefit them all, they are helping to give it nation-wide publicity.

The Hall of the Immortals

We desire that a popular vote of at least 10,000,000 people shall decide who are the twelve greatest screen players, living or dead. As soon as this decision has been reached, we intend that these twelve players shall be limned on canvas in life-size oil paintings by the most distinguished artists that we can procure, and then that these paintings shall start on a transcontinental tour thruout the leading cities of the country. They will be exhibited in the lobbies and foyers of the leading theaters devoted to the Motion Picture art. At the end of their tour, these paintings will be presented to the United States Government and permanently hung in a suitable building in Washington.

Appropriate bronze tablets accompanying the portraits will recite the qualities of the players.

The rules have been made extremely simple. Twelve players of either sex should be voted for on the ballot presented elsewhere. In selecting them, we request our readers to take into consideration the following qualities—Beauty, Portrayal, and Popularity of the players.

Looking Over the First 1,000,000 Votes

It is far too early to begin to draw conclusions, but it will be noticed by comparison with the March Magazine how mightily the vote has increased, and also that Mary Pickford, Marguerite Clark, Douglas Fairbanks, Harold Lockwood, William Hart, Wallace Reid, Pearl White and Anita Stewart still continue to retain the coveted first eight positions. Dont forget that, in order to satisfy those living in smaller cities and towns where we cannot exhibit the portraits, we intend to reproduce the paintings in all their fullness of color and to issue them in the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE month by month. Each reader can exercise not only his own ballot, but can bring his friends to the polls. Every one is looking for another clean million votes by next month, so be sure to climb aboard the big drive. Here is the vote for the players who have received 1,000 or more ballots up to January 24th:

Mary Pickford	56,980	Geraldine Farrar	10,032	Crane Wilbur	4,081	Peggy Hyland	2,387
Marguerite Clark	40,909	Alice Brady	9,592	William Desmond	3,894	Montagu Love	2,354
Douglas Fairbanks	37,334	George Walsh	8,811	Tom Forman	3,817	Ralph Kellard	2,266
Harold Lockwood	36,498	Violet Mersereau	8,701	Robert Warwick	3,751	Kathlyn Williams	2,167
Wm. S. Hart	35,970	Bessie Love	8,459	Earle Foxe	3,531	Tom Moore	2,156
Wallace Reid	30,624	Mae Murray	8,415	Blanche Sweet	3,465	Marie Osborn	2,123
Pearl White	28,446	Dustin Farnum	8,316	Edith Storey	3,443	Virginia Pearson	2,068
Anita Stewart	24,046	Mae Marsh	8,151	Jackie Saunders	3,366	Louise Glaum	1,892
Francis Bushman	19,679	Charles Ray	7,700	William Russell	3,322	Eugene O'Brien	1,881
Theda Bara	19,613	Carlyle Blackwell	7,491	Harry Morey	3,234	June Elvidge	1,879
Mary Miles Minter	19,085	Bryant Washburn	7,436	Fannie Ward	3,223	Ben Wilson	1,859
Earle Williams	18,205	June Caprice	7,084	Ruth Roland	3,168	Dorothy Gish	1,661
Clara Kimball Young	17,875	Olga Petrova	7,084	Ethel Barrymore	3,157	Mary Fuller	1,650
William Farnum	17,314	May Allison	6,847	Helen Holmes	3,080	Harry Hilliard	1,639
Pauline Frederick	16,159	Dorothy Dalton	6,490	George Beban	3,058	Anna Little	1,628
Charlie Chaplin	15,445	Mollie King	6,402	Mary Anderson	3,047	Irving Cummings	1,628
Norma Talmadge	15,433	Louise Huff	5,676	Stuart Holmes	3,003	Mahlon Hamilton	1,529
Vivian Martin	15,433	Antonio Moreno	5,555	Thomas Meighan	2,970	Vola Vale	1,496
Billie Burke	12,969	Owen Moore	5,412	Lillian Gish	2,827	Theodore Roberts	1,485
Ethel Clayton	12,298	Olive Thomas	5,071	Madge Evans	2,728	Maxine Elliott	1,474
Beverly Bayne	12,089	Sessue Hayakawa	4,983	Grace Cunard	2,574	Edward Langford	1,463
Warren Kerrigan	11,506	Bessie Barriscale	4,708	Gladys Brockwell	2,574	Shirley Mason	1,430
Jack Pickford	10,857	Viola Dana	4,543	Ann Pennington	2,552	Niles Welch	1,408
Alice Joyce	10,824	Creighton Hale	4,510	Irene Castle	2,508	Dorothy Phillips	1,397
Henry B. Walthall	10,252	House Peters	4,433	William Duncan	2,420	Marie Walcamp	1,386

Inspiration the Foundation and Medium of Spring Modes

By D'IRWIN NEMEROV
of Russek, Fifth Avenue

INSPIRATION is as essential to brains as are brains to the mixing of harmonious and distinctive colors. What the eye is to the face, that to the courtier is his inspiration—when the design is inspired by a minx from the manors of Tudor, England, the gown may appropriately suggest the mode of feudal days, even as the American lass will inspire the typically daring, fearsome, dashing "Tailleur" that suggests deviltry aspiring. Each individual girl's personality inspires the designer's work.



MURIEL OSTRICHE

If not inspired, I would never have thought of combining chenille with squirrel for spring and summer fur—and this is the way it looks on Miss Muriel Ostriche.



GRACE CUNARD

In a mid-spring drive of furs, Miss Grace Cunard leads the sable battalion in this newest of new combinations—chenille and sable.



HELEN GARDNER

Personality, grace, carriage, a munificently magnificent, iridescent gown—and you have Helen Gardner.



LOUISE LOVELY

Not so many years ago the tailleur was used for knock-about. Today it is the main reason why boys leave home.



RUTH ROLAND

Miss Ruth Roland, whose distinction and carriage can well grace this 'alf-and-'alf bolero.

Photodrama in the Making

A Department of General Interest to All Readers, Showing How Photoplays Are Plotted, Written, Submitted and Sold

Conducted by HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

Staff Contributor; Lecturer and Instructor in Photoplay Writing in the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences; also in the Y. M. C. A. of New York; Author of "The Photodrama" and "The Feature Photoplay," and many Current Plays on the Screen, etc.

A COMPLETE PHOTOPLAY SYNOPSIS

NOTE.—More than half the inquiries received by this Department ask how to submit material and what form that material should be presented in. The following Photoplay Synopsis is the exact copy of the one purchased by the World Film Corporation and produced by that company in 1917, Alice Brady taking the part of the *widow*. Hence this is the salable form. This is the fourth installment of the serial publication of this Photoplay:

A SELF-MADE WIDOW

By Henry Albert Phillips

SYNOPSIS

PART I.—THE QUEST OF ROMANCE (Continued)

* * * * * Bobs is as much amazed as can be and protests. Fitzhugh is firm and begins at once the arranging of a few matters. He writes a letter to Butts. He writes another letter to Lydia Van Dusen, whom he is scheduled to lead to the altar at high noon the following day: DEAREST LYDIA: I HAVE ALWAYS LOVED YOU AS A SISTER—AND ALWAYS SHALL. I WOULD ONLY MAKE YOU UNHAPPY TO MARRY YOU, SO I AM GOING AWAY TO GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO FIND A BETTER MAN. And finally a letter to his lawyer which he heavily seals, with instructions: TO BE OPENED ONE YEAR FROM DATE—CONTAINS INSTRUCTIONS FOR FINDING MY LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT. He then shows Bobs a safe in the wall known only to himself. He writes a will and Bobs witnesses it. The will is then put in the wall-safe and locked.

At nightfall Fitzhugh and Bobs steal out of the mansion together, after Fitzhugh has dumped every cent out of his pockets: "I MEAN TO SEE HOW IT FEELS TO BE RID OF DEPENDING ON MONEY FOR ONCE IN MY LIFE."

Everything that Fitzhugh possesses—including a bride—he discards as being unromantic. And these are precisely the things—including a husband—that Sylvia considers all-essential in her scheme of Romance.

So Sylvia comes to an acute realization of the fact that her fellow small-townswomen really intend to "show her up" and brand her harmless yarn-spinning as a public Liar. She takes all the money that she has saved up for the past five years, and on the night before the threatened exposure steals off to the city.

PART II.—TO THE DEPTHS OF THE SEA

That night Sylvia goes to a small hotel with great trepidation. After dinner she ventures out, fearing contact with real life and real men. She meets several on the street who are undeniably attracted to her, but one look into their lecherous eyes makes her shudder and flee.

Fitzhugh and his friend Bobs arrive in the city, too. After a cheap dinner in a cheap place, they wander out toward the ship, Fitzhugh reveling in his first contact with real life and real men. He is not afraid to look any of them in the eye. Bobs takes him to the ship's master, and they learn in dismay that the only job left open is that of stoker. Fitzhugh does not flinch. He asks only that he be permitted to go ashore for an hour. He is engaged for a round-trip voyage and is due to return in not less than six months.

Fitzhugh has conceived the unique plan of seeming to have committed suicide. He goes along the pier to a spot near the landing stage of the little river steamer that Sylvia came to the city in. Here he takes off his coat and pins a long envelope conspicuously upon it, throws it down and hurries back to his ship. At daybreak we see the tramp steamer drawing out of the harbor.

Unable to sleep and sorely troubled over her failure in her contest with real life and her unenviable return home, Sylvia gets up and out at daybreak and watches a tramp steamer pull out for South America, little realizing what relation it bears to the fruition of her Romance.

Sylvia is truly despondent and her interest is scarcely roused on espying a man's coat. She stoops out of curiosity and then opens the envelope—and Romance begins!

(*To be continued in our next*)

CORRESPONDENCE

I once wrote an editorial in this Department entitled, "IS IT WORTH WHILE?" I tried therein to discuss impassionately both the pros and cons of this quiet little game of Photodrama, which so many try to sit in and take a hand without anteing up.

One, G. W. G., Clayton, New Mexico, caught all the cons in my screed, right on the chest, and I have been waiting space for many months to put back my little pros and answer my correspondent in public. He writes a good letter and says what he has to say in an earnest, interesting manner:

"After reading your editorial in the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and contrasting the thought therein contained with the glamour of success promised in other quarters, together with many other experiences and things one may have learnt from the movies themselves and their white-washers—the movie magazines—one is almost compelled to ask, with you, the question: IS IT WORTH WHILE?"

My editorial may have begun with a doleful note, but it certainly ended in a triumphant key. Success is always glamorous and is always promised—and certain—to those who can succeed and will persist long enough in a belief in themselves, working and studying effectively while they wait. What one should learn from the Motion Picture should not be gleaned from the personal abuses, but from underlying principles. "The white-washing movie magazines" is a little sweeping, yet vague. They are frequently publicity sheets for produced plays and naturally do not belittle the products that are offered for sale in their columns, tho they may be conscious of their defects and ignorant of methods to remedy them.

"I remember that Lasky offered a thousand dollars each for 100 acceptable photoplays. I have never been able to learn that he ever got one on this offer. Many similar things have been exploited, but I have never been able to discover any fruitage grown from such exploited fields."

The matter of the Lasky Thousand-Dollar Mystery I have already discussed at length. I am not so sure that Lasky got no worthy offerings as I am that few if any submitters got a thousand dollars. KEEP AWAY from them. A record of the prizes and their winners will be found somewhere, but the griefs and failure of the other 35,000 contestants will never be known.

"I remember, also, that Lasky established a department of criticism in his studios for the 'benefit' of free-lance writers and put Hector Turnbull at its head. Now Hector Turnbull, according to the movie magazines, is a scenario critic of no small caliber himself. Yet my experience with him convinced me of several things that do not contribute to his eminence in that domain. In fact after such experience I cannot regard him as a critic worthy of my confidence. His criticism was more of what he thought I was *trying* to do and what I had *hopes* of doing than what I *had* done. In fact he criticised the author much more than he did the author's work, and it took a second trial at that."

Lasky was short-sighted in establishing a free school unless it intended TEACHING. Teaching cannot be

(*Continued on page* 122)

The Beloved Traitor

By GLADYS HALL

This story was written from the Goldwyn film version of FRANK L. PACKARD'S novel



ON THE BANKS OF THE LAKE MARY WAITED FOR JOHN TO COME AND SEAL THEIR LOVE FOREVER

MAE MARSH AS MARY

THERE is one thing that is the best thing in life. Other things come with the mellower years—richer things—fuller things—but nothing comes so clean, so sharp, so sweet as the slender, shining dream-hope of our Youth. Never again that virgin ecstasy. Never again that blindness of belief when we have ceased to believe in fairies, yet cling to the hope of the things that the fairies do. After awhile we turn away from it. There are so many things . . . work . . . and stress . . . and little loves and hates . . . and paltry time for dreaming . . . and there are few so well beloved that they win back again . . . to the lance-like truth of it.

John Drake did.

Ever since he had been a small and ragged and somewhat profane little boy, modeling his tiny dogs and horses and lighthouses and weird fish among the coarse tangles of his father's fish-nets, he had dreamt of the day when he should stand in the public place of some fair city, gazing at a statue that towered to the skies. In the very small-boy days the statue had been rather an indefinite thing, save that it was very tall and very fair, and stung to the sheen of silver by the effulgence of the sun, even as the great, gray rollers turned to silver on their lips when the sun bent down to kiss them. After awhile the dawning boy-sense, still fashioning with his hands the simple dogs and horses, saw the Ideal he had set himself as the figure of a Woman. He did not see the woman's face, nor even her attitude. Yet he sensed her as a woman—an epic. Still later—he never forgot the day thru all that the years were to give him, and take from him—the Statue materialized.

After the realization had come to him he called himself a fool for not having known it sooner. It was all so simple—the little, whimsical, somehow splendid girl-child who had shared his childhood days, romped among the nets with him, dared the deepest depths with him, raced along the beach with him, dodging, with shouted glee, the angry combers. How he could see her! Salt-stung roses in each cheek, eyes that danced and gleamed; flying lissome limbs, all sharply cut beneath the scanty calico. Other pictures . . . there were so many . . . the sight of her, standing, eyes strained, face bravely white, awaiting the boats in a storm; the laughter that welled from her heart and fought like a rebel with her tears when the boats beached; the gallantry of her bearing . . . she of whom the sea had robbed father and mother . . . ye never lost her love. "One must be its master," she sai once, after a long vigil. "If one is not . . . one dare no *hate* it for all that!"

That was Mary . . . justice.

Nights in the rude cottages . . . the men smoking their evilly smelling pipes . . . old Father Anthony reading aloud from some volume, plain Greek to all of them save the scholarly old priest . . . little Mary bending her dainty head over some cumbersome sock . . . Mary!

It was the night of the great storm that the realization of her came to John Drake; the realization of her—and the Statue; the knowledge that the statue was Mary—and Mary the statue.

Even along the coast it was spoken of as the Great Storm. Seasoned fishermen, almost ready to go angling for the stars in more celestial seas, shook their heads and blamed it, rather vaguely, "on the war." Weather-beaten fish-wives remembered back to the night their "man went down," and declared it was "no such a storm as *this*."

And Mary's Uncle Simeon was out with the boats—Uncle Simeon who, when her father died, and her mother, never very strong, grieved to her grave immediately afterward, had been both a mother and a father to her; Uncle Simeon who had, with hand as tender as a woman's, soothed all childish griefs, and given her her simple, rudimentary faith transmuted into beauty by the poetry in her soul.

It was while watching for Uncle Simeon that John Drake came upon her, and stopped in his eager course to her, transfigured.



MARY AND JOHN OUTLINED TOGETHER, IN THE IMMEMORIAL FASHION OF LOVERS, A FUTURE BEAUTIFUL

The Statue! She stood on a high bluff, where the best view of the unviewable mystery of the enraged seas was to be had. Her hand shaded her eyes, tho the day was dying and, thru the sullen gray of the twilight, a moon was rising. Tall she was, eternally patient, eternally hopeful . . . strong, reliant, feminine . . . her face luminous as a beacon . . . her eyes agleam with unshed tears . . . like stars.

"Oh, God!" breathed John Drake from the depths of his quickened soul. "Oh, God! You beautiful, marvelous Thing! You, with your heart half breaking . . . patient . . . unalterable . . . anguished . . . woman . . . sublime . . . *Mary!*"

The last rose into a cry. But the girl did not turn. In a minute John Drake had gained the eminence and was down on his knees, kissing the fluttering hem of the simple dress, calling her softly, passionately. After awhile the girl looked down. "The boats are coming," she said, and Drake saw that her lips were stiff with cold.

"Do you love me, Mary?" he asked, and felt it half a sacrilege.

The girl looked down at him again. Her brave lips smiled, almost as tho in fun of him. "I have *always* loved you, John," she said.

An hour later the boats beached, and two days later Uncle Simeon died. "She got me, but I warn't an easy fish to get!"

His last words were to Father Anthony who had given him absolution, and to John Drake who stood near him, holding Mary's cold hand tightly in his own. "You both love her," he gasped—"one with the love of a priest—one with the love of a man; then be good to her—I charge ye—both——" And so the soul of the old fisherman went out.

Four weeks later, on the banks of the lake that, like a small, tranquil daughter of the mighty mother sea, nestled a mile or more away, Mary waited for John to come and seal their love forever. It was forever to Mary. She was the "forever" kind. That which she gave of herself was the fundamental. There are such.

One might be accounted a cynic of the first water if one should say there is no snakeless Eden . . . . no love without its quota of lust . . . . no Paradise without the rebelling angel . . . . no Genius untempered by the greed o' gain . . . .

But cynic or no, Eden was infested in that rude Maine fishing town by the advent of wealth in the obese shape of Henry Bliss, and the svelte replica of himself, his daughter.

It *had* been an Eden to Mary and to John. Sitting on the rocks hanging over the sea that had curled about their racing, childish feet, they had outlined together, in the immemorial fashion of lovers, a future beautiful. The Statue had crowned the whole. To the fair height of that epical figure the lovers had raised their eyes.

"You will be a great artist," the girl had breathed, awe and wonder shining in her eyes.

"You will have made me," breathed back the lover, "it

is you who are my inspiration." And so it had gone. And then had come Henry Bliss, more or less art connoisseur, and his cleverly beautiful daughter, rather more than less *man* connoisseur.

As Fate, who cocks a winked eye on lovers in particular, would have it, the Blisses, father and daughter, were directed to the home of Mary as possible tenants.

"We are charmed with the place," the graceful Myrna Bliss said languidly; "it is so quaint."

Mary made no answer. She had a rather disconcerting way of not making answers to remarks that obviously did not call for them. Somehow or other the guileless stillness of her eyes put Myrna Bliss ill at ease. She was accustomed to an invariable chatter, relevant



IT TOOK ONLY A GLANCE FROM MYRNA TO HAVE HER FATHER TAKE THE COTTAGE

or not. She felt annoyed, and a faint dislike for this so-unlike girl stirred in her shallow breast.

The final arrangement installed Mr. Bliss and daughter in Uncle Simeon's cottage, and made of Mary the caretaker and housekeeper.

Father Anthony was charmed with the arrangement. It would give Mary a companion of her own sex. The good man had felt ever since Uncle Simeon's death that this last was a necessity. Women need women. He was too unworldly to sense the worlds apart in which the two girls lived. He was far too unworldly and unidealistic to see the danger to John Drake.

The danger to John Drake became, rapidly, very apparent to the stricken eyes of Mary . . . . those watching eyes . . . . The danger was Myrna Bliss. She was not danger. That is comparatively simple and often avertible. She was poison . . . of the most insidious kind. The poison only a woman of the world can be to a youth who is not of the world and knows nothing of its ways. A youth, moreover, with an artist soul . . . . that strange, vagrant, divinely true, gypsy-warm, high, decadent soul of the artist.

She was, to John Drake, as a far and wondrous tropic might be to a prisoned man, dying of the wanderlust. She took the estheticism of the man and inflamed it. She drew him a picture of a life which might, if put down in oils, have appeared to the uncritical mind as a portrait of herself flinging eternities of crimson roses at a man . . . . the man, John Drake.

Of course she knew all about Mary. All about Uncle Simeon's bequest of her to John and the priest—all about their love. She had known all that the first day of her installation in their home. And she had, shrewdly, discounted it all. She had known artists before, embryonic and otherwise—artists of every calling.

Henry Bliss aided and abetted his daughter. One of the hobbies to which his wealth entitled him was the "finding" of unexploited, unrecognized genius. He saw in John Drake a genius.

When the fall came, and the Blisses returned to New York, John Drake returned with them.

Father Anthony had begged John to remember the dying words of Uncle Simeon—had entreated him not to neglect so sacred a trust. But John Drake had hardly heeded them. His eyes and his ears and his every sense were full of Myrna Bliss. Out of the starkness and leanness and loftiness of his primitive life she had risen up and typified *sex*. She had filled his nostrils with the call of the ancient, irresistible perfume—she had set his

senses ringing to strange music—she had entranced his eyes with a thousand witcheries. The beauty and majesty of that beacon-like figure waiting for the boats had faded from his mind, replaced, as ideals too sadly often are, by a vision of unreality crooning the song of a Lorelei.

After they had gone, Mary, sobbing against the priestly knee of the good and bewildered Father, confessed that her saddest moment was when John kist her good-by.

"But surely," augured the good man, "that he should kiss you—your betrothed—that is hopeful, my child, that his heart is still in the right place——"

Mary shook her head. The wisdom, bought with blood, of her sister women, illumined her eyes. "There is a difference," she answered sadly, "in kisses . . . ."

Father Anthony maintained silence. Perchance he felt that here was a subject on which he was not fitted to discourse.

After a while the girl spoke again. Her head was raised, and in her eyes, gray in the luminosity of her face, was the beacon-light again—the light that, gallantly brave, called and brought the boats from the maw of the sea—the light that would call to her lover's soul and guide it safely home. "Some day," she said, almost as if to herself, "some day, Father, he will be needing me—just *me*. Then I will go to him. Until then I shall stay home—and take care of you."

Emerson and a great many worthy and brilliant men have written of the immutable Law of Compensation. Those of us who do not know enough to write about it beforehand generally spend some valuable years in finding it out. We buy . . . . and we pay. If not in the true coin of the realm, then, more often than not, in dearer and nearer things. Some of us pay grudgingly; others with anguished tears.

John Drake realized his dreams, and found that, after all, a great deal had been the matter with his dreaming.

His years of study—his acclaim—the gay life—the caresses of Myrna Bliss . . . . how did they compare with one moment of divine humiliation, kneeling to kiss the hem of a calico gown? Where was the thrill that moment had held? Where were the hope and the conscious power that aftermath had given? Where indeed?

In vain John Drake told himself that that had been the raw dreaming of his raw youth. That he had not *known*. That, were he to go back now, to the simple rudeness of that Maine village—to the untutored, untried charms of that girl who had been his barefoot playmate—he would be bored to suicide. Even Myrna Bliss, skilled expert as she was, had to resort to some very skilful finesse these days. John Drake, Sculptor, with a *very* capital S, was not John Drake, fisherman, and they both knew it.

Myrna Bliss was not quite sure of herself when it came to John Drake. She had loved him quite frantically when he had first come to New York, and for the first couple of years of his study and stay there. Had loved him disconsolately during his year abroad, and very openly upon the recognition of his genius in the past year. She had been madder about him than about any man she had ever known, or ever would know. She admitted that to herself. But, being a woman as well as an environment, she had sensed in him that which he denied to himself. She felt, rather than *knew*, the certain austerity in his nature—the secret loftiness that carried with it the clean sting of the sea, and knelt, tho it would have gainsaid it, to a blade-straight figure with praying eyes.

Myrna wanted all of the man or none. She anguished over the knowledge of his remoteness, and then decided that there were "as good fish" and turned her attention somewhat to Paul Drayton, a political leader and something of a Kerensky.

John Drake would have sworn, in his turn, that he loved Myrna Bliss. She had never ceased to captivate his senses. She had led him, like some genie of the vase, into the glamorous, sybaritic super-life of "Bagdad on the Subway"; she had, even as the prophetic picture, pedestaled him, and flung red roses at him—the reddest ever grown. Not being a woman, but a thoroly masculine man, he had no analysis as to whether he did or did not give her "all of himself." Had she asked him, he would have invoked the seven idiot gods to witness that he certainly, damnably, eternally, how-could-she-ask-it *did*—and then would, no doubt, have returned to his almost finished masterpiece, "The Beacon," and fallen to dreaming of Mary, with her eyes that sought the seas, and have been totally unaware of his mental and emotional processes.

At the end of that third year "The Beacon" was finished, and won first prize in the annual competition, thereby ranking John Drake among the foremost sculptors of his day and generation.

"The Beacon" was presented to the city, and placed over a lake in the Park, where it stood, with Mary's eyes gazing as tho in retrospection into the placid waters.

John celebrated by a series of more than usually Bacchic parties. He also urged Myrna to marry him. "Every one expects it," he finished, in rather unloverly wise.

Myrna Bliss laughed up at him, but her eyes were rather sad. "Every one—that is, but me and *you*," she said; and then, pulling a lock of his hair, "Johnny, who *is* your secret model? The crowd have detailed me to find out. I must get the scoop, old dear, or the boss will fire me. Come—come across. I promise not to be jealous!"

John tried to kiss her teasing lips. Generally that sufficed to put an end to arguments. But Myrna drew away. "Who?" she insisted.

Drake rose and stood over her. His overbright eyes shone down into hers. His lips curved in a rather unpleasant smile. "If I should answer you, Myrna," he said, "you would only laugh at me—or disbelieve me. But those things would sting me to anger, and I dont want to feel anger for you, sweetheart." He paused a moment, as tho dreaming, and then spoke again. "That which is not of the flesh is not of the living—here," he mused, "and so if I should tell you that an Ideal, a very high and white one, is my secret model—one that grew with my growth and beat with my heart—you would not——"

"John, what rot are you talking?" asked Myrna, impatiently. "I ask you the plain, everyday, Jane Gray name of your model, and you burst into an elegy on souls. Obviously, my son, it is time for another drink. Come hither, while I brew you an especial 'Oh, doctor!' cocktail; then you may propose to me again, and give me the pleasure of refusing you."

Henry Bliss looked on at these parties of his protégé with displeasure. He had various reasons. One of them was a small but a veritably genuine interest in art, and in the particular art of this young artist. Hand-in-hand with that ran the sure knowledge that he was smudging that art, perhaps beyond restoration, by these increasing debaucheries. Another reason was that he himself had a son somewhere on one of the fronts, who looked not unlike John Drake. Still a third reason, and the most potent, was the way his girl was mixed up in the whole business. Henry Bliss knew that "mother" spent more than one sleepless night, staring tensely into the dark until Myrna's step sounded on the stairs. Altogether, some halt must be made.



MARY STOOD THERE—ALONE, DAZED. THE LIKENESS TO THE STATUE WAS UNMISTAKABLE

All at once Henry Bliss bethought himself of the saintly priest and the wand-like, whimsical girl who had been a sort of ward of Drake's and quite palpably in love with him.

Henry Bliss was a shrewd old philosopher—one of the truest kind—the financier who has maintained his perceptions. Fragmentarily, his thoughts ran something like this: "Fill of fame—women—gay life—beginning ennui—boredom—remorses—first love—faith again—forgiveness—pendulum swings into place—babies to model—ha! ha!"

Whereupon Henry Bliss chewed savagely at a fifty-cent perfecto and indited a masterpiece in the way of a letter to Father Anthony for the eyes of Mary.

It reached the eyes of Mary—the deep eyes of her heart.

"Of course," she said, when the good Father had, tremblingly, shown it to her. "This is my call to go to him, Father; I shall go at once."

"But, my child," remonstrated the good man, fearfully—"you mean to go alone—into New York—a stranger—a young girl——"

"I mean to go to John, Father," said Mary, firmly, "and nothing can deter me. I know that it is my duty—and oh, Father, I have been so lonely, so bitterly lonely!"

That won the day. Father Anthony ordered a conveyance, and Mary departed on her mission of love.

Love has been accused of being almost everything under the heavens save the pure, undiluted emotion it properly is. In Mary's case it might be called a guide, a propeller, a blue book, an atlas, a compass, or any of these things and all of them. Succinctly, it guided her footsteps without mishap to the studio of John Drake, and, to make her entry still more one of salvation, in the midst of one of the now nightly "parties."

The "party" were at dinner in the outer part of the studio, and Mary made her entrance into the workshop. Immediately she heard the sounds of unmistakable revelry, she knew it to be one of the occasions made frequent mention of in the letter of Henry Bliss.

Mary felt a sort of timidity about bursting in upon the throng and demanding her Love, in the name of chastity and for the sake of Auld Lang Syne. She was not given to crucial moments. She felt, with the simple truth of unperverted instincts, that the best course to pursue was to let that course pursue itself.

The course ran itself into the appearance of a couple, very much entwined, who had come, they bibulously explained, to look over Johnny's nudes again. Then, as they stared at Mary, the man burst into a shout:

"F' gar's sake, Tiny, ish Johnny's shecret doll!"

"Tiny" gimleted a remarkably fine pair of eyes upon the shrinking Mary and



WITH MARY, AS WHITE AS HER CHISELED STATUE, IN HIS ARMS, JOHN'S HEART SPEAKS

nodded a hysterical affirmative. "Th' ol' sonvegun!" hiccoughed the proud discoverer affectionately; then, raising his voice, "Freddie, Blansholtop, c'm'here!"

Freddie, a lean youth in khaki (and sober), and "Blansh," a blonde in a yard of black maline, appeared simultaneously. Between the four of them, they escorted, rather forcibly, Mary into the midst of the "party" and under the nakedly amazed eyes of John and Myrna Bliss.

The jocose Columbus snatched a foaming glass from under the indignant nose of one of his fellow guests.

(*Continued on page* 121)



Six-Candle Power Stars That Light the World

FATHER TIME counts only six years in the life of Virginia Lee Corbin and Francis Carpenter, but Experience numbers their birthdays at sixty.

For golden-haired Virginia knows what it is to love, to wait, to pine for the adored one. She knows what it means to be bored, to be frightened, to be blasé—to flirt. She knows that if she raises her blue, blue eyes to heaven it will send a delicious shiver thru the manly bosom of "Aladdin" Carpenter.

Of course this is mere pretense to childish hearts, but it is serious too, for little Mr. and Miss Six-year-old know that "getting across the emotion" is business as well as make-believe. To them it is a fascinating game, and they play it with all their hearts.

When Virginia and Francis created "Jack and the Beanstalk," "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp" and "Treasure Island" they were as interested in the feelings of the hero and heroine as they were in the fact that they were playing fairy stories that are dear to all children.

"You love Aladdin very much," the director tells Virginia, "and the wicked Mustapha has locked him in a dark, dark cave so that he cant come to you with pretty presents. How do you feel?"

"I want to cry," says Virginia, and forthwith she thinks how sorry she is for poor Francis, shut in the dark cave, and the tears rise naturally to her eyes.

Altho playing the prince in fairy-tales should be enough to satisfy Francis, his real ambition a year ago was to be a policeman; later he decided that a cow-puncher was his ideal; and now William Farnum is the hero of his heart, and his dearest wish is to be a second "Fighting Bill." Francis first attended school at the Fine Arts studio school, in Hollywood, but soon trotted his slate to Fox, where he learnt to read and print his name. He always, however, makes the "F" and "N" backwards, symptoms of artistic temperament at an early age. He began his career at three years old for D. W. Griffith, who called him "The little lad who is always intelligent-looking and never sad."

Young Francis made Glenwood Springs, Colorado, famous by being born there on July 9, 1911, while all of the warm blood of the South and the alertness of the North are blended in him, his father being a native of Linnsville, North Carolina, and his mother a Bostonian.

As for Virginia Lee Corbin, she first showed signs of unusual ability by talking at the age of eleven months, while, when she reached three years of age, she could sing in key. Prescott, Arizona, claims her as its own daughter, for her blue eyes first opened there; but in 1915 the Corbins moved to Los Angeles. Like everybody else, Mrs. Corbin wished to see a movie studio. So one day she set out, taking Virginia with her. A director begged to be allowed to put the lovely child in pictures, and in one year's time she had become a star in her own right.

Fox, who has done such wonders with these children, has at present separated them. Virginia is playing with Tom Mix in a Western play directed by F. A. Franklyn, while Francis Carpenter is commencing a new picture with Jewel Carmen under the direction of C. M. Franklyn.

The Play's the Thing!

"But—Collaboration Between Author and Director Is Just the Thing!" Say Anita Loos and John Emerson

By LILLIAN MONTANYE



ANITA LOOS



JOHN EMERSON

"ANITA LOOS and John Emerson have come out of the West," I announced, "and they are not writing or directing plays for Douglas Fairbanks any more. Now, what *are* they going to do and what are they doing in New York?"

"Go and find out," said the Editor sternly, so I meekly ventured forth.

In my mind's eye was a picture of Anita Loos, the clever writer of titles and author of innumerable scripts. She would be "high-brow," of course, and very, very serious. She would converse learnedly of art, ideals, inspiration and atmosphere. Would I be able to grasp it?

And as for the wonderful John Emerson, who is a big figure in the screen world to-day, just as a few years ago he was a commanding figure in the stage world, my imagination stopped working when I thought of him.

Two of them! It was almost too much!

Then came the appointment—an invitation to lunch with them; and without daring to think or plan, I found myself ringing the bell of Miss Loos' suite of rooms at the Hotel San Rafael. The door opened briskly, there was a cheery "Come in," and I was shaking the hand of a bright-faced wisp of a girl with great dark eyes that had evidently kept on growing after she had stopped.

"You are not Miss Loos?" I exclaimed.

"Yes, I am," she said, emphatically. "What's the matter? Did no one tell you how 'ornery' I am? Did you think I was a tall, stately lady?"

"No," I said, "but I did think that perhaps you were grown up."

"She's not 'high-brow' nor serious, and she's not going to converse learnedly," I thought, relievedly. But "ornery"—no, I shouldn't say that.

"Sit down until John comes; he is going to take us out," she said, with a bright friendliness that put me at ease at once and made me resolve not to lose a moment, as there was no way of knowing what might happen when "John" appeared.

"How did you begin your scenario-writing, Miss Loos?" I began. "And what made you think you could do it?"

"Well, I was brought up on the stage. My father was a writer as well as an actor and producer, so I had exceptional training. Even when very young, a mere child, I took my work on the stage very seriously, making the most of every part, no matter how small. I studied technique until I had absorbed it, as one might say. That's where so many people make a mistake. They may have wonderful ideas and all that, but to write photoplays without some knowledge of construction and technique is like an engineer trying to run a train without an engine. It simply cant be done.

"Indeed I do remember the first scenario I wrote, because I sold it to Mr. Griffith. Mary Pickford and Lionel Barrymore played the leads. At that time I was in Los Angeles, and I wrote plays for two years before I had seen the inside of a studio. I'm not saying that I sold them all, but selling the first one encouraged me to continue, for I reasoned that what had been done could be done again. I was with Mr. Griffith five years,

then the turning point in my career came, and I began working with Mr. Emerson."

There was a quick ring at the door, and at the psychological moment entered John Emerson.

"What is he like?"

Picture, if you can, a well-set-up personage with a manner direct but so pleasing that it seems to take one straight into his confidence; a pair of piercing, dark eyes in which there lurks a rare sense of humor—just a big, compelling bunch of personality. That's John Emerson.

"Where will we eat?" he began, man-fashion. As he piloted us 'cross town, I remarked on the late unpleasantness of the below-zero weather, the coal famine, etc.

"How you must have regretted sunny California!" I said.

"Indeed we did not!" (chorus).

"I prefer New York, even tho it were a perpetual, howling blizzard. No more sunny California for me," said Mr. Emerson.

"Then you are in New York permanently?" I queried, as we seated ourselves in a cosy corner of the Hotel Claridge dining-room.

"Yes, our plans are all made, and we expect to be here permanently and to continue our work together."

"You see, it's this way about working together," said Miss Loos. "One person cant successfully write a play any more than one person can act it. When I began my play-writing, I had had the best of training, and I had ideas, and suppose I was unusually successful. My plays were called good in the reading, but they didn't get over in a big way when they were screened."

"Yes," interposed John Emerson, "and I was looking for plays—fairly desperate because I could find nothing that suited me. I saw some of Miss Loos' work and said, "There's the thing I want."

"And," interrupted Miss Loos, "you were told, 'Nothing to it, absolutely.'"

"Very true," admitted Mr. Emerson, "but when we got together and began putting our ideas together and working them out, we each supplied what the other lacked. And there you are! You must admit," he continued, "that Miss Loos is a wonder at titles. She is rather young to be called a mother," he said, looking across the table at his small collaborator, "but I call her the mother of comedy titles."

"The titles are almost the whole thing, are they not?" I asked.

"No," said Miss Loos, quickly. "The titles are to the screen play what the spoken word is to the stage play, but either one must have action and sustained interest to put it over. Of course, in comedy-dramas, the titles are very important."



© Apeda

JOHN AND ANITA ARE THE MOST CONGENIAL OF COLLABORATORS. DIRECTOR + AUTHOR IN PERFECT ACCORD = A PERFECT PRODUCTION

"About our future plans," said Mr. Emerson. "We expect to provide a series of photoplay dramas for release by Paramount, known as the John Emerson and Anita Loos Productions.

"These plays will carry out the idea, 'The play's the thing.' The play will be the feature. We will choose a good cast, but there will be no stars at enormous salaries. Too much money is spent on stars and too little on the production of the picture. So many of the plays written for the big stars dont suit them. Too many managers and directors think and say, 'It doesn't matter so much about the play; he or she will get it over.' That's a mistake. Intelligent people dont care so much about the star—it's the play itself they care about."

"It's a step in the right direction," I admitted.

"We think so," agreed Mr. Emerson, "and we are glad of the chance to try it out, backed by an organization that will give the proper artistic attention to the needs of our productions. Our plays will not be stage plays or novels adapted to the screen, but strictly individual, high-class satirical comedy. And now we shall do our best to demonstrate 'The play's the thing.'"

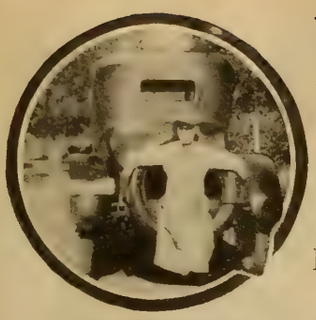
"Miss Loos," I said, "how do you get the ideas for your comedies?"

"I hardly know," she smiled. "But I get them from life—little things I see and hear. Ideas come to me

(*Continued on page* 123)

New Winter Sports

In Which Mr. Actor Says, "Movie and the World Movies With You; Sit Still and You're Still Alone"



BOB-SLEDS ARE RARA AVIS IN LOS ANGELES, BUT HERE IS RUTH STONEHOUSE HITCHING BEHIND A "CALIFORNIA SLEIGH"



BEING MIGHTY HANDY WITH HIS FINS IS HAROLD LOCKWOOD'S WINTER SPECIALTY. WALTER LEWIS IS HIS PUNCHING-BAG



CHARLIE CHAPLIN SAYS "GOING UP!" EVERY TIME HE HAS TO CLIMB TO THE ROOF OF HIS NEW STUDIO



"KEEP YOUR FEET ON THE BOTTOM," SAYS DIRECTOR LUND TO SONIA MARKOVA, "SO'S WHEN YOU FALL OVERBOARD YOU WONT GET 'EM WET"



"SHOOTING" BILL RUSSELL, THE MOUNTAIN GOAT, WITH A GRAFLEX, IS FINE WINTER SPORT



"HOLD TIGHT ON THE CORNERS!" SAYS HARRY GRIBBON, AS HE BOB-SLEDS HIS KEYSTONE BEVY DIZZILY DOWN THE STAIR-RAIL



WINTER GOLF — HAROLD LOCKWOOD PERFECTING THE "FOLLOW THRU" OF HIS DRIVE



GEORGE BEBAN PRACTICES FRENCH-CANADIAN DIALECT ON HIS NORTHWOODS GUIDE



"MIND YOUR STEP," SAYS M. DE CONDE TO HIMSELF AS HE TRANSFERS HIMSELF FROM A SPEEDING BUS TO THE TOP OF HIS WHIRLING AUTO



EDNA GOODRICH

The VOGUE of NORMA TALMADGE

by GERTRUDE HAMILTON FIELD

"The Mirror of Fashion and of Good Taste in Colors"

"VOGUE" and one or two other exclusive fashion journals have until recently been the only reliable source from which society women, living in the smaller cities, have been able to cull the newest and best-taste styles from New York's up-to-the-moment clothes.

But now a new factor is at hand, namely, the great Moving Picture actresses. They spend thousands of dollars to obtain not only the latest creations, but the coming styles from such exclusive clothes-designers as Lucile, Madame Frances and Mary Blackburn. Society women have become cognizant of this fact and follow these living, breathing fashion exponents with close attention and interest in all their latest releases.

Among these super-gowned geniuses,



BLACK NET EVENING GOWN



CORAL CHIFFON WITH CORAL ORNAMENTS

Norma Talmadge ranks supreme. Not only does she spend a mint of money on her clothes, but she makes use of a naturally fine discriminative taste, and she has an air, a way of wearing her clothes which nine women out of ten strive to attain but in vain.

All of which the accompanying photographs go to prove more poignantly than the most descriptive phrases possible.

Miss Talmadge has a most interesting theory concerning clothes and their colors. She believes that the range of human emotions has a direct and vital relation to the colors of the spectrum.

This original miss says that every emotion has its color-tone equivalent, and in the making of a photoplay one must dress one's emotions in corresponding hues under the bluish glare of the Cooper-Hewitts.

Miss Talmage was deeply engrossed in a scene for her new picture, "The Secret of the Storm Country," but paused a few moments to explain her pet theory to me.

"The most fascinating element in the filming of a great screen story in which a woman plays the leading rôle is the psychology of color as it affects emotion," began Miss Talmadge.

"You see, I am wearing a simple gingham dress of many colors. It is similar to the one I wore when I was making 'Poppy,' only not quite so vivid. During the stage of Poppy's life in which she wore that dress she was more or less of a vixen, and it fitted the vixenish mood so well that when I put it on I felt the emotions I wanted to portray and they were reflected on the screen more strongly than they would have been if I had worn a different kind of a dress which in color did not suit the part.

"The colors in this gingham frock are not so variegated in shade as were those of Poppy's costume, but they help me express the simple, warm-hearted, unselfish spirit of little Tess of the squatter village.

"You understand," continued Norma, seriously, "that this problem of color under the peculiar lights of the Moving Picture workshop is no high-school

DARK RED VELVET GOWN WITH ERMINE AND SABLE FURS



ERMINE EVENING COAT, WITH SABLE COLLAR

EVENING GOWN OF CLOTH OF GOLD

BROCADED BLUE AND SILVER, WITH FOX COLLAR

problem in chemistry. To know a color as it will photograph under the Cooper-Hewitts, or even as it will appear to the naked eye, is an art in itself. Every one who knows anything about the filming of a scene knows that, while everything on the Motion Picture screen appears to be in black and white, a number of different colors are needed to obtain the desired effect. Yellow, for instance, photographs white and is used nearly always to get the effect of white.

"So when I say, for instance, that I must wear scarlet to rightfully interpret a certain character for a picture, I mean that I must wear a gown which appears red when the director calls for lights. A red which is red in the daylight may not be red at all in the studio, and if it is not, then the emotional effect is completely destroyed.

"You may think I have become a faddist, but I assure you I have not. Do you know, I never attempt to portray a character until I have decided on my heroine's color tones? I must know, even before I begin to study the script seriously, whether my subject is a character positive enough to demand virile shades, a delicate little pastel tones or a passive creature with only neutral qualities. Then I begin to choose the colors for my gowns. There are certain emotions which require flamboyant hues — the scarlets, vivid blues and greens and bright purples which are suggestive of strong feeling. The heroic woman who has, perhaps, great faults as well as great virtues, is well interpreted thru scarlet, and I always wear that color in scenes where I must show envy, hate or great sacrifice. There is something about the shade which reflects in the face and brings out the desired expression in the film.

(*Continued on page* 118)



EVENING COAT OF BLACK CHIFFON OVER WHITE SATIN, TRIMMED WITH BANDS OF BLACK VELVET RIBBON

FLAME DRESS OF RED CHIFFON

© Charlotte Fairchild

When Louise Was a Kiddie

By R. W. BAREMORE



POWDERING HER NOSE IN PREPARATION FOR HAVING HER MINIATURE PAINTED



© Hartsook, L. A.



© Ralph Willis Brown, L. A.

OF course we all know that Southern girls are either born flirts or acquire the art at a tender age. It is, therefore, not surprising to learn that Louise Huff makes the confession that she had a beau almost as soon as she could walk. She recalls with apparent delight the wonderful event in her life when her sweetheart's dad gave him the enormous sum of twenty-five cents and John asked her to go downtown with him and get an ice-cream soda. Then, of course, like the eternal feminine, she ordered a ten-cent drink, made her escort take one that only cost a nickel, and induced him to squander his remaining wealth on candy.

And the candy! It seemed to Louise that they bought all there was in Columbus. The kind they bought will make any one look back at his kiddie days with a sigh of pleasure. Several pennies' worth of "jaw-breakers," several rounds of "all-day suckers," while the rest went for those long, elastic licorice sticks that we used to call "shoestrings." After this debauch Louise further confesses that her mother spent the night in a vain endeavor to cure a youthful "tummy-ache."

Was there ever a youngster that didn't have these "tummy-aches" and that did not gladly suffer the consequences of too much candy? And was there ever a youngster that didn't give "shows"? We can 'most all of us look back on the time when we used to use mother's best spreads for a curtain or her best sheets to make a screen for a magic-lantern exhibition. Louise Huff was one of the greatest showmen that Columbus, Georgia, ever boasted. Out in the barn she rigged up a stage, with the help of her little friends, and there they gave entertainments and were not bothered by admission prices or war taxes. Anything from two pins to a penny would entitle a patron to the best seats in the house. The "shows" consisted of anything from an interpretative dance to a very thrilling love-scene, but perhaps it is best to let Miss Huff tell about this herself.

"I loved to dance," says the little Paramount star, "and my contribution to the program was usually a series of more or less fancy steps or some sort of an acrobatic stunt such as balancing some little girl on my feet while lying flat on my back. And at one time I really had the ambition to become an acrobat, and I still think that I had some gifts along that line, altho none of my friends gave me much encouragement. Perhaps because I went into pictures some vaudeville act lost a shining example of its art—who knows? Just the same, I'm glad now that I never had to join a 'dumb act,' for I know I never could have stood the strain. It's hard enough not to be able to talk lines and not to have them heard when appearing in photoplay."

While in school Miss Huff took up drawing, and once she did such a true likeness of one of her homely teachers that she was sent home to repent. A landscape, drawn when the actress was but eight years old, is still in the possession of Mrs. Huff, who takes great pride in showing it to all visitors; this much against the wishes of Louise. You know, boys, it's like having fond mamma show your best girl pictures of yourself when you were a sweet-faced baby sitting on a fur rug sucking your thumb.



Little Miss Happiness

BY Hazel Simpson Naylor



That Is Why Edna Purviance Is Such an Able Assistant to Charlie Chaplin

TAP-TAP-TAP.—No answer. Tap-rap-rap, louder and more impatiently.—No answer.

Tap-bang-bang!

(No, dear readers, this is not an imitation of Poe's raven, but, like Mr. Poe's persistent bird, I was a-knock, knock, knocking at Miss Purviance's door.)

Suddenly, back it swung, and a small figure, wrapped in a Japanese silk kimono of sunkist-yellow and emerald green, gasped. "O-oh, come right in! I'm so sorry! I overslept."

With superb unconcern for their fragileness, Edna Purviance gathered up a heap of pink chiffon fluffy-ruffles from the most comfortable chair the room boasted and motioned me to be seated. Then she curled herself up cross-legged, in the middle of the huge four-posted bed. One dear little pink pajama leg just peeped from beneath her brilliant kimono. Her soft hair, the color of sun-flowers in moon light, was wound about her beautifully shaped little head, coronet fashion. Her large, forget-me-not eyes gazed questioningly at a world which she finds entirely fascinating. Their almost preposterously long, dark lashes swept young cheeks as white and smooth as marble.

© Lumière

But there is nothing of marble in the composition of Edna Purviance. She makes one think of peaches and cream, of a white angora kitten, happy and contented in the warm sunlight of love—— But, there, I am waxing poetic. Back to the cold, black print.

Now, nine out of ten celebrities, when asked what they consider caused their success, will announce:

"Work—good, hard, never-give-up work."

But not so Edna Purviance. When I put the question to her, she let out a little gurgle of enthusiasm.

"Just luck, wonderful, wonderful luck. "I am the happiest girl in all the world. Here I am just turned twenty-one. I have everything I want—things I should never have dreamt of obtaining—and it's all due to luck.

"You see, I had taken stenography with my high-school course in Nevada, and when we moved to California I finished a complete business course and seriously studied the piano. Vaguely, I imagined that some day I might be a big musician, and then one evening I accidentally met Mr. Chaplin thru a mutual friend. Mr. Chaplin asked me if I would like to act in pictures with him. I laughed at the idea, but agreed to try it. I never thought I would ever go thru with another after that first picture. I want to tell you that I suffered untold agonies. Eyes seemed to be everywhere. I was simply frightened to death. But Mr. Chaplin had unlimited patience in directing me and teaching me. I learnt everything I know from him.

"Personally, Mr. Chaplin is a very wonderful man. He does all kinds of good with his money, but as quietly as possible. He simply pours thousands of dollars into England to help the war along. He says if he is called to serve actively (he is still an English subject,

you know) he will go. But, oh, it seems to me" (she clasped her hands anxiously about her knees) "as if he can do so much more good right where he is! Not only can he help by furnishing an unusual amount of money, but he can bring joy, freedom from care, into the hearts of the people, and that's a greatly needed item in war days, let me tell you.

"Mr. Chaplin has some wonderful stories for our next comedies. He just works them out in his head, you know, but has told several of them to me, and they are greater than anything we have ever done — less slapstick—and we are going to do three-reelers now, which will give him a better opportunity."

They are only waiting for their new studio to be finished before getting down to good hard work. It is going to be unique among studios — a place where one can enjoy life as well as work. Mr. Chaplin bought the land in Hollywood. On it is a most beautiful home, which he will preserve, but the grounds surrounding it were filled with lemon and orange trees, and these he had to have cut down to make room for the studio, which is old English architecture and very picturesque. One would never think it was a studio. Two horses are going to be kept on the place for Sid Chaplin and Miss Edna to ride. Charlie Chaplin doesn't ride. Edna is going to have her own piano in the studio so that she can keep up her music during dull hours.



Edna reached over to where an enormous bouquet of yard-long-stemmed pink roses stood at the foot of her bed and broke off one, then settled herself cosily again, tailor-fashion, and gazed dreamily out of the window at the myriad of New York sky-scrapers.

"You know," she said, pressing the rose to her satiny nostrils, "you may think me queer, but I am very glad I dont have to work in New York.

"This is the first time I have ever been East in all my life, you know. I have spent all of my twenty-one years in Nevada and California. My friends who have taken me around since I have been in New York City make more fun of me and say, 'For goodness' sake, Edna, close your mouth and dont "Oh, oh" so! People will think you are a regular rube.'

"Yes, New York is all very wonderful; its shops, theaters and hotels are magnificent; but I'll be glad to get back home. There the climate is warm and sunshiny and every one knows everybody. Here there is just a wild, scrambling, conglomerate mob, and one little atom of humanity more or less makes very little difference. Oh, no; I shouldn't care to work in New York, and, altho I have enjoyed seeing all the sights and people have given me a wonderful time, I shall be glad when I get word that the studio is finished, vacation time is over and it's time for me to return to California and work. Of course, in a way, I shall be sorry to leave New York. It has been a life-long dream realized, and now"—she looked at me a little mischievously—"and now I shall have to get another dream. I wonder what it will be?"



This sounded interesting, but all my tactful questions



elicited no further startling information than that the beautiful Edna loved Marvel perfume, hated to have her photograph taken and was going to buy a new automobile very soon.

A knock came at the door, and Edna Purviance jumped down from her downy perch and admitted an obsequious waiter with a breakfast tray.

"Oh," she said, "I'm not ready yet. Take it into the next room, and be sure and keep my eggs hot."

I myself dislike nothing so much as cold eggs, so I could sympathize with the beautiful vision curled so cosily on the bed and started to wrap my furs about my neck in preparation for a hurried exit, but I happened to say, "Weren't you at the Supper Club the other evening?" which started the conversation ball rolling again.

Edna likes to dance better than almost anything else, altho as she naïvely added, "But then of course I like 'most everything."

Yes, she even likes all the people who stop her on the streets and say, "Oh, isn't this Edna Purviance? I just want to shake hands with you. I enjoy you so much on the screen."

And people seldom realize what advantage they take of an actress. She has absolutely no privacy; on the other hand, sometimes it is mighty handy to be well known. This was evidenced by a rather unpleasant incident which happened in Chicago when Miss Purviance stopped off there for a couple of days on her way East.

One evening about eight o'clock, Edna Purviance, Blanche Sweet and Adele Rowland took it into their heads that they would like to walk up Michigan Avenue and see the sights. They did, but were terribly annoyed by three men who followed them, exchanging such crude remarks as the well-known phrase, "Some chicken!"

The girls turned to hurry back to the hotel. Whereupon one of the men, catching a glimpse of their faces said, "Gee, fellows, beat it! That's Edna Purviance and Blanche Sweet!"

And so I asked, "Tell me honestly, how does it feel to be a celebrity at twenty-one?"

Edna Purviance bit her finely modeled lower lip between two pearly rows of teeth, as much as to say, "Shall I tell the truth or not?" decided to give the verdict to the former, and said:

"I'll tell you seriously. I do enjoy a number of thrills from the success I have attained. I dont really believe I am even ambitious to do dramatic rôles. I am perfectly happy that I am to be Mr. Chaplin's leading-lady for another year at least."

After all, in this age, when every one's cult is persistent endeavor and struggling ambition, struggling always for something just out of reach, as pleasing as an unexpected buttercup in a field of tares comes Edna Purviance, who is perfectly satisfied with things as they are.

Perhaps her book of life is not so difficult reading as Aristotle, but it's a great deal pleasanter to peruse. It's the philosophy of the contented.

He's a Dog-Gonned Good Actor!

By LEIGH METCALFE



He's a kyoodle-dog, but with oodles of camera presence. He has a good, honest name—Patsy Argyle.



No one was more elated than Mary McAlister upon receipt of Patsy's first "mash-note." And Mary did her best to tell Patsy what the letter said.



Patsy's so utterly natural that he dislikes even such harmless artificiality as make-up. But, nevertheless, the director ordered stern eyebrows, and Mary's making 'em stern.

FROM the gutter to screen fame overnight—that is the record of one of film-land's newest star players —Patsy Argyle, of Essanay. It's an interesting story. It is sheer romance, of the stuff that story-books are made—but it's true. Patsy himself vouches for it.

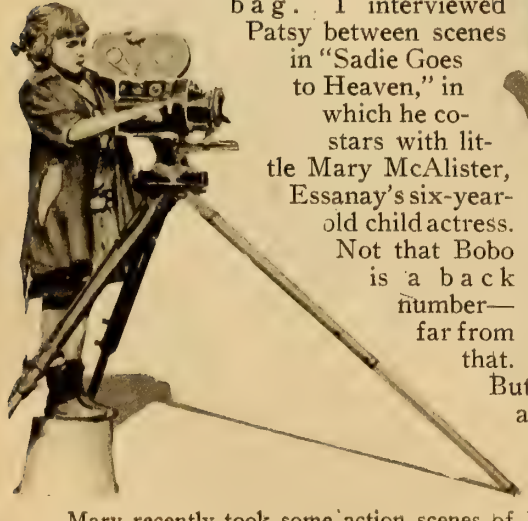
Patsy's rapid rise into Motion Picture fame staggers the boldest biography of any other screen favorite. Not even Charlie Chaplin, who rose to popularity from the dingy footlights of an English music-hall can duplicate Patsy's dizzy climb. One day a home in the gutter—actually, in the gutter—the next, a high-salaried Essanay actor.

I understand dog language.

You see, Patsy's a dog, and if I didn't understand his tongue the world would never hear his strange autobiography, of his rise from the city's rag-bag. I interviewed Patsy between scenes in "Sadie Goes to Heaven," in which he co-stars with little Mary McAlister, Essanay's six-year-old child actress. Not that Bobo is a back number—far from that.



"Walk like a human!" ordered the director of "Sadie Goes to Heaven." But George Washington Square, as Patsy is called in this picture, was a bit dazzled by the luxury of the millionaire's home



But Bobo deserves a vacation, and tho he remonstrated loudly against this premiere of another dog, he is taking life easy for a few weeks at the McAlister home.

Anyway, Bobo's technique is different. And Bobo is a high-brow type. Patsy is just kyoodle, but with oodles of camera presence.

He's a little dog, with whiskers that droop, hiding a pleasant mouth. His hair is mixed white and black and scraggly. His tail is short but dramatic. He is vivacious and barks boisterously. He adores little Mary, he likes dog biscuit and interviews. He thinks Bobo is a snob; but that's getting into an argument and away from the story. The story is that Patsy has made a remarkable success of his life.

He had never hoped to be anything but a tramp dog. He was born amidst tin cans and alley cats. His dinner-table was the refuse-cans in alleys, and his meal-times before the garbage-man made his morning rounds.

"But today," he mused, as he scratched his left ear, "I'm a fully accredited actor, not a member of the Screen Club as yet, but with a contract and a weekly income. Part of my salary I give each week to the Fund for Homeless Dogs. Aside from my board money, the rest goes into Liberty Bonds I've bought and candy for little Mary."

"How did you happen to get into the movies, Patsy?" I asked him.

"Well, it was l i k e this," he growled, pleasantly. "If you'd told me a year ago that I'd be playing with Mary McAlister, I would have howled in derision.

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Mary recently took some action scenes of Patsy for her family archives. As she was grinding the camera, Patsy barked: "Hustle up, Mary! This darn straw tickles my feet!"

When Bessie Was Lost In New York.

"Such a Big Place for a Little Star to Light," Says Bessie Love.

By Lillian Montanye

"CERTAINLY you may see Bessie Love," came a pleasant voice over the wire. "Come to my office and talk to her, then be our guest at the theater. We were just looking for some one." So, with anticipatory thrills, I entered the elevator at Aeolian Hall, rode to the top floor, wandered thru various lengthy corridors, and finally found the door bearing the inscription, "W. H. Quinn, Manager for Bessie Love."

From within came voices, and a ripple of girlish laughter. I entered, and there they were: Mamma Love, Manager Quinn, and, curled up in one corner of a divan was Bessie herself. Such a riot of green and gold, of brown, pink and creamy white—a mass of dainty colors dominated by a youthful and exuberant personality. Who wouldn't blink their eyes and look hard in the effort to assemble the parts—as it were—into a composite whole? A tangle of golden-brown curls, a piquant face, creamy skin, straight nose, big, mischievous brown eyes and the well-known sunny smile—a real living, even-better-than-I-expected Bessie Love.

She wore a girlish and becoming suit of green. The tiny feet were white-shod, and atop the curly head was an adorably girlish sailor of soft gray velvet. Dost see the picture? Well, I did—and liked it. Then I glanced from the window across to Broadway, ablaze with lights. Her glance followed mine. "I know you are going to ask me if I like New York," she said, with an air of having quite made up her mind before I came.

"It's quite wonderful, of course," she admitted. "But to me there is no place like my beloved Los Angeles and my darling home back there," and she eagerly placed before me a snapshot of a vine-covered bungalow. "Cant you see how cozy, comfy and homey it is—even tho it is just a picture? And that's my car"—pointing to the dainty white limousine standing before the bungalow. "And how I do miss it in New York! Perhaps there is something lacking in me," she said. "But New York doesn't impress me so much. Eastern people out home have said to me, 'Just wait until you see New York.' I dont know what I expected to see," she said, "but for one thing I expected to see buildings that almost touched the sky. Of course there are the Times and Woolworth buildings and others, but they are the exceptions. I expected them to be *all* like those.



A PORTRAIT PAINTED BY PRINCE JOHN PALEOLOGUE, INTERNATIONALLY FAMOUS AS "PAL"



"One thing I *will* say, New Yorkers dont stop at anything—and they get away with it, too. The subways and the elevated are marvelous. I am told that the people commute from three States. But look at the way we get over the ground in California—and in much nicer fashion. We live in our cars when we are not busy, and think nothing of going to Santa Barbara to the theater, which is *only* a hundred and thirty-five miles,"

she laughed. "It seems to me," she said, seriously, "that there is absolutely no home-life in New York."

"'Home is where the heart is,'" quoth Manager Quinn, who had been amusedly watching her.

"And, Bessie love," reproved Mamma Love, who had been sitting quietly in a corner seemingly engrossed in a book, "it's home to them, because it's all the home they have ever known."

"Well," said Miss Bessie, "I suppose there are people who can make a home in a big house that looks like a jail, with nothing to look at but more jails, with a cement court for a garden; but I couldn't, because I've never known anything but lots and lots of room to live and breathe in.

"You see, I was born in Texas—and you must admit that there's lots of room down there to be born and also to live in. Then we moved to Arizona, and how I loved it—and do to this day—every bit of it, Indians and all. Then we went to California; so you see I have never known anything but Western life. I have enjoyed every minute of my trip East, especially the two weeks in Florida. But wont I be glad to get back to my 'Little Gray Home in the West'!



BESSIE LOVE AND HER GRAND CHIEF TONIO



BESSIE AS SHE FIRST APPEARS FOR PATHE



"I CAN RIDE LIKE—*EVERYTHING!*"

BESSIE PROVING THAT SLAVERY IS NOT COMPLETELY ABOLISHED IN THE SOUTH

"Accomplishments?" she said, perplexedly. "I never thought about being 'accomplished'; I just do what I like to do and what I have to do. For instance, I can swim like a fish, as you would realize could you have seen me working down in Florida where I spent a whole day in the water; and I can ride like—*everything!* And I can drive my car like 'everything,' too—if that is an accomplishment. When I was learning, I had my chauffeur standing on his head most of the time, while he remarked reprovingly that *he* didn't turn corners that way; and poor dad nearly had nervous prostration the first time he went out with me, but I'm a perfectly safe driver now. Of course I sing a bit, and play the piano, and the ukelele; but *that's* not an accomplishment—it's a habit."

The gay, girlish chatter was vastly entertaining, but of course work must not be overlooked. And right here little Bessie Love settled straight down to business and talked of her work with the frankness, modesty and unself-consciousness that is one of her greatest charms.

"I dont want to go on the stage," she said, "and I do like the pictures. If I didn't I wouldn't be in them. It's true that I got my big chance as the Swedish maid in 'The Flying Torpedo.' I'm working on my fourteenth picture, and have been working not quite two years. It sounds easy, but it isn't. If all movie-mad girls knew all they have to go thru in order to make good in the movies they would stampede from the movies instead of flocking to them. Of course I have had unusual success; but it is because I happened to screen unusually well, and I've had a wonderful mother to take care of me. Also, I have been most fortunate in getting the right type of plays and in having

(*Continued on page* 116)



A SILHOUETTE OF BESSIE, PATHÉ'S SCINTILLATING STAR

Their Favorite Jokes

By MARJORIE GLEYRE LACHMUND

WE went around the World the other day (it did not take us *eighty days,* either!) in pursuit of that elusive laugh. Little Madge Evans was our sponsor, and of all the delightful little fairies Madge is the *very most delightfulest.*

"I'll introduce you to Mr. Love," she announced, and, taking Anita by one hand and me by the other, she capered into a room where Montagu Love lay half asleep on a couch. What a rude awakening—to be commanded to tell a joke almost before your eyes are open! But Mr. Love was lovely—if I may be so banal—and nobly rose to the occasion (literally as well as figuratively):

"Here is a somewhat subtle one. A little boy of my acquaintance, who is about Madge's age, was going to get a thrashing for misbehavior. His mother told him to get her the cane. He started to get it, but turned back to say wistfully: 'Wouldn't you rather have me get a stone, mother, for you to throw at me?'"

"Tell another joke," ordered General Madge. "You know lots of them—you're always telling me jokes."

"What were they, Madge?" asked poor Mr. Love, having cudgeled his brain in vain. Then, "I remember one now. How's this? A man went to his doctor and said nervously: 'Doctor, I know there's something the matter with my heart. I have a feeling that I'm not going to live much longer.'

" 'Nonsense,' said the doctor. 'Give up smoking.'

" 'I never smoked in my life.'

" 'Stop drinking, then.'

" 'I always have abstained from alcoholic drink.'

" 'Suppose you go to bed earlier — get more sleep.'

" 'I never stay up beyond nine o'clock.'

" 'Well, my man, I guess you had better let nature take its course. You are entirely too good for this world.' "

Madge was summoned to her set shortly after this, so we were obliged to navigate alone. While we were meandering across the studio, we met Arthur Ashley. He looked so very worried we hardly dared bother him—but, then, it was in a good cause.

"A joke!" he groaned. "I'm not feeling funny. I haven't been feeling funny for a long time."

"Oh, then you're a pessimist," I accused.

"I'm not a pessimist," he retorted. "But I'm doing the work of three men right now. I have to get up early to come here, where I not only must act but direct as well. Then I have to stay up late because I have a big part in a Broadway play." We were, of course, sympathetic. That seemed sufficient excuse for any one to look worried. And the joke was forthcoming, anyway, for when I told him it could be a personal experience he brightened up.

"That's better," he commented, looking a little less scowlful.



"One time we were out at Hempstead, Long Island, to take a picture in which I had the part of an aviator. We were hunting for a good location, when a number of aviators who were out there came up to me and asked me to demonstrate my famous spiral curve. I was in aviator's costume, and it seems they mistook me for a well-known aviator.

"Another time I landed at Patchogue, Long Island, in the small hours of morning. I made for the hotel, to find it closed up, and on it a sign telling any one who wanted to get in to find the night watchman. Well, I went all over that town hunting for the watchman, but he didn't seem to be on the job any place. At last, tired out and thoroly disgusted, I returned to the hotel. Just as I drew up in front of it the night watchman came staggering out of the bar!"

As he completed his story Kitty Gordon came up. She was dressed in a worn skirt and waist, wearing a wide patent-leather belt with white edging and a large buckle.

"See here," protested Mr. Ashley, "why do you wear that belt?"

"To look like a poor store-girl," explained the renowned Kitty.

"It looks like anything but that," objected her mentor. "You should wear a narrow one."

"It is the only one in the place," said Miss Gordon, with dignity.

"Then go without any."

"This skirt has a *good cut,* and if I didn't wear a belt the cut would show, thus destroying the effect."

"Very well," groaned Arthur, quite unappeased, "but that belt will *photograph like a million dollars.*"

Miss Gordon sauntered off and we pounced upon her.

"I am one of those hapless individuals," she told us, "who always forget how a joke goes when they get to the crucial point:



© White



"When I was playing in 'The Enchantress' there was one part where I sat near a bowl of goldfish. Walter Catlin had a part calling for a long, flowing beard. He had to come in and lean over to speak to me. One time he leaned over as usual, but his beard went into the fish-bowl, and he raised his head with a goldfish entangled in the beard — to the hysterical amusement of the audience."

We next cornered Muriel Ostriche. That sweet little lady puckered her brows in thought a moment and then came forth with the following:

"The husband wondered why his wife was so sulky and wouldn't speak to him for several days. He didn't remember that he had said to her:

" 'My dear, you wont ever be able to drive in that nail with a flatiron. For heaven's sake, use your head!' "

Ann Murdock, if we may be permitted to leave the World and step to Empire, contributed to our series about this time:

"It happened at a dance. They were doing the one-step, and he was in the seventh heaven of bliss, because the music was soulful, the girl was pretty, and the fragrance of the roses she wore was intoxicating. Then she said sweetly:

" 'You remind me of one of Whitman's poems.'

" 'Which one?' he breathed, hardly daring to believe she meant it.

" 'Any one,' she breathed. 'The feet are mixed in all of them.' "

I got a splendid joke from little Jane Lee. I had not asked her for one, and she was utterly unconscious of having given it—and yet it is screamingly funny.

She was showing us bits of dances in between sets. She did some hornpipe steps, a few kicks from the Highland fling, and even the *fox-trot* (which, of course, was appropriate). Then I asked:

"Can you do a Hawaiian dance?"

"Oh, yes," said the little mite, and began to interpret it in the most approved fashion.

"Where did you learn that?" I asked.

"Oh," she replied, with a touch of scorn for my ignorance, "you dont have to *learn it*—you *just wiggle*."

William Farnum always knows a good story and likes to tell it too.

"Two Irishmen were digging a drain on my place out on Long Island," he said. "One was over six feet in height, and the other not much over five feet.

"One morning I happened along to see how work was progressing and noticed that one of them was doing more work than the other. So I called down to the big fellow below in the trench:



JANE LEE

" 'Look here, Pat, how is it that little Mickey Dugan, who is half as big as you, is doing twice as much work?'

"Glancing down at the little Mickey, Pat said:

" 'And why shouldn't he? Aint he nearer to it?' "

"I know a good one," said Ann Pennington, "and it's 'on' myself.

"When I went back to the stage after doing several pictures, I had stage-fright at rehearsal. I simply stood still one day and couldn't think what to do next.

" 'What in heaven's name is the matter?' asked my manager—'have you forgotten how to dance?'

" 'Why,' I said in a dazed sort of way—'I couldn't help it. I was just waiting for the audience to come nearer for a close-up.' "

"My favorite joke," says Tefft Johnson, "is one that happened to me the day I first went into pictures for Vitagraph. I took the part of a down-and-outer, and one scene called for me to shovel coal. It so happened that the studio's winter supply was on the sidewalk, and the director told me to go and practice on it. I handled the shovel so well that it was decided to take the scene at once. The more I shoveled, the more the camera-man ground his crank. And after I had shoveled for the best part of an hour, I shouted over my shoulder, 'Is the scene nearly finished?' 'Bless you!' said the camera-man, 'the scene was shot in five seconds; I was waiting for you to finish putting in all the coal!' "



© Davis & Samford

ANN MURDOCK



© National

ARTHUR ASHLEY

Mildred Manning's Menagerie



The woolly boys agree with Mildred that the wind must be tempered to the shorn lamb.



The swans sing a daily greeting to the camera favorite who shares her uneedas with them.



Even fur is going up when Miss Manning wears a collar of live tabbyskin.







A gallop thru the ice-bedded snow on the hilly bridle-paths of the picturesque park is a daily tonic for Vitagraph's outdoor girl.





Whether they coo, speak, bark or grunt makes no difference to the girl who speaks the language of all her pets.



MAXINE ELLIOTT.

Maxine Elliott, long well-known as one of the handsomest of American actresses, who enjoys not only the friendship of their majesties, the King and Queen of England, but is also the idol of the Tommies and poilus, because of her strenuous efforts on their behalf at her relief hospital along the Yser Canal, has added another jewel to her crown. In her very first cinema production under the Goldwyn banner, "Fighting Odds," Miss Elliott has achieved a distinct screen success. Her second offering will be "The Eternal Magdalene." Since her activities in the European war, Miss Elliott declares that she has little taste for the lighter side of life. Goldwyn officers asked her what furnishings she wished in her dressing-rooms. "All of us in Europe," Miss Elliott replied, "have seen so much that is chastening, so much that adjusts any sane person's viewpoint, that never as long as I live will I lay emphasis upon receiving special favors or considerations above other men and women."



Let's live a life in two hours—

OUT goes the library lamp.

Be sure you have the key!

We're bound for a chair in a theatre that *knows* and *shows* what we want to see in photoplays.

We don't have to hunt for it—don't even have to take a chance on what we'll see. The name of the play? Who cares? It's a Paramount or Artcraft picture; and that's saying we'll see foremost stars, superbly directed in clean motion pictures.

* * * *

Time? Who counts the time of clocks in this wonderful land.

Our heart is the time-table of our emotions. A magician somewhere waves his wand, and we're off on our travels into the realms of laughter and tears; of sighs and regrets; of love and adventure.

(Please be reminded that these are Paramount and Artcraft motion pictures, not just "motion pictures.") We're heroes; we're against the villain and all his wiles; we're lovers, hanging on the "yes" of the heroine; we're fond mothers and stern fathers; we're ambitious youths; we're struggling girls; we're Cinderella and Prince Charming; we are the king and we are the beggar—we are all things and all men.

We are not forty or eighty or sixty-two during those magical hours we watch Paramount and Artcraft stories on the screen. We are youthful romancers living in another world.

* * * *

And when those two absorbing hours have flitted past—we rouse ourselves and readjust our viewpoint to taxes and potatoes.

But we can't forget the pictures that work such a happy transformation in us—we remember they're Paramount and Artcraft pictures—

the ultimate in the genius of great stars
the ultimate in directing craft
the ultimate in character of their stories

all combining to produce *better* pictures, *clean* pictures—pictures worth your while and mine.

Paramount and Artcraft Pictures

"FOREMOST STARS, SUPERBLY DIRECTED, IN CLEAN MOTION PICTURES"

TRADE MARK Paramount Pictures

THESE ARE THE TRADE-MARKS BY WHICH YOU MAY IDENTIFY PARAMOUNT AND ARTCRAFT MOTION PICTURES—AND THE THEATRES THAT SHOW THEM.

TRADE MARK ARTCRAFT PICTURES

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR *Pres.* JESSE L. LASKY *Vice Pres.* CECIL B. DE MILLE *Director General*
NEW YORK



The Right way to Shampoo

How this treatment helps your hair



Let your children keep their heritage of soft, lustrous hair. Train them early in the habit of shampooing their hair with the soap that will keep the scalp healthy and vigorous



Men enjoy the active, healthy feeling that a shampoo with Woodbury's Facial Soap gives to the scalp. Try the treatment given on this page. Use it regularly. See how it improves your hair

THE whole beauty and lustre of your hair depends upon your *scalp*. This is why caring for the hair is exactly the same as caring for your skin.

To keep your hair lovely and abundant, begin at once to keep your *scalp* healthy and vigorous by using persistently Woodbury's Facial Soap, formulated after years of study by John H. Woodbury, the famous skin specialist.

Try this famous Shampoo

Before shampooing, rub the scalp thoroughly with the tips of the fingers (not the finger nails). Do not let the fingers slip along the scalp, but make the scalp itself move in little circles.

Now dip the hair in warm water, separate it into small parts and scrub the scalp with a stiff tooth-brush lathered with Woodbury's Facial Soap. Rub the lather in well and then rinse it out thoroughly.

Next apply a thick, hot lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap, and leave it on for two or three minutes. Clear off thoroughly with fresh, warm water. Finish by rinsing in cold water. Dry very thoroughly.

Use this as a regular shampoo. You will enjoy the healthy, active feeling it gives your scalp. You will soon see the improvement in your hair—how much richer and softer it is.

For five or six shampoos, or for ten days or two weeks of any of the famous facial treatments, the 25c. cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is sufficient. Around it is wrapped the booklet of famous Woodbury skin and scalp treatments. Get a cake today. Woodbury's is for sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada.

Send for sample cake of soap with booklet of famous treatments and samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder

Send us 5 cents for a sample cake (enough for a shampoo or for a week of any Woodbury Facial treatment) together with the booklet of treatments "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 12c we will send you, in addition to these, samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder.

Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1304 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1304 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

JULIETTE DAY, CONFECTIONER



Sweets To The Sweet

Juliet Day Tells How To Prepare For The Day When The Candy Stores Close

By

Lillian May

IF you want to see the charming new American-Mutual star, Juliette Day, watch her make her screen début in "Betty and the Buccaneers," "The Rainbow Girl" and "The Calendar Girl." Recently she played on the stage at the New Amsterdam Theater, in New York City, where she very ably portrayed the part of a gambler's wife, and at the same time a social-purity-league-matron-from-the-Middle-West reformeress, in the most gorgeous and artistic of costumes, and exhibiting the inimitable charm that has won fame for her.

But if you want to see just Juliette Day—that's different. Not that the little lady objects—she is friendliness itself—but the laws governing the comings and goings of an actress at the theater are bound by rules. Recently I sought her for an interview during the run of "The Riviera Girl." The venerable doorman was plainly suspicious, but allowed me to stand inside the door, where he could keep an eye on me, also on the various members of the company as they came in, hopefully inspected the letter-rack, took their keys and made their way dressing-roomward.

"There's Miss Day's maid," grudgingly admitted the guardian of the door, as a pleasant-faced woman appeared. "She may let you go up." But it was not to be. "Just a moment, madam," she said, sweetly but firmly. Then came the house-manager and, after looking me over appraisingly, said, "Well, if you are sure you're not a German come to blow up the theater, you may come up!" And, after climbing numerous stairs, I found myself within the sacred portals of Miss Day's dressing-room, and the interview was on!

Such an appealing young person! Her dark hair frames a piquant face, her eyes are deep and dark as midnight pools, her manner is so quiet, unassuming, and her voice is so adorably soft and low it is hard to remember that she is a real New Englander. No wonder she made such a success of her "baby vampire" part in "Upstairs and Down" last year—and I said so at once. She was already seated before her dressing-room table, and, after inviting me to sit down and assist (?) in the mysterious process of making up, she began, in the delightfully confidential way that is one of her greatest charms: "I am glad you liked the 'baby vampire.' It was my favorite part, tho I liked my rôles in 'Chin Chin' and 'The Yellow Jacket.'"

"What about your work in pictures?" I asked. "Well, I'll tell you," she said, as she skilfully applied grease-paint, rouge, powder and various other things. "You know, I was out on the Coast, and I was dreadfully homesick at first. Everybody was strange and the work was so different—such a combination of work and play, it seemed to me. Down to the beach we would go in one-piece bathing suits (and I had never worn one before) and into the water—and all the time 'working' before the camera. Then we would all pile into cars with lunch-baskets and everything, just like a picnic—and that was 'working' too. A great deal of it was real work, but I gained fifteen pounds in four months. The people here laughed when I said I was going West to rest and work in pictures. But it was a rest. After a little while I began to find myself—the work was pleasant, the country wonderful, the people delightfully kind, and I got all over being homesick, especially after mother came out from Boston.

"You should have seen mother! Boston is the nicest place in the world, of course," said the little born-and-bred New Englander, deftly putting her hair into place; "but we dont have bungalows with sleeping porches, and live out of doors, and have four miles of roses at a stretch, and geraniums growing wild. 'What are those tall plants growing up the side of the bungalow?' mother wanted to know. 'Geraniums,' I said. 'Well!' gasped mother, and proceeded to write home: 'Throw away those little old geraniums I have been keeping

alive for years—I have seen some real ones.'

"And now," she said, "I am back in New York keeping the contract I made more than a year ago. I was two weeks late for rehearsals, and the whole company was held up waiting for me. No, I didn't feel at all important; I was keeping a lot of girls from drawing a salary and didn't feel one bit good about it; but I had to finish 'The Calendar Girl' before I came. The funny part is, I was just as homesick when I got back to New York as when I first arrived in California. When my first picture was released I went to see it and sat thru it twice—not to see myself, but just to see the familiar faces and scenery." She was "fixing" her eyes now, but



JULIETTE RATHER LIKES ADVENTURES LIKE THIS

they twinkled merrily as she said, "One day I saw that a Bill Russell picture was going to be shown away up town, and that afternoon I went—just to see him and the others that I had worked with and had come to know so well.

"The camera? After the first day I wasn't conscious of it. But when I saw my first picture I could hardly sit still. I wanted to grab the man who was running off the picture and say 'Wait a minute; I want to do that over.' I did not realize until then how relentless the camera is—and what a big thing pictures are. There I was on the screen—and I would be on hundreds of others—with all my mistakes and 'might-have-beens.' Nevertheless I am going back to the Coast and to pictures in a short while. I shall need another

(*Continued on page* 119)



MARY PICKFORD

OLGA PETROVA

SHIRLEY MASON

VIOLA DANA

How Players Got Their Names

By PETER WADE

WE dont know whether Viola Dana's real name is Viola or not, but we do know it isn't Dana, but Flugrath. When the charming stage and screen ingénue decided to make the stage her profession she looked about for a name. Reason why, her sister Edna had exercised her right of priority to the family name, and the ambitious little miss didn't want to be the "sister of" anybody—she wanted to be herself. So she chose the name Dana, and as Viola Dana she is known and loved.

And then along came Leonie Flugrath. She was only a year or two younger, but she, too, had ambitions. Hadn't she danced at entertainments and such with her sister since she could walk alone? And on the stage they were rival toe-dancers at a very tender age. Then, away they flew to the Motion Picture field. "I will call myself Shirley Mason," said Leonie. "It's as different as possible from Dana or Flugrath." It's a lucky name, too; for fame and fortune have fallen like a cloudburst upon this clever and undeniably charming little girl.

It seems hardly possible that beautiful, stately Olga Petrova ever could have been just Minnie Collins. Her father was English, and that explains it. Her mother was a Russian-Polish noblewoman; her first husband's name was Petronovitch, from which she culled the name Petrova for a stage name. Some way it suits the alluring personality of this gifted lady of the stage and screen.

If all the world had known that Mary Pickford, commonly known as "Little Mary," "America's Sweetheart," and other things called "endearing appellations," had been born Gladys Smith, would she have become the most universally beloved girl in the world today? Undoubtedly so. Smith is a name of unquestioned respectability; one may be a Smith and be—anything. It takes courage to discard romantic, fanciful "Gladys" for plain, sweet, every-day "Mary"; also it takes forethought and cleverness. One who does that may be—anything. And she is—she is the world's sweetheart.

Donna Drew is rather a new name in Motion Pictures. Donna played "maid" as an extra girl, and she stood about as "atmosphere" with nothing in particular to do. Then she attracted the notice of the directors at Universal City and played some real parts. She was called Donna Moon then, but "Moon" didn't suit such a small slip of a girl at all. There ensued a hunt thru her whole family history to find a name that would go well with "Donna" and to which she could lay a shadow of a claim. At last she found the name "Drew." Needless to say, there is no better name in the whole history of the stage.

Where, oh! where, has Edwin August gone? Once, he was one of the bright lights of filmdom—"beloved by all who knew him." Now, "tho lost to sight" (let us hope only temporarily), he is "to memory dear." It is with fond recollections that we recall his really, truly name—take it slowly—Edwin August Phillip von der Butz. But that's not the whole story. In London he was known as Montague Lawrence; in Australia as Wilkes Williams; in Ireland as John Wilkes; in France as Karl von Busing, and in the Orient as David Cortlandt. This was in the old Biograph days when the company refused to reveal the identity of any of the players. But to us he is, and will always be, Edwin August.

Once upon a time Anne Schraeder, a charming ingénue, appeared in a photoplay, and all unsuspectingly permitted her own name to appear on the pay-roll at Universal City. But the name Schraeder was deleted as being too Hunnish and a list of names was sent to Miss Anne from which to choose; and she, being good-natured as well as beautiful, picked her new stage-name—Anna Darling.

As far back as she can remember, pretty little Billie Rhodes, the Nestor comédienne, has been called "Billie." Of course that isn't her real name. And what do you suppose it is? Levitia! Such a hopeless-sounding name for tiny Billie of the irresistible smile! In her babyhood days it was discovered that the name was a sad mistake. So she became and remained "Billie."

Some say that Ford Sterling is the funniest man in Moving Pictures. Anyhow, since it became necessary for him to hustle for his living—and he hustled into a circus as a boy clown, then into vaudeville, and later into filmdom as a screen comedian—he has made good at being funny. Ford Sterling is an eminently respectable name—not at all suggestive of frivolity—and sounds like a real name, but it isn't. His real name is George Stith, also substantial-sounding and redolent of dignity.

There are four of the Marsh sisters. One is a lawyer, one still in school, and there are Mae and Marguerite "in pictures." Marguerite is known as Marguerite Loveridge; "and it's a good thing I changed my name before Mae followed me to the studio and insisted on a tryout," says Marguerite, "or I should have been a total eclipse—one Marsh swamped by another, as it were." Marguerite is charmingly appealing and is known to her studio friends as "Lovey."

The real name of Margaret Illington, who is indelibly associated in the minds of playgoers with the most notable achievements of the American theater, and whose appearance on the screen was heralded with delight,



MAE MARSH

FORD STERLING

BILLIE RHODES

remains a mystery. Perhaps her first name is Margaret; but her last name is coined from Bloomington, Ill., the town and State where she was born and where she received her early education.

Vola Vale was born to the name of Smith; and by way of offsetting this handicap, her mother gave her the fanciful name of Vola. Vola grew up in Rochester, and after reading the morning paper the morning after her graduation from high school and learning that she gave "great promise of a dramatic career," she mailed three of her best photographs to D. W. Griffith, and was asked to go to New York to see him. "He said several uncomplimentary things about my general appearance," she relates, "but nothing about my name, and I went thru two and a half years of Biograph leads and six months with Universal as Vola Smith." When she was engaged at the Lasky studio the artistic tendencies of the publicity chief caused him to announce that he didn't like her name. She didn't like it either; but it had never occurred to her to change it until he suggested it. She went home pondering deeply, to find a mad skirmish on between her pet collie and her mother. Absentmindedly she sank into a big chair and vacantly inquired what was the matter. "That awful dog has taken my veil," said her mother. "Veil, veil," prompted Vola's subconscious mind; she leaped from her chair, crying, "I've got it, I've got it!" to the amazement of her mother and to the edification of her dog. The next morning she announced herself at the studio as Vola Vale, and the public has taken kindly to the name. She says she is thankful that she didn't play with William Hart until after she became a Vale, because he liked her name, and she hadn't the nerve to tell him she was nothing but a Smith. Now, if he reads this, the cat's out of the bag.

Norman Kaiser, who was Mary Pickford's leading-man in "The Little Princess," was most unfortunate in the name bestowed upon him. So keenly did he feel it that, upon his enlistment in an aviation corps a short time ago, he changed (legally) "Kaiser" for "Kerry." And who can blame him?

Speaking of 'less Days

By WILLIAM M. MYERS

We've agreed that Tuesday's meatless,
And that Wednesday is quite wheatless,
So we've guaranteed to carry out the plan;
We are ready to ride seatless,
In a car that's really heatless,
Just so long as we can be a movie fan.

We are taking coffee stronger,
We're not wasting any longer,
And we're trying every way to win the war;
But to help us in this glory
You must spread around the story
That "filmless" days must not become a law.

For while waiters may get tipless,
And all the chickens pipless,
There's a day we never, never want to know;
Mosquitoes can get spineless,
And Germany be Rhineless—
But wouldn't "reelless" be an awful blow?

The Daily Film Callers

By Hector Ames

HAVE you ever been in the lobby of a big Motion Picture distributing company?

If you have, you've remarked on the multitude of people coming and going and sitting around and waiting for interviews. Who are these people? What do they want? These are the interesting questions which the doorman of any big concern can answer for you in a mighty entertaining way.

Suppose we spend a half-day with the doorman of the Mammoth Film Company and see just who the callers are coming up in the elevator, hour in and hour out, and presenting their cards to him for admission to the sacred precincts of the executives.

It is nine o'clock.

All the employees—the stenographers, the clerks, the operators in the private projection-room, the film cutters—all these employees have arrived and gone to their daily tasks back of the partition which separates the multitude from the workrooms.

Fifteen or thirty minutes later the executives arrive, and then comes the first visitor of the day.

The visitor rushes past the doorman without a look or a nod.

"Who's that?" we ask.

"He's the representative of the engraving house that does our engraving," the doorman explains. "We buy about $1,500 worth of engraving thru him for our ad plates, newspaper cuts, house organ, advertising helps that go to exhibitors and general advertising matter."

A telegraph messenger comes with a bunch of telegrams.

"Daily reports from the branches," explains the doorman, as he signs for the messages and sends them by one of his office-boys to the auditor inside.

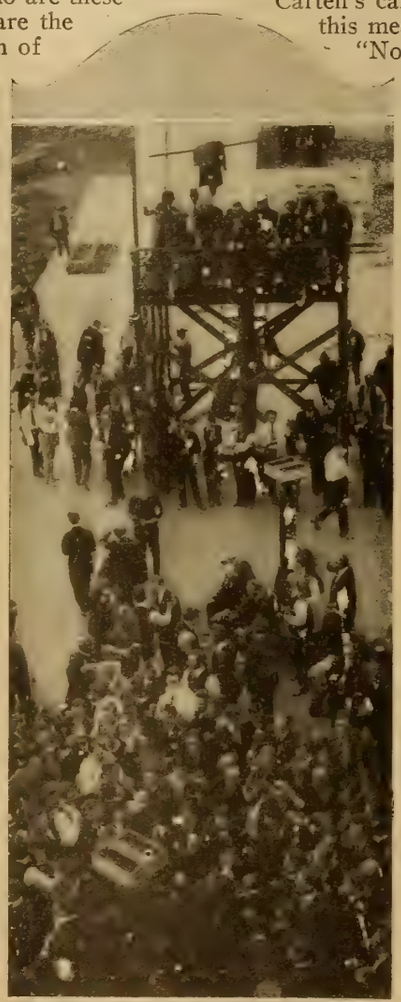
Next comes a dapper-looking individual who presents his card to the doorman. The card reads:

ALEXANDER S. CARTELL
The Banner Press

"I wish to see the purchasing agent," Mr. Cartell explains, "and I think *he* wants *me*."

"Sit down," says the doorman. "I'll send your card in."

Mr. Cartell sits down, and the doorman, in a whisper, explains.



JOHN INCE FILMING A BIG STOCK EXCHANGE SCENE BY SUNLIGHT

"Our printing work is very valuable," says the doorman. "We spend $2,000 a month on the average for printing—outside of the lithographs."

There is a lull until the office-boy returns with Mr. Cartell's card. The purchasing agent has scrawled this message across the face of the card:

"Not interested."

The representative of the *Banner Press* tries to keep from looking disappointed, but fails. He makes a quick exit via the elevator.

Soon after, two very pretty girls make their smiling arrival. The doorman, who is not so old as to be beyond the hypnotism of a pretty face, rises with considerable alacrity.

"We want to see the man that has charge of the 'stills,'" one of the girls exclaims.

"Oh, you worked in one of our pictures?" questions the doorman.

"Yes, we were both in 'The Man Without a Home,'" the spokesman declares. "We both had very important parts, too."

"They all have important parts—to hear 'em talk," the doorman adds in an aside.

"And they took some 'stills' of the scene we were in," the spokesman goes on. "And if we can get those stills we can show another company that we have worked in a picture, and then we can get some more work."

The doorman directs an office-boy to take them to the right party.

"'Stills,'" the doorman explains, "are regular photographs that are taken while scenes are being made. The 'stills' are then used for lobby displays, for making lithographs and for publicity purposes."

Immediately after this there is quite a rush. Four men get off the elevator at once. One of them is a well-known director who is temporarily doing nothing and who is about on the verge of signing a contract with the company in whose lobby we are sitting. The second is a "copy chaser" for a trade paper, and he brushes past the doorman with a scant grin. The third is a boy from the studio bringing over the print of a new picture which is to be put on in the company's private projection-room and looked at by all the executives for the first time, and the fourth is a long-haired, rather wild-looking individual.

"Please tell him that Mr. MacCormick is here," this person says.

The doorman turns to one of his boys.

"Tell the publicity manager that Mr. MacCormick is here."

The office-boy hurries away and comes back quickly with the information that Mr. MacCormick is to come right in.

"Who is that?" we ask, in amazement. "Some new star, or one of the owners of the company, or something like that?"

"Not at all," is the reply. "He's some photographer who wandered in here a few weeks ago. He's been making portraits of our stars, and they are so different from the usual kind that all the magazines have been glad to get 'em. That's why the publicity manager is eager to see him. And I will say," the doorman adds, "that Mr. MacCormick knows how to charge the prices."

At this point the sales manager rushes out with a demand that a boy be dispatched immediately to the New Metropolis Theater with a note for the manager. The New Metropolis, it develops, is thinking about taking on the Mammoth Pictures, and no stone is being left unturned to get the account.

Two important-looking men arrive and go at once to the general manager's office.

"Directors of the company, coming for a conference," is the brief explanation.

A salesman for a company making slides drifts in and is turned down by the purchasing agent without an interview.

From this time on there is a big rush, and so, rather than go thru the conversation each time with the doorman, we will enumerate the callers and give the bit of information learnt about each.

Here they are—from about 10 o'clock until 12 o'clock:

One projection machine salesman. Turned down because the company now owns all the machines it needs.

One branch manager. Called in to the home office by the general manager, presumably because sales in his territory are falling down. Supposed to be due for a session on the carpet with a possible change in territory or demotion to the position of expert salesman.



THE PEERLESS STUDIO AT FORT LEE

Two of the company's big film stars. The settings for their new plays are not ready at the studio, so they cant work, and they have come to the home office to talk to the executives and particularly to the publicity manager. The stars arrive within a short time of each other, and as there is more or less professional jealousy between them, the whole home office is aroused to keep them apart and happy. One of the stars finds that the special colored photos which are being sent out do not do him justice. The resultant uproar gets the whole office excited. The trouble is finally settled when the company making the photos promises to do them over and do them right.

Three young ladies seeking employment are sent to the studio where the actors are hired.

A salesman for a lithograph company secures an interview with the advertising manager and comes out with a broad grin, denoting success.

Three authors with manuscripts come to personally present their material to the scenario department. They are firmly separated from their manuscripts, which are taken to the scenario department by a boy, there to go thru the regular routine.

A film salesman who has been a success with another company and who has been offered a position by the Mammoth, arrives and is taken in to see the sales manager with a speed that startles the occupants of the seats near the doorman's desk.

A well-known independent producer, with a large number of successes to his credit, comes to see the general manager regarding the purchase or release of his latest picture. He is taken in to the general manager immediately.

By request a salesman for an office supply house comes to see the auditor.

An aged actor who has appeared in a number of the company's productions, garrulously arrives to secure a set of the "stills" in which he appears.

Two special delivery letters and four telegrams arrive. Two of the messages are from branches complaining about the non-arrival of the "paper," or lithographs, for a new feature which is nearing the release date. The doorman is unable to discover the nature of the other messages.

A boy comes for copy going to the printer.

A stock broker comes to call on his friend, the treasurer of the company.

Jim Fagin, a one-time famous pugilist, arrives to talk over old times with his pal, the publicity manager, and incidentally try to land a job in the movies.

The members of the National Board of Review come to look over a recently completed picture and to pass on it. They are ceremoniously escorted to the private projection-room.

The representative of one of the trade papers seeks to ascertain whether or not there is any truth in the reported merger of the Mammoth with another big company. He gets an earful of gossip, but little real news.

A man who says that he has a pippin of an idea for a new advertising stunt is anxious to see some executive who will buy the idea from him. He fails to get any farther along than the door. The advertising manager sends word that he is "in a conference." The sales manager has "stepped out to lunch," while the purchasing agent nonchalantly informs him that he is "not interested."

A painter, who has had some experience in making the sketches for lithographs, comes to secure a job. He fails in his effort.

From a well-known publishing house comes a boy with a good-sized bundle of books for the scenario department.

The scenario department will read them over in the hopes of finding something in the bunch suitable for a picture.

The company's attorney arrives to talk over with the general manager the new contract which is about to be made with the Mammoth's biggest star.

During the intervals between arrivals the doorman entertains us with an interesting running commentary.

"I've seen a lot of prominent people get off those elevators and come over here," he says. "And I've seen a number of them get turned down cold, too. Just the other day a well-known actress came up here to see the director-general about getting a job. She is —— ——. She had worked in some pictures, but she wanted some outlandish salary, and the director-general turned her down flat. She was quite red and huffy when she came out from her interview with him, but it must have taken her down a peg to realize that she wasn't so all-fired valuable after all. Now perhaps we can get her for a reasonable salary. One of the first weeks I was on the job here, about a year ago, in walked the Governor of a Western State to see his friend, the president of the company. Our publicity manager got hold of him and took him out to the studio and they put him in a mob scene. We got a lot of publicity out of it, but the Governor kicked so much about it that our president had to fire the publicity man.

"There's scarcely a day but what some person whose name is a household word, as you might say, comes up here. Most of them are after something. They want to get something out of the movie game some way or other. You'd be surprised to know what a big percentage of those coming up here have no real, legitimate reason for coming, but simply have some sort of a hazy scheme for getting money out of the movies. Every one seems to think that it's the easiest thing in the world to make money in this business, when, as a matter of fact, you have to work just as hard and think just as hard in this industry as any other, to make any money out of it.

"I feel sorry for some of the poor, hard-up actors who come up here looking for work. A lot of them have been successful in their day on the stage, but have saved no money. Now they are mighty glad when they can get a job at five dollars a day at the studio. You see, we used to cast our plays up here, instead of at the studio, and some of the actors haven't learnt of the change yet.

"And then the salesmen that come up here—they sure are the most persistent bunch in the world. One of them was turned down five days in succession before he finally realized that it was no use and gave it up as a bad job.

"And women with precocious kids, wanting to get 'em in the movies. There sure is a bunch of them. There's a lot of older folks, too, who would be mighty glad of a chance of demonstrating what they could do before a camera, if they could only get a chance."

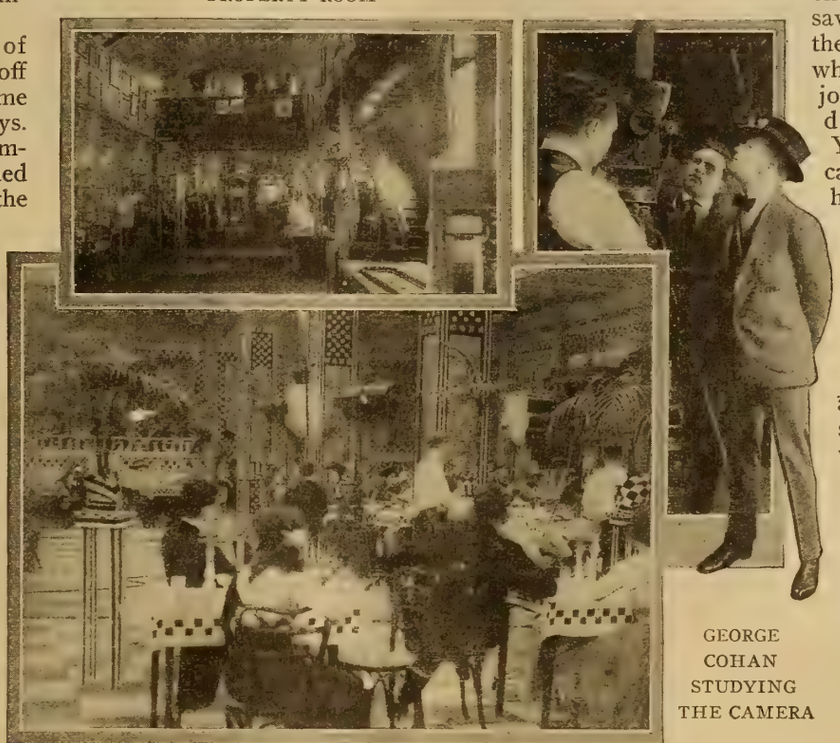
At this the doorman's flow of talk stops suddenly, as an alert-looking man steps from the elevator. The doorman, rather flustered, gets to his feet, but the new arrival, with a sharp glance around the lobby, hurries thru the partition. "Who's that?" we ask.

"That's the president of the Mammoth Company," is the reply. "The wisest man in the business!"

Another carload of visitors arrives, but we have seen and heard enough. "A pretty busy morning?" we hazard, as we take our departure.

"Only so-so," declares our friend the doorman, as he gives us a mock salute for good-by.

PROPERTY-ROOM



A CABARET SCENE AT THE THANHOUSER STUDIO

GEORGE COHAN STUDYING THE CAMERA

I Want to Be a Vampire

By FREDERICK WALLACE

I want to be a vampire
And lick my hair back, tight;
I want to hook my jeweled claws
In every man in sight;
I want to gamble, smoke and drink,
And practice Satan's wiles,
That lordly man may seek me out,
And perish for my smiles.
The ingénue is out of date,
It's wickedness that wins,
I want to tread the path of fame
And get there by my sins.

I want to be a vampire
And wear a slinky gown,
I want a jeweled ankle-watch,
And ear-rings dangling down.
I want to paint and rouge my lips,
And laugh a laugh of scorn,
And make proud man embezzle funds,
My beauty to adorn.
The modest maid is quite passé,
'Tis sin that's up to date,
I want to be the flaring light
That lures men to their fate.

I want to be a vampire,
And learn to writhe and crawl,
To purr like any tiger cat,
As I my victims maul.
I want my dresses so designed
That everything I wear
Slips lower every time I shrug
And leaves my shoulders bare.
Why should I stay a simple maid?
They're badly out of style,
I want to be a vampire
And fleece man of his pile.



The Answer Man

This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies, or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them—this is the only movie encyclopædia in existence.

GENTLE reader, come hither, and I will conduct thee on a pleasant journey. Let us commune together with Wit, Wisdom, Mirth and Nonsense as our companions. Leave Care behind, ye who enter here, and doing thus you will not find her when you make your exit. This way, please. Step right in, for the show is about to begin.

ANTHONY C. M.—The Open Booking system is in contradistinction to the program system. Order what you want, from anywhere. Read every bit of your letter and enjoyed it all.

NIAGARA MAE.—No other way. You seem to have tried them all. Most of the studios kept going. In order to finish "The House of Glass," Clara K. Young had autos scouring Long Island for coal, and it came to as high as $30 a ton, but she vowed she would finish the picture before the middle of February. Yes, we had some coal spell.

FRANCIS R.—Madge Evans is with World, Vivian Martin with Paramount, Mae Murray with Universal. My name is not Ann, Sir Francis. In answering Verna C. I made a grammatical mistake, for how can a wife be (a) an sir?

HOWARD T.—See above. Grace Darmond is with Vitagraph and Jean Sothern is with Art Dramas. No, never going to tell. Your trouble seems to be that you have a pen that runs twenty miles an hour and a brain that runs forty. I can read between the lines—if they are not too close together. My eyes in glass are improving.

L. CONSTANCE B.—I thank you, fair lady, for thy appropriate verse.

LAURA M. L.—My bones! but how you complain because Dorothy Phillips has not had a cover. And you want to see more of her inside—inside of the Magazine, of course, and you want to see Victor Sutherland. I shall pass your request along to the Editor. He is ever ready to serve.

THELMA H.—The world's great men have not been great scholars, but Woodrow Wilson is the exception. He is not only one of the greatest statesmen on earth, but one of the greatest scholars. You want Lasky to produce one of Jane Grey's stories. You might write direct to Paramount. I have nothing to do with that end of the line.

HARRY B.; NELLIE L.; GEO. MCG.—Pearl White's latest picture is "The House of Hate." You might write to her. You liked the Pearl White cover.

MARGARET K. T.—Thanks for the good wishes, and I am sorry that I did not see you. Beverly Bayne and Francis X. Bushman's next picture will be "The Brass Check."

MAY BLOSSOM.—My child, it is not how many years I look or am, but how many years I feel. It is not length of life, but depth. They say that a man is as old as he feels and a woman as old as she looks, but that is not so. I feel younger every day. We print only the MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and this Magazine at present. William Russell is now in the hospital for a slight operation. He recently gave a dinner at the Hotel Claridge here for the press, and we were there.

ELLA S.—Send a stamped, addressed envelope for the list of manufacturers. Oh, but you should not think of your faults, still less of others' faults. In every person you come across look for what is good, and honor that; rejoice in it and imitate it. Then you will find that your own faults will drop off like dead leaves when their time comes. Anna Nilsson and Charles Richman in "Over There."

UGH.—You say you wont sign your name because I can guess who you are the same as you have to guess who I am. Ugh! We are not playing a guessing game, so you will have to give me your John Hancock next time. The same here. Why are children sent to people who have no more idea about bringing them up than a trout has about training hop-vines? It is a question that has given and does give me much uneasiness. But I have not yet been afflicted that way.

LLOYDE C., MICH.—You can reach Mary Miles Minter, Santa Barbara, Cal. Your letter was real funny. We are acquainted all right. But when a girl begins to look real pinched around the nose, and hollow back of the ears, and long and thinnish around the neck, I call her a chickeny craneycrow. Marguerite Courtot and Raymond McKee have the leads in "The Unbeliever" (Edison).

MOVIE IMP.—Of course I have a beard. They say you shouldn't place any trust in a man with a beard—see what the Czar did to Russia. (But see what Russia did to the Czar!) Lewis J. Selznick says that not long ago certain producers kept telling us that Moving Pictures were in their infancy. Now that they are on their deathbed, he wants to know if the disease is infantile paralysis or old age. Do these gentlemen know that to the sick all men are sick, to the insane all men are crazy, to the dying man the world is coming to an end?

LILLIAN N.—You had better write direct to Marie Walcamp. You can reach her at the Universal studio. Be sure to enclose the necessary postage. So I see. Tom Forman is a captain now.

FATTY ARBUCKLE II.—The New York Peace Society was founded in 1811, merged with the American Peace Society in 1822, refounded in 1906 and incorporated in 1910. You ask if all the movie actresses smoke cigarets. I never saw them all together. You are wrong about Mary Pickford and Beverly Bayne. Please dont believe such scandal.

CONSTANCE VAN N.—Yes, I'm seventy-six and never been kist. You want me to write something original for your diary. Here is something you can put in:

An original something, dear maid, you would have me
To write; but how shall I begin?
For I'm sure I have nothing original in me,
Excepting original sin.

You can obtain pictures of the players from the companies or from the players.

JOAN S.—Hire a hall when you have anything like that in your system. There isn't enough room here. Marguerite Clark, Paramount Co., 485 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C., and June Caprice with Fox, 130 W. 46th St., N. Y. C.

The Answer Man

Beatrice F.—I doubt that you will see Anita Stewart and Earle Williams play opposite. Smoking pipes is my worst habit, and the people around here say that my old pipe needs cleaning. They dont realize how sweet it is. But I never have pipe-dreams.

Helen W.—You say you dont care for Theda Bara, but that you do like Ann Pennington. Please put your name at the top hereafter. You may forgive, but you can never quite forget. You're right out and out with everything, And that's the way to be.

Jimmie L. A.—Julian Eltinge was born in Boston in 1883. Fannie Ward was born in St. Louis in 1875. Celebrity, my boy, is the advantage of being known to people who dont know you. I paid 60c a dozen for the last eggs I got, and they weren't very good at that. I wish hens would date their eggs. Do let me hear from you soon again.

Jane. Pa.—You say that there is too much nonsense here. Sense must be very good indeed to be as good as good nonsense. Besides, a little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men. Last I heard of George Cooper he was with Goldwyn. I enjoyed your long letter, but it was more of a letter to the Editor. He doesn't mind long letters.

Vida G.—Your new resolutions were to write to the Answer Man often, but you must not ask what size shoe Pearl White wears. I have played in one picture, but never on the stage. Thanks for your encouraging letter. I have long since ceased trying to be punctual. Consider the man who is always punctual, how much time he wastes waiting for other people. But time and tide wait for no man, neither does the Answer Man.

Kantos Kan.—You say at times you doubt my sanity. Well, there is nothing like speaking the truth, but the truth should not be spoken at all times. You sure do ask silly questions for a sane person. There are some people who remind me of an aeroplane—no good on earth.

Cleopatra II.—I couldn't forget you. But you dont ask questions.

Canadian Girl.—You will discover what a number of things you can do without when you have no money to get them. Wallace Reid is in New York at this writing. He answers all his own mail. Marguerite Clark is not thinking of leaving the movies.

Caroline C.—No, Billy West is altogether different from Charles Chaplin. Of course you can be my friend. I never can have too many. Never can tell when I am going to need one. What do we live for, if not to make life less difficult for others?

C. L. G., Uniontown.—Why dont you write on a smooth book instead of that ribbed affair? It is quite hard to read. Thanks. Friendly praise is like a hot bath, enervating if you stay in too long. Friendly criticism is like a cold bath, invigorating, but you are glad to get out of it. That's just how I felt after reading your clever letter.

Girl.—You cant reach Crane Wilbur, because he is touring now. "Bill" Hart is with Paramount, Los Angeles, Cal. Very sorry to hear of your troubles, but you must be courteous to your aunt. And what do you think a nut would say to a philosopher? Why, it would say, "Give me none of your jaw." And that is practically what you said. Be courteous, my child; it is part of life.

A Porto Rican Movie Admirer.—All those rumors are incorrect. Buy no stock in a rumor. Your letter was exceptionally bright, and you must write me again. No, dont try to write a satire on mankind—write an apology for them.

A. E. P., 16.—Just you watch your step. Tact is a gift; it is likewise a grace. As a gift, it may or may not have fallen to our share; as a grace, we are bound either to possess or acquire it. Florence LaBadie really was hurt in an auto accident. I dont know where you can buy photos of her now.

Mrs. L. G., Detroit.—Fox have a studio in Fort Lee, N. J. "Jack and the Bean Stalk" was taken there. You say it is absurd of me to say that I get only $9 a week—people will think the Magazine is cheap. The Magazine *is* cheap, even at twenty cents.

I Am a Bugg.—How do you do, Bugg? As long as you are not a humbug, it sall right. Thanks for yours.

Lock City.—Did you speak to me? I dont remember. You must live out past the school. Mildred Manning is living in New York now. You might write her. That's right, my friend, a blemish can be taken out of a diamond by careful polishing, but if your words have the least blemish there is no way to efface it.

Ima Goodone.—I hope you are. Jack Standing died in Los Angeles, Cal. Thanks for the praise. No, I dont do fancy work, but it is not because I dont fancy work. I knit not, neither do I spin.

Jack N.—Thank you for the clipping. You say the good die young—that's why I'm alive. Oh, you dont know me. So you haven't got a sweetheart. I'm sorry, but I dont provide them, nor do I provide for them. Mabel Normand's "Dodging a Million" sounds good. Mabel can almost dodge anything now.

G. J. W.—The drawing is good. You have a fine likeness.

Dorothy L. F.—Louise Huff is playing in California. Well, everybody's friend should be nobody's confidant, so if I were you I would be careful. You ask if a scenario writer has any chance of becoming an actress. And why not? That's nothing against her. I'm sure she will write to you.

Stella, N. Z.—Women are usually extreme; they are either better or worse than the men—usually better. Valkyrien was Ellinor in "The Unwelcome Mother." You would like admirers of Mary Pickford and Marguerite Clark to write you, Mona Fowke, General Post Office, Wellington, New Zealand.

Edward G. B.—Louise Fazenda is with Keystone. She is 19 years old, and I am sure she will answer you. I am not as knowing as you think. Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one, have ofttimes no connection whatever. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing, and therefore I am dangerous.

Hemke, C. F., Pitts.—Here are the correspondence clubs. Be sure to enclose a stamped, addressed envelope: Bushman Club, Mrs. Alice Allen, 3011 Abell Ave., Baltimore, Md.; Pansy Correspondence Club, Queena Kaliba, Box 227, Corning, N. Y.; Reel Correspondence Club, John Chase, 416 E. 11th St., Los Angeles, Cal.; Scroll Club, Mrs. Grace Kramer, 3009 N. Vandeventer Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Miss H. N. Sos.—Indeed I am wrinkled, but they are not the wrinkles of trouble, as most wrinkles are. Wrinkles are usually Time's endorsement of the note for borrowed trouble. Theda Bara was born in Cincinnati. Yours was clever indeed.

Valera D.—As it was in the beginning, everything has two handles—one by which it may be borne, another by which it cannot. Helen Gibson and Helen Holmes are quite different. Yes, it's great. All the wonderful devices evolved from the mind of man at peace with the world, such as the steamboat, locomotive, automobile, aeroplanes and Motion Pictures, are now being used in the greatest war since the dawn of history.

Bernice T.—Ah, but the girl with the dreamy eyes may be a poor sleeper. Belle Bruce is married now and not playing.

Sam S.—What do you think this is, a matrimonial bureau? Get a copy of the Matrimonial Bureau, 5c a copy, at Times Square.

Sylvia N., Cal.—You say you enjoyed Charles Murray at the Motion Picture Soldiers' and Sailors' Yuletide Ball. I agree with you, Ruth Roland is good to look at. She's a great pal. Thanks for telling me all about the affair.

Little Frenchie.—Yes, charity begins at home, but some people are never home. Paul Willis is his right name. We will print a picture of him when he sends us a good one.

Miss Marshall Cooley.—We received your letter saying that you were enclosing renewal and that you were sending a one-dollar bill and a two-dollar bill. Instead, you sent us a one-dollar bill and a twenty-dollar bill in place of the two. It has been returned to you, and I hope you have received it by now.

The Answer Man

SYZYGY. That was a Pathé. I should say it was a cold winter. On December 30 the Weather Bureau recorded 13 degrees below zero, and that is 7 degrees lower than any previous record made by the Bureau in New York City. I have been very comfortable in my hallroom. We would have a more ideal world but for the scarcity of ideal inhabitants and coal.

D. H. S. DEMOSTHENES.—I am sorry I have offended you—no offense was meant. Please forgive me. Silence gives consent.

SKINNY B. MC.—Be nice, be nice! When it comes to asking about the reputations of players—I'm out to lunch. Your verse was good.

RUTH H.—The best pleasure of all is getting the day's work done, but I love my work. I didn't say fancy work. Dont go back to him, my dear; there is mighty little warmth in an old flame. Be independent.

TEXAS TEX.—Marguerite Clayton has joined the Paralta Co.

THEA OF QUEENSLAND.—We have very few pictures of Alice Brady, but I will tell the Editor you want one in the Gallery. George Melford is directing.

JOHN J. H.—Yes, Fred Mace is dead. Charles Chaplin was playing in a London music-hall years ago. It is reported that Enid Bennett will soon become Mrs. Fred Niblo. Then, too, Forrest Stanley is to marry a non-professional.

GRACE CUNARD FAN.—Sorry to hear you feel blue. When you get that way, just drop me a line. Yes, experience teaches, but there aren't any honorary degrees in the school of experience.

J. C. S.—No, I wouldn't advise you to let your son play in pictures, and, besides, it is a harder proposition than you think. The trouble is, the less we know the more we say.

BARNARD B.—Yes, that scene was taken in Arcola. You can put anything—and the more things the better—into a salad, as into a letter, but everything depends upon the skill of mixing.

RAH! RAH! RAH!—We had a chat with Ruth Roland in May 1916 Magazine. You ask who is older, Pearl White or Ruth Roland. Now, you must be content with our "Who's Who" department on pages 50-52.

PAULA H.—Doc Limerick received your limerick. We had a chat about it this morning. Balboa is at Long Beach, Cal. Thanks, our dog is finer than ever and manages to keep warm in his massive fur coat. His name is not "Tray," but "Shep." How could a dog so faithful betray?

MISSISSIPPI MAID.—Write direct to the Pathé Co. No, Arnold Daly is not a detective by profession. He is a thorobred actor. You're right, Cupid arrives too late when he travels on cold feet.

CARMENCITA.—Thanks for yours. Yes, but the optic nerve doesn't distort a millionth of an inch compared with intolerance. Yes, I have read "Over the Top," and find it quite humorous.

ESTHER M. I.—Frances NeMoyer has not been playing in pictures for some time. She was with Kalem last. Birthdays come but once a year, but age goes on forever.

W. F. J.—It depends entirely on yourself. I believe that a school can help any one, but you must have ability to think up ideas of your own. I know nothing of the firm you mention.

AUNTY CLIMAX.—Old films are shown in the smaller towns. Cleo Ridgely and Blanche Sweet are not playing just now. The former is settled down with twins, and Blanche Sweet is awaiting an offer (not for twins, but for an engagement—a professional one). I agree with you entirely on that mortality stuff.

KITTY KAR.—Well, if one bump can knock a fellow out, it is unfortunate that he was ever born. Charles Ray is much better, thank you. Webster Campbell was in to see us today, but he didn't see me.

C. N.—Ha, ha, he, he, and likewise ho, ho! Some sort of disinfectant, isn't it? Herbert Rawlinson was playing for Universal. His last picture was "The High Sign." William Hinckley was Lord Litterly in "The Amazon." There are two kinds of notoriety, the real and the press-agent's.

HELEN C., MONTREAL.—Charles Gunn was Jack in "Love or Justice." Charles West is with Universal. You think Olga Petrova uses too much pencil on her eyebrows and lips. Thanks for all the good things you say about me.

GERDA, CHICAGO.—I find that it is good for me to rub and polish my brains against those of others. You ask if John Bunny ever played the piano in a nickel theater. Please let the good man rest. Bessie Love was the bride in "Intolerance."

ALLAN MCC.—Heap much thanks for the kind remembrance.

GABY GIRL.—I always enjoy your very charming letters.

A. D. L.—Thanks for the information about Mr. O'Brien, but he says he was born in Dublin, Ireland.

MISS MONTANA.—I thank you from the bottom of my heart. You just send along the fudge, and I will never forget you. Sweet thou art.

LILLIAN D.—I received your card all right. If everybody who has submitted an application for a position as Motion Picture player were employed, there would be nobody left to fill the movie theaters.

PEGGY O'N. and HAL W.—And everybody else who wrote me such splendid greetings, many, many thanks. I find there are so many I cant acknowledge them individually. Why is marriage like a telephone? I give up. Because you are not sure of getting the right party. "Quick, Watson, the needle!"

THU JAYS.—Enjoyed your letter about your travels. Flora Finch is with Pathé. You should remember that painted beauty is only skin deep.

BIG CHIEF, ST. JOHNS.—You can reach Mrs. Vernon Castle at the Pathé studio. She is a mighty clever dancer, and can certainly wear clothes, but I should like her to be a little more plump.

BOOMERANG, AUSTRALIA.—A five-act picture can be produced in two weeks, and then again it may take two months—it depends upon the scenery and situations. If you send international coupons, I am sure they are worth 5c in U. S. money.

CECILE & DADO.—It is not good that man should live alone, so I bought a dog. You ask which William Farnum likes better, blondes or brunettes. You ask him—I haven't the nerve. My favorite flower—pansy. Thanks. Tell me what you thought of the March issue and this one.

PESKY CUPID.—So you have a typewriter. Good! I am glad the Pansy Club is so prosperous, because you know that was my first child, and I worked over the club until 'way in the wee sma' hours many a time.

GEORGE W.—I seldom find persons of good sense except they are of my opinion. I think your ideas are splendid, and you could develop them, but your drawing shows lack of technique. I would advise you to take a course in drawing.

COLUMBINE.—The world's largest stone statue, a figure of a patron saint that will be 240 feet long, is being carved from a rock on an island in Japan. So you have fallen in love with Marguerite Clark. I'm afraid there isn't much hope for you. You dont need to be afraid of me. I am a safe distance from you.

HERBERT H. D.—Thanks for the picture of your good self. I shall treasure it. I have heaps of souvenirs, pictures, etc.

MADCAP.—All right, you can adopt me as your big brother. Norma Talmadge can be reached at 318 E. 48th St., New York City. Bookkeeping is a modern art and was first introduced into England from Italy by Peele in 1569. It isn't what you were, but what you are.

MAORILANDER, NEW ZEALAND.—Look above for correspondence clubs. Thanks for telling me all about Gisborne.

MT. MORGAN.—I admire your stationery with all the flags of the allies, also the coat of arms of each country. To call him well-read who reads many authors is a mistake. It's not what we read, but what we understand and assimilate. No, I am not that kind of a man. Let me hear from you again.

(*Continued on page* 111)

Across the Silversheet

A Department of Photoplay Review
Conducted by HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR



"CHEATING THE PUBLIC," WITH ENID MARKEY, IS HUNDRED HORSE-POWER MELODRAMA



NOBODY ON THE SCREEN CAN SUGGEST PHYSICAL LURE SO EFFECTIVELY AS FLORENCE REED IN "THE STRUGGLE EVERLASTING"



WALLACE REID MAKES A SURE-FIRE HIT IN "RIMROCK JONES"

"THE STRUGGLE EVERLASTING" (RAPF)

HARRY RAPF'S production of Edwin Milton Royle's morality play, "The Struggle Everlasting," gives Florence Reed as the central figure. To be frank, "The Struggle Everlasting" is infantile morality stuff done indifferently into movie form and directed utterly without imagination. Miss Reed plays Body, Mr. Royle's drama showing her first as a barmaid and relating her subsequent steps up the ladder of gowns and jewels as the mistress of Pugilist, Musician, Actor and Banker. The morality ends when Body finds death at the steps of Soul's pulpit. Nobody on the screen or stage can suggest physical lure as Miss Reed. Without the usual impossible vampire trimmings, she is sex itself. Why Miss Reed has not been seized upon by a discerning producer and why she isn't now one of the film's favorite stars are questions beyond our ken to understand. Milton Sills, always an intelligent actor, seems lost as Mind. I suspect bad direction here. The rest of the cast is passable. F. J. S.

"ROSE OF THE WORLD" (ARTCRAFT)

Hubby Edgerton Castle and Wifie Agnes Castle caught their stride in tongueless drama when they permitted their book, "Rose of the World," to be spun into a ribbon of film for Elsie Ferguson. "Rose of the World" is not overcrowded with plot, nor action for that matter. The story is simple, picturesque, weird, appealing and a singularly fine stellar vehicle for Miss Ferguson. It is a love-story, pure and simple, with the startling novelty that it almost lacks a lover. Captain Harry English (Wyndham Standing), of the British Army, woos and wins Rosamond English (Elsie Ferguson). Rosamond marries him because it is the customary thing. We can hardly blame Captain Harry for saying of his beautiful girl-wife, "I got a child's lips and wanted a woman's soul." He is suddenly called away to suppress a rebellion, and, after an heroic siege, is reported among the dead. Only his dispatch box, containing his unsent letters to her and a few personal belongings, are returned to Rosamond. The young widow soon consoles herself by marrying Sir Arthur Gerardine (Clarence Handysides), a pompous and wealthy official. Her life moves on serenely until a brother officer of the late Captain English desires to write his biography and requests that Rosamond open his dispatch box. Each impassioned letter from the dead lover, each little personal trinket, even his charred pipe, is hugged to her straining breast. Love has come at last—a tempestuous thing—and for a *dead man!* Rosamond returns to England to the former home of Captain English, with the excuse that she may better assist in writing his biography. She is deceiving not even herself. She feels that she must be in his presence by association with his effects. Herein enters the be-whiskered Indian secretary of Sir Gerardine. Rosamond, consumed by her unearthly love, is rapidly failing in health. And then comes the whipping climax. Every artifice that the studio stage is capable of is called upon by Director Maurice Tourneur to make it thrilling and appealing. There are Rosamond, piercing the heavens with her love-lit eyes, calling upon the God of Christianity to bring back her dead husband, and Jani, her Indian maid, praying, witch-like, to her strange gods over a jar of incense, the while a terrific storm lashes the windows and the vivid lightning cuts thru the death-chamber. Lo and behold, the Indian secretary tears off his beard, his goggles and dashes into the room! He stands before Rosamond, her beloved Harry English. It seems that he had not been killed, but had been held in captivity and had taken this way of proving her love. Sir Arthur Gerardine arriving makes an obvious complication. But second husbands have only second choice, and Captain Harry sternly shows him the door. The final scene of the play's unfolding is exquisite. The crisis has not yet passed with Rosamond, and as she wakes from her delirium with the danger past, Captain Harry comes into her presence. During the night, her sunny hair has turned snowy white down to its last curling tendril. Harry English folds her in his arms, saying, "My rose, my Rose of the World." Maurice Tourneur must be given credit for a production in which consummate taste and fine discernment show in

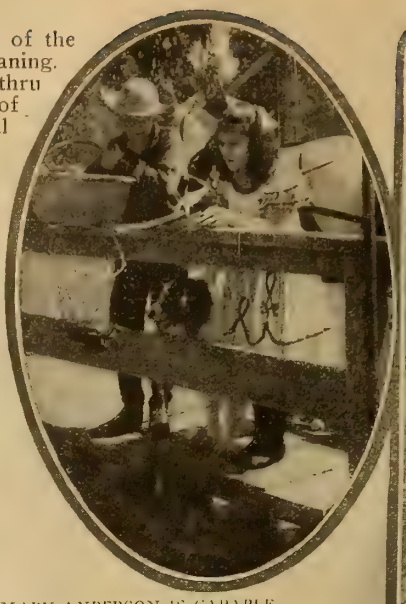


ELSIE FERGUSON GIVES TO THE FILMS THE MOST EXQUISITE PORTRAYAL PHOTOPLAY HAS YET SEEN IN "ROSE OF THE WORLD" (ARTCRAFT)

every scene. There is not an inch of film in "Rose of the World" that does not convey a delicate shade of meaning. Miss Ferguson has the difficult task of playing alone thru long scenes, and her facial expressions, the rendition of her spirituelle emotions and the restrained yet forceful expression of her pantomime pronounce her work one of the finest bits of portrayal, if not quite the most exquisite, that photoplay has yet seen. A capable and well-balanced cast enhances the work of the star. E. M. L.

"WOLVES OF THE RAIL" (ARTCRAFT)

If you have liked William S. Hart before, you will like him better than ever in "Wolves of the Rail." This is a genuine thriller about a railroad bandit with a conscience who reforms and assumes the identity of the Secret Service man, whom he turned the tables on by imprisoning instead of being imprisoned. Hart does wonderful work rounding up the thieves, his erstwhile pals, and at length meets and falls in love with the girl who tends the railroad tower. And that's enough of the story to tell you, for each and every one of you will want to see it for yourself. It is the best William S. Hart we've ever seen. It is Hart doing his splendid riding stunts amid unusually attractive scenery and getting over that kind of acting that makes your throat hurt where your Adam's-apple ought to be and his is—and you glance side-long to see if your neighbor noticed the unusual moisture in your eyes, for after all there's nothing weepy—but it gets you, that's all. Best of all, we have Hart as a real lover, the most convincing love-scenes we have yet seen him get across, wherein he is beautifully assisted by Vola Vale. H. S. N.



MARY ANDERSON IS CAPABLE OF BETTER THINGS THAN "WHEN MEN ARE TEMPTED"



"RUNAWAY ROMANY" (PATHÉ) IS A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE FEATURING WINSOME MARION DAVIES

"MRS. DANE'S DEFENSE" (PARAMOUNT)

Taken from the stage play of Henry Arthur Jones, which was made famous by Margaret Anglin, "Mrs. Dane's Defense" provides an excellent vehicle for Pauline Frederick's emotionalism. First we see her as Felicia Hindmarsh, a wronged young girl, who seeks refuge with a rich cousin, Mrs. Dane. At Mrs. Dane's death, Felicia is left wealthy and alone in the world except for her child. She determines to have her share of happiness, whatever the cost, hides her child away and takes her place in English society as Mrs. Dane. There she falls in love with Lionel Carteret, who asks her to marry him in spite of the fact that there has been a previous understanding between Janet Eastney, a young English girl, and himself. Mrs. Dane is finally recognized as Felicia Hindmarsh and after a brave fight to conceal her identity is "damned" by society and seeks refuge in the love of her child. The play loses a great deal of its power in being translated to the celluloid—too much depends upon the cross-examination of Mrs. Dane which cannot be brought out skilfully in pictures. However, altho not a fable for infants, it is a dignified, well-produced photoplay, which, altho it does not set off Pauline Frederick's abilities and charms to best advantage, still is an improvement on her "The Hungry Heart." One of the loveliest characterizations I have seen in many a day was that of Ormi Hawley as the young English girl. Here Ormi Hawley is not only charming and idealistic, but plays easily on one's heart-strings. Howard Hall is painfully theatrical as Mr. Trent, about a hundred years behind the times in pantomimic art. H. S. N.



"THE COUNT AND THE WEDDING GUEST" IS ONE OF THE MOST CHARMING OF THE DELIGHTFUL O. HENRY STORIES YET ADAPTED TO THE SCREEN



BESIDES ALL THE USUAL HART FEATURES, BILL PUTS ACROSS SOME OF THE MOST CONVINCING LOVE-SCENES WE HAVE YET SEEN HIM DO IN "WOLVES OF THE RAIL" (ARTCRAFT)



"MRS. DANE'S DEFENSE" (PARAMOUNT) PROVIDES AN EXCELLENT VEHICLE FOR PAULINE FREDERICK'S EMOTIONALISM

"WHEN MEN ARE TEMPTED" (VITAGRAPH)

But for the society scenes and Mary Anderson's too numerous attempts to be coquettish, this might have been a very good Western drama. The story, to be sure, is somewhat trivial and it is not skilfully directed, altho there are a few incidents that stand out in strong relief for their excellence. Mary Anderson is capable of much better work and appearance than she shows in this. J.

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(Photo H. Tarr)

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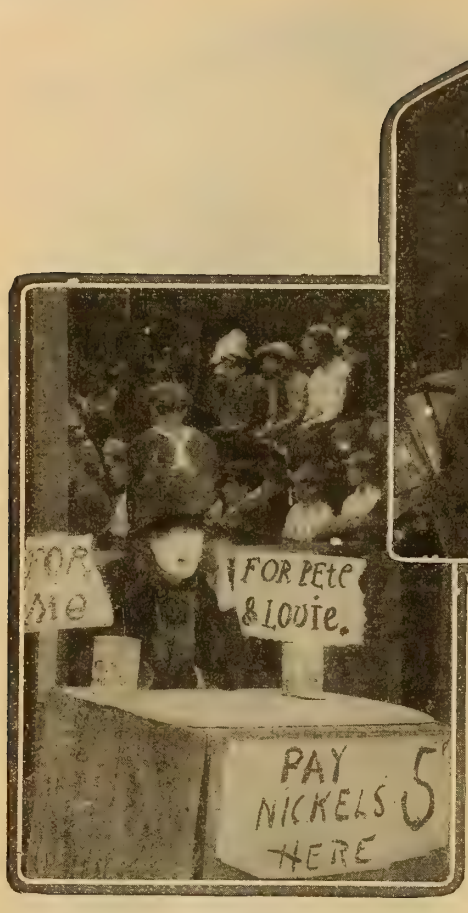
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"FACE VALUE" IS A PLEASING PIECE FEATURING MAE MURRAY, A LITTLE STAR WITH A STYLE ALL HER OWN



WALLY REID GETS ACROSS A DISTINCT CHARACTERIZATION AS "RIMROCK JONES" (LASKY)



MAE MARSH IN "FIELDS OF HONOR"

"RIMROCK JONES" (LASKY-PARAMOUNT)

"Wally" Reid gets across a distinct characterization as "Rimrock Jones," a breezy, hail-fellow-well-met, Western youth who triumphs with the chill of his bullets rather than with the reasoning of a law which can be twisted by facile-tongued Easterners to their own advantage. This is a clean-cut, pleasing little adventure in Wally's picture career which will easily make you forget the woes of a darkened world, for an hour at least. And Ann Little, whose riding, acting and pleasing personality were just as attractive to us when she was billed as Anna Little, is a more than satisfactory heroine. The exterior scenes are very beautiful, but the interiors were unfortunately chosen. The apartment of the "luring female" looked as if Wally could knock it over with one coltish arm. If this is a step in economy of production, well and good, for it really does not detract from the entertainment one whit, but methinks 'twere merely an off-day with the technical director's staff. H. S. N.

"HER SISTER" (MUTUAL)

A fair society drama with Olive Tell, a well-known stage beauty, as the headliner. Olive Tell is not quite so attractive on the screen as she is on the stage, but she is more beautiful than most of our screen stars at that. Her support is good, but not particularly impressive. It is not a play that will linger in the memory, for it is not big, nor great, nor wonderful in any department. J.

"THE COUNT AND THE WEDDING GUEST" (GENERAL FILM CO.)

O. Henry never fashioned a more poignantly charming story than this, the boarding-house romance of Mary Conway. The heart-pangs of a girl whose plainness leaves her the beauless inmate of a New York boarding-house is the foundation of the human little tale. There is nothing to prevent a girl inventing a fiancé, however, and Mary does so to her heart's immediate satisfaction. She looks so charming in her "widow's weeds" that Andy Donovan, the star boarder, promptly sets out to dig her heart out of its grave. Ensuing complications force Mary to confess her deception on their wedding-day, and she gets the surprise of her life when she meets Andy's friend, "Big Jim" Sullivan, who proves to be the original of the photo Mary has presented as her "departed count." The touch of pathos so carefully portrayed by the author is excellently brought out by Jean Paige and leads the spectator into unexpected and delightfully entertaining fields, aided by the famous O. Henry, whimsical, last-minute surprise. Refreshing as an April shower, this little two-reeler flashes across our sometimes overheated silversheet. H. S. N.

"FIELDS OF HONOR" (GOLDWYN)

So intangible is literary style when translated into celluloid that a story by Irwin S. Cobb, primarily a stylist, could hardly be expected to yield that peculiar raciness which is the Kentucky writer's own. His *Saturday Evening Post* story, "Fields of Honor," in which Mae Marsh is starred, is not at all Cobb, but succeeds in being something else. It is an appealing story, with Mae Marsh in a rôle which fits her to perfection. She is winsome, tender and at times genuinely poignant. The battle scenes are good and the human interest with which the picture abounds is established with delicacy and sureness. Mae Marsh has been seen in parts which give fuller scope to her genius for comedy, but never in anything where a deeper note has been struck combined with moments of arch charm. Vernon Steele is clean-cut and sympathetic as Robert Vorhis. Marguerite Marsh, sister of Mae, is the star's sister in this film, which was directed by Ralph Ince with his usual discernment. H. S. N.

"FACE VALUE" (BLUEBIRD)

Universal has of late made use of very striking lighting effects and excellent photography. This is again exemplified in "Face Value," starring Mae Murray, who is quite convincingly pathetic as a poor little girl caught in a circumstantial net of crime and eventually rescued by hero Wheeler Oakman. A pleasing piece with a little star who has a style all her own. H. S. N.

"RUNAWAY ROMANY" (PATHÉ)

An excellent photodrama featuring Marion Davies and a long list of well-known, old-time players, including Orrni Hawley, Gladden James, Matt Moore, Pedro de Cordoba, Tully Marshall and Joseph Kilgour, all of whom do full credit to themselves and to the play, which by the way was exceedingly well directed and photographed. While there is nothing particularly new in the story plot, it is interesting thruout and should prove very popular. Marion Davies is winsome, charming and beautiful. While it is not an emotional part that she plays, her acting is convincing and her personal charm is captivating. J.

"CHEATING THE PUBLIC" (FOX)

This is a melodrama which serves excitement camouflaged as entertainment—excitement derived from seven reels of the rich grinding the poor people's noses, murders, resultant trials, and the finale of the good young son rectifying all dad's misdeeds and marrying the poor, persecuted heroine. Enid Markey does excellent and convincing work as Mary Garvin. The rest of the cast are sufficiently melodramatic to be in keeping with the spirit of the piece. H. S. N.



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NELL SHIPMAN TAKES THE PART OF A VERY REAL GIRL IN "THE WILD STRAIN" (VITAGRAPH)



"JULES OF THE STRONG HEART" IS ALL BEBAN



"MY OWN UNITED STATES" IS A GREAT PATRIOTIC FEATURE

"THE WILD STRAIN" (VITAGRAPH)

The plot germ of this picture is entertaining enough to make one enjoy the whole while rebelling at some of its parts. Winifred Hollywood is so depressed by her family and her fiancé's blue-bloodedness, which considers even a sparkle of animation a sign of bad-breeding, that her "wild strain," the inheritance of a distant ancestor, breaks out, and she not only executes a wild dance with Kingsley Royce, a ne'er-do-well, but also substitutes for an injured bareback rider in a circus. Of course her fiancé and his family are scandalized, but forgive her temporarily. Again the wild streak breaks out and Winifred goes for a midnight gallop. She runs into burglars plotting to rob the bank and fasten the blame on Harold Burton, her fiancé. Now Harold has followed her, and in the course of exciting adventures they catch the burglars. Winifred and Harold are kept out all night, but their families relievedly approve when they return in the morning —married. If the director meant this to be a burlesque of long-lineaged families of the social circle and the characters to be mere caricatures, he did well. But because he made the girl such a very real girl, I am afraid he meant the families to be real families, and, my dear, if he did, it is time some one informed him how real society folk, with a came-over-in-the-Mayflower lineage, act. The manner in which the actors bow to each other before and after the dinner-party scene is the most theatrical and absurd bit of acting I have ever seen. Nell Shipman and Alfred Whitman, who does an excellent constructive bit of characterization, are the two redeeming features. H. S. N.

"THE WIDOW'S MIGHT" (LASKY)

Now that the fair Julian Eltinge has transferred his feministic —if not effeminate—personality to vaudeville for the nonce, we may review his latest screen offering in the hopes of seeing more. There have been lady stars masquerading in pants, and gentlemen stars in skirts, but Julian is the only original, artistic and effective impersonator of the fascinating sex. "The Widow's Might" is a Julian-star made-to-order comedy that fits him as sleekly as his stunning outfit of gowns. In the beginning we have Julian as a lonely rancher, who falls in love with a girl's head on a calendar. He seeks her out at a fashionable hotel, intimidates her aunt and borrows that lady's wig. When affairs become too hot for Dick Tavish, rancher, the duo-sexual Julian transforms himself into the stunning Princess Martini. More ensuant complications, in which Julian shows all the charms, wiles and gowns of his marvelous repertoire. There are a foundling baby, a villainous suitor, and a very pretty opposite in Florence Vidor for Julian to keep his comedy brewing. The ensemble makes a clever, sparkling comedy with just enough love-interest to give it tone. E. M. L.

"JULES OF THE STRONG HEART" (LASKY)

George Beban is still keeping up the stiff pace of a character star of picturesque parts that first started his screen career awhirling in "An Alien." His current production is a one-part play—Jules, a French-Canadian trapper, "with a heart as strong as a mother's"—the rest of the cast are well-chosen buffers for the star's punch. We must not overlook "Napoleon Goo-Goo," the baby-in-arms. Goo-Goo makes the plot and Jules carries it out. His motherly care of the supposed orphan that he has toted all the way from Hudson Bay to an Oregon lumber camp, providing miraculous nursing-bottles and bedding thru the trackless wilderness, is the play's bright particular charm. There are thrills aplenty—terrific storms, flooded bridges, a sailboat tossed in a tempest and generous gunplay—but Beban, the handy "mother," is the whole works. E. M. L.

"MY OWN UNITED STATES" (FROHMAN AMUSEMENT COMPANY)

A big, patriotic feature. Any one who can see this picture and not tingle with a zest to bear wheatless, meatless, coalless, waterless and every other kind of a "'less" day, because it's for the sake of his country, isn't there, that's all. There wasn't a dry eye in the sophisticated audience which viewed its première at the Rivoli, New York City. Hardened critics were suddenly assailed with violent coughs. Deucedly hard weather for colds, dont you know. The story depicts, for the benefit of callow youth, the historic facts leading up to the tragic Hamilton-Burr duel, and the interlacing story of Philip Nolan, the man without a country, whose wish to never see nor hear about the United States became his retribution and his punishment for allying himself with the traitor Burr. The action, which is slightly draggy in the beginning, swells to a grand crescendo, to a throat-clutching climax. The suspense is splendidly carried out, sympathy is vibrantly aroused, and "My Own United States" does the great work of vivifying every latent spark of patriotism in each palpitant breast. My country, be she right or wrong, still my country. Anthony Paul Kelly deserves great credit for his splendidly worked out scenario, which is enhanced by some marvelously realistic war scenes, those of the Algerian pirates attacking our frigates being perhaps the best thing of its kind yet done. Arnold Daly is the star of the piece, of which he proves himself more than worthy, especially in the latter part of the picture. Somewhat handicapped as the foppish, young Nolan, Mr. Daly, as the feeble, old Nolan, dragging out his miserable existence on the frigate, with no news from home, always wondering about the mystery of the new stars added from time to time to our flag and never satisfied, gave such a remarkable performance as to squeeze tears from the eyes of the most hardened spectator. Anna Lehr is poignantly appealing as Agnes Churchill. H. S. N.

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GREEN ROOM JOTTINGS

The **Frank A. Keeney Picture Corporation** has leased the Biograph studio, 807 East 175th Street. There they are producing "The Girl Who Saw Life," starring Catherine Calvert.

Mr. and **Mrs. Sidney Drew** have been robbed. Some one ran off with the safe in their Park Avenue home, alarm-clock arrangement and all the contents, consisting of many scenario manuscripts, $4,000 worth of jewels, and the will of S. Rankin Drew, who is now an aviator in France. The alarm-clock never went off—but the safe did.

Gladys Leslie says it's a strenuous life. Between playing in her new picture, "The Wooing of Princess Pat," and entertaining her two brothers, who are home on leave—one from the Royal Flying Corps and the other from the Navy—she lacks time to breathe.

Alfred Whitman showed up at the Vitagraph studio to play in "The Home Trail," costumed in the customary Western chaps. Director Wolbert informed him that at the period of the story, 1870, leggings, similar to our soldiers' spiral puttees, were worn. Accordingly, Mr. Whitman obtained a red and white table-cloth from the property department and now "rolls his own."

Enid Bennett will shortly become a bride. She says so herself, so it must be true. The other half of the happy, happy pair will be none other than Fred Niblo.

Charles Clary has returned to work at the Fox studio after a month on the sick list. Charlie says it made him feel so chilly looking at Theda Bara's costumes that he caught cold.

"M'liss," Bret Hart's famous story, will be **Mary Pickford's** next production.

Crane Wilbur is introducing the latest style in starring. Not only is he going to own his own producing company, but he is going to control the theaters to show his pictures in. The McDonough Theater, in Oakland, Calif., is the first house to be leased by the Crane Wilbur Circuit of theaters.

Our former screen hero, **Tom Forman,** has been made a captain in the United States army and is stationed at Camp Kearney, Cal.

Monroe Salisbury says that even reading the New York papers cant keep his company cool. They are working in Hesperia, Cal., with the thermometer registering 90 degrees, and no shade.

And here's the news of the month! **Anita Stewart** is married to Rudolph Cameron. The two admitted the fact with some reluctance at Miss Stewart's third attempt to free herself from Vitagraph's shackles.

It is reported that the Triangle and Universal studios have closed temporarily, thus placing 1,600 people on the idle list, minus salary. However, every one believes this is only a temporary arrangement due to overproduction.

Howard Hickman will venture on the legitimate stage for a short space of time at the particular request of Oliver Morosco in "Mary's Way Out." Here's hoping it wont turn out to be "This Way Out."

Ora Carew, former Keystone comédienne, says she is going to have her own studio in Los Angeles, with her name on the front and everything. All right, Ora; have it your own way. We're with you.

And now **Theda Bara** has invaded the writing field and blossoms forth as author and star of "The Soul of Buddha."

Earle Williams received a warm welcome to Coronado Beach, where he is acting in a new O. Henry story, "Cabbages and Kings." A stingaree stung him while he was in bathing. Mr. Williams thought the welcome a bit too vigorous.



CRANE WILBUR

Enid Markey plays the leading "female of the species" in the new photoplay Tom Mix is making for William Fox.

In order to extend their production of feature plays, Pathé has rented part of the new Paralta studio, in Hollywood, Cal. Bryant Washburn, Fannie Ward, Bessie Love, and Frank Keenan are some of the Pathé stars who will shine there.

Imagine! **Doug Fairbanks** has taken to the tame game of playing tennis at Beverly Hills, Hollywood. However, it is for sweet charity's sake—and he will play some match games, facing May Sutton Bundy, Nat Browne, Mary Browne, Louise Williams and Simpson Sinsabaugh.

"Vacation time!" sang **Louise Lovely** at the recent expiration of her two years' Universal contract; so now she is sojourning in Wheeler Hot Springs and will not decide upon a new contract until the old itch for work returns.

Eddie Foy and his seven youngsters visited Doug Fairbanks at his California studio the other day. The youngest Foy asked Doug what color negroes photographed. "Canary yellow," replied that alert individual.

Wheeler Oakman has volunteered his services in any branch of government service which can make use of his knowledge of mechanics. **Kenneth Harlan** has applied for appointment in an aviation corps, and **Norman Kerry** has returned to the Royal Canadian Flying Corps.

"Any one who wants to get in good physical trim should secure an engagement in a Pathé serial," says **Doris Kenyon.** "By the time the last episode is finished they will be physically hard as nails." And, one might add, as cold and stiff, if the sixth sense—the faculty of getting out of danger by the fraction of a second—fails to develop.

William Farnum has tipped his hat to New York and is on location in the Adirondack Mountains, filming his new Fox production, "Rough and Ready."

The newest recruit to a dual existence is **Gladys Brockwell,** who plays a double rôle in "The Moral Law."

Those busy bees, **Francis X.** and **Beverly,** have started a new photoplay called "The Brass Check."

Here's a new one! Who started the movie business, anyway? Sure and it must have been Bobbie Burns, for didn't he say, "Ah, would some power the giftie gi'e us to see oorsel's as ithers see us!"

"Love Me" is an alluring title, but its star, **Dorothy Dalton,** is even more so.

Enid Bennett's mother and sister have arrived from Australia and will make their home in California with her.

"Prunella," the play of lingering charm, is being filmed, with **Marguerite Clark** as star and **Jules Raucourt,** who was recently discharged from the Belgian army, as Pierrot.

The balmy and beautiful climate of Miami, Florida, is the destination of **Madame Petrova** and her company for the production of "The Life Mask."

Mr. and **Mrs. Sidney Drew** have left the pleasant two-reel comedy by-path temporarily to do a five-reel thriller called "Pay Day."

Carlyle Blackwell had to call off work on his latest World photoplay. "Dot eddy coal id the cellar bakes ad awful lot of cold id the head," explained Mr. Blackwell succinctly.

Clara Kimball Young and Elinor Glyn sounds like a thrilling combination. "The Reason Why" will be Miss Young's next play.



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LITTLE WHISPERINGS FROM EVERYWHERE IN PLAYERDOM

Bobby Connelly has paid his income tax. "I know several children in pictures," said Bobby when questioned on the subject, "who are trying to get out of paying their income taxes, but I consider it a patriotic duty —mamma says so."

Sometimes producing a movie is far from all joy. In the midst of filming "The Knife," starring **Alice Brady**, W. J. Kane was taken seriously ill. Frank Evans was chosen to fill his rôle, but this necessitated rebuilding three entire sets in order to retake the scenes in which Kane had already appeared. But Alice should worry; she got several days off!

Out on the Coast **Constance Talmadge** and Albert Roscoe, her new leading-man, are busily weaving a new romance for Select Pictures with "The Shuttle," adapted for the screen by Harvey Thew and Margaret Turnbull from the famous novel by Frances Hodgson Burnett.

Metro has a new war charity. This company has sent hundreds of their famous stars' pictures and stills to the Neurological Base Hospital in France, where they are used to help recall the memories of soldiers of the Allied cause who are suffering from shell shock and air rarefication.

Evidently Emile Chautard, **Clara Kimball Young's** director, considers that detectives have pugilistic tendencies. At any rate, he has engaged Norman Selby, known to "the ring" as Kid McCoy, to play the part of Detective Carrol in "The House of Glass."

Ruth Taylor, leading-lady in "Jack Spurlock—Prodigal," had to eat an onion in one of the scenes, and she begged Director Carl Harbaugh to camouflage a turnip instead. But a "retake" was necessary, and as there had been only one turnip provided, she was obliged to eat an onion. She canceled a dinner engagement for the evening. Now they have a supply of camouflage onions at the Fox studio.

Olive Thomas, who has been in New York with her young husband, Jack Pickford, is again on her way West after an enjoyable sojourn on Lightless Broadway.

While slant-eyed individuals of Frisco's Chinatown looked on in wonder, Mary Pickford jeopardized her $10,000 a week self by leaping from a cable car, which was part of the "business" of being a successful "Amarilly" in "Amarilly of Clothesline Alley."

Nazimova returned to New York last week from the South, where she has been doing a picture for Metro, bringing with her a baby alligator. The actress hopes that in time the new pet will furnish her with bags and trunks for her wardrobe.



OLIVE THOMAS

Kitty Gordon's Russian wolfhound was originally named Czar, but when the Little Father abdicated his title was changed to Kerensky, which later was changed to Man-of-the-Hour. But the other day a visitor called him Trotzky, whereupon he lay down, rolled over, whined and played dead. So sayeth the World-Brady press agent.

"One's loves are so real while they last," said **Mary MacLane** when she succeeded in finishing her photoplay, "Men Who Have Made Love to Me." "While they last" is a good phrase.

Joe Maxwell says of **Rodolfo,** playing the "heavy" in his production, "The Married Virgin": "Rodolfo is really a titled Italian nobleman. He has done some dancing with Joan Sawyer and Bonnie Glass in New York." He ought to make a great "heavy," Joe.

Henry B. Walthall and his manager, Billy Aronson, have been traveling all over the West, shooting scenes for Henry's new production, "Hoops of Steel." Billy sent a lot of postal cards to his old pal, Francis X. Bushman.

Irving Lesser, brother of Sol Lesser, and manager of the All-Star Features, Inc., of Los Angeles, was married last month. He forgot to mention the girl's name, but any presents addressed to Mrs. Irving Lesser, Los Angeles, Cal., will reach the proper destination.

Clara Kimball Young's automobile recently argued the right of way with a street-car at Ninetieth Street and Broadway, New York City, with the result that Miss Young was showered with glass but escaped with a few scratches.

Out on the West Coast there is much tearing of hair and gnashing of teeth by dealers in puttees and horn-rimmed glasses. In other words, directors' salaries have been cut to $100 and $150 a week.

William Russell recently gave a beautiful luncheon at the Claridge, New York City, to members of the Motion Picture press. Among those who enjoyed Mr. Russell's hospitality were James Hoff, George Blaisdell, Margaret MacDonald, Milton Loewenthal, C. R. Condon, Lynde Denig, Leslie Mason, Edwin M. La Roche, MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE; Miss Momence and Mrs. Case of *Vanity Fair;* Mrs. Burness, *Film Fun;* Alice Glenister, *Saucy Stories;* Mabel Condon, Herbert Howe and Edna Earle.

Work has been started on a big patriotic picture by Vitagraph for the State Defense Council of New York. In this picture the country will, for the first time, get an idea of the conspiracies against our country. **Corinne Griffith** and **Webster Campbell** will play the leads.

Billie Rhodes has invented an undetachable shoelace tag, which she considers her *pièce de resistance.* The tag will stay on as long as the shoelace lasts, and that is a very desirable end to attain. "Ask any one who wears 'em," says Billie.

Automobiles are a fad of **"Fatty" Arbuckle's.** He purchases them as a less prosperous man might extravagantly buy a $2 necktie on pay-day. His latest is a gray silk-lined limousine.

Wallace Reid has become a detective in his newest picture, "Marcell Levignet," and has returned to Hollywood.

The leading player with **Viola Dana** in Metro's "Weaver of Dreams" is a collie dog. The dog, thinking it up to him as a lead to develop temperament, insisted upon trotting back to his owner's automobile, and sitting in the driver's seat between scenes. So, to be sure doggie was on hand, the auto was anchored near the set in use.

Can you imagine **Taylor Holmes** on an ostrich? Well, he couldn't either, until he achieved it. This was at the ostrich farm near Phœnix, Arizona, whither the company had gone for scenes of "Ruggles of Red Gap." Mr. Holmes managed to hang on his weird "vehicle" for ten minutes at that.

A young aviator in training at North Island, San Diego, recently wrote **Mary Miles Minter** that he hadn't a relative on earth and had taken the liberty of assigning his life insurance to her. Mary promptly sent him a cheerful letter and a box of just such things as any young chap's "folks" would be apt to send him.

"The Call of the East" seems to be ringing particularly clear in the ears of the film folk these days. Marshall Neilan, Mary Pickford's director, will make one more film and then come East to direct for Paramount in New York.

Mary Beth Barnelle has been inconvenienced for two weeks with a sprained ankle. But it happened at the Y. M. C. A. benefit for the "boys" in service—so Mary Beth says she doesn't mind.

If the California golf players do not look to their laurels, there will be some new records hung up by **Commodore J. Stuart Blackton,** who is working on the links regularly, in between his heavy duties connected with producing "Wild Youth."

Here is the round-up of **Tom Mix's** jobs—cowboy, college student, U. S. soldier, ranger, scout in Cuba, scout in Philippines, Chief of Scouts, U. S. A., in army for the relief of Pekin, organizer of Maccabean Scouts, Moving Picture actor, Moving Picture director, Moving Picture star.

How I *Saved* $50 on My Clothes This Season

By Marion Louise Taylor

YESTERDAY after lunch I had just slipped into my new blue one-piece dress and was getting ready to go downtown when the door bell rang, and who should it be but Janet Burson! Janet used to live next door, but they moved to a little place in the country last summer and I hadn't seen her in nearly six months.

Maybe it was because we used to go on all our clothes-buying expeditions together, but anyway, the first thing Janet exclaimed as she stood in the door was: "Oh, Marion, tell me, where in the world did you get that stunning dress?"

"I'll give you three guesses," I said, and I'll admit I fairly bubbled with joy when she named the three most exclusive and expensive shops in town.

"Wrong—every time," I announced, "I made it all myself!"

"But, Marion!" she fairly gasped; "made it *yourself*—how—when—where did you ever *learn?* You never used to sew a stitch!"

"I know I didn't," I answered, quite as readily, "but I made this dress, just the same, and not only this, but so many other things that I have ever had before and—if you please, in our safe deposit box is a $50 Liberty Bond bought with what I *saved* from my clothes allowance this season."

"Well, tell me this minute how you did it."

So I went to the closet and came back with an armful of dainty things that fairly made Janet stare in wide-eyed astonishment.



"To begin with," I said, "this dress I have on is an exact reproduction of an exclusive model I saw in a shop window marked $35. It cost me exactly $10.50 for the materials and I think they are really of better quality. Here's a little crepe de chine petticoat that would have cost at least $6 in any shop. I paid for the materials just $2.90. And here's a tailored dress that Jack says is the prettiest thing I ever wore. I copied it from a fashion magazine, and materials, braid and everything cost exactly $11. Sister bought one downtown that is not nearly so nice and she paid $28 for it.

"THEN I have made two house dresses, four aprons, a taffeta petticoat and lingerie that I saved altogether more than $10 on. Besides, I've made three school dresses for Betty and all her little undergarments. Oh, Jack wouldn't believe I could do it, but when I bought that Liberty Bond with what I'd saved on clothes in three months, he said, 'Marion, you're a wonder. You've never had such clothes—and to have them for *less* than you ever spent before.' Well, I guess I'll quit worrying about the high cost of living."

"But you haven't told me yet," insisted Janet, "where you learned."

"Well, then listen and you shall hear. About four months ago I read in a magazine about an institute of domestic arts and sciences that had developed a wonderful new plan of teaching dressmaking and millinery by which you could learn right at home in leisure time. That was a new idea to me, but I began to think how much it would mean if I could make my own clothes, so I wrote to them. They sent me the most interesting book that told all about their courses, explained just exactly how you could learn every step in dressmaking or millinery even though you had had no experience whatever. Possibly even then I might have doubted if they had not told me about the success of so many other women and sent me copies of their letters. Why, think, Janet, more than 9000 women and girls have already learned to make their own clothes by this new plan. Among them are more than 4000 home women, 700 dressmakers, 300 teachers and hundreds of business women, girls at school or college, girls employed in offices, stores and factories. You see it doesn't make the slightest difference where you live. There are members of the Institute in the big cities, in small towns and in the country, on ranches in the far west, even in China, in Australia, in South Africa, all learning with the same success as if they were together in a class room. Isn't it wonderful?

"WELL, I joined the Institute, and when my first lessons came I saw at once why it is so easy to learn. Every step is explained so clearly that even little Betty could understand it. And there are hundreds and hundreds of actual photographs that show just exactly what to do. Once I began studying, it was so fascinating that I wanted to spend every spare minute on my lessons. You see, the delightful part of it is that almost at once you start making actual garments—in the fourth lesson I made this waist!

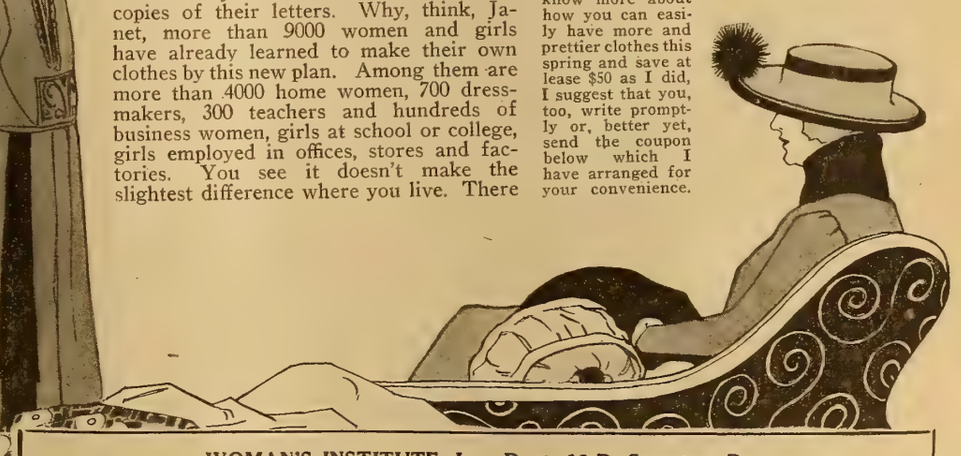
"I didn't think about it at first, but after a bit I realized that in learning to make my own clothes I was also learning something that I could turn to profit if I ever wanted to, or if—by any chance—I should ever be left to make my own way. Since then I have found that hundreds of women and girls have taken up dressmaking or millinery as a business—as a result of these courses. Many of them have opened shops of their own and have splendid incomes.

"I've nearly completed my dressmaking course now, and I'm going to take up millinery next. I can make my own hats then for a fourth of what they cost in a shop—"

BUT Janet broke in right there, "Marion, this is the most wonderful thing I ever heard of. Tell me where to write, so I can find out all about it myself."

So I told her that if she would send to the Woman's Institute of Domestic Arts and Sciences, Dept. 19-D, Scranton, Pa., and would tell them whether she was most interested in home dressmaking or professional dressmaking or millinery, they would send her without cost or obligation handsome booklets telling all about the Institute and its methods.

I happen to know that the cost of clothes is going to be even higher next year than it is this, so that if you, my dear reader, would like to know more about how you can easily have more and prettier clothes this spring and save at lease $50 as I did, I suggest that you, too, write promptly or, better yet, send the coupon below which I have arranged for your convenience.



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Our Exclusive Los Angeles Column

Special News That Has Not "Worked Thru the Trade"

By FRITZI REMONT

REALIZING that news about the players is becoming more and more difficult to get, and that many publicity departments send out only such information as suits themselves, the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE has established its own information bureau in Los Angeles, the studio Mecca. These items are exclusively and "personally interviewed."—*The Editors.*

It seems a little late to be talking about Christmas presents, but this sort of news does not often get into print, and it took me a long while to "pick it by hand." Mary Miles Minter's gift from her mother was a two-thousand-dollar string of pearls, and on each successive birthday Mary will receive another large pearl. Mary tried to spring a surprise on her mother in the way of an elaborate chest of silver, and, having given the order for its engraving, settled down comfortably to finishing her latest picture, "Mademoiselle Tiptoe," under Henry King's direction. Coming home a few days before Xmas, she was confounded to hear that the stupid clerk at the jewelry store had called up the house and, without waiting to inquire for Miss Minter, had divulged the whole secret to her mother—just some trivial thing about the height of the letters in the engraving, which had not quite entered his cranium.

Edward Peil is re-engaged by American and will play an added rôle in Margarita Fischer's newest, "High Heels," tho he has been seen heretofore in support of William Russell.

Alan Forrest's wife, Anna Little, having gone East to work with Wallace Reid, he felt a bit lonesome around the holidays and took in a week of hunting and trout-fishing. He bagged the limit of quail repeatedly and shipped the Bob Whites to the studio friends, bringing home trout as a special treat. He gave a fine dinner in his new bungalow—a stag affair, of course—and among those present were Clarence Burton, William Russell, Harvey Clarke and Henry King.

Mary Miles Minter has been assigned the insurance of an aviator at North Island, San Diego, and has been appointed "guardian" of the young man. He is without kin and wanted to make provision for his favorite star. Miss Minter sent him a Christmas-box which was truly wonderful and looked like a young grocery and tobacco store, not to mention a picture-gallery, for she sent him a dozen photographs of herself.

Bessie Barriscale had intended giving her husband

Our Exclusive Los Angeles Column

neckties and silk shirts when she went down-town on a shopping tour, but the jeweler's window at the Hotel Alexandria held her spellbound and she decided on a very beautiful ring instead. The ring is of platinum, and can be folded up like the top of a purse, has two monstrous diamonds and a sapphire, and separated Bessie from $675.

Howard Hickman retaliated by presenting Bessie with a much-coveted Pekinese, of dark sable color, and with enough honorable grandparents to make him respected in China. His life is insured for upwards of five hundred dollars, and he's named "Hashimura Togo," but Bessie said jovially that the pampered darling has far TO GO before they make HASH of him in the Land of the Celestials. Meantime, he is spending the first few months of his existence on a turquoise velvet cushion which Bessie carries back and forth from the studio as a cradle for Togo.

Henry McRae found it impossible to get a Xmas furlo, so, as he was homesick for mother, he sent her the necessary, and has been enjoying a delightful visit here with her. Considering the fuel shortage and intense cold of Saskatoon, where Mrs. McRae lives, she was very glad to make the trip southward.

Margery Wilson has opened a new home in the Wilshire district, and celebrated the holidays very unselfishly by inviting fifty children from the Los Angeles Orphanage to her Christmas-tree. There were a big spread, a box of candy for each to take back to the Home, and individual gifts. A juggler was engaged to entertain the kiddies, and Miss Wilson danced for them.

At Rudder's Grill, in San Diego, Vivian Rich was a very important young woman. San Diego has some pretty severe blue-laws, hence even on New Year's Eve the cafés must close at midnight. Miss Rich wore a tan tailored suit with soft, boyish velour hat to match, and a high-collared white broadcloth vest with dark-brown velvet buttons. She was pelted with strings of confetti until her friends had to cut her out of the meshes. She has not been well for some time, and even yet looks subdued and frail, but plans to work in a new picture soon.

Roque's Café is a very popular French restaurant in the old section of Los Angeles, a regular Bohemian "joint." Charlie Murray entertained a stag party of eight men there for dinner this week. The third course was a monstrous goose, and as all the men refused to dally with the carving-knife, Charlie had to attack the unruly biped, which slipped and slid around on a bed of parsley and baked apples. They all stopped talking while Mr. Murray tried the comedy stunt on something different from custard pies, which are notably easy to cut and handle. His Keystone pie-slinging experience availed nothing here, and the goose slid off the platter and right down into his lap. The astonished Charlie rose to the occasion, and swinging the beast by one drumstick, said, "Well, what *do* you think of that Pasadena seagull? Say, boys, do I look as gullible as all that?"

Anita King is still denying her marriage to Major James S. McKnight, who is stationed at Camp Kearney, San Diego County, but there are a lot of folks here who claim they "have the goods on her." Anyway, Miss King was not far from San Diego on December 12th, and will have to prove her alibi.

I dropped into the Photoplayers' Equity Association the other day and found it has grown so quickly as to necessitate the building of new quarters. Chris Lynton's wife is casting director and is kept busy about nineteen hours daily. I heard some funny scraps of conversation while there, for Mr. Morehouse, of the Fox Company, came in to ask for three extras. He wanted a long, skinny lady and two other females, he said, but when asked if they had to appear in any particular make-up he called up the Fox studio and then put Mrs. Lynton on the 'phone for particulars. This is what I heard:

"Oh, you want a tall, skinny woman? Certainly, I have just the right one; she's fine. Pantalets, very striking striped stockings, made up like a prude. What? Oh, prayer-meeting type—yes, I understand. What did you say about the wind? Oh, the wind blows up her skirt and shows the pantalets. Can she get them in such a hurry? Well, it doesn't take long to make anything like that; if she hasn't them, she can run a few stitches and hang on a little lace, and there you are.

"How about the others? Well, I mean do you want them pretty, ugly, cross-eyed, squat or medium? Medium? Yes, indeed, I've got a very pretty, plump one about twenty-six and—— I see, you want them between 30 and 35."

Just then a director poked his head in at the information window and asked for fifty men in full dress, only three dollars each for the day, and he wanted them all one size. Mrs. Lynton said, "But at a social function men are all different heights; what difference does it make as long as they wear their clothes well?" "All the difference in the world; there are enough men lying around idle for me to get just what I want—can you get them, or must I go elsewhere?" Of course, he got them. As he passed out of view, a bystander remarked, "Huh, he must want 'em to look like a regiment of West Pointers."

However, it goes to show that there is so much competition here.

Winsome Vivian Martin went the rounds of down-town office buildings recently, making personal calls on the stenographers. She has promises from hundreds of the type-chasers to save their ribbon-spools and chewing-gum foil for her. Seated in her Hupmobile, with those fluffy white-fox furs framing her piquant face, she attracts attention along her down-town route. Monday is usually off-day at the studios, and instead of spending it shopping, Miss Martin is going to devote it to making personal acquaintances in offices. It isn't hard to get enthused over hoarding tin-foil for the Red Cross when one receives a Vivian Martin smile in exchange.

Once more the Heidelberg Round Table is busy at the Hoffman Café here. The institution is several years old, but now such notables as Constance and Natalie Talmadge, with their mother; Bill Hart and Mary Ellen Hart (who is now quite herself again, tho that accident to her neck nearly proved fatal four months ago); Hedda Nova, who just returned from San Francisco; Franklyn Farnum, and Dorothy Phillips, gather about the famous table. The same waiter, Fritz, has done the honors for years past, and it is he who decides what the photoplayers shall eat. With Mary Ellen to smile upon him and make his apartment homelike and the Heidelberg table ready to feed him nightly, it's no wonder Bill Hart has eluded Doc Cupid. They get their breakfast at home, but Bill doesn't want Mary

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Ellen to fuss around with a big meal and dishes at night; so they can always be found at the Hoffman.

There's a deal of speculation going on as to why such high-priced stars as Marguerite Clark, Ethel Barrymore, Norma Talmadge, the Stewart sisters, Elaine Hammerstein, have declared their intention of going back to the speaking stage. Of course, since our local composer, Rudolph Friml, has successfully put out several musical-comedies and been put under contract with Otto Harbach to write two musical-farces yearly for five years, to be produced by Arthur Hammerstein, some one had to be found for the title rôles. Marguerite Clark is the first to have a rôle, and will appear within six months in the next Friml output.

Paralta studios find themselves forced to give the players a 40 per cent reduction on salaries owing to the immense amount spent on fitting up their studios and putting out three high-priced photoplays which haven't yet brought in returns. The players, including Miss Barriscale, Henry Walthall, George Fisher, as well as the lesser lights, have been given (weekly) promissory notes for the balance due under their contract price, but everybody feels very uncertain, and several companies have not worked for a month past. Universal discharged 150 people lately, among them writers, who had left permanent positions elsewhere for the higher salary offered by the "U."

More Power to the Movies

By K. W. KESSLER

They used to say of Myrtle: "Gracious, she's so innocent she doesn't even know how to kiss!"

So we pitied Myrtle. But those days are gone. Myrtle is a wise girl now. The screen has educated her!

Back in the years now growing dim in memory, no one saw anything funny when a man came home late and essayed a quiet steal up the stairs without awakening his wife. Since it's been done in the movies, a man has a better chance of finding a smiling mate at the top of the climb. Men, you owe the movies something!

Society women have charged that movie actresses steal their fashions. 'Tisn't so! Only the other day we sat behind the wealthiest woman in our town and heard her say to a friend: "My, isn't that gown exquisite? I think I shall have Lucile duplicate it for me!"

We thought we had a pretty good idea of what was meant by going "over the top with the best o' luck and give 'em hell," but we are better informed since seeing it done in the movies. Thinking you know how a thing is accomplished and actually knowing are two different things—like dreaming you have kist a pretty girl and actually doing it!

We saw a picture of a British tank in the papers, but we never saw one in action against the Huns until we went to the movies. And we had read all about Venice and her smoothly-moving canals and gondolas, but we never saw the wonder city as a living, vital thing until the movies came.

The newspapers say they inspired about 50 per cent of the enlistments in Uncle Sam's fighting forces. If that is true, the movies inspired the remaining 99 per cent!

Will Bring Her Own Weather

Jane and Katherine Lee, William Fox's "Baby Grand" stars, completed the final scenes of their latest picture for William Fox, near Jacksonville, Fla. Jane went prepared to bask in Southern sunshine, but was disillusioned when she found winter weather prevailing. The "Baby Grand" star voiced her disappointment to the hotel manager. He told her the weather was unusual and promised to "do better next time." Jane looked at him steadily and said:

"You promised me cool weather when I was here last summer—now you promise me warm weather. You must be the weather-man, but I think I'll bring my own weather with me when I come down again."



THE MAJORITY OF THE RUSSIAN ARMY STOPPED FIGHTING WHEN THE RIOTS OCCURRED IN PETROGRAD. THESE MEN ARE SOME OF THE COSSACKS WHO FORMED BATTALIONS OF DEATH, SWEARING TO FIGHT ON UNTIL THE GERMAN BULLETS GOT THEM. THEY WERE LATER JOINED BY THE WOMEN'S BATTALION OF DEATH, WHICH RUSHED TO THE FRONT TO FILL THE GAPS LEFT BY DESERTERS. THIS PICTURE IS TAKEN FROM PATHÉ'S "THE CURSE OF RUSSIA"

In the Land of Eternal Youth

Not many know that the old hermit in "Madame Who?" is none other than Jonathan Maxwell, aged eighty-two, and the hermit of Topango Canyon, where the most wonderful wild flowers in all California grow. It is claimed that in the early mission days many importations from Japan and the Hawaiian Islands were unpacked near the canyon and flower-seeds scattered far and wide. These pollenized and so re-created marvelously colored specimens. Old Jonathan presses these and mounts them on cards for sale. As the canyon is reached only by automobile, even the existence of the old hermit is not generally known to tourists. He had lived there with his father until last winter, when the "guv'ner" took pneumonia and passed out at the age of ninety-eight, "right in his prime," said Jonathan. This was his first experience in Motion Pictures, and he told his director that perhaps it was just as well that the "guv'ner" had not lived, for he'd been "plumb afraid to see me posin' in front of th' kodak." Maxwell was a color-bearer in the Civil War and felt very proud of his part in Miss Barriscale's production.

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page* 96)

F. C. S.—Thanks for the pretty card. Always glad to hear from you. There is from 11 per cent. to 13 per cent. alcohol in claret, and from 3 per cent. to 4 per cent. in lager beer.

W. L., Windsor.—Yes, Eileen Percy.

Kay M.—I should say, shades of Napoleon! No, I am not Fritzi Remont or Robert J. Shores. Maybe if you try again you will hit it. Your letter was very interesting indeed. I remember getting such a letter by mistake, and destroyed it, not having your address.

F. M. H., Hampton.—I am sorry, but I cannot inform you where Harold Lockwood buys his clothes. It's out of my line. I have no clothes line. Yes, we got thousands of verses in that contest. Marge Evans in "The Adventures of Carol."

Paddy, Toronto.—No, no, dont believe all you hear. Charles Chaplin is not deaf and dumb. Yes to your second. Earle Williams has recovered. Ethel Tearle is with Sennett-Paramount pictures.

Fanny W., Puerto Rico.—Mary Anderson was born in Brooklyn, June 22, 1894. So you say you love the Answer Man. Thankee, and I appreciate what you say. Glad you discovered that I never pun. A pun is said to be the lowest form of wit, a-pun my word, it is.

Serial Queen.—Have sent your poem to the Editor. You say the October Classic and July Magazine were the best we ever did. So you are strong for Pearl White. Your letter was quite spicy. It savored of paprika.

Matilda M., Santurce.—That is not true about Pearl White losing her finger. Ann Pennington was Ann and Ormi Hawley was Olive in "The Antics of Ann."

S. Alfred H.—Selwyn is a theatrical manager, and I doubt whether he has a studio. Selwyn Co. have several shows running on Broadway.

Patriotic Canada.—Guy Coombs was Harry in "Bab's Burglar." Valentine Grant and Walker Whiteside in "The Belgian." Sidney Olcott produced it.



Courtesy of Paramount Pictures Corpn.

Pirate, Superman, Devil—

WOLF LARSEN, "The Sea-Wolf," is in his glory. Ahead of him on the trail are men to be kicked and pounded and broken; women to insult and toy with; a hellship to command; a world to prey upon.

He has shot four of his men. He has killed another man with a blow of his fist. He has lured certain couples of Kura Island to his ship; he has manipulated so that the husbands had been left astern while he sails away with their wives; scores of such deeds Wolf Larsen has to his credit; scores more lie ahead of him.

Reader, you want red-blooded heroes, heroines. You are tired of namby-pamby plots—you want excitement, desperate adventures.

These free books give you what you want. By a great stroke of good fortune McClure's has managed to secure the very cream of Jack London's works. We have put them into a uniform edition, handsomely bound, and we now offer them to you for nothing if you accept the offer made below.

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"Love of Life"

This tale of the struggles and sufferings of a starving gold miner clinging to life with unconquerable tenacity is paralleled today by the experience of wounded soldiers crawling back to their lines after being left for dead at the enemy's trench. It resembles Stephen Crane's "Red Badge of Courage" in its stark realism and virility. "Love of Life" presents a never-to-be-forgotten picture of the starving man trailed by a starving wolf—always watching for the time when the man will become too weak to resist his attack. (In this volume is included the second part of "The Sea-Wolf.")

"The Call of the Wild"

This big and human record of the pet dog's return to the wild is a narrative that grips both young people and their elders—many critics think it London's finest work—certainly it is the finest dog story in literature, and without a rival in its picturing of the frozen North. The home that does not possess the story of Buck's change from a civilized canine to the leadership of the pack of wolves of Alaska is lacking indeed. With this offer, we put it in everyone's reach.

"The Sea-Wolf"

This novel created a veritable sensation when it appeared in The Century Magazine. Wolf Larsen is a new type of pirate. A monster in brawn and brain, devoid of conscience, he turns his ship into a hell. "The Sea-Wolf" is a big, breezy sea yarn, superbly written, and spun through it is a gripping love story, in which a beautiful girl is rescued from Wolf Larsen by the young man, who through long months of contact with the brute, has become his match.

"Martin Eden"

Martin Eden, a common sailor by training, is driven forward by his love for a society girl until he achieves fame and success as an author. The story shows the heart-breaking struggles of the poor man trying to rise in literature, and the falseness of the social recognition which he at last wins against tremendous odds. It is the story of a soul that had to break because it could not bend. Most interesting of all—it is mostly London's own story, told in fiction form. Read this book and you'll see why Ruth wanted to encircle Martin's neck with her slim, aristocratic hands.

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PEGGY, THE COOK.—Donald Crisp directed "The Clever Mrs. Carfax" (Lasky). Jennie Lee was Mrs. Keyes, and Fred Church was Billy. So you enjoyed seeing our staff.

LEONARD K., MANITOBA.—Well, as a rule, people who can, do; those who cant, preach. Lenore Ulric is with Belasco playing in "The Tiger Rose."

MARGUERITE K. T.—Glad to hear from you. Where have you been? Of course I use sugar in my tea—only cream in my coffee, but I usually drink buttermilk all the time.

IRISH-AMERICAN.—All right, Jack Nealon, of 1450 Second Ave., New York City, would like to exchange snaps with the readers. I thank you. Alice Joyce was Angelina, Webster Campbell was James, Donald McBride was Jack, in "The Fettered Woman" (Vitagraph).

GLADYS H. R.—Always glad to hear from new people. The first balloon ascension was made in France on Nov. 21, 1783. When Franklin was asked flippantly of what use were balloons, he replied, "What is the use of a new-born infant? It may become a man!" And indeed it has, for the balloon has become a giant. You want the name of every play that Fairbanks, Wm. Farnum and Charles Ray have ever played in. Give me time to breathe, but I cant tell you that here. Richard Barthelmess was Gennaro in "The Eternal Sin."

ANGELA MCGEE.—I'm sorry, I dont know what company Roland Bottomley is with in France. Eugene O'Brien is playing in "The Country Cousin" on Broadway. Yes, send the snaps along. Ruth Roland is playing on the stage just now.

MARGARET K. T.—Richard Barthelmess is playing opposite Marguerite Clark in the Bab series. Helen Greene was the sister and Guy Coombs was Harry. Of course you were not silly for weeping when you saw "The Spreading Dawn." You have a perfect right to weep. What did he say? They are not married.

MARION MCC.—Your fourteen-page letter in praise of Mary Pickford is at hand and it impressed me so much that I have indicted this for you:

Friend, for your epistle, I'm grieved,
Where still so much is said;
One half will never be believed,
The other never read.

You can get a picture of Geraldine Farrar in our December 1917 issue.

JANET MC.—Elaine Hammerstein was Mary in "The Argyle Case." Winifred Allen in "For Valor" (Triangle).

INQUISITIVE.—Alfred Paget was Belshazzar, Seena Owen was Atharea and Eugene Palette was the sweetheart in "Intolerance." Lillian Langdon was the mother and Gertrude Berkeley in "War Brides."

ROBERT G. M.—You had the title wrong—not "Full of Life," but "Fuel of Life." There is a great difference. The latter is fully as expressive. Belle Bennett was Angela and F. H. Newburg was Bob. Frank Borzage in "Wee Lady Betty." It is easier to criticize the best thing superbly than to do the smallest thing indifferently.

HILDA B. M.—When you meet Alice Joyce you can either address her as Mrs. Moore or Miss Joyce. She is called both. Yes, I have dined with her. I am as fond of her as she will permit. Address her at the Vitagraph Co.

BESSIE OF THE BARRACKS.—You want some of the players in their uniforms. I dont particularly admire the actress you speak of. She empties her soul of its emotion just as a boy pulls his pocket wrong side out to show you that there is nothing in it.

S. K. D., VIRGINIA.—Pearl White is her real name. No, she doesn't live with her parents. She was born in Sedalia, Mo., of Irish and Italian parentage. Easter Sunday this year comes on March 31st.

IDA L. F.—Coming out to Lakewood some day to see you. So you sent five packages of cigarets to one of the soldier boys. Good for you! Herbert Gehring, Son. Det. 107th Field, Signal Bri., Camp MacArthur, Texas, would like to hear from some of the fans.

WOOLEN, BROOKLYN.—Of course Mary Anderson would send you a photo of herself. She was in to see us yesterday, looking better than ever. Sorry I cant help you on the diving girl. The pay of a U. S. Brigadier-General is $6,000 a year; in Great Britain, $4,866.

U-53.—Have U come up again? I think your idea of reading a book and jotting down notes is a splendid one. You can always increase your vocabulary and your ideas by doing so. And now you may torpedo me!

THE FLAPPER; JACK W. G.; KAITI; EVA; ECHO; MAUDE B.; CORALIE; FARNUM FRIEND.—Of course I was glad to hear from you all away across the pond, but you dont seem to ask questions in your very interesting letters. You cant expect me to answer when you dont ask.

ULSTER GIRL.—Most of "Womanhood" was taken on Staten Island, near Brooklyn. You are the only Irish questioner I have. That's right; so you didn't know whether to be a nurse or a motor driver, and you chose the latter. Good luck!

G. L. R., WESTMOUNT.—Thanks for the clipping. But an obstinate man does not hold opinions—they hold him. Wallace MacDonald is in California now. He has been in to see us several times. Be contented with your lot, even if it is no a corner lot.

L. W.—I'm sorry indeed. You ask the name of the most renowned auto factory in the world. Possibly the Fiat is. How about Ford? Trinity Church in New York is 284 feet high, and the Leaning Tower of Pisa, Italy, is 179.

BEVERLY M.—*Charmante!* There are variations of lavender—clematis, orchid, lilac, mauve, wistaria; darker are garnet, burgundy, amethyst and purple. Orchid seems to be the predominating shade for next summer, Nemerov tells me. They'll wear a lot of crêpe-de-chine, but I didn't say where.

D. R. G.—You can reach G. M. Anderson at the Longacre Theater, New York City. You say, "They can conquer who believe they can." I dont agree.

DOUGLAS H.—I dont remember your other letter. Time is the chrysalis of eternity, but I try to answer all questions. Good reputations are not confined to good men. Goodness and good reputation have no more to do with each other than ham and Hamlet. Many a man with an alabaster-finish reputation is paying three dollars a week in his factory week-days and fighting the spread of immorality on Sundays.

ETHEL M.—Anita King was City Mother of Los Angeles, and as such had charge of screen-struck girls who became stranded trying to become stars. Her work won the praise of the police department, the women's clubs and the press. Well, if you feel that way about your friend, dont tell him. A word unspoken is like a sword in the scabbard, thine; if vented, your sword is in another's hands.

RUTH H.—You say that mighty few of us in private life play our parts half as well as some of the poorest actors. I agree with you, so why criticise? Well, how old are you then?

MARIE H.—You say I am an awful lot like sugar—refined. Oh, lady, lady!

ADELE RAE.—You will see a picture of Wallace MacDonald in the Gallery soon. I think I shall have to give you the advice of one of the greatest preachers this country ever produced, Henry Ward Beecher: "Whoever, wherever and however situated a man is, he must watch three things, sleeping, digesting and laughing; they are three indispensable necessities. Prayers are very well and reading the Bible very well indeed, but a man can get along without the Bible, but he cannot without the other three."

WINSOME MARGELL.—Forrest Stanley is on the legitimate. No, "The Deemster" was his last. I dont know of any company who is in the market for five-reel scripts just now. Consult our Mr. Phillips. I admire the personality of that player very much. It's faith in something and enthusiasm for something that makes life worth looking at.

JESSIE H.—You ask who is the most perfectly formed woman, Mary MacLaren, Jerrie Deen or Mary Thurman. You've got me there, Jessie, and besides, I dont like to pass my opinion on such subjects. Oh, no, not a great man. A great man is always willing to be little. Our great men are all simple and democratic.

W. E.—Yes, Frank Keenan has been on the stage.

LAURENCE G.—Glad to know you. Yes, he is versatile. I like a versatile man, but I would rather hear a man say, "This one thing I do," than "These fifty things I dabble in."

AVRILLA B.; CELENIA F. R.; FRISKY; FRISCO; FRITZY; VALERIE; MILDRED; GRACE C.; HELEN L.; MR. T. B., PAUL D. M.; KATHERINE K.; FRENCH-CANADIAN; MILDRED V.—Kind friends, your letters were all interesting, and some of them were exceedingly helpful. Accept my thanks and pardon me for not giving you each an individual answer.

CURIOSITY.—Many thanks for the Southern candy. Haven't had anything like it since I was in Atlantic City. Mighty good of you to think of me.

GIL B., VANCOUVER.—So you think George Fisher and Tom Forman look alike. I fail to see it. Dr. Frank Crane says that the war cost so far, estimated July, 1917, in money to the Entente allies, $70.200.000,000; to the Teutonic, $109,-500,000,000. Cost in men, killed, wounded and missing, to the Entente, 8,992,956; to the Teutonic, 6,301,773; total on both sides, 15,294,729. Great losses since this date, but figures are not available. War is war.

SQUIRREL BILL.—See above for addresses and then send for a list of manufacturers. Your toast is good and far from being dry toast. Roscoe Arbuckle in "Out West."

M. F. S.—Sorry you feel so blue. Lincoln said that "folks are about as happy as they make up their minds to be." Think of something funny. I have never met Mary Miles Minter. Gloria Swanson is back with Keystone.

CEBOLLINA.—Next, please.

DEEDELA.—I certainly enjoyed your clever letter. Why do all the cameramen wear riding-breeches? They have to ride in automobiles, dont they? Dont believe all you hear. No, I dont like such titles as "The Price of a Good Time" and "Those Who Pay."

VERNON H.—I know Mildred Manning well. She was born in New York and at an early age succumbed to the lure of the legitimate stage, where she gained a wide, varied experience. She likes outdoor sports and is an expert horsewoman, swimmer and rifle-shot. A patent obtained in Canada would be void in the United States, I'm sure, unless entered here in the regular way. We did have a Classic cover of Mrs. Vernon Castle.

MINNESOTA SLIM.—You say you could never get up enough speed to write to me. My dear, this is not a race. You dont require speed, but stuff. Robert Leonard is directing for Universal. Lottie Briscoe is somewhere in New York. I seldom flirt. Flirtation is attention without intention.

HILDA F.—You ask why Wallie Van, Florence Turner, Vera Sisson, Helen Badgely and Lamar Johnstone left the movies. Search me! Anyway, several of these haven't.

CHARLOTTE E. H.—Of course I like you to write and ask questions. That's the only way I will earn my salary, isn't it? See February Classic for Olga Petrova cover. How does Doug Fairbanks stand it to play his parts in the movies, and what exercise does he take to enable him to do it? He gets all the exercise he needs while doing his stunts and that keeps him strong.

LUZZI.—The second one for mine. I enjoyed your letter very much. Jewel Carmen is noted as being the girl with the champagne eyes—sparkling but expensive.

PETITE TWINS.—So you expect me to believe all this rubbish you are telling me. You know differently. Some one said that mosquitoes and babies are the "voices of the night," but how about Thomas on the back-yard fence? I would rather stand all three than the present state of the thermometer in my room.

RUTH K.—You should have looked it up in the book of facts. Lincoln was assassinated April 14, 1865; Garfield, July 2, 1881; McKinley, Sept. 6, 1901; Archduke Francis Ferdinand of Austria-Hungary, June 28, 1914. I know of no other Reids. Thanks muchly.

THU JAYS.—I never got your book on Mother Goose. You say since I am in second childhood, I might enjoy it. So you didn't care much for "Thais," but you like Mary Garden.

OLGA, 17.—Who goes there? Ah, and is it you? I thought I recognized your writing and the peculiar twist that you give to your well-chosen words. And it's William Farnum now? Poor Crane!

ALLEN B.—Yes, that was carelessness on the part of the director. Better luck for your scenarios.

MAE G.—Yes, honey, I am on the water-wagon, and always was. I am a butter-milk drunkard. Valeska Suratt has given up pictures temporarily. She was playing in Brooklyn not long ago, and is planning to do one grand big picture next summer—if she is not forgotten by then.

COPEY.—You are so good to me, really. You say I am a regular Abraham. Who was he? Father of a multitude?

CATHERINE.—Olive Thomas is your favorite. She is coming along fast now. Your epistle fairly screeched with patriotism for Uncle Sam and venom for the Kaiser.

G. S. R., WESTMOUNT.—No, I didn't assign your letter to the W. P. B. Lorna Volare was the child in "The Secret of the Storm Country." Thanks for the papers.

LEON B.—He may not be so cold as you think. There is something in all hearts that can be reached, some chord that will give forth sweet music if we only have skill to touch it. See if you cant locate it. Billie Rhodes is 20 years old.

ALIAS IOWA, 14.—It behooves me to say your letter was long and interesting. Most of the pacifists are now trying to get into the army. They know at last that the only way to get peace is to fight for it.

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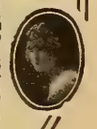
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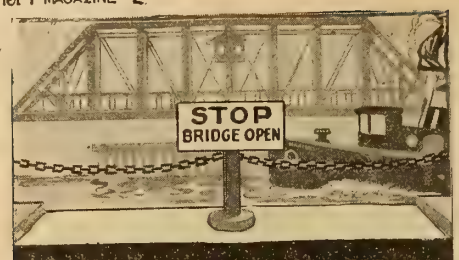
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E. D.—Where have you been? Out to lunch? Mary Pickford had a cover on November 1913, June 1915 and August 1916 Magazines. You can obtain back numbers from our sales manager.

Hazel M. R.—You will make my burdens much lighter by observing these simple rules. No, I have never fallen downstairs on account of my whiskers. I use them as a stole for my suit. I believe the Pearl White cover was the most-talked-of we have ever had. Glad you like them all.

Evelyn L. A.—Glad to hear you talk the way you do.

Hilda B. M.—Well, in making out that coupon for the Hall of Fame, there were many others I would have liked to include, but only 12 were allowed. Sorry it didn't please you, but everybody cant be.

K. E. C.—Harry Northrup is with Metro, playing in the same company with Edith Storey. Every author, in some degree, portrays himself in his works, even be it against his will.

Nathan K.—Thanks for your idea. It sounds good, but I'm afraid we cant put it thru. When a man's whiskers turn gray before the hair on his head, it is usually because he has worked his jaws more than his brains, but the whiskers generally turn gray last, because they are about twenty years younger. Isn't that sound philosophy?

Alecia T. G.—I seldom get letters as beautiful as yours. Wish I could publish your letter. Good books are the warehouses of ideals. Thanks, but age is a matter of feeling, not of years.

Brownie.—You say your first letter to me was not a sociable one. I assure you this one is. Hereafter please read the rules before you write. Lois Wilson was Marjorie in "Alimony."

Have a Heart.—No one has mine. Holland's mines are now producing coal at the rate of 2,000,000 tons a year. What we couldn't do to those mines now! Gladys Brockwell was the vamp, Robert Edeson the preacher, Rhea Mitchell the girl and William S. Hart the bandit in "The Bandit and the Preacher."

Opal S.; Michael B.; Nolan B.; Margaret W.; Marie L. F.; Virginia C.; Barbara D.; E. L. G.; Pearl White Admirer; Lucille F.; Nicholas C.; S. A. G.; Handsome; M. D.; Esther; Edythe I.; An Admirer; Mae B.; Billie R.; Charlotte B.; Violet M. G.; Marcella G.; L. L. P. D. M.; D. E. W.; D. B, 4; N. C.; Black-Eyed Susie.—And to you, my dears, I must say the same—better luck next time.

J. B., Chicago.—You want me to look up your old college chump, Henry A. Tybure, and you say he last lived in Salem. Henry, if you see this, please reply; if you dont see it, never mind.

Ardeth F.—The only address I can give is the company's address, so please dont ask addresses of players. Dont be witty at the cost of others; it is easy, but hateful.

Mildred H.—Revenge may be wicked, but it's natural. Be unnatural this time.

Mollie M.—Titles are prepared in batches, a number of titles being photographed upon a long strip of film, which is then developed in the usual way and a proof print taken. The titles then are cut apart and spliced into the motion scenes as required for the complete film pictures. Julian Eltinge in 1883. No, I dont wear such things as camisoles, barettes and brassieres. They are all foreign to me. Nor have I ever seen a "reconciliation chemise"—what is it?

Frank E. D.—That's a joke. You say if the actresses are stars, the men ought to be stripes. Yes, but they dont want to wear them. I know of no firm who employ beginners. Like Johnson, I am a great friend to public amusements, for they keep people from vice.

Lillian McK.—That's the most wicked thing you can do, to draw pictures of the Answer Man in school. Draw them of your teacher.

Bernice G.—You want me to give you a life motto. Well, here are two: I wish that when I die people will say and feel that the world is a little better for my having lived in it. Another: There is nothing in the universe that I fear, except that I shall not know my duty, or shall fail to do it. You write a very clever letter.

Bessie K.—Here you are! I dont know how you are going to get more votes for the Hall of Fame Contest unless you buy more Magazines. Edward Earle and Betty Howe had the leads in "The Blind Adventure."

John F.—Kind words, kind looks, kind acts and cordial handshakes, these are secondary means of grace when men are in trouble and fighting their unseen battles. Wouldn't thou givest the sufferer only a smile? I say, old chap, where do you come in with that kind of talk? I'm a man thru and thru, from the sole of my feet to the crown of my head, and the next one that calls me out of my sex is going to hear from me?

May B.; Stingaree Admirer; D. A.; Margaret W.; William M.; L. W. W.—Glad to know you all.

R. H. M.—Dont ask me how to pronounce Mary Anderson's Katchina Kokobille. She was telling me all about it, but it's a jaw-breaker. Read Henry Albert Phillips' department in this Magazine. But if you want to know how fast time flies, put a ninety-day note in your bank. Eddie Polo and Vivian Reed in "The Bull's-eye."

Mae Marsh Worshiper.—"The Cinderella Man" has been released. Fannie Ward is with Pathé To a healthy mind the world is a constant challenge of opportunities. Dont wait for opportunity to knock at your door, but go out and hunt her up. Cecil De Mille directed "The Devil's Stone."

Belle T.—Theda Bara, Fred Church and Charles Clary in "Du Barry" Not only is it a fault of yours. When we find it expedient or convenient to believe certain things, we yield, and then learn that it is pleasant to get others to believe likewise. This is why we all like to hear ourselves talk. "Flames of Chance" was a Triangle.

Miss Chicago.—Accept my humblest apology.

Gracie B.—Glad you enjoyed skating. There is no Jimmie on that cast. Margarita Fischer is with American. No stills other than those we used in the Magazine. "For Liberty" with Gladys Brockwell and Charles Clary was a Fox.

S. G.—Yes, I do think one can be in love with one's own sex. It is preferable the other way, tho. Florence LaBadie is dead, but Douglas Fairbanks is not. Not everybody will agree with you about Cleopatra being delightfully feminine, exquisitely refined and highly intellectual.

Brownie V.—A wins. The line "Laugh and the world laughs with you, weep and you weep alone" is not from Shakespeare, but from a living poet, Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Charles Miller directed "Ghosts of Yesterday."

Inez.—You want Frederick Wallace to interview one of the players. Frederick, where art thou?

Billy, 1919.—That will do from you. Dont forget that every woman likes to be admired.

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SOPHOCLES.—Lou-Tellegen is Greek. Glad you take that attitude. I am glad that you and some others are making somewhat of a fuss over the poor old Answer Man while he is alive. We shall all die some time. We roast our big men while they are alive and toast them when they are dead. It doesn't do much good to water last year's crops. I dont want any fuss made over me when I am dead. If there is any fuss to be made over me at all, I want it now. Come on, now, all ye; get busy with your hammers and whitewash brushes.

JEANNE M.—Texas Guinan and Francis McDonald in "The Gun Woman." You ask which class of make-up Harry Thaw is in? That's out of my line. Oh, yes, Mahlon Hamilton in "The Hidden Hand," with Arline Pretty, Doris Kenyon, Sheldon Lewis.

HAPPY IKE.—Glad to know you, Ike. There wouldn't be much action in that story. When you come to think about it seriously, it is absurd to expect uninterrupted stretches of happiness. Happiness falls to our share in separate, detached bliss, and those who are wise content themselves with those broken fragments.

MISS SCOTIA.—Arthur Hoops died in September, 1916.

J. H. C., ABERDEEN.—Frank Borzage was the Pilgrim in the play by that name. Valli Valli had the lead in "The Highroad." Yes, it's always a good policy to leave things before they leave you.

MARY P. C.—Herbert Rawlinson was Harrington in "Come Thru." Stuart Page in "Two Little Imps." Elmer Clifton is directing. Betty Blythe was Lady Thorne in "His Own People."

JUST ME.—Where have you been keeping yourself? I missed you. Edgar Selwyn and Dorothy Dalton in "Pierre of the Plains." Mahlon Hamilton in "The Undying Flame."

FULLER FAN.—What's been keeping you? Vivian Rich is playing for the Fox Company. Marguerite Snow and King Baggot in "The Eagle's Eye." Barbara Tennant was with Williamson brothers last. Yes to the third. You are right. I enjoy letters from you. La Rochefoucauld says, "There is great ability in knowing how to conceal one's ability." Which proves my ability.

M. L. R.—I thank you for your very cordial letter. Antonio Moreno and Pearl White will play in "The House of Hate." Anita King has just been married. You say, "I think that the velocity with which you jump from a lost appendix to papier-mâché and back to frenzied finance would render it extremely difficult for that 'dome,' to which you refer as your chief asset, to maintain its equilibrium." I sometimes lose my balance, but I have never lost my dome.

JEANNETTE, LA.—For your kind note, my thanks. Is this the verse you asked for:

A NEW SONG OF HATE

My Tuesdays are meatless,
My Wednesdays are wheatless,
I'm getting more eatless
Each day.

My home it is heatless,
My bed it is sheetless,
They're all sent to the
Y. M. C. A.

The bar-rooms are treatless,
My coffee is sweetless,
Each day I get poorer
And wiser.

My stockings are feetless,
My trousers are seatless,
By gosh—but I do hate
The Kaiser!

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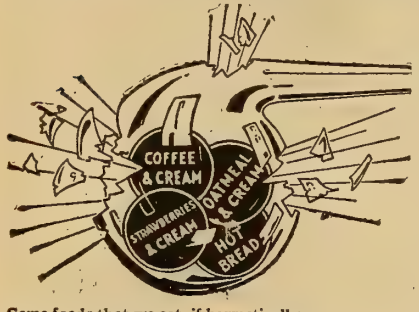
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Soon or Late it Comes!



Some foods that we eat, if hermetically sealed in a thin glass retort as pictured, would literally explode—no wonder we're half sick most of the time!

Soon or late we have to pay for the crimes we commit against our stomachs. The trouble may start with only an occasional gnawing in the stomach or sourness or heaviness after meals, but before we know it, more serious ailments are upon us! 90% of all sickness is due to our *wrong eating habits*. For nearly every malady originates in the stomach or intestinal tract—brought on by unnatural and injurious eating.

We eat without any thought of the particular food requirements of our age, our occupation and the climate we live in. But *WORSE*, we eat without any thought of the relation one food has to another when eaten at the same time.

Some Foods Explode!

All foods are simply combinations of chemical elements. We know that we can't mix certain chemicals without having trouble. Yet we combine **chemically opposed** foods at every meal. These inharmonious food combinations literally explode in the stomach, liberating toxins which are absorbed by the blood and form the root for nearly all sickness, the first indications of which are stomach acidity, fermentation, gas and constipation and many other sympathetic ills leading to disastrous consequences.



Eugene Christian

The noted New York Food Specialist. Has treated over 13,000 cases of stomach and intestinal disorders. Began his study of foods, their properties and different effects upon the human system 20 years ago, when acute stomach and intestinal trouble had him at death's door. Literally, ate his way back to perfect health, without the use of drugs or medicine.

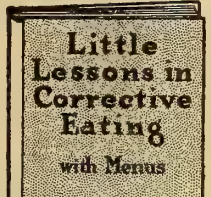
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Do You Know

What foods build fat?
What causes fermentation?
What produces acid stomach?
What foods cause nervousness?
What makes your liver complain?
How vegetables should be eaten?
How much starch your system requires?
What causes constipation and how to avoid it?
When water is beneficial; when it is injurious?
How many different things you should eat at a meal?
Why some foods literally explode in your stomach?
What combinations of food form poisons in the body?
What is one great cause of rheumatism, gout and lumbago?
How foods establish health by removing the causes of disease?
What to eat and what to omit for stomach and intestinal diseases?
How to select the foods to keep you warm in winter and cool in summer?

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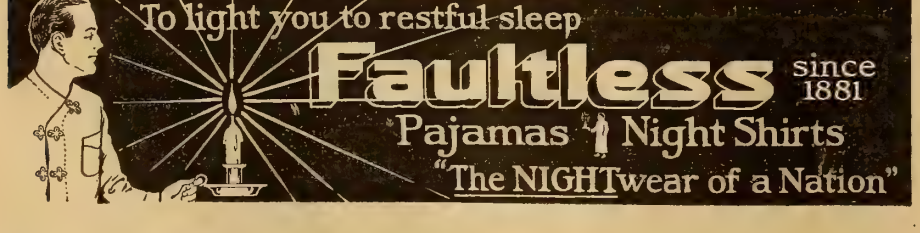
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When Bessie Was Lost in New York

(*Continued from page* 80)

the right directors. Sometimes the work is very hard, but it's always interesting and sometimes it's just fun.

"In 'The Sawdust Ring,' which is one of my favorites, we traveled two weeks with a circus, and I *never* had so much fun. Do you remember the old horse we ran away to play circus with? Well, we got him from the show we traveled with. Wasn't he the most adorably lean, scraggly, unattractive old thing you ever saw? I named him Dewdrop; and it isn't a press story at all, but a real fact, that I bought him when the picture was finished and put him on a ranch near home.

"I liked 'Polly Ann,' too, and 'A Sister of Six' and 'Wee Lady Betty'—in fact, most of my plays. But I like the play I'm working in now best of all. It's called 'Spring of the Year.' Isn't that pretty? I do hope they wont change it. You see the *time* is the spring of the year, and *I* am at the spring of the year in my life, and that is the name of the play in which I work up from chorus-girl to leading-lady, so the name is most appropriate. My part is not at all grown up—I'm just a mischievous, sixteen-year-old girl all the way thru."

"Taxi is waiting!" came a call at the outer door. "Come on, everybody!" called Bessie, exuberantly. "That's one thing I *do* like about New York—the theaters." The next two hours were spent in watching alternately the stage and my companion, who was an appreciative observer of all that was going on before the admiring and interested occupants of the footlights, but entirely oblivious of the near-by seats.

When it was over, Bessie Love thoughtfully regarded the conglomeration of humanity abroad on the Great White Way as our car slowly made its way thru the after-theater crowd.

"It's not so different from Los Angeles—just bigger, that's all," said the loyal little girl of the Golden West. Such an unspoiled love of a girl is "Our Bessie."

The Blue Bird

(*Continued from page* 43)

"Wherever have you been, so early, chickabiddies!" she exclaimed, "and why are you carrying the bird's cage?"

"We took it for the Blue Bird," Tyltyl answered, "but we did not find it. How pleasant it looks in here! and how good that porridge smells, doesn't it, Mytyl?"

Mytyl danced for joy. "I dont believe even the Rich Children have a better breakfast!" she cried. "Oh, I'm so glad to be home! so glad—so glad!"

She went over to the table by the window to set down the empty bird-cage, and uttered a cry that brought Tyltyl to her side. Together they stared and stared again, as tho they could not believe their eyes.

"We hunted everywhere," breathed Tyltyl at last, "and all the time the Blue Bird was right here at home!"

"See how bright his wings are!" Mytyl cried. "They were dull because we didn't see them right. And, oh, Tyltyl, *hush!* Listen——"

On his perch in the sunny window above them the Blue Bird began to sing.

SERVICE TO OUR READERS

Beginning with the March issue of the **Motion Picture Magazine** we adopted a new method of distribution.

Our object in doing this was to render better service for our readers. However, until this new method of distribution has been thoroly systematized, there may be many dealers, especially in the smaller cities and towns, who will not be able to get supplies of our Magazine.

If you are located in a small town, we would suggest you send us in your order direct **now**, and at the same time furnish us with the name of your dealer, so that we may arrange to send him Magazines each month.

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He's a Dog-Gonned Good Actor!

(*Continued from page 78*)

"I have never had any one to look after me. I was born in the squalid part of town, of lowly but honest parents. I lost my mother when the dog-catchers came around one hot summer day. Thereafter I rummaged for myself.

"One day I was strolling down Argyle Street, without anything particular on my mind. I saw a group of boys playing on the corner, and I had half a mind to join them, when one of them whistled.

"I trotted toward them, feeling that maybe I'd get a home out of the bunch.

"Well, the boys seemed friendly enough, but one of them drew out a mouth-harp and began playing. I can never stand to hear a mouth-harp play. And despite my desire to remain inoffensive to the boys, my head rose up, and, nose pointing skyward, I gave vent to a series of mournful howls in remonstrance, as is the custom with my kind, against the unearthly noise.

"Just then a tall man in puttees stopped by the way and smiled down at me. He petted me, ejaculating:

"'Say, Kyoodle, if you can register that in the camera, you're worth fifty a week to us.'

"And he picked me up and carried me away. Presently we entered a big building, thru a door arched with white stone. Thru long halls we walked and emerged into a great room, lit by queer lights that made me blink.

"I was afraid and wanted to run away.

"But just then the man called across the room, and a little girl ran to our side.

"'Mary,' said the man, 'how'd you like this little dog for our new picture? Bobo's not the tenement style of doggie, you know.'

"She turned and looked me over critically. Then she patted my head. I liked her immediately and licked her hand in token of it.

"Well, they made some test pictures of me—barking, scampering with Mary and registering various emotions, such as hunger, anger, and ecstasy. Apparently they turned out all right, for the next day they cast me in 'Sadie Goes to Heaven.'

"I was quick to learn, and when I realized the future that awaited me I worked diligently to succeed.

"But, mind you, now that I have become successful, now that I no longer subsist on alley hand-outs, I am not uppish, not for a minute. I still remember the old days of want, and, remembering them, think about other dogs less fortunate than I. When off duty I find keen pleasure in sneaking off to mingle with my old friends down the street.

"One day I gathered a group of dogs together, told them of my success and led them all into Mr. Van Dyke's office. He's my director, you know.

"'Mr. Van Dyke,' I barked, 'here are some friends of mine who want a try-out in the movies.'

"'What's this?' he cried. 'What breed of dog are they?'

"'You've got me on the fore paw there,' I yelped. 'I guess they're just dog.'"

"And you should have heard the howls that went up. Every one laughed loud and long. And as for my dog friends, they turned tail, let out a series of 'ki-yis' and went scampering away in great embarrassment."

Patsy's autobiography is true.

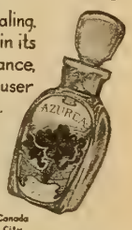
For Patsy Argyle, tho a kyoodle-dog, is truthful. Also he's a dog-gonned good actor!



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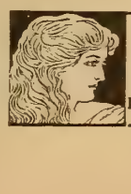


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The Vogue of Norma Talmadge

(*Continued from page 73*)

"'The Moth,' in my opinion, is a striking example of the psychology of color," Miss Talmadge went on. "You know that there was much that was fine in the character of Lucy Gillam, but during the early part of the picture it is completely concealed under the frivolous, heartless exterior of the society girl whose soul has never emerged from its chrysalis.

"In gowning Lucy, it was necessary to use soft pinks and shades without too definite a character, but with a note of coldness. One of my evening gowns was of gold cloth and another of black net. An afternoon frock was of lavender with straight, soft folds.

"Later, when Lucy found her mother heart I wore gowns with positive colors.

"'Poppy' required a different method of gowning from 'The Moth,' naturally, for Poppy was a warm-hearted, impulsive girl who suffered much before she attained happinesss.

"There is something to the psychology of color. The success of 'Poppy' and 'The Moth' may be attributed in no small degree to the fact that I chose my gowns to intensify the emotions I expressed."

Studio Actors Knit With Mary Pickford

(*Continued from page* 46)

what he starts—not only on the war front, but in such things as knitting a sweater—and even the men are taking a great interest in knitting."

Mary is the idol of the studio, and when she pushes a ball of yarn and knitting-needles into the hands of an actor and asks him, with her sunny smile, to get busy, what can he do?

While filming the picture, "Amarilly of Clothes-line Alley," the long benches in the studio where the actors sit awaiting their turn in the scene has been named "Clothes-line Alley," and it has become a hive of industry. It has become an unwritten rule that none may sit and idle, and even George Beban has mastered the intricacies of the knitting-needle and takes as much pride in his stitches as he does in his screen work. And Marshall Neilan, Mary Pickford's director, is utilized to hold the skeins while Miss Pickford rolls the yarn into a ball. Mr. Neilan is not only one of the highest salaried directors in America, but also one of the youngest. He was rejected on account of defective eyesight, but he overlooks no opportunity of "doing his bit."

Mr. Neilan is very patient, and doesn't mind it one bit when a scene is kept waiting while Mary finishes her instructions to a new recruit of "Clothes-line Alley." And he was perfectly lovely and never said a word when it was discovered that a big scene had to be retaken because one of the girls had hung a skein of yarn on the camera and had left ravelings on the lens which loomed up like three-inch ropes in the picture.

Miss Pickford's knitting hobby is well known, and an enterprising girl, in filling an application, after answering all the questions relating to her capabilities and experience as an actress, added the naïve remark: "I am also an exceptionally fast knitter."

She got a job.

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Sweets to the Sweet

(*Continued from page* 88)

'rest,' if one can call going from one job to another 'resting.'

"I am glad to get back to the stage for a time," she said, reaching for her rose-colored slippers, "and am fortunate in having a long Broadway engagement. I have my little apartment and live quite like a regular person. I'm not very domestic; you see, I have been on the stage since I was seven years old and have not had time; but I like my home and like to fuss around and make salads, and especially candy. I'll tell you how to make some Christmas candy, tho it seems frivolous when the soldiers need the sugar. But I'll tell you," she said, stepping from her kimono into her stage frock, all shimmering and golden-hued. "You know, there's going to be a famine in candy, and the soldiers are crazy for 'sweets,' so we will call it 'sweets for the soldiers,' then no one can possibly object. Also, one can use more fruit and less sugar in the making, thus economizing on sugar."

At a distance the orchestra was playing; the exquisite strains from "The Riviera Girl" came stealing thru the halls. "I must go," said Miss Day, standing in front of her mirror and perching an adorable hat, also shimmering and golden-hued, atop her dark head. The last call shrilled, and, with a wave of the hand and a smiling adieu, the dainty vision danced off to the waiting audience.

Fig Fudge—Wash and dry one-fourth pound of figs and chop them. Put one pound of brown sugar and one cupful milk into saucepan and dissolve. (Evaporated milk, diluted "half-and-half," may be used, or water alone.) Add one-half tablespoonful butter and pinch of cream of tartar. When it boils, add figs and boil to a soft ball when tried in cold water. Remove pan from fire, add one teaspoonful lemon extract, a pinch of salt, then stir until it begins to grain. Quickly pour into buttered pan; mark in squares when half cold.

Fruit Fudge—Put one tablespoonful butter, two cupfuls milk, two tablespoonfuls cocoa, a pinch of salt and one cupful of evaporated milk (diluted half) in saucepan and stir until it boils, then allow to boil until it forms a soft ball when tested in cold water. Remove from fire, add one-half cupful raisins, one-half cupful chopped walnuts, one teaspoonful vanilla; beat mixture until thick and creamy. Put back on stove and heat, stirring until melted, then pour into buttered tins. When partly cool, mark into neat squares.

Ginger Crystals—Soak one envelope of gelatin in cold water ten minutes. Put two cupfuls granulated sugar and one cupful boiling water in saucepan, place on range and when sugar is dissolved add soaked gelatin. Bring to boiling point and boil fifteen minutes. Remove from fire, add one tablespoonful lemon juice and one-half cupful crystallized ginger cut in small pieces. Turn into pan dipped in cold water. Let stand overnight, cut in oblong shapes. Roll in fine granulated sugar and let stand to crystallize.

Christmas Candy Supreme—Melt two squares chocolate in double boiler. Add three cupfuls sugar, one cupful sour cream while stirring constantly. Let boil until mixture will form a soft ball when tried in cold water. Remove from fire, add one envelope gelatin that has been soaked in a little water ten minutes. When it has dissolved add one-fourth teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-half cupful raisins, one-half cupful candied cherries, one-fourth cupful chopped walnut meats. Beat until creamy, turn into buttered pans. Cool and cut in slices. The mixture may be put in individual tins and a sprig of holly inserted in top of each.

Cream Chocolate Candy—Dissolve two cupfuls brown sugar and one-half cupful water over fire and boil until it spins a heavy thread. Add one tablespoonful butter (melted), one teaspoonful orange or vanilla extract and one cupful shredded cocoanut. Stir until creamy, pour into buttered pan, and when partly cool mark into squares.

Mint Paste—Put two cupfuls sugar and two-thirds cupful water in saucepan, bring to boiling point, add one and one-half envelopes gelatin that has been soaked in a little water and let boil twenty minutes. Remove from fire, add two tablespoonfuls lemon juice, four tablespoonfuls crême de menthe and a few grains of salt. Color with a few drops of green coloring, turn into a pan first rinsed in cold water. When set, remove, cut in cubes and roll in powdered sugar.

The Japanese Point of View

(*Continued from page* 35)

America, the Japanese mission is the only one that did not ask for money," said Hayakawa.

"The Allies need not fear for Japan's part. Honor is a sacred thing in Japan, and we are bound in honor by our treaty with England. Japan is prepared to send millions of Japanese troops to Europe and to turn over her whole merchant marine. Japan is willing to take charge of transporting the American troops to Europe on either ocean and to furnish the warships to convoy the transports as well."

I asked him what would happen in Europe following this war. He gave me a peculiar reply.

"My studies of the classics of China and Japan, as well as my observation of modern history, have shown me this: that China's destiny moves onward in cycles of fifteen. From the earliest dawn of history you will find that China sinks for fifteen years, then rises for fifteen years. She experiences misfortune for fifteen years; then her luck turns, as you might say.

"I think it would be well for all the great nations to take notice of the fact that China has been experiencing a period of what you would call 'slump' for the last fifteen years. Her fifteen-year period is about over. Very soon she is due to begin the upward stroke. She will soon begin to rise. She has 300,000,000 people. Need I say more?"

The Economist

By L. M. THORNTON

I've cut my expenses on candy,
I've fixed my old gown over twice,
I've learnt to be clever and handy
In making left-overs taste nice.
I once was unstable and fickle,
Now careful and prudent I go,
But I've still got a nice shiny nickel—
The price of a good movie show.

I once took a car to the baker's,
I find that the walk does me good;
I've cut out the fancy-cake makers,
As all prudent housekeepers should.
I'm a model, let all people read it,
The hint that I want them to know
Is: Save and you'll have when you need it—
A nickel to go to the show.



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"My Most Difficult Scene"

(*Continued from page 49*)

revenge. All her cynicism is breaking away, swept before the nobility of love. Her desire for vengeance against the law is gone. She feels that she has been instrumental in bringing her stanch friend, Garson, to his death, and her husband to public shame. The soul of Mary Turner, crystallized with hatred for the law, is sensitized, quivering with new life. It is the poignant moment—the great denouément—when every hope of life is being swept out, leaving not a trifle of wreckage to cling to.

"During my first rehearsal of this episode I was inclined to give way to the frenzy of hysteria. Then I realized that a girl who had suffered disgrace, privation and terror and who had set about the reconstruction of her life and the defeat of the law that persecuted her was dominated by mind, not emotion. She might have died from the repression of her grief perhaps, but she never would have succumbed to hysteria.

"Furthermore, violent, ungoverned action does not convey the reality of suffering on the screen as does a calm that seems to come from numbed power with just the reflection of inner torture thru the eyes and tremulous lips. Some one said that 'with a proper background a woman can accomplish anything.' I know this to be true. I know that the difficult scene I have described was more easily enacted because of the convincing powers of Harry Morey's 'Garson.' Had either of us been less in earnest, the big moment might have been lost.

"In my short career as a Motion Picture actor," says Charles Ray, "I have had many difficult scenes. However, I have in mind a scene in 'The Family Skeleton' which, for various reasons, was exceedingly hard to depict. It is a heredity story, and the boy has succumbed to whiskey as did his father before him. He goes to the slums of the city to get away from his friends so he may fight his battle out alone without an audience of critics.

"One night, on a slumming party, the girl of the story finds the boy in a state of stupid intoxication. She speaks his name, and what follows is what I call a hard scene, because it is all mental, and mental acting is very difficult, thanks to the man who invented the close-up. Otherwise we would still have to resort to the physical, or action solely, to get a scene over.

"As he hears his name spoken the boy raises his head from the table. It seems to waken him from his stupor. The voice seems to come out of the air—from nowhere in particular. It slightly frightens him. He looks from right to left and behind him, then back, and straight across the table in front of him is the form of his sweetheart.

"It startles him, as he is sure it wasn't there a moment before. It must be the drink. Yes, the drink has taken hold on him—it is the last stage. The D. T.'s will be next in all their forms and agonies. His hand goes to his eyes to try and blot out the sight, and then he peeks thru his fingers to see if he isn't mistaken. At least the form is still there. It couldn't be Helen; she could never have found him. He told her he was going to the mountains. He stretches his hand across the table to make sure—slowly—because he is half afraid she will vanish, and he would like her company. His hand touches her soft fur coat, then her slender arm, and he knows it is not a vision. She is real! She sees his awful condition. What must she think of him? He had promised to drink no more; he has lied to her. He withdraws his hand, covers his face and sinks to the table in weakness, dejection and shame.

"Do you see the picture? At least I hope that when you see it upon the screen you will realize the meaning, the throes of emotion thru which I was (seemingly) passing, in trying to depict the fear that my vision was true—then my fear that it wasn't true—and my final abasement as I realized the depths of degradation to which I had fallen and the realization that my sweetheart was a witness of it."

Valentine Grant says that of all the difficult scenes she has had to enact before the camera the hardest of all to put across was a scene in "The Belgian":

"It was the scene where Victor leaves me, a little Belgian maid, after vowing eternal love, and goes to Paris to become a great sculptor. After months of labor, Victor is acclaimed by fashionable France and is looked upon with special favor by a beautiful countess, who promptly deserts him when he joins his regiment and is temporarily blinded.

"He returns to the little fishing village and asks me to be friends with him. The little Belgian whom I interpreted had enough French in her to enable her to do some quick thinking, and enough of the stoic Belgian in her to make her suffer in loving patience. So I had to express the deep grief in my heart at the wrong he had done me, and at the same time remain the stoic Belgian who could repulse the man she loved and let him go away. It was a great moment, because there were two emotions to express at the same time, and the only way to do it was to throw myself into the character and live every emotion."

Movie Rhapsodies

Raps by KARL W. KESSLER

The woman on the left of me is impolite. She insists that Julian Eltinge's ankles do not mate. Gracious, how dared she look?

Find me the director who knows how to smile when a couple hundred feet of perfectly good film goes to blank because the leading-lady sneezed just as the hero kist her, and I'll show you a liberal-minded man!

God pity the girl who thinks the star's life a bed of roses. It seldom is, and when it is, she never gets a chance to sleep in it because there is too much work to be done standing up, and there are only twenty-four hours in a day.

There is one thing about a movie kiss that can be recorded in its favor: the participants seldom spread germs. The average intensity of a kiss before the camera is nil.

Many a sweet young thing decks herself in the finest and spends her last dollar for a ticket to Movie City, where she hopes to win fame and fortune. About as many return to the old homestead, foot-sore and body-sore, completely disillusioned and nursing bruises they received while "extraing" in Scene Twelve of "The Department Store Angel," in which five thousand women clash at the bargain counter on Monday morning.

The old saying, "Give a woman the chance and she will hang herself," if made applicable to the movie world, would read, "Give an actress the chance and she will hog the scene!"

Now *shoot!*

The Beloved Traitor

(*Continued from page 65*)

"Le's drink to pretty 'Beacon'—no, *'Bacon'*—no, *'Beacon,'*" he proclaimed—"pre' 'Beacon,' standin' in park, sorter chilly—Johnny, you ol' sonvegun, you, you——"

But Johnny had made a flying leap across the room. He had but one idea in his astounded head—no, craving—to kiss again the hem of the simple gown of the girl who stood there staring at him.

"Hands off!" he shouted, dangerously, and knocked the hands of the discoverer from Mary's shrinking shoulder. "Mary!" he breathed then, "oh, Mary—Mary——"

The babel persisted. The crowd insisted. "Where you been hidin' her? For shame, you miser, pretendin' to live shingle life! . . . Myrna, muh love, our John's a gay Lothario; he's been deceivin' you!"

John turned, desperately. "Be still, you fools!" he commanded. "You are in the presence of—this girl is my ward, my half-sister——"

A scream of derision rent the lofty ceiling. "My eye, that ancient tale again! . . . Got a beard on it, Johnny! . . . You may go as a sculptor, but as a liar—oh, John!"

Paul Drayton's voice was the loudest of the crowd. Myrna stood perfectly still, watching John, who stood with his arm about Mary's shoulder.

Drayton stepped out of the mob. "Come across, Drake," he said; "where have you been hiding the model, and why the h-ll dont you play the game straight?"

For answer John's right hand left Mary's shoulder and placed itself emphatically in Paul Drayton's face. Immediately there was chaos. The bodies of the two infuriated men locked and wheeled about the dining-room and into the workshop of the studio. Suddenly there was a clamor from the crowd. "The statue—'The Beacon'—look—*out!*"

The statue, brought into the studio that morning for some repair work, was about to crash to the floor, after impact with the men, when Mary intervened, and fainted under the blow of it.

The men separated, and John picked up the unconscious girl. The dead whiteness of her face was streaked with a trail of crimson. His own face deadened. "I wish you'd all go," he said.

Myrna Bliss stepped up to him. Her face was twisted with the mingled rages of jealousy, hurt pride, lost possession and revenge.

"I wish you and your model good luck, you *traitor!*" she hissed. "But be a little bit more careful of her *successor* when you have dinner parties."

John Drake looked at her as tho he were seeing her for the first time. And he was. Then he held out his left, disengaged hand. "The game is quits, Myrna," he said; "I think we're about even. Good-by."

The girl ignored his proffered hand. She left on the arm of a somewhat shaky Paul Drayton.

An hour afterward Mary opened her eyes. John kist them, half fearfully. "Eyes that are calling me home," he whispered. Then, looking away from her, "Mary, I have done the work of my hands, but the marks of the toil have been *dirty* marks. I, dear . . ."

Mary looked up at him wistfully. In her eyes now shone something unspeakably tender. "If you love me, John," she said, softly, "that is enough—for me——"

But the man at her feet did not hear her. He was kissing the hem of her dress and staining the tips of her shoes with his penitential tears.



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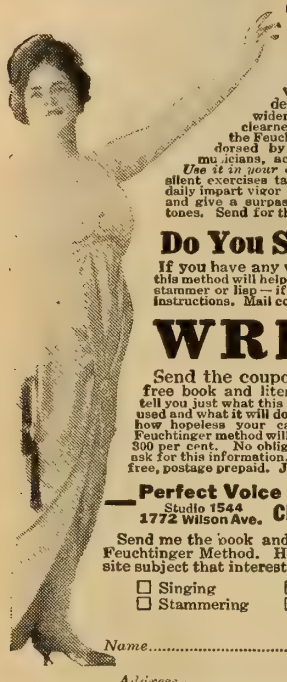


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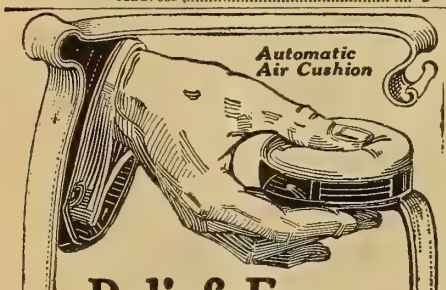
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Photodrama in the Making

(*Continued from page 60*)

done thru a criticism of ultimate and practical effort. One may not point out an erroneous effect without grounding the aspirant in the nature, principles and method of the CAUSE wherein the flaw really lay. Criticism without construction is very bad. Hector Turnbull may be a good critic of a screened play after all and yet be a poor teacher of photoplay writing. There is a petulant note in the lines here that makes me distrust the writer's opinion for a moment. I would have to examine the documents in the case.

"It then became plain to me why a free-lance writer could never hope to get much thru the studios. For what consideration may the free-lance writer expect to receive from less eminent sources? Also, why should a free-lance writer unsolicited send any concern, after such an experience, anything at all? And why should concerns as a whole thru their white-washers, the movie magazines, solicit offers of manuscripts when they have paid staff contributors, unless for the purpose of turning over to such staff contributors the original plot of the free-lance for a masquerade dressing that the original writer would not readily recognize, and then return the script with the polite information that it cannot be used? IS IT WORTH WHILE?"

It does not become as plain to me why the free-lance should despair. FREE advice or instruction outside the public schools—which the public pay highly to maintain—is worth little. You cant get something for nothing. The reason why a writer sends material unsolicited is because he hopes there is an opportunity for selling it. He makes himself the Company's debtor and must place himself in an ingratiating position. There is no law compelling a writer to send material unsolicited, except that of self-profit. I do not wholly agree with the last plaint. I think the Companies themselves are above suspicion. But there is grave DANGER of what is implied in permitting *active writers* of photoplays to see, read and absorb the unsold ideas and manuscripts of struggling writers. *It is ethically wrong.* What my correspondent mentions has been done again and again and is being done NOW. This is a matter of individual integrity. "To err is human" and it is quite possible that superhuman employees dot the horizon of editorial offices. It was ever thus.

(*This letter and answers to it will be concluded in the next issue*)

WHAT YOU WANT TO KNOW

J. A. M., Kingston.—The matter of the employment of snakes in photoplays is not quite in my line. I would suggest that you take it up with some producer, tho I fear that it is not a practical thing.

J. B. F., Cineland.—You have seen by this time that the Synopsis is a work of from 2,500 to 7,000 words.

Leon Sazie, Paris.—I thank him for his New Year greetings, and wish him and his splendid France peace with victory during this year of trial.

G. H. B., Pittsburg.—A reel is theoretically one thousand feet of film; it requires about seventeen minutes to project and contains from twenty-eight to fifty scenes.

A. F., Joliet.—You may have a Synopsis copyrighted only in the event you have it *printed,* thus giving it the semblance of published material; nothing is gained by having your work copyrighted.

E. M. S., Timmonsville.—A List of Markets was published in this Department some time ago; a printed copy of this List will be sent you on receipt of 12 cents in stamps. I do not sell plays for writers; I should advise them to try themselves to sell them.

In connection with Mr. Phillips' series of articles on photoplay writing, we wish to suggest a list of valuable reference and text-books. We will be pleased to supply them at the prices named:

"The Photoplaywrights' Primer." By L. Case Russell ..... 50c., postpaid
"Writing the Photoplay." By Arthur Leeds and J. Berg Esenwein..... $2.10, postpaid
"The Art of the Moving Picture." By Vachel Lindsay ..... $1.35, postpaid
"The Photodrama." By Henry Albert Phillips.. $2.10, postpaid
"The Universal Plot Catalog." By Henry Albert Phillips ..... $1.25, postpaid



NONSENSE VERSE FROM AN OLD SEA DOG

Naval Training Station,
Norfolk, Virginia, January 12, 1918.

DEAR SIR: In reading the answers to the various questions asked in your magazine, I was inspired to write the enclosed nonsense verse.

You have my permission to publish same if you think it would interest any one of the many readers of your worthy publication.

Very truly yours,
S. F. EVERETT,
Chief Yeoman, U. S. N.

Please answer the foregoing
In your movie magazine,
Of things I want to know about
The actors on the screen.

Tell me, is Louise Lovely,
Or is that just her name?
Is Blanche as Sweet as Pretty,
Or is her's just the same?

Do they read trashy novels?
I'd like to know indeed;
What kind of books does Betty Wright,
And what does Wallace Reid?

How old is Ethel Clayton?
(She's one I do adore);
If Louise Huff is twenty,
Is Ethel Barrymore?

Methinks if facts were Bara (barer),
We fans would all (re) Joyce
To know that "Jerry" Farrar
Retains her pretty voice.

Are movie actors thrifty?
Are any of them poor?
If Mary Pickford paid her bills,
Would she be Owen Moore?

I love all movie actors,
I'm crazy 'bout their art;
Each one has built a Castle
In the Garden of my Hart.

The Play's the Thing!

(*Continued from page 68*)

most unexpectedly sometimes. One of the best 'rube' plays I ever did was from an idea that came to me right in New York. The other night we were at the theater and I found an idea. Not from the play on the stage, but from people in the audience."

"Ideas are everywhere. I shouldn't be surprised if Miss Loos had found one right in this dining-room while we have been talking," ventured Mr. Emerson.

"Didn't you regret leaving Mr. Fairbanks?" I wanted to know.

"Certainly," said Miss Loos. "One always dislikes giving up associations that are pleasant. But Mr. Fairbanks decided to get away from satirical comedies and try a new type of play. We do our best work in satirical comedies. That's our specialty, so naturally we ventured forth to pastures new."

"Now, look here, Anita," said John Emerson, "of course we liked Mr. Fairbanks and regretted leaving him, but the real reason, speaking for myself, was that I wanted to get away from California. I never felt well there. I was never myself. 'Perpetual sunshine' sounds very poetical, but it isn't—it's too hot to be poetical. It gets on your nerves and gets your eyes 'on the blink,' and you long for just a few hours of gloom. It fades your clothes, your good disposition, your energy and ambition—even your morals."

"And it's so dusty you have to change your clothes three times a day, and then you're never clean," put in Miss Loos, eager to do her bit.

"There really are beautiful roads, and you get in your car and think now surely this lovely road must go somewhere—but it doesn't," interrupted John the Emancipated. "It's like Raymond Hitchcock's song, 'All dressed up and nowhere to go.'"

I was listening in breathless amazement.

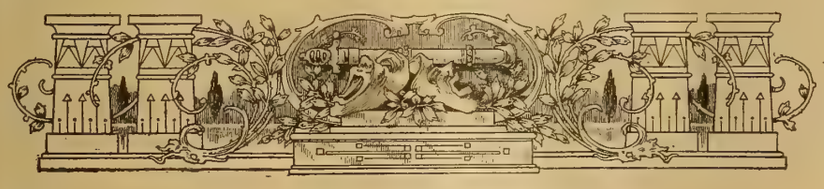
"Well," I managed to articulate, "you people must be different—or else those press-agents——"

"Forget the press-agents," said John Emerson, "and let *me* tell you!

"If ever you get to the place where you care no more about 'pep' or ambition, and want a place to live cheaply, a little bungalow, a little Ford, some kind of a society to belong to, a new kind of religion—in short, a place to die in—California's a good place to go. But,—never again!"

And now we're wondering!

If those two amazing people could accomplish so much in a land where there's no "pep," and where the very atmosphere is deadly to ambition, what will they do when they really begin doing things in li'l ole New York?



Letters to the Editor

We may not all agree with our fiery friend, Thomas Finnerty, 73 South Second Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., but at least he presents his case in an entertaining manner. There will always be a market for serials—they are the film grandchildren of the sacred dime-novel:

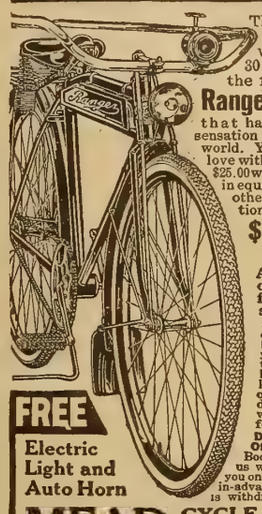
Films may come and films may go, but serials go on forever. Which is a sort of an introductory statement to the fact that I have finished seeing the last episode of Pearl White's latest offense. Now, Miss White is a talented young lady, and Fred Jackson, who admits he wrote the story, is the author of some very entertaining fiction. But Mr. Jackson has fallen into a very common error. The people who are responsible for these serial thrillers appear to believe that film fans want acrobatics and rough-and-tumble mix-ups instead of acting. And the stories concocted by our enterprising scenario writers would make Nick Carter, Old King Brady and the rest of the bloody crew, whose adventures we devoured in our youth, turn green with envy. Such items as cellars which are automatically inundated with our sport-shirted hero therein are as common in serials as black flowing ties at an I. W. W. convention. And when the sneering villain imprisons the handsome hero, we are not at all surprised to observe that the walls of the room are closing in on him. Such happenings occur with too great a frequency in movie serials to be viewed with concern. That they do not succeed in their dastardly attempt to flatten our hero is due no doubt to the fact that he hasn't been standing long enough to get flat.

Then there is another method of assassination in which movie murderers are particularly *au fait*. This consists of imprisoning the victim and shooting knives at him thru chinks in the wall, after which pleasant little attentions they go thru the sacred rites of drinking his heart's blood. Our hero, however, is something of a hard-boiled egg, and refuses to be stuck for the drinks, and it then devolves upon the author to extricate him from his predicament. There are many other amiable little aids to a sudden demise which the villain has up his sleeve for our hero, with which, however, I will not take up your space. To the reader who is desirous of becoming a first-class murderer and at the same time avoiding the crude and hackneyed method of slipping rough-on-rats in the victim's Oolong, I would suggest a thoro and comprehensive study of the yellow-back weeklies which dispense large gobs of murder, arson, blackmail, counterfeiting, grave-robbing and every other crime on the menu at five cents per dispense.

People who would be shocked by the mere thought of reading such blood-curdling literature as "Old Sleuth" or "Cap Collier" will go to the movies week after week and see the same old bag of tricks picturized. What's the answer?

Miss White's last serial, which is

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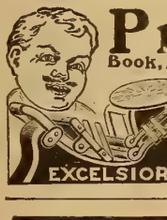
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called "The Frozen Doughnut," or something equally as sensible, compares very favorably with the justly famous Donnybrook Fair.

It chronicles the adventures of a good burglar, who is designated by a sacred lizard to get a mysterious diamond from Pearl, which diamond has, of course, been stolen in Arabia or some such place. The good burglar has a lovely set of manners, but his brother members of the Order of the Lizard are not so refined. While he is trying to pinch the diamond in a polite, gentlemanly fashion, his roughneck lodge brothers are continually prowling around, possibly to see that he doesn't find a second father in his uncle and hock the ice. These birds are done up like Black Handers are supposed to look, and ever and anon (mostly the latter) one of them is discovered hiding in the refrigerator or the bathtub. After a realistic struggle, in the course of which they smash seven or eight Louis XIV chairs (made in Grand Rapids), our hero beats up about a dozen men, not counting the three he knocked out of the window with one swing of his mighty right arm. As it is only the first reel, he lets them escape with the warning that if they repeat the offense in the second reel he wont be so lenient. Rough-house tactics prevail, however, and such drastic measures as massaging a gent's skull with a chair are employed by our hero—all to no avail. Tony, the five-cent barber, and his murderous gang of $1.50 per day supers are not to be deterred by mere love-taps. Seeing that their game wont work, they write Pearl a letter, giving her fifteen days to settle her earthly affairs, unless she comes across with the diamond. Instead of using the post-office, the gang use the most approved dime-novel method of getting their letter to Pearl. They take an efficient-looking dagger, stick it in the letter and throw it in Pearl's window. Pearl evinces no surprise whatever at this playful little jest. You see, Pearl has acted in series before, and is aware of the fact that first-class union assassins never have the price of a two-cent stamp. The profession has been hit hard by the war.

Serial thrillers may be interesting enough for people who want excitement and who are not endowed with a sense of humor. Speaking for myself, such pictures remind me forcibly of the old Keystone slapstick stuff. And why, oh, why, should anybody who wants to see a scrap spend a dime when he can see just as good in 'most any livery stable for nothing?

P. F. Leahy, 245 East Second Street, North, Portland, Ore., is with us again. Brother Leahy has the uncommon faculty of waiting until he has something to say, and then saying it with a big bang. His present criticism is highly justifiable:

Douglas Fairbanks' stories are all cut out of the same piece of goods with only a slightly different pattern. William S. Hart is always the bad two-gun man who is reformed or the good two-gun man who is the reformer. Mary Pickford still fluffs, smiles, pouts, shakes her curls and stamps her feet thruout more or fewer reels. Why cant they give her a real, grown-up débutante part, like the Little American, but more original and with more plot? She is a clever little actress or was, unless it has been smothered out of her by tiresome stories. "Poor Pauline" Frederick has been treated nearly as badly, altho there is more interest and suspense in her plays than in "Little Mary's." Miss Frederick is undoubtedly one of the most beautiful and most forceful actresses yet screened, and it is next to a crime to waste her beauty and talents.

Norma Talmadge? Well, you know I always have had a large, warm spot in my heart for that young lady ever since her "bit" days with Vitagraph. She is simply wonderful. She has beauty—more than enough. She has remarkable ability and versatility, and she has *youth*. I would rather see Miss Talmadge than any other two stars. Her personality is the most pleasing and the most gripping of them all.

Now, there are several names that are immense drawing cards, and yet they have not been "starred." Personally, I hope they never are. They are getting good material now and are not "one-part" performers.

I refer chiefly to Tom Moore, Harry Morey, Frank Losee, Adele De Garde and others. Tom Moore is splendid; there is no other word describes him. He has splendid appearance, ability, personality and he makes one feel as if he were an old friend. He is *real* and the most natural of them all. He may not be so versatile as Harry Morey, who is strong in any character, but Tom Moore is such a boyish, wholesome sort of a person.

You hear people say (I have said it myself): "Oh, I'm sick and tired of Fairbanks, or Hart, or Marguerite Clark." Well, they dont mean exactly that—I know I dont. We are tired of the sameness in their pictures. They are as clever as they ever were, more so probably, for there is such a thing as advancement even for stars, but they have no opportunity to show such development. The little one-reelers that Mary Pickford used to do in the Biograph days were gems, even tho they would appear crude today, but they gave her a chance to vary her characterization. She would be a little Indian girl once, a "mender of nets" in another, a more or less grown-up person in another and so on. It is true with all the others, tho they are not such pioneers as she in that field. Fairbanks was a star from the start, and I dont know but that is a handicap. All the public has seen him do on the screen is climb buildings, jump fences and grin. He *must* be able to do other things.

Dont you, Mr. Editor, think I am right? I should think the producers or the directors would "get wise to themselves" and figure out something to put new life into their releases. Out of the hundreds of scenarios they must receive daily, I'll bet you I could pick out stories, tho perhaps they'd need remodeling and pruning, would still be worth while. They should give the public a little change. They figure that because some one has made a hit in a certain sort of part, that is what the public wants that particular some one to do forever and anon. Dont you let them believe it. We're aching for a chance for some versatility display.

Rafael Saliva, Mayaguez, Porto Rico, sends the following interesting information:

If I had been visiting in the States and happened to be in St. Louis during the race riots, would that have been a reason for me to report that in the United States the people live in continual disturbances, that negroes are usually burnt alive, and so on? Surely not.

Eugenia Keleher has written an article

in your January Magazine about the movies in Porto Rico, an article which would have sounded all right five or six years ago, but not now. And it is with the object of making clear some points which must have carried a false impression to the readers of the Magazine that I write you.

First of all, what kind of films are brought to Porto Rico? Cowboy films are very seldom seen here. There is an inclination toward real life pictures, altho fighting scenes are very much liked by the uncultured classes (same as everywhere). At least twenty serial pictures have been brought here, including "The Exploits of Elaine," "Neal," "The Shielding Shadow," "Liberty," "The Great Secret," "Pearl of the Army," "Gloria's Romance," "Patria," "The Fatal Ring," etc. The feature pictures include such films as "Civilization," "Tears and Smiles," "The Common Law," and thousands of others. All these films have been shown in the leading towns and cities (thirty or forty in number), and not in two cities, as the writer of the article says.

We are acquainted with such stars as Ruth Roland, Pearl White, Mary M. Minter, Beverly Bayne, Grace Darmond, Mrs. Vernon Castle, Billie Burke, etc., and Francis Bushman, R. Bottomley, H. Lockwood, C. Wilbur, C. Hale, and many others. I must not forget Francesca Bertini, whose pictures are enjoyed very much by our people.

As for the people in the theater and their conduct, it is not exactly as the writer says. The majority are whites and not blacks, as is true with the population of the island. Naked children are no more common than in the poor districts of the United States, and in no true city or town does one find them around the theaters. Men are not allowed to keep their hats on, nor to smoke during the performances, for the law punishes such breaches of behavior.

What she says about announcing the shows seemed very funny to me. All kinds of queer ways are resorted to, but in the larger part of the island pianos are not used for that purpose. During the performance, a piano, violins and a flute are almost always used.

I end my remarks with satisfaction for having cleared up these facts, and thank the writer for what she says about the scenery of the island. It is true, and it would be difficult to find a more picturesque and beautiful setting for a photoplay than in Porto Rico.

Bushman fans, get ready your ammunition, and fire back at Mary Morton and Evelyn Bayless, Stonewall Jackson College, Abingdon, Va.:

We cannot tolerate any one praising the name of Francis X. Bushman to such an extent as Mrs. W. F. Crawford did. Francis Bushman *is* a has-been. He has seen his best days as well as Earle Williams and King Baggot. I hope you do not think we feel towards all actors as we do towards these three. He is *so very* egotistical that he never loses his self-consciousness for even a moment. We enjoyed his pictures for three or four times, yet his is a face of which one tires *very* easily. His face may attract some who do not notice the lack of facial expression in it.

The only reason we go to see some of his pictures is to see "beautiful" Beverly Bayne. If I were Miss Bayne I would not waste my acting ability on such an actor.

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Oh, I made a mistake by calling him an actor, because when one is a real actor you are never conscious that he is acting. Why does not Beverly Bayne act with a truly fine actor? Or it would even be *much* better for her career if she *would* be the sole star in her pictures.

Wallace Reid, for instance, is in dire need of a good leading-woman. Kathlyn Williams and Myrtle Stedman simply give us the indigestion. Wallace Reid will be as unpopular as Francis Bushman if he does not obtain a better leading-woman. He is one of the handsomest actors on the screen and also has fine acting ability.

Harold Lockwood is also very much admired and is a prime favorite among both sexes. So let's take off our hats to Harry. Oh, when will sweet May Allison return to play with Harold Lockwood? He has many good-looking leading-ladies, yet we *would* like to see May Allison opposite him again. Harold Lockwood is *very, very* handsome and his pictures are enjoyable.

Charlie Chaplin is poor and looks more like the chief mourner in a funeral than a comedian. People are tired of this silly comedy and want something really funny. The five-year-olds may enjoy it, but we do not think intelligent people possibly could. Charlie is bad enough, but excuse me from Lonesome Luke and Billie West. Billie tries to imitate Charlie Chaplin, but if he wants to imitate some one, why does he not imitate a real comedian like Max Linder? Why does not Charlie go to France and stop bullets and let us see Max occasionally?

Another imitator is Vivian Martin. Marguerite Clark is too sweet for words, but we cannot bear to see Vivian Martin imitate her as she did in "The Wax Model." That was one of Vivian Martin's best pictures, yet you cannot help being impressed by the way she acted like our beloved Marguerite Clark. Vivian Martin is very sweet, *except* when she frowns, but it seems that the only other emotion she can express, besides smiling, is frowning Why that frown, Vivian? I know we all have occasion to frown sometimes, yet you carry it to the extreme and it makes you look hideous.

Bessie Love is a wonderful little actress because she does not act. She seems to live the part. Viola Dana is *very, very* beautiful and is an actress who deserves much praise and plays emotional parts with skill.

The Gish sisters are both very charming. They are ultra-feminine. Lillian's face is as pure and beautiful as a lily. She reminds one of an angel. Dorothy is so cute.

Fannie Ward will do but for that fluffy nest that is supposed to represent hair. Really it makes one want to tear it down and comb it. She looks and acts like sweet sixteen.

Earle Williams is another one of those has-beens. You cannot expect the silent drama to progress with such old-timers. Perhaps they would do if they were young, yet there are some entirely out of question.

Mary Pickford is so beautiful and unaffected. Her pictures are enjoyed by young and old alike.

If there were more Anita Stewarts and less Francis X. Bushmans, the Motion Pictures would be Paradise. Anita is very young and beautiful, and a very talented actress.

We consider Mae Marsh and Mae Murray two fine actresses. The wonderful portrayals of Pauline Frederick and Olga Petrova prove them to be two of the best emotional actresses of the screen.

As for the vampires (those wicked women of the screen), none of them can hold a candle to Theda Bara. Of course there are other vampires who are splendid in their rôles, such as Virginia Pearson, Louise Glaum and Valeska Suratt.

William S. Hart, that wonderful portrayer of the *deepest* emotions, has not the polish and gentlemanly ways of Francis X. Bushman, but he shows he is a gentleman in every sense of the word.

Douglas Fairbanks' wonderful comedy and hero portrayals have found their way in the silent drama. He laughs and jumps thru a picture and makes one glad she came to see him instead of going across the street to see the "noble" Francis grin and pose thru a picture. But never mind, Francis, you may be a very good old sport after all.

Any one who has seen "The Birth of a Nation" can fully appreciate Henry Walthall's wonderful display of emotions.

Both of us nuts in our teens are just wild about the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, and declare it the best yet.

I know every reader is ready to murder us, so we close and get back into our bomb-proofs.

Eleanor Cousins, of New London, Conn., sends in a little praise that will prove to the players that their kindnesses are appreciated:

I was so sorry not to see the "Letters to the Editor" department in your recent issue. I have never written before, but always take an interest in the letters. May I hope you will continue it?

Perhaps you would like to know of my collection of the "make-believeland people." I wonder how these kind people ever stand the constant demand for their "likeness." I am just a little school-girl, but they have in almost every case answered my request.

Some of the popular players who have helped make my collection possible are: Theodore Roberts, Peggy Hyland, Marguerite Clark, Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Billie Burke, Pauline Frederick, Harold Lockwood, May Allison, Ann Pennington, Mary Miles Minter, Warner Oland, Dustin Farnum, Winifred Kingston, William S. Hart, Vivian Martin, Blanche Sweet, Pearl White, Louise Huff, Theda Bara, Mollie King, Alice Joyce, Helen Jerome Eddy, Mae Murray and June Elvidge.

You can imagine the great pride I take in my collection, and if some have not responded, it is easy to forgive them and to hope that some time they will find my request in some hidden corner.

I do hope these kind people will never regret their acts, and I wish to thank them one and all, if they ever should read this, for the happiness they have made possible.

My favorite of favorites is Marguerite Clark, for her grace, quaintness, youthfulness and vivacity.

From "J. M.," Perry, N. Y., comes this rather cruel "as others see you":

I went to see Harold Lockwood the other night in "Paradise Garden."

The play itself was all right, but one of the actresses, the girl who played the part of Marcia, the vampire, was one of the homeliest girls I have ever seen.

I do not see how Harold Lockwood could make love to a face like that, or Lester Cuneo also; why, her teeth would remind any one of a bull-dog, and the way her hair was combed was like an Indian's. If they want a vampire to attract a man, why dont they put at least an attractive one on? Why, no man on this earth would fall for any thing like that, much less a man raised like Harold Lockwood was supposed to be, never seeing a woman for twenty (20) years. Every woman knows a man always looks for a pretty face first.

The only attraction I could see, were her shoulders, when her dress fell down. I heard several people say who saw the picture, she was a perfect fright, the worst they had ever seen on the screen, and also a picture they had on the wall in one of the scenes was simply awful. I think the director must have been star-gazing, else he was blind.

Vera Sisson was fine as the leading-lady, and any man could fall in love with her—she was both sweet and attractive.

GREETINGS FROM OUR WAR-TIME POET

The "Kipling of the Movies" Writes Us Vividly from "Over There"

Headquarters A. E. F., France.

DEAR EDITOR: Well, the "great adventure" is under way, and the best cameraman could "pan" all around this particular interior and find blamed little to prove it. If he had chanced to get a close-up, just a moment since, of yours truly picking up a MOTION PICTURE dated February, 1917, he might, with good focusing, have gotten a little something on which to hang a plot. I think I registered regret and surprise and wistfulness—reg'lar Maemarsh variety—and deep thought, all in about fifty feet of celluloid.

I dont know how it happened to be lying around up here. Some kindly soul doubtless shipped it to the boys 'way last summer. But it awoke a lot of memories that had been dulled by the swift succession of events which have transplanted yours truly from a fairly comfortable job in Chicago to France, where I am a sort of office-boy to the Signal Corps.

So here I am in France, doing my bit, and incidentally after the thrills and heart-throbs that will come with the closing chapters of the greatest tragedy of history. If I thought that the world had done me justice, or I it, I think I would be quite ready to take my chances with the shells right at the front. Certainly, as a private here, I enjoy no better quarters nor food than are provided for the merest doughboy of the dugouts, and the only difference would be that, with more of the cold to face, more of the heartache of the thing to see, I'd only be a little more willing to try the ultimate great adventure and leave this problematic life behind. But I want to stay and build something in the days when humanity is done with wrecking. I want to come back and take dinner with people who right the wrongs that other people do, simply thru telling the truth with their pens. I want to smoke a pipe or two with the folks who dare call politicians liars and a lot of our gilded ideals nothing but dry bones besmeared with the blood of the golden calf. So here I am at headquarters, damning the Germans and their kaiser every day I live, and hoping this next year will find its fruition in a peace wherein all the nations involved will be represented sanely.

There are lots of things a fellow could pick out to write a one-reel comedy about, and there are lots of flashes in the railroad stations about which a man might write real drama. In a station in Paris I have seen the farewells of soldiers and their women, as the inevitable parting ended the expired leave. I have seen in a little country depot the embrace of a father and his twenty-year-old son, as the boy trudged away with leaden feet to the dingy train soon to pant its

Why is the Large Intestine Five Feet Long?

Modern Science Declares that if Nature Had Made the Colon Shorter, Half the Ills of Mankind Would Not Exist—How Medical Science Now Combats this Problem

A VERY remarkable book, "Colon Cleanliness," has recently been published by Martin's Method, Inc. Written by an authority, this book discusses—in a clear and fascinating narrative—what has been called "Nature's big mistake," the large intestine in man. Scientists now agree that poisons emanating from the large intestine are responsible, directly or indirectly, for many of the diseases to which mankind is heir. This book therefore possesses a tremendous interest to every man and woman. Incidentally it describes for the first time, in a popular way, an important invention which steps into the breach left by Nature and repairs some of the ills caused by the length of the large intestine. This invention is now being used in many hospitals and sanatoriums and by physicians in private practice.

Few people realize, this book points out, that the large intestine—coiled around in a small space in the abdomen—*is usually at least five feet long.* It is, in a sense, a long exhaust pipe for the body. The waste matter of our food reaches it in a semi-liquid state. The function of the large intestine is to extract the liquid from this matter, and to discharge the residue from the body. This long exhaust pipe works by a series of muscle-contractions along its five-foot length.

Five Feet Too Much for Lazy Muscles

But very often these muscles work improperly. They are, in plain words, *lazy*. They are so lazy that they are incapable of pushing along the waste matter a distance of five feet. The result is that the colon gets *clogged*. It then becomes a veritable bed of decomposing matter. Not merely millions, but billions of disease germs are generated in it. These are absorbed into the blood, and are carried to every part of the body, producing the condition, so much written about of late in medical journals, known as "auto-intoxication."

"Colon Cleanliness" tells, for the lay man, exactly what happens to the various organs of the body when this condition occurs. It is an amazing narrative. Science, like a detective, has now traced many diseases to the clogged condition of the large intestine. Indirectly and directly the lazy large intestine causes more illness; kills more people; affects our health, our happiness, and our efficiency more vitally than all the other organs of the body put together.

The colon is, in a sense, a traitor to the rest of the body. By lying down on its work, it throws the whole splendid balance of the body "out of gear." It causes many of us to become seriously diseased, and the rest of us it puts into a poisoned, half-alive condition. How often do we really feel up to par, really ourselves; with our brains keen and quick, our bodies tingling with vitality? So seldom that most of us talk about it, in surprise, when we feel "fit." Thanks to the lazy large intestine, it is the unusual condition for us to be *fully alive*. The contrary, of course, should be the case.

How Nature Made the Mistake

Professor Elie Metchnikoff, in the great work in which he first pointed out the method and effects of auto-intoxication, has an interesting theory about the large intestine. Nature made it so long, he theorized, because originally man was an active, wild animal. He was often in danger from other animals and would have to run long distances. For his safety it was necessary to have an organ in which waste matter could be stored. There was, however, little danger of clogging of the colon, because continuous natural exercise kept man's colon from being lazy. Its muscles functioned normally.

The large intestine which Nature fashioned was perfectly adapted to our former life. It is not adapted to modern life. Man is no longer a wild animal. He is easily the most inactive large animal on earth. He is a sitting animal. He almost never walks when he can ride. The first thing physicians tell him usually, when he is in a rundown condition, is to "get out in the air and exercise." But many of us are *too busy* to exercise, and still more of us, when we exercise, exercise the *wrong* muscles. The most important, the most vital muscles to exercise are those of the large intestine, for the simple reason that those muscles *cause more trouble by their laziness* than all the other lazy muscles put together.

Man's Inventive Power to the Rescue

"Colon Cleanliness," after describing minutely the problem of the large intestine—as discussed by many scientific authorities—deals with the invention that is now used to combat the laziness of the large intestine. This is a simple contrivance which does nothing else but *exercise* the large intestine. It wakes the large intestine to its job. It is called the Kolon Motor, and is a very simple device, since it can be operated by a child. Observations of its effect in hospitals and by private physicians show remarkable results. One merely puts the Kolon Motor on a door or wall, leans up against it and turns the handle for a few minutes. The face rotates with a scientific waving motion, which immediately stimulates the colon and causes proper functioning. Two or three minutes a day is all that is required.

In this simple fashion the colon muscles are exercised as much as they would be in taking a brisk walk of two or three miles. In medical circles it is recognized that this invention meets the problem of colon laziness in a logical, effective fashion. It is without the slightest harmful results, such as follow the taking of drugs, *which usually only have the effect of making the large intestine more lazy.*

This Book is Free

A copy of the book, "Colon Cleanliness," can be secured gratis by any reader of this magazine. It is a book every man and woman should read carefully. While written in a popular style, it treats, with scientific precision, of a problem that affects the daily life of every human being. The shortcomings of the large intestine, the diseases that are caused by it, the manner in which these diseases are caused, and other fascinating aspects of this problem—are covered fully and clearly.

The book may be secured by addressing the publishers, Martin's Method, Inc., who are also the manufacturers of the Kolon Motor. They had this scientific treatise, "Colon Cleanliness," written by a physician, so that the public could clearly understand the importance of the many discoveries made of late in regard to uncleanliness in the large intestine. Only incidentally does the book treat of the Kolon Motor, in discussing the different efforts made by physicians to combat this great problem. The book, in other words, is a scientific work, and in asking for a copy one does not need to feel that the purchase of a Kolon Motor is involved. The makers are satisfied merely to get the scientific facts before the public. The book will be sent free to any one who asks for it. Address, Martin's Method, Inc., Dept. 653-B, 105 East 30th St., New York.

way toward the hell that men have builded for themselves "out yonder."

Also I have seen our charwoman downstairs washing out a spittoon in the washbowl, and I have heard the boys on our ship as they cheered the first sign of welcome on French shores, a far distant "Henry" chugging along the harbor boulevard. I can truly say that the best thing I have seen in France is not a thing, but a Wellesley girl who sold me chocolate-bars at the Y. M. C. A. hut Christmas night, and the most sensible words in the French language, to my way of thinking, are *"Vive l'Amerique!"*

I have wished time and again that I had been a commissioned correspondent with a chance to write and have published this war as I see it. But all I can do is wait, and make notes, and gather from day to day the foundation of the firm ground of retrospect from which I some time hope to be able to speak to a good many Americans, firmly and without fear.

Here are neatly ordered little houses, and splendid chateaux, and smooth roads winding along the streams, and far stretches of wonderfully cultivated country. But the neat little houses have little fire, and the splendid chateaux shelter family after family in black. The smooth roads all lead to the Front, and the wonderfully cultivated country in the spring will be dotted with the pathetic figures of women and girls and old men and little boys toiling with worn implements to make nature yield another year of livelihood.

You asked me to write you often, but this whole thing weighs on a man so that it is only occasionally he can see his way to tell anything, and then he wonders who, of mortals, can really speak sanely of it. The memory of the lads on our boat-deck singing "There's a Long, Long Trail——" as we stood around in life-preservers waiting for the possible explosion that would send us into the smothering foam—that is but one item of the catalog of experiences which make a man want to damn the very Deity that would let the power of ruling a nation be given into any one man's hands—or, for that matter, into the hands of any group who would answer to the lure of power and money.

All I can say, and you can tell it to the staff, or to your readers, for me, if you want, is that I can see no remedy for a repetition of this thing in the future, unless we get some new ideals and revive some old ones, centering about the home as the most sacred and the most enduring gift of life to humanity.

About that verse—I'll send you some, as I am sending this, thru the Base Censor, some of these days, as I think they'd can me here if they ever found I courted the Muses. But the war *must* have its songs and its Muse, and I'm going to do my bit in verse and send you some straight from the front.

WALTER EDMOND MAIR.

LIVELY TABLE MANNERS IN MEXICO

Harry S. Northrup, of the Rolfe-Metro Corporation, admits that he is very fond of chili-con-carne. "And furthermore," said Mr. Northrup, while waiting between scenes of "The Eyes of Mystery" at the Metro studios, "my liking for this Mexican concoction nearly cost me my life once. It happened when I was living on my olive ranch near San Diego, Cal. The south line of my ranch is just a mile from the Mexican border on which is a little town called Tia Juana. Well, one night I was returning from Don Ybarro's horse-ranch at Eusenada, Mexico, with a new saddle-horse I had bought, and stopped off at Tia Juana for my favorite chile. I ordered a large bowl in the little adobe restaurant, and was just sitting down to eat it when out of the corner of my eye I saw a flash in the middle of the room. Instinctively I ducked my head, and just missed having a Mexican knife sunk in my face. As it was, it cut my right cheek open and embedded itself in the mud wall beyond. Had I ducked a second later there would be no Northrup here to tell this tale, which is a true tale, as is proven by the scar I still carry, and which can be seen on the screen when I appear in "close-ups." The Mexican who threw the knife? Oh! He had mistaken me for some other American, which slight error cost him two years at hard labor—without chili-con-carne.



Our Exclusive Question Box

A New Answer Man Appears on the Field and Challenges Our Own Old Answer Man for Supremacy in the Art of Answering Foolish Questions

DEAR MR. ANSWER MAN—It is so nice of you to offer to answer our questions about the picture people. I just love Francis X. Bushman. What does the "X" stand for?

MABEL D.

We are so glad you love Mr. Bushman, Mabel D(ear). We love him, too. The "X" means ten-dollar bill.

DEAR FELLER—Some wise guy tells me Charlie Chaplin is a Swede. Slip us the right dope on this.

MIKE, THE BITE.

He must have been kidding you, Mique. Chas. telephones he is a Hungarian, as witness his promiscuous misuse of goulash pies.

DEAR, DEAR MR. ANSWER MAN—Dont you think Earle Williams is just dovey? And Pearl White and Anita Stewart are just dears? Aren't pictures lovely?

HORTENSE.

Dont you just love phudge, Hort?

DEER SUR—I think yur a foreflusher you big proon. I cent a qweschun fore monthes agoe an aint heern nothing yet. You big stiff yurs respecful,

D. ONTNO.

Did yew evur heer tell of Nour Webstur, D.?

GENTLEMEN—I am a young squab of 42. I am thinking of applying for a lead part in the movies. Would you like my photograph?

LYDIA PINK.

Do you remember the day Dewey entered Manila Bay? No, thanks, Lyd.; we have stopped going to circuses.

DEAR SIR—Is Mary Pickford married?

IMA BEECHNUT.

We thought so. Yes, awfully. Have you heard of the war?

ANS. MAN—Can you tell me how Douglas Fairbanks makes those awfully wonderful high jumps?

O. O. SARY.

It's very simple, Owo. Doug has his shoes full of excelsior; and you know how springy that is! But keep this under your hat.

DEAR SIR—I want to be a piano player in a movie house. Where shall I go about this?

EMMA TYRO.

P. S.—Thank you.
To movie house.
P. S.—Y'r welc'me.

MR. ANSWER MAN—Can you tell me if Willie Collier is any relation to the periodical of the same name?

ANNIE ANHEUSER.

Hot coffee.

DEAR ANSWER MAN—I am only 4 ft. 3 in. tall, but think I could be one of them heroes. I am cross-eyed, kind of, but not much, and have a receding chin, and am pin-toed. Could I?

O. AWFUL.

Could you what? Die? Sure!

DEAR MISSIS—A mens comes into my shop today to have his pants pressed (15c—good work.) He said by Meester Hart vos der best shooter outside der trenches of. Is he?

IZZY.

Is he! You betcher my life he is, Izzy.

DEAR SIR—1. I am very, very anxious to be a second Theda Bara. 2. What chance have I?

HAZEL HOMEBREAKER.

1. There are 12,000,000 others with whom you may shake hands, H. 2. You have a fat one.

MR. QUESTION BOX—They say it takes brains to act in the pictures. Some of them dont seem to have many.

DEMENTIA PRECAUX.

We are not a box. There are brains *and* brains, Dementia. By the way, how did they treat you up there?

MY DEAR YOUNG MAN—Can you tell me how to address a letter to William Desmond? And can you recommend a good h...r-dye?

(MISS) I. N. SIPID.

Yes. No.

DEAR EDITOR—Why dont they name some of the sundaes after movie actors?

I. SCREEM.

You flatter us, Ice. Put Jack Johnson, Charlie Chaplin and "Billy" Sunday together and you have a chocolate-nut-sundae.

A. M.—I applied at a studio for employment and they said my hair would endanger the celluloid film. What did they mean?

TESSIE.

Dont be so terse, Tessie. Red, red, ginger-bread!

DEAR SIR—Are those bricks that they bounce off the supers' heads real?

D. UMHED.

Almost. But the supers' heads aren't.



How to Be Your Own Publicity Manager

What Every Movie Actress Should Know

By ESTHER LINDNER

IT PAYS to advertise. Three-quarters of the goods on the market today are sold thru attractive advertising. Publicity is the watchword of the day. If you have something the public wants, talk about it. If you have something the public doesn't want, talk loudly about it and *make* 'em want it.

The thing for which a Motion Picture actress must create a demand is her Personality—spelled with a capital P. Dont worry if you cant act. That isn't necessary. Your personality is more important.

Very well then, the thing for you to do is to create your own personality. This may sound difficult, but it is really very simple. The field is large and you have only to choose.

For instance, you may decide to be the reincarnation of Cleopatra, the Serpent of the Old Nile. This rôle is best suited to the dark, slinky type of person who can successfully make a few pearls, a square inch of gauze and a little adhesive plaster cover a multitude of shins, but with a little careful study of the movements of the native Hawaiians almost any one can do it.

If this is too draughty for you, you may choose to be one of those athletic young persons whose principal sports are skating, tennis and aeroplane racing. Write your notices carefully and the dear public need never know that most of your skating is done between Times Square and Fiftieth Street and that the nearest you have ever been to an aeroplane is the scenic railway at Coney Island. As for the tennis—if a photograph is sent with the story, be sure that you remember to remove your French heels before it is taken, and that you hold the racquet so that the reader may be reasonably sure that you intend to hit the ball, not your opponent's left eye with it, and all will be well. So many of our enthusiastically athletic young stars overlook these little points.

Again, if you are one of those who hold a belief in the supremacy of mind over matter, you may join the ranks of those of our well-known players who just dote on delving into the customs of the ancient Greeks and translating from the original Chinese. Of course you do. Isn't Tony, the bootblack man on the corner, a Greek, and haven't you often observed his custom of short-changing you unless you kept a sharp lookout? And those laundry marks in the corner of your newest handembroidered handkerchief when freely translated meant that you had paid just five cents too much for having it washed, didn't it? Very well, then.

It is also rather popular of late to write your own scenarios. Dont worry if you have never been able to outgrow that childish habit of forgetting to place a period at the end of your sentences and still spell "necessary" with two "c's" and one "s." It is the simplest thing in the world to write a scenario. Just announce that you are in the market for some, pick out two or three of the best ones, have your secretary copy them word for word, return the lot with a "Sorry we cannot use" statement, mix the two or three chosen ones about, placing the last scene of one first and the first scene of the other last, leaving out most of the "business" given to the supporting cast, and affix your name to the result. The audience will never know, the writers will be ashamed to admit they had anything at all to do with it and you will immediately be acclaimed a genius.

If none of these personalities appeals to you, you may be a lover of nature. Many of our most popular stars are lovers of nature—particularly of the orchid variety that comes in baskets.

Or you may be a devotee of books. If you decide to adopt this book-loving personality, you may let the fact speak for itself. It is not required that you announce that your favorite novel is "David Copperfield," by John Greenleaf Whittier, and that you adore the poetry of Joseph Conrad. Details are unessential.

Many other personalities may be yours for the choosing. You may make yourself the daredevil of the screen—it is not necessary to speak of your "double"—or a granddaughter of Eleanor Duse, first finding a satisfactory explanation for the fact that your father's name was "Doogan."

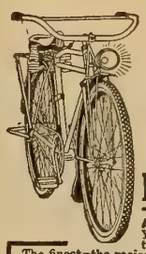
Do not under any consideration have the wonderful jewels given you by the deposed King of Honolulu stolen from your dressing-room. That is quite out of date and is rapidly being superseded by the lawsuit. A lawsuit is very effective, as it can be worked in so many ways and on any member of your family.

If all else fails, one personality remains that is always a safe bet. All our players from sixteen to sixty are doing it. Put your hair into curls and yourself into short dresses, and lo! you are the youngest star in Motion Pictures.

After you have made your choice you must abide by it, and great care must be taken not to confuse personalities.

For instance, if you have elected to become a vampire, dont run to answer the doorbell in the flannel dressing-sack in which you have been darning your stockings. Make the visitor wait while you paste yourself into your shear-and-besheared draperies. It is as likely as not to be a magazine interviewer, and who ever heard of Cleopatra in flannel—or in stockings either, for that matter? And if you are the youngest star it might be well to see that little Eloise, who has come to spend the day with grandma, is well out of the way. All that is necessary is a little reasonable care and your personality is established.

Above all, you must be very careful, never, *never* to let the things you really do and think and say be known to your following. Leave that to the Mere Person. At home you may live in two rooms and a chafing-dish. But remember to the public you are a Motion Picture star, and the traditions of your art must be upheld—above all, cultivate modern camouflage.



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Our Movin' Pictures

By JOHN QUILL

I was back home on a visit a while back, and the day I got in they were takin' movin' pictures of the town for advertisin' purposes.

They took the rubber goods factory, and the Trust Company and the Wahonkus Valley Savin's Deposit, and the Post Office and the depo and the schoolhouse and other things of interest, and some views on the street, and the boys got out the old b'iler and made a fire run, and Wash Mink strained his arms so he had to have a doctor, he pumped so hard, and when the pictures come out, all you could see of Wash was a kind of a blur, he had worked so fast.

Jabe Patterson, that has been Marshal, and Deputy Sheriff, and Chief of Police and Constable and Dog Catcher so long nobody remembers when he wasn't all of 'em, he was all loaded up for the event, and he 'lowed to the boys he would let folks where them pictures was showed see that Wahonkus had a purty keen police force. So he got him some false whiskers, and as soon as he had been took clean-shaved in front of the Post Office he puts on a pair of side-burns and gits in a automobile and goes out to the rubber works and walks around and gets took again, and then he goes up to the schoolhouse, with one of them dago mustaches on, that curls up at both ends, and 'most every place the men would show up to take a picture, Jabe would be there, only he would look different every time, in the face, but his feet give him away.

The picture man had been kind of doubtful lookin', havin' took him two or three times, and finally he says to Elzeber Tompkins, that was takin' 'em around, "Say, does your police force all wear the same shoes?—them and the stummick is dead ringers all the way round"; and then they told him, and he laughed so hard he nearly busted his camera, his hands shook so.

The pictures was a success, but we sure did have some police force. There was about twenty, with different kinds of whiskers.

Screen Snapshots

By MARY BLANCHARD

Watch the screen stars if you wish to know what to wear and how and when to wear it.

It is only in the movies that girls, old enough to have lovers come a-calling, wear their hair in a tangled mass down their backs.

There are as many degrees of photo-players as there are degrees of Masons.

Stupid pictures die from a lack of merit —sometimes shady ones live for a similar reason.

The pony-size stars dont seem to have any trouble reaching the highest plums on the salary-tree.

A photoplay fan sees double when looking for perfections in his favorites.

Sometimes the programs are so educational that we go to school again and pay a dime for doing so.

The poor man has one consolation—the pictures are more easily seen from Nigger Heaven than from a third-row orchestra-chair.

Some screen caresses look as if they had been given a time-exposure.

Johnnie used to save his pennies for candy, but now he travels around the world by going to the movies.

The girl who cries, "Oh, why wasn't I born rich instead of handsome?" is wasting her time. Let her become a picture-star and thus remedy a financial hiatus.

What about the pianist who repeats after the hero on the screen: "She lied to me, she lied to me"—this up in treble—and then goes gallivanting thru the middle notes down into the bass with, "She lied—she lied—she lie-d-d-d-d to me—to me—to me—to m-e-e"? And yet some people dont believe in capital punishment!

Charlie Chaplin can afford to spend on a month's vacation what our Uncle Sam pays Woodrow Wilson for a year's work.

Actresses, in registering sorrow, look sad, some sick and others—solemncolic.

Write-ups may be discounted fifty per cent. and still leave a comfortable margin for doubt.

The thing that is quiet about the silent drama is its influence.

Dinty Moore has a "To Let" sign in the window of his saloon on First Avenue. He says the dimes he used to get now go across the street to the pictures.



Just a Hint of the Kind of Stories These Books Contain

Out of her bed into the night they dragged her—her baby crying at her breast—her children murdered—her home destroyed—they carried her into the wilderness. But with a courage more than human she did not despair. Alone in the wilderness, barefooted, and with a sick child, she eluded her captors—she escaped and came back to civilization to tell a story that is matchless for its hardships—its perils—its heroism. Mail the coupon to-day and read the gripping account of Mercy Harbison's captivity among the Indians and how she outwitted them.

Into the wilderness where no white man had ever been before, went George Cumming, the Lion Hunter. His only companions were a few black drunkards; his stores were small; he had only old-fashioned muzzle-loaded rifles, but with a great heart he plunged fearlessly on, hunting lions, elephants, giraffes, buffaloes, rhinoceros—all manner of wild animals. Often he only wounded the fiercest of them and then it was a fight for his own life. So great was his courage and daring, the story of it spread over the world. Wherever he went people were eager to know him and hear about his narrow escapes. Here is the story of his exploits just as they happened, as he told of them day by day in his diary that he carried with him into Africa.

No man had ever dared. Even the bravest of the Indians trembled and cried out that the gods had forbidden it. But this man—his right arm shot off in battle — plunged fearlessly down through the perilous canyon. Day by day he struggled on, defeating death. Day by day he wrote the story of this struggle, and he has left behind a story of splendid adventure that stands as a masterpiece among all the great tales of the pioneers of the world. Through the Flaming Canyon. This is only one of a dozen famous expeditions told about in these books. They are full of the inspiration of adventure—full of the lure of heroism—full of the great message of valor. Send the coupon today and find out free what these books mean to you.

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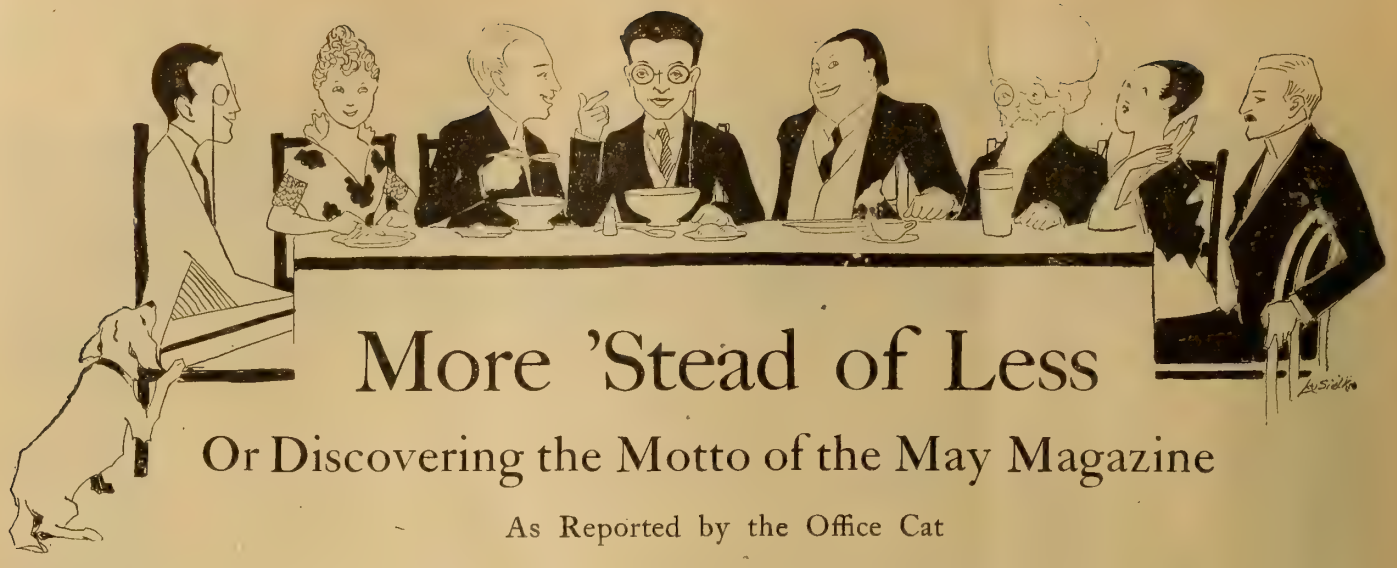
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More 'Stead of Less

Or Discovering the Motto of the May Magazine

As Reported by the Office Cat

"WHAT ''less' day is this?" asked one of the happy crowd assembled round my master's table.

Of course, he was speaking of the wheatless, meatless, eatless rules of the hour, but from my seat of vantage 'neath the festive board I discovered one place where the rule is *more* instead of *less*—the home of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, and the May issue proves the point.

Perhaps I ought not to divulge the conversation that followed. On the other hand, my catty disposition makes it difficult for me to keep a secret.

"'Morning!" the Editor's jovial voice rang out, as he entered our Bohemian lunchroom.

At once the desultory conversation, which had been jointly divided between war, politics and fashions, according to individual taste, became centralized.

The master-hand was at the helm.

"Everybody observing wheatless day—that's right," said the Editor, as he attacked the steak and potatoes, which were his portion instead of his always preferred shredded wheat.

"A wheatless, meatless, fireless, lightless day—everything's ''less' these times," complained the cynic.

"At least people will have a *full* meal on the May MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE," said the Editor.

"More 'stead of less,—eh, what?" spoke up our wit, the Associate Editor.

"I certainly admire the patriotic spirit that prompted you to publish 'My Country, 'tis of Thee," remarked the beloved philosopher of our fold, the Answer Man.

"You dont mean to say you are publishing 'My Country, 'tis of Thee' in the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE?" piped up the special stenographer. "Good-night! What's the idea?"

"Hush!" whispered the Editor's chief assistant. "Dont you know that the tune every one sings 'My Country, 'tis of Thee' to is the English national refrain, and that J. J. McCabe has composed American music for 'America'? Dont you think that our national hymn ought to have an individual, American tune?"

"Sure," answered the little stenog', seriously.

"So, in order that every household may learn the new air, the Editor is publishing the new music in the May Magazine."

"I—I understand," muttered she of the clicking keys contritely. "Gimme an advance copy, and I'll teach the tune to my whole family. Will you?"

"We will," smiled the Editor, and called, "Oh, William!"

"Yes, sir," responded our Celtic chef.

"Up on my desk you'll find some proofs of the May Magazine. Bring them down, will you?"

For a few moments everybody attacked their dished-out proper number of calories, only to have our sleeping curiosity aroused, for William was returning. What a strange noise! Was he gurgling, choking? Had he swallowed a bone? Was he weeping? Had anything happened?

"Haw! haw! haw!" laughed William, as he burst in, a wide grin wrinkling the map of Ireland on his face, and placed a stack of still wet proof beside the Editor.

"William," protested the Editor, while his fine eyes twinkled in secret sympathy.

"Sure and I cant help it, sor. If ivir I read anything funnier than thot Sally Robert's first trip to a studio, sure and it's me thot cant raymimber it. 'Chatter Culled on the Spot' ais it; sure and thot's a good name. The studio door-tinder mistook Rita Jolivet's husband, the Count De Cippico, for her chauffeur, and ordered him out—ho! ho! ho!"

"That will do, William; you're giving away all the jokes."

"No, sor; sure and I'm not. Thot's not half so funny as the rest."

"Pooh!" interrupted the Associate Editor with the high-brow inclinations. "If you really want to read something worth while, read 'Charm,' by Sarah Bernhardt. Imagine an article by the greatest living actress, in which she tells you exactly what constitutes personality, why one character succeeds in being charming and another fails to be. I, for one, have already profited by reading it."

"'Tis an excellent article," quoth the Answer Man, as he pored over the proofs from his place of honor next the Editor, "but my thousand-and-one little friends are going to be more interested in this Pearl White *conte*. There they have a hundred of their pet questions answered by inside pictures. At last they can see just how Pearl White gets her stunts across, what really happens during the taking of a Pathé serial and what Pearl White is like in reality. You must have had a strenuous day, Miss Naylor."

"Strenuous is a mild word," spoke up Hazel Simpson Naylor. "I am black-and-blue yet from trying to keep up with Pearl White."

"Personally," said the Editor, "I am very proud of these colored photographs of the players. I have added two more this month and have arranged the text so that they can easily be cut out and framed."

"But, my dear," exclaimed the Circulation Manager's secretary, to nobody in particular and everybody in general, as she grasped a section of page-proof covered with the handsome countenance of Jack Kerrigan, "wont the girls go wild when they read this description of Kerrigan in his own home, just how he came to build it, what he likes and doesn't like, and what kind of a family he has? Why, one can almost feel she is at last meeting the handsome Jack."

"That proves the advantage of having Fritzi Remont on the Coast. She can get in where other reporters couldn't even find the way," advised the Associate Editor.

"Aren't you having any special short stories?" queried the secretary.

"Certainly, a regular heart-throbber by Gladys Hall and another by Dorothy Donnell and perhaps a third. I want to keep their titles secret, but, as usual, they are written from the three best photoplays of the month."

"Oh!" interrupted the enthusiastic one, "is that my beloved Edith Storey?"

"Right, the first time," said the cynic. "After much effort we have at last secured the real thing in an at-home interview with the 'Divine Edith,' by Adele Whitely Fletcher, and wonderful photographs that you'll never see anywhere else."

"Shall we adjourn?" asked the Editor, gathering up the proofs.

"Why, you haven't shown them half the clever things," said the Associate Editor.

"I know," said the Editor, "but I *will* tell you all this. We have four pages of beautiful picture lay-outs, and any one who cant find his favorite star represented must be hard to please."

"Why not read us 'Mr. Chaplin's Daily Program'?" said the cynic. "I, for one, would like to hear how the richest man in films spends his day; or 'My Most Difficult Scene' as really told by Clara K. Young, Molly King, Louise Glaum, Bessie Love and——"

"There, there," said the Editor, looking at the enthusiastic faces of his expectant flock. "You'll all have to admit that we have given the fans *more* and better food than ever before."

And me—well, it wasn't a 'less day for me either, for I finished licking up the dinner plates they had forgotten in their zest for brain food and the joyous gifts of the printing-press.



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The star in the window tells the story—their soldier is "over there."

The morning letter of cheer and hope has been written and with it pictures are going, simple Kodak pictures of their own taking that tell the home story,—pictures that will bring a cheery smile to his face, a leap of joy to his heart, that will keep bright the fire of courage in his soul as with the home image fresh in mind he battles for the safety of that home and for the honor of his flag.

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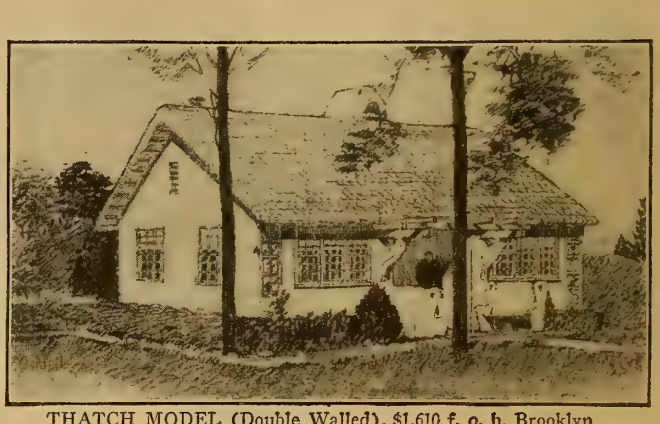
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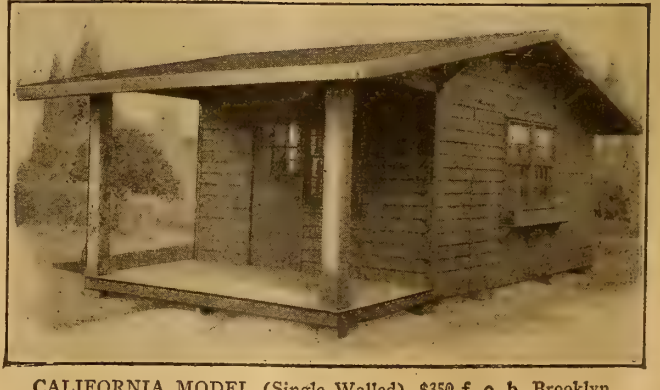
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MOTION PICTURE

MAY

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Lee Sie Lke



MOLLIE KING
starring in
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Pathé Photoplay



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THE MESSAGE OF THE MAY CLASSIC

THIS message is no budding promise, it is fulfillment of wishes—desires—dreams! We have been requested for interviews and news of certain stars; they are in the May Classic. We have been besieged with pleas for pictures of universal favorites; they are, as many as we could use, in the May Classic. It is the most wonderful Classic ever seen—the fulfillment of dreams!

"Too Many Marys Make a Mae"

Hazel Simpson Naylor listened with a sympathetic ear to the many pleas for news of Mae Marsh, and one evening she called on the Goldwyn star in her lovely home. Mae, usually reticent, came out of her shell for Miss Naylor's benefit and told her some of the rarest bits of news you've ever heard. She went right back to the old Biograph days and told about Mary Pickford, Blanche Sweet and Mabel Normand—girls who have all attained screen fame! Miss Naylor has written the most human story that has ever been told about Mae Marsh. You will love it when you read it in the May Classic, perhaps because it reflects Mae Marsh's personality so strongly.

"Oh! Oh! The Heart of Him!"

You read that title and wonder what it means, dont you? It might mean many things, but in reality it is a story about the boldest "bad man" ever seen in films—William S. Hart. He is rugged, strong, daring and a trifle awing to the eye, but he appeals to the heart because in his own heart he is simple, gentle and lovable. You've loved him on the screen, to be sure, but after you've learnt about the "heart of him" in the May Classic you'll love him more than ever.

"Playing Audience"

The Classic's "extra girl," Ethel Rosemon, has had some lively experiences with Theda Bara, June Caprice and Mabel Normand, but now she has invaded the Pathé realm and has assisted Bessie Love, newly acquired Pathé star. Bessie's most lovable trait is her manifest interest in everything and everybody, and you will see that this interest extended to our "extra girl" when your eyes behold the cunning, informal pictures scattered among the pages of "Playing Audience" in the May Classic.

Some of the Things to Look Forward To

Sue Roberts has discovered E. K. Lincoln, as well as what he has been doing, is doing, and will do. Mr. Biggs, that try-anything-once adventurer, makes remarkable strides in his Motion Picture career. And pictures! You will find four pages covered with exquisite pictures of your favorite players. One set is called "Goddesses and Graces of the Screen" and the other "A Revue of Famous Backs." When you see the Famous Backs section in the May Classic, you will tuck the book under your arm and run in to show it to the folks next door. Better order now.

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175 Duffield Street - Brooklyn, N. Y.



The Exhibitors' Verdict

What the Picture Theater Managers Say of the Plays and Managers

Does a play draw the crowds? Does it please the public? These are vital questions to determine a play's success or failure, and the exhibitor is the only person who can answer them impartially.

So thru the courtesy of *Motography,* a leading trade journal which makes weekly canvasses of exhibitors and publishes the results in a department called "What the Picture Did for Me," we are enabled to give our readers this interesting inside information.

ARTCRAFT

Wolves of the Rail, with W. S. Hart—"Somewhat different from his usual line of plays. If you dont like the title, call it 'Dead or Alive.' Drew fairly well for us. All our patrons seemed pleased with it. Contains plenty of action and does not drag."—Garfield Theater, 2844 Madison Street, Chicago.

The Little American, with Mary Pickford—"Great picture. Drew a full house. All satisfied."—Star Theater, Veblen, S. D.

Wild and Woolly, with Douglas Fairbanks—"One of Fairbanks' best. Audience pronounced it the best they have seen."—Star Theater, Veblen, S. D.

The Narrow Trail, with W. S. Hart—"A great production which went over big and did the business."—Columbia Theater, Provo, Utah.

The Narrow Trail, with W. S. Hart—"I always have a good house for Hart or Fairbanks and everybody is satisfied."—Pastime Theater, Itasca, Texas.

The Woman God Forgot, with Geraldine Farrar—"A wonderful picture with an equally wonderful star. Brought big business."—Realty Theater, Middletown, Pa.

The Woman God Forgot, with Geraldine Farrar—"This is an excellent box-office attraction. We played to good business, but patrons were not enthused."—Princess Theater, Columbus, Miss.

Stella Maris, with Mary Pickford—"A fair picture to very poor business."—Columbia Theater, Provo, Utah.

Stella Maris, with Mary Pickford—"A good story, but 'Our Mary' should have simpler rôles, as she is a favorite of the younger folk especially. Business good."—Zelda Theater, Duluth, Minn.

The Rise of Jennie Cushing, with Elsie Ferguson—"Very good. Miss Ferguson is surely getting to be a regular movie star. Not much drawing power, but all right."—Bell Theater, Chicago.

The Silent Man, with W. S. Hart—"A very good picture, with a good star. Brought good business."—Bell Theater, Chicago.

Rose of the World, with Elsie Ferguson—"Rather slow. Drew well, but didn't please. Battle effects were wonderful."—Gayety Theater, Payson, Utah.

The Devil Stone, with Geraldine Farrar—"A splendid picture, well directed, also good locations."—Ideal Theater, Chicago.

Down to Earth, with Douglas Fairbanks—"While this was very good and got me some money, I think it about the slowest work the star ever did."—Dreamland Theater, Chester, S. C.

The Little Princess, with Mary Pickford—"A clean little picture, but not the best this star has made, by any means. Pleases women and children."—Princess Theater, Columbus, Miss.

BLUEBIRD

My Unmarried Wife, with Carmel Myers—"An excellent feature."—Scenic Theater, Keene, N. H.

Triumph, with Dorothy Phillips—"A unique picture which drew fairly well and satisfied our patrons."—Star Theater, Villa Grove, Ill.

The Fighting Grin, with Franklyn Farnum—"A good picture for anybody who likes to laugh occasionally."—Ideal Theater, Chicago.

Anything Once, with Franklyn Farnum—"This one went over fine, but the last three fell far below par. Farnum is always good and gets me good business."—Electric Theater, Bixby, Okla.

Princess Virtue, with Mae Murray—"A lot of money wasted on a lavish production that failed to hold them."—Star Theater, Decorah, Iowa.

BUTTERFLY

Bucking Broadway, with Harry Carey—"Some picture for the kids. Thrilling and exciting from start to finish. Carey is a second Hart in this neighborhood."—Garfield Theater, 5531 South Halsted Street, Chicago.

Society's Driftwood, with Grace Cunard—"Good story. Star passable. Title brought them in."—Garfield Theater, 5531 South Halsted Street, Chicago.

The Man From Montana, with Neal Hart—"A good Western comedy-drama that pleased my entire audience. If your patrons like Western pictures, book this one. They will certainly like it. Business good."—Electric Theater, Bixby, Okla.

FOX

This Is the Life, with George Walsh—"George is good and got this over, but he had no story to work on."—Dreamland Theater, Chester, S. C.

This Is the Life, with George Walsh—"Entertaining from start to finish. This star is very popular and is gaining high favor."—Realty Theater, Middletown, Pa.

Daughter of the Gods, with Annette Kellermann—"Broke all house records. A very beautiful picture and it was liked by all who saw it."—Realty Theater, Middletown, Pa.

Camille, with Theda Bara—"An interesting picture, altho not the star's best. Drew good business in spite of bad weather."—Realty Theater, Middletown, Pa.

When a Man Sees Red, with William Farnum—"Drew good crowds. Star is great. Picture one of his best."—Realty Theater, Middletown, Pa.

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SOLOMON IN ALL HIS GLORY—THE JUNE MOTION PICTURE :: MAGAZINE ::

In the days of Solomon, strange and subtle perfumes, rare and lustrous raiments lured with their mystery and charm; but in the days of the June MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE lively and novel tales, artistic and exquisite pictures inspire a zest and enthusiasm hard to equal.

Pictures — photographs — sketches! A distinction with a difference, is it not? In the June Magazine will appear a sketch of one of the most popular stars on the screen, printed on heavy paper suitable for framing. You wont be able to resist the appeal of this sketch and will simply have to have it framed for your den. The June Magazine is glistening and sparkling with gorgeous pictures—you will want to frame them all, and when you turn the last page you'll know in your own mind that the June Magazine is the most wonderful movie book that has ever been on the market.

EARLE WILLIAMS' AUTOBIOGRAPHY

At last! Everything it is possible to discover about this popular star is related in this brilliant little story. If Earle hadn't become an actor, he could easily have been an author—you'll think so, too, when you read his own life story as told by himself in the June Magazine.

MY IDEAL MAN

This is one of the most charming ideas conceived in a long while. You will discover a section in the June Magazine devoted to new, informal pictures of your favorite stars, together with their very own ideas of what a *real* man should be.

A FEW OF THE MANY GOOD THINGS

Harold Lockwood has also decided to write for us, and he tells some novel and funny happenings that occur on location and in the studio which are not recorded by the camera. You will also learn how Gladys Leslie, whose smile is said to be worth a million dollars, happened to go into movies, as well as how Dick Barthelmess and George Larkin happened to. These are only a few of the interesting things that occur in the June Magazine, which is going to be the best movie magazine ever sold from a newsstand.

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE
175 Duffield Street Brooklyn, N. Y.

Conscience, with Gladys Brockwell—"Not a pleasing picture, altho a costly production. Business fair."—Opera House, Kenton, Ohio.

A Rich Man's Plaything, with Valeska Suratt (Triangle)—"The name drew big business."—Opera House, Kenton, Ohio.

GOLDWYN

For the Freedom of the World, with E. K. Lincoln—"A great and timely production. Played this at advanced prices and I am not sorry. Capacity business and every patron pleased."—Star Theater, Villa Grove, Ill.

Fighting Odds, with Maxine Elliott—"Not so good as the average program picture. I billed it heavily and patrons were disappointed."—Princess Theater, Columbus, Miss.

Thais, with Mary Garden—"Packed the house, and as a rule pleased. Mary was out to show them what she could do and as a rule 'delivered the goods as well as the message.'"—Star Theater, Decorah, Ia.

The Auction Block, with Rubye de Remer—"Eight reels. Good picture. Show it at advanced prices. It is worth it. Rich settings, good direction, and plenty of action. Play up the name of Rex Beach when you run it. A box-office attraction without an advertised star. Pink permit for Chicago."—Garfield Theater, 2844 Madison Street, Chicago.—*In middle-class neighborhood.*

Fields of Honor, with Mae Marsh—"Six reels. Good picture. A few battle scenes. Ralph Ince directed. Star is O. K. Pleased all."—Garfield Theater, 2844 Madison Street, Chicago.—*In middle-class neighborhood.*

JEWEL

The Co-respondent, with Elaine Hammerstein—"An extra good feature. Photography excellent."—Scenic Theater, Keene, N. H.

Come Thru, with Herbert Rawlinson—"This was a great disappointment to me and my patrons. A high-priced production, but not worth the money. Not so good as an average program picture."—Electric Theater, Bixby, Okla.

KLEINE

The Barker, with Lew Fields (Selig)—"Story fair. Star good. It pleased, altho our patrons had expected to see Lew Fields in a comedy rôle."—Star Theater, Villa Grove, Ill.

Skinner's Dress Suit, with Bryant Washburn (Essanay)—"Not so much of a comedy as we thought it would be, but it pulled well and every one liked it."—Star Theater, Villa Grove, Ill.

The Gift of Gab, with Jack Gardner (Essanay)—"This picture was very satisfactory and contains the usual Gardner humor."—New Grand Theater, Crosby, Minn.

The Range Boss, with Jack Gardner (Essanay)—"A very good Western of the usual type with many humorous situations. Went big."—New Grand Theater, Crosby, Minn.

METRO

The Brand of Cowardice, with Lionel Barrymore—"A splendid Saturday night show. It brought us the best day's business since Christmas. Metros are drawing well for us."—Eminence Theater, Eminence, Ky.

Blue Jeans, with Viola Dana—"A very good picture, but not worth the high rental prices asked for it."—Scenic Theater, Keene, N. H.

An American Widow, with Ethel Barrymore—"This wonderful star cannot get by with a story of this kind."—Dreamland Theater, Chester, S. C.

Draft 258, with Mabel Taliaferro—"The best patriotic picture we ever played. Big business at advanced prices."—Opera House, Kenton, Ohio.

Her Boy, with Effie Shannon—"Patriotic in its appeal. A sob picture. Most audiences will like it. Did not have much drawing power, due to the newness of the star in Motion Pictures."—Garfield Theater, 2844 Madison Street, Chicago.—*In middle-class neighborhood.*

MUTUAL

The Girl Who Wouldn't Grow Up, with Margarita Fischer (American-Mutual)—"Good picture, mostly comedy. Fair drawing power. The star is well liked here."—Bell Theater, Chicago.

The Girl Who Wouldn't Grow Up, with Margarita Fischer (American-Mutual)—"A good comedy-drama, but the star does not draw here. Business poor."—Opera House, Kenton, Ohio.

The Girl Who Wouldn't Grow Up, with Margarita Fischer (American-Mutual)—"I thought it was a little overdone. However, I heard no complaints on this picture."—Pastime Theater, Itasca, Texas.

Her Country's Call, with Mary Miles Minter (American-Mutual)—"Miss Minter is a good drawing card here. An exceptionally good picture."—Pastime Theater, Itasca, Texas.

Southern Pride, with Gail Kane (American-Mutual)—"Fair only. Some pretty ballroom scenes and an unattractive 'vamp.'"—Grand Theater, Marion, N. C.

The Calendar Girl, with Juliette Day (American-Mutual)—"A right interesting picture. Star is attractive and there are several amusing scenes and subtitles as well as some beautiful gowns, which of course pleases the feminine audiences."—Grand Theater, Marion, N. C.

The Cure, with Charles Chaplin—"Not so good as some of the others, but brought good business."—Opera House, Kenton, Ohio.

The Immigrant, with Charles Chaplin—"One of Chaplin's best. Business good."—Dreamland Theater, Chester, S. C.

The Painted Lie, with Crane Wilbur—"Film in fair condition. This picture was sent to me to fill an open date in a hurry, which was a great accommodation from any film firm. Brought good business."—Bijou Theater, Alpena, Mich.

Shackles of Truth, with William Russell (American-Mutual)—"Film in good condition. Business average."—Bijou Theater, Alpena, Mich.

Cub Comedies, with George Ovey—"George is quite as good as much higher-priced comedians and is becoming quite popular. Business is always good on a Cub comedy."—Bijou Theater, Alpena, Mich.

Strand Comedies, with Billie Rhodes—"We have run all of Billie Rhodes' comedies and have yet to find a poor one. Enjoyed by all."—Bell Theater, Chicago.

The Beautiful Adventure, with Ann Murdock (Empire-Mutual)—"Fair story. Not much drawing power. Miss Murdock resembles Billie Burke a great deal, as our patrons remarked."—Garfield Theater, 5531 South Halsted Street, Chicago.

Peggy Leads the Way, with Mary Miles Minter (American-Mutual)—"This star is always pleasing. Our patrons like her very much. A good story."—Garfield Theater, 5531 South Halsted Street, Chicago.

PARAMOUNT

The Eternal Temptress, with Lina Cavalieri—"Good picture with a clever

MY CONFESSION

I Have Stolen $1,000,000

I, _____, being of sound mind, do hereby confess to the theft of $1,000,000. I have stolen this money from my wife and babies. I make this confession, first, because I have found a way to make reparation for what I have done; second, as a warning—and a suggestion—to others who may be robbing their families in the same way I robbed mine.

Theft No. 1

Ten years ago an idea came to me which I knew could be turned into big money. I nursed that idea a number of years but never could muster up courage enough to go ahead with it. I kept waiting, waiting, waiting. I found a hundred different excuses for not going ahead. Then someone else got the same idea, as often happens, and proceeded to "put it over," as I knew could be done. That idea was worth $100,000. I could have "cashed in" on it, had I acted. That was the first $100,000 I stole from my wife and babies.

Another $50,000 Stolen

Five years ago I was offered a position at a slightly smaller salary than I had been earning. In addition, I was to receive a stock interest in the concern. I knew the opportunity was good, but as thousands of other men in my position would have felt, I was afraid to take a chance. Something said, "Stay where you are." And yet I knew that I would be unjust to myself if I did not accept this new offer. Now after five years, the stock interest which I was offered is worth $50,000. So I robbed my wife and babies of $50,000 because I lacked confidence in myself—because I wasn't willing to back my better judgment with the faith that knows no defeat.

How I Stole $200,000

Two years ago my cousin went into business for himself in a small town in New York, where expenses were low. He offered to take me into partnership with him if I would consent to draw a nominal salary. I wanted to do it, but my fear of failure downed me. Last year the concern made $30,000 profit. This year the profits will run close to $40,000. In ten years I am confident that I could have made $200,000 as my share of the profits. In this case, too, I robbed my wife and babies of wealth that should rightfully have been theirs. It was my fear, my indecision, my weak, vacillating will power that kept me from doing what I knew in my own heart was the right thing for me to do.

These are only three of many instances which I could cite—opportunities which I firmly believe would have earned me $1,000,000. I feel that I have stolen this money. I feel that my weakness, my indecision, have cost my wife and my babies all the luxuries of life, all the pleasures that money can buy, all the freedom from financial worry that wealth gives. Others may feel that I have not stolen $1,000,000. But my conscience tells me that I have.

I have, however, found a way to make reparation for my past failings.

Making Reparation

Some time ago, I read the story of a man who increased his earnings from $30 a week to $1,000 a week. In this story it was explained how a former failure in life was brought to realize what a big part will power—or the lack of it—played in his life. He decided to cultivate this faculty, believing that it would give him the needed momentum to carry him to success. Heretofore, he said he had always been swayed by the will of others. He finally encountered a book, prepared by Professor Frank Channing Haddock, containing the very rules and exercises by which will power could be developed as easily as the muscles of the body! In three years, this man earned $200,000, and his income is $1,000 a week!

Later, I read another article—about a young man of 23 who jumped from a $20-a-week job to earnings of $15,000 a year and gave credit to his indomitable will developed by Professor Haddock's exercises.

Right then and there I determined to cultivate *my* dormant, sleepy, will power. Almost overnight I began to see things from a new angle. Eagerly I practiced the development of analytical power—I began to guard against errors in thought—I felt myself becoming fearless—I began to acquire a dominating personality. Although I have only touched the possibilities now open before me, I am already paying back what I have stolen. I am at the head of a business which is paying me close to $10,000 a year. But I am only beginning. There is nothing to stop me—I will repay the million I have stolen.

My Suggestion

And now, just a personal word. If my reader feels that he has been depriving himself or his family of money that he could earn—if my reader feels that he lacks this moral courage or "nerve" or whatever name he gives to will power—if he feels that something is holding him back, I can only urge him to obtain these rules and exercises in will training by Professor Haddock. They are now published in book form and can be obtained for free examination on request. If after five days' reading you are not satisfied, return the book and you will owe nothing. Otherwise remit only $3, the small sum asked. This one act may mean the turning point of your life, as it has meant to me. I understand that over 250,000 others have already secured this book, including such men as Judge Ben B. Lindsey; Supreme Court Justice Parker; Wu Ting Fang, ex-U. S. Chinese Ambassador; Lieut.-Gov. McKelvie of Nebraska; Assistant Postmaster-General Britt; General Manager Christeson, of Wells-Fargo Express Co.; E. St. Elmo Lewis; Governor Arthur Capper of Kansas, and thousands of others equally prominent.

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star. Business not good, but there was strong opposition."—Zelda Theater, Duluth, Minn.

Madame Jealousy, with Pauline Frederick—"A good drawing card. Patrons divided in their opinions. Drew very good business during a week's run."—Castle Theater, Chicago.

The Hungry Heart, with Pauline Frederick—"Picture was not liked, altho the star is popular. Brought good business in bad weather."—Realty Theater, Middletown, Pa

The Hungry Heart, with Pauline Frederick—"A well-liked picture, altho some of Miss Frederick's former pictures have been better."—Bell Theater, Chicago.

Rimrock Jones, with Wallace Reid—"Excellent. Drew a capacity house in a blizzard."—Gayety Theater, Payson, Utah.

Rimrock Jones, with Wallace Reid—"Great picture. This star surely does get the money."—Columbia Theater, Provo, Utah.

The Spirit of '17, with Jack Pickford—"A good production, but failed to draw for us."—Columbia Theater, Provo, Utah.

Mrs. Dane's Defense, with Pauline Frederick—"This brought up Miss Frederick's average."—Gayety Theater, Payson, Utah.

Mrs. Dane's Defense, with Pauline Frederick—"Excellent picture to fair business. This star is surely great."—Columbia Theater, Provo, Utah.

Double Crossed, with Pauline Frederick—"The weakest thing Miss Frederick has ever done."—Dreamland Theater, Chester, S. C.

Betty to the Rescue, with Fannie Ward—"Below standard. Old film in bad shape. No compliments for Paramount on this."—Star Theater, Villa Grove, Ill.

A Bedroom Blunder, with Charles Murray—"If you enjoy much laughing, dont miss this. It's a scream."—Ideal Theater, Chicago.

Jules of the Strong Heart, with George Beban—"One of Beban's best pictures, the kind that hits the spot."—Ideal Theater, Chicago.

Love Letters, with Dorothy Dalton—"The title is catchy and attracts feminine patrons. Story too mild for the Dalton type."—Ideal Theater, Chicago.

At Coney Island, with Roscoe Arbuckle—"Star does more than is expected of him. A riot of fun."—Ideal Theater, Chicago.

The Bond Between, with George Beban—"The star was unusually good as the French music teacher and the story holds interest."—Eminence Theater, Eminence, Ky.

Lost in Transit, with George Beban—"A good picture, but I cannot do business on Beban pictures."—Realty Theater, Middletown, Pa.

The Hostage, with Wallace Reid—"A very poor picture. Everybody disappointed. Star is well liked. Good business."—Realty Theater, Middletown, Pa.

Exile, with Mme. Petrova—"Very uninteresting. Patrons did not like it. The star is losing popularity here."—Realty Theater, Middletown, Pa.

Fatty Out West, with Roscoe Arbuckle—"The star's best yet. Fatty takes the front seat for this. Brought more laughs than any other picture I've run."—Gayety Theater, Payson, Utah.

Arms and the Girl, with Billie Burke—"Repeat engagement, with business good. This star is truly a clever one, with a personality that wins instant favor."—Zelda Theater, Duluth, Minn.

The Widow's Might, with Julian Eltinge—"Without a doubt the greatest female impersonator on stage or in pictures. A good picture, well acted. Business fair."—Zelda Theater, Duluth, Minn.

A *Kiss for Susie,* with Vivian Martin—"A nice, clean story. Nothing wonderful, but it gets by."—Garfield Theater, 5531 South Halsted Street, Chicago.

The Fair Barbarian, with Vivian Martin—"For some reason this clever little star doesn't draw for me. However, this picture pleased."—Princess Theater, Columbus, Miss.

Bab's Burglar, with Marguerite Clark—"This star is a favorite and in pictures of this kind she is at her best. Big business."—Princess Theater, Columbus, Miss.

Tom Sawyer, with Jack Pickford—"A clean production that is full of wholesome humor. A good picture."—Princess Theater, Columbus, Miss.

Antics of Ann, with Ann Pennington—"Mighty cute and clever. This little star could make more pictures than two a year and put them over big."—Star Theater, Decorah, Iowa.

Bab's Matinée Idol, with Marguerite Clark—"Last of the series and pulled biggest crowd of all. There should have been one more to bring events to a satisfactory closing."—Star Theater, Decorah, Iowa.

Jack and Jill, with Jack Pickford—"Pleased the average photoplaygoer and brought fair business."—Star Theater, Decorah, Iowa.

The Secret Game, with Sessue Hayakawa—"Many said the star's best picture."—Star Theater, Decorah, Iowa.

Victor Moore Comedies—"About the best single-reelers I have been able to locate."—Star Theater, Decorah, Iowa.

PATHÉ

Fires of Youth, with Frederick Warde—"Hardly an ordinary picture. No business."—Dreamland Theater, Chester, S. C.

The Little Patriot, with Mary Osborne—"Baby Marie and her little darky, 'Man Friday,' made a hit with our patrons. This picture drew extra large attendance and pleased all."—Grand Theater, Marion, N. C.

TRIANGLE

The Bad Boy, with Robert Harron—"This story went over fine and was well received by every one who saw it. Business fair. A picture that every mother and father should see. Insist on them coming out."—Electric Theater, Bixby, Okla.

Time Locks and Diamonds, with William Desmond—"A good story well illustrated, with a good cast, which received many favorable comments."—Electric Theater, Bixby, Okla.

Madcap Madge, with Olive Thomas—"Her first picture, but her work in this is simply great and it certainly pleased a good number. Many favorable comments. Business good."—Electric Theater, Bixby, Okla.

Sudden Jim, with Charles Ray—"This star is very clever. Excellent picture to fair business."—Columbia Theater, Provo, Utah.

Evidence, with J. Barney Sherry—"We had many compliments on this picture."—Pastime Theater, Itasca, Texas.

Flames of Chance, with Margery Wilson—"I consider this a good picture. Holds your interest to end."—Pastime Theater, Itasca, Texas.

Without Honor, with Margery Wilson—"A very good picture, up to the Triangle standard."—New Grand Theater, Crosby, Minn.

Cassidy, with Dick Rosson—"A good slum picture that is different. The only fault is having too many long close-ups

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of Rosson."—New Grand Theater, Crosby, Minn.

Up and Down, with George Hernandez—"Film in good condition. Picture different from the usual run, which adds variety to the program. Business twenty-five per cent above the average."—Bijou Theater, Alpena, Mich.

The Fire-fly of Tough Luck, with Alma Ruben—"Film in good condition. A good picture is like a good story; it holds the interest from start to finish, and you try to get another by the same author. This is a good picture. Business fifty per cent above average."—Bijou Theater, Alpena, Mich.

The Paws of the Bear, with William Desmond—"A good story and a better star. Good acting and good photography make it a splendid picture. Desmond is getting quite popular here and gets good business for us. He is certainly a comer."—Electric Theater, Bixby, Okla.

The Clodhopper, with Charles Ray—"Ray certainly did some clever work in this picture. It's some comedy-drama. Ray has surely made a hit here."—Electric Theater, Bixby, Okla.

The Clodhopper, with Charles Ray—"Splendid picture. Many complimentary remarks by patrons."—Grand Theater, Marion, N. C.

They're Off, with Enid Bennett—"Picture great. Drew good crowd. Star gaining popularity here."—Realty Theater, Middletown, Pa.

The Haunted House, with Winifred Allen—"One of the worst pictures we ever ran. Everybody was tired of it. Had lots of complaints."—Realty Theater, Middletown, Pa.

Ashes of Hope, with Belle Bennett—"A good Western picture. Star is new, so the crowd was small."—Realty Theater, Middletown, Pa.

Indiscreet Corinne, with Olive Thomas—"Big business on this clever production. Olive is certainly pleasing them."—Opera House, Kenton, Ohio.

Fighting Back, with William Desmond—"A fine production to big business. Triangle pictures are in a class by themselves."—Opera House, Kenton, Ohio.

The Aryan, with W. S. Hart—"Great. Bessie Love and Louise Glaum deserve part of the credit. This is the best of the Hart reissues so far, but every one of them has been good."—Eminence Theater, Eminence, Ky.

The Aryan, with W. S. Hart—"A reissue, but O. K. and well liked by all. Drew fairly well."—Garfield Theater, 5531 South Halsted Street, Chicago.

Cheerful Givers, with Bessie Love—"This is fairly good. Miss Love did the best she could without a good story foundation. The action is too slow."—Eminence Theater, Eminence, Ky.

Madcap Madge, with Olive Thomas—"This is our kind. Everybody liked it, and the star too. Good business."—Eminence Theater, Eminence, Ky.

His Picture in the Papers, with Douglas Fairbanks—"This is the best one we've run yet. Maybe it will improve his popularity here. It drew a little better than the last one, which is not saying much, however."—Eminence Theater, Eminence, Ky.

His Picture in the Papers, with Douglas Fairbanks—"Not very good. Print very dark."—Gayety Theater, Payson, Utah.

A Shanghaied Jonah, with Keystone Players (Keystone)—"A scream from start to finish. Keystone comedies are always good."—Opera House, Kenton, Ohio.

Hell's Hinges, with W. S. Hart—"Big business on a rainy night. These reissues are getting the money."—Opera House, Kenton, Ohio.

SELECT

Woman and Wife, with Alice Brady—"Very good picture. Every one well pleased."—Ideal Theater, Chicago.

The Honeymoon, with Constance Talmadge—"A good picture; a comedy-drama. Some scenes are taken at Niagara Falls. Title will draw for you. The star is becoming more popular in each picture."—Garfield Theater, 2844 Madison Street, Chicago.—*In middle-class neighborhood.*

Ghosts of Yesterday, with Norma Talmadge—"One of her very best pictures we have ever run. Capacity business."—Ideal Theater, Chicago.

Ghosts of Yesterday, with Norma Talmadge—"Six reels of Paris cabaret life, with a good café scene. Picture went over well. Star not so attractive as in some of her former pictures."—Garfield Theater, 2844 Madison Street, Chicago.—*In middle-class neighborhood.*

VITAGRAPH

Bobby Connelly Series—"The best one-reel kid pictures ever made. There were not enough of them. Pleased grown-ups as well."—Bell Theater, Chicago.

In the Balance, with Earle Williams—"A very good feature."—Scenic Theater, Keene, N. H.

The Magnificent Meddler, with Antonio Moreno—"One of the best pictures ever run here. Moreno does many good athletic stunts."—New Grand Theater, Crosby, Minn.

Womanhood, the Glory of the Nation, with Alice Joyce—"This is one great picture, but it did not get me any money. I think the public is sick of war stuff."—Dreamland Theater, Chester, S. C.

Womanhood, the Glory of the Nation, with Alice Joyce—"A wonderful production. Packed business for one solid week at advanced prices."—Zelda Theater, Duluth, Minn.

Womanhood, the Glory of the Nation, with Alice Joyce—"A great picture; ran it twice to capacity business at advanced prices. Patrons well pleased."—Star Theater, Veblen, S. D.

The Chattel, with E. H. Sothern—"A good picture. Did a good business on a cold night. All satisfied."—Star Theater, Veblen, S. D.

The Hawk, with Earle Williams—"A good picture, but Earle Williams does not get results here."—Columbia Theater, Provo, Utah.

A Mother's Sin, with Earle Williams—"A good picture. Satisfied the majority of patrons very well. Drew an excellent week's business."—Castle Theater, Chicago.—*Downtown house.*

The Love Doctor, with Earle Williams—"The poorest picture with this star I have run in many a day. Patrons disappointed."—Princess Theater, Columbus, Miss.

For France, with Edward Earle—"An excellent picture and drew good business on an extremely cold day. It should be featured."—Princess Theater, Columbus, Miss.

Within the Law, with Alice Joyce—"An extra good picture. Business good."—Scenic Theater, Keene, N. H.

The Fall of a Nation—"Not up to standard with such pictures as *Womanhood* (Vitagraph) and *The Slacker* (Metro). Good business two days."—New Strand Theater, Warren, Minn.

Those Whom the Gods Destroy, with Alice Joyce—"A good production but film in poor condition. Drew fair business."—North Side Theater, Bryan, Ohio.

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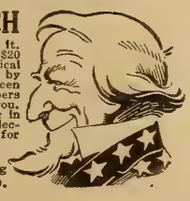
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WORLD

The Strong Way, with June Elvidge—"A good plot, a little deep for the kids, but it proved to be satisfactory."—Bell Theater, Chicago.

The Dormant Power, with Ethel Clayton—"Ethel Clayton pleases our patrons in any kind of a picture. Good business."—Opera House, Kenton, Ohio.

The Divine Sacrifice, with Kittie Gordon—"It's the kind of a picture that hits the spot. Very educational for young girls."—Ideal Theater, Chicago.

The Tenth Case, with June Elvidge—"Very fine picture. Shows a good lesson."—Ideal Theater, Chicago.

Rasputin, the Black Monk, with Montagu Love—"A good picture, but not the kind the patrons like. Good business."—Star Theater, Veblen, S. D.

Easy Money, with Ethel Clayton—"A fair picture, but not up to this star's usual standard. She is a favorite."—Princess Theater, Columbus, Miss.

The Adventures of Carol, with Madge Evans—"A clever little star in a clean, wholesome story. It pleased the kids and grown-ups."—Princess Theater, Columbus, Miss.

Whims of Society, with Ethel Clayton—"Good box-office picture. Star always draws. Title good. But when Lasky gets this star we will have to pay more rental for her pictures and our patrons advanced admission prices. Why?"—Garfield Theater, 2844 Madison Street, Chicago.

The Dormant Power, with Ethel Clayton—"This is an excellent picture, but the film's poor condition nearly ruined it."—Princess Theater, Columbus, Miss.

The Woman Beneath, with Ethel Clayton—"Film in extra good condition. Picture one of the best ever shown on my screen. Business well up to the average. World Pictures are like a circus—nearly all alike, and a circus is always well attended."—Bijou Theater, Alpena, Mich.

The Beautiful Mrs. Reynolds, with Carlyle Blackwell—"A very good picture. Pink permit."—Boston and Alcazar Theaters, Chicago.

SERIALS AND SERIES

The Lost Express, with Helen Holmes (Mutual)—"Chapter 13. Sorry there are but two episodes left. Business has been very good."—Bijou Theater, Alpena, Mich.

The Fighting Trail, with William Duncan (Vitagraph)—"The best serial I have ever run, from the box-office point of view."—Princess Theater, Columbus, Miss.

The Fighting Trail, with William Duncan (Vitagraph)—"Exhibitors, dont be afraid to book this. It is the best serial I have seen, and my audience increased for each episode and toward the last I had packed houses. The people turned out to the show on stormy nights. It had them all coming. I cant say too much for it."—Star Theater, Veblen, S. D.

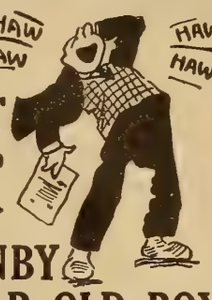
The Fighting Trail, with William Duncan (Vitagraph)—"Going bigger than any serial we have ever played. Every week shows an increase."—Opera House, Kenton, Ohio.

The Fatal Ring, with Pearl White (Pathé)—"We have run fifteen episodes and it is playing to S. R. O. My patrons certainly think the serial great. It is going over wonderfully. Pearl White has always been a favorite with our patrons."—Electric Theater, Bixby, Okla.

Universal Weekly and Screen Magazine (Universal)—"A-1. The best on the market. I have run them for six years."—Garfield Theater, 5531 South Halsted Street, Chicago.

(*Continued on page* 128)

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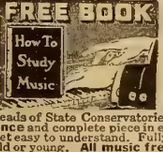
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You also, O banker, lawyer, physician, shoemaker, baker, and candlestickmaker:

Then you, sergeants and corporals, and—attention! you, soldiers and sailors all, and your great commanders:

You, p e d d l e r s, stenographers, actors, directors, plumbers, hucksters, blacksmiths, dentists, chiropodists, informers, jailors, executioners, vagabonds, and undertakers:

Gentlemen and men, also women, one and all, hear me, for I would speak. I may know more than you do, and I may not. At any rate, I have $50 in gold for the person who asks me the most sensible question I cannot answer. I have answered about 2,673,000 questions in the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE during the past seven years—and I still live! Being only 76 years old, I have at least 24 years more to go, and I want to keep myself fully occupied. I will also give $25 to the person who asks me the most foolish question, $15 for the most profound question and $10 for the wittiest question. I have deposited this money with the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

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Before trying for this $100, read my department beginning on page 85.

Patter from the Pacific

By HARRY HARDING

Belle Bennett returned to the Triangle studios after her appearance in "Mary's Way Out," at the Morosco Theater in Los Angeles, and has commenced work on a special seven-reel production, "The Lonely Woman," from the pen of Catherine Carr.

Jackie Saunders is back on the Coast again after a visit to the East. She says that it feels great to be back among the sunshine and flowers after being lost in the snow in the East.

Charles Ray and his supporting cast, including Gloria Hope and Doris Lee, are in Truckee, filming snow scenes for the popular young star's latest Paramount feature.

Mack Sennett has completed a two-reel comedy in which there are only two male members in the cast. The other rôles are all taken by members of the famous Sennett "Beauty Squad." (Tired business men, take notice!)

John Oaker, otherwise Mr. Belle Bennett, has joined the colors, and is stationed at the submarine base in San Pedro, California.

Wheeler Oakman has also answered the call of Uncle Sam, and has enlisted with the famous "Grizzlies," the crack artillery regiment of California.

Constance Talmadge's latest feature, "Up the Road With Sallie," is said to be the best thing she has ever done. William D. Taylor directed the production, and Norman Kerry played opposite her.

"A Texas Romance," from the pen of Cyrus Townsend Brady, is being filmed by the Western Vitagraph Company, with Alfred Whitman in the leading rôle.

All the cities of California seem to be bidding for Roscoe Arbuckle to open a studio in their midst. San Diego and Santa Ana have made the popular comedian very attractive inducements to locate there.

Olive Thomas arrived back from New York City with a nine-carat diamond, the largest among the photoplay colony on the Coast.

Serial companies are the only ones operating at the Universal studios at the present time. Rumor has it that production on special features will continue again shortly.

Triangle is filming the famous stage success, "The Servant in the House," at their Culver City studios.

Katherine McDonald has been engaged by Thomas H. Ince to support Charles Ray in his next feature for Paramount, and Victor Schertzinger will again direct him.

Theda Bara's sets are all inclosed from prying eyes while she is at work in "Salome."

Rumor is afloat that Ruth Roland will break forth with a company all her own in the near future.

King Vidor, who directs the Judge Brown juvenile stories for the General Film Company, has a teacher for the youngsters, who accompanies them wherever the company may go on location.

The Diando Film Corporation has started work on a fifteen episode serial by W. A. S. Douglas. George Larkin and Ora Carew will handle the principal rôles.

Jesse L. Lasky paid a visit to the Balboa studios in Long Beach last week, and was shown thru the plant by H. M. Horkheimer, president of the company.

Three directors are busily engaged in producing features for the Mutual at the American studios in Santa Barbara, California. Henry King is directing William Russell's features; Lloyd Ingraham is making the Margarita Fischer films, and Edward Sloman is in charge of the Mary Miles Minter productions.

Doesn't look as if our friend, Crane Wilbur, will return to the screen for some time to come. He is making a tremendous success with his own stock company in his own theater, the Wilbur Playhouse, at Oakland.

Lloyd Hamilton entertained Louis Bennison, star of "Johnny Get Your Gun," while the latter was playing at the Majestic Theater in Los Angeles. "Ham" and Bennison were kids together, and used to have their own theater and company, composed of themselves and a few other kids in the neighborhood. "Ham" took Bennison out to the Fox studios to see some scenes taken, after which the legitimate star decided that the stage was much safer for one's being than the Motion Picture game.

Clara Kimball Young is coming to the Coast to produce her future film productions. Looks as if they were all heading this way.

Colin Campbell has a wonderful cast for his latest big production, "A Hoosier Romance," by the late James Whitcomb Riley. Colleen Moore, Tom Santschi, Ada Gleason, Thomas Jefferson, Harry McCoy, Gertie Oakman, Frank Hayes, and several other well-known film folk, comprise the cast.

Not so much rain as we expected, but enough to do the crops a world of good. Lots more news next month.

When "Bill" Hart Gave His Order

It is said of William S. Hart that he was in a restaurant one day and found himself sitting at a table near some young men who were putting on a great many airs and ordering the waiter about in a most impressive fashion. One of them gave an order and told the waiter to inform the cook whom it was for. "Yes," said the other, "better tell him my name, too, so as to make certain of it being all right." At this point "Bill" Hart, who hates swagger, called the waiter and said, "Bring me a dozen oysters and whisper my name to each one of them."



Why Do We Love Mary Pickford?

(From a Fan's Own Viewpoint)

By CLARA LOUISE LESLIE

MARY PICKFORD is a fairy! She is not of this world. She just happened down here to help rub a little of the soot off of everybody's viewpoint and whisper to us of a place where perchance butter and eggs are within reason, where folks never have toothaches and where they tell legends about divorce courts. At least, so it seems to us whose eyes have acquired the habit of soaking up celluloid reflections—spending the time with two-dimension people night after night.

Mary Pickford is the essence of Movieland. She is the petite little personage who put the "pick" in pictures. She is more than a lithograph beauty—she is an artist! Her ability to accurately, vividly and faultlessly portray every human emotion (unless we except inborn villainy) renders her a veritable Shakespeare's pen in animated human form. Her beauty alone would be enough to put the effect of glue on all the seats in "Fandom"; but aside from being charmed by an Edenic little face, we picture-patrons sit by and indulge our willing and elastic feelings in all the various pulsings of joy, sorrow, inquiry, fear, disappointment and expectancy while she pours them out to us thru that will-o'-the-wispy, camera-invented medium—her intangible personality.

Now and then one hears of some one who "does not like Mary Pickford"; but that person is likely a "highbrow" and is generally the full-fledged fan's idea of the type of individual who would steal, plague the cat and gossip about the dead.

There is yet to be found the woman who is jealous of Mary Pickford. And with feminine as well as masculine hearts to swell the glow of her glory, it is no wonder that she has grown popular. The fact is, there is nothing about "Little Mary" of which to be jealous. Herself so free from all consciousness of evil, a dingy thought but melts into light when it reaches the halo of her happy, innocent self.

We love her curls, we love her sunshine, we love her self-forgetful little ways; and most of all we love Mary

(*Continued on page* 110)



De Only White Gen'lman dat Ever Kep' his Promise

HE seemed just a small, ragged boy, with a mischievous eye—but to Jim—Jim, the loyal—the adoring—that little white boy was a god—to be adored—to be cherished.

But if he was that to Jim—what has he been to us? For that small boy was Huckleberry Finn—our own beloved Huck—whom we see through a glory of smiles and of tears.

This is the genius of Mark Twain—that in all his seventy-four years of wisdom—of sorrow and of struggle—he remained always a fresh-hearted little boy.

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While he lived, we loved him. He made us laugh, so that we had no time to see that his style was sublime, that he was biblical in simplicity, that he was to America another Lincoln in spirit.

We watched for his great white head in the crowds—we hung on his every word—we smiled, ready to laugh at his every word. But now he is gone—we love him—yes—he's still the familiar friend—but he has joined the immortals. More than Whitman—than Longfellow—than Poe or Hawthorne or Irving—he stands for America—with the great of the earth—the Homer of this land—a prince of men—a king among dreamers—a child among children.

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DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS HEADING THE RODEO PROCESSION WHICH INCLUDED THE CELEBRATED BEVO PONIES

The Fairbanks' Rodeo

Our Movie Society Reporter Describes the Great Gathering at Which Doug Raised $15,000 for the Red Cross

EVERYBODY this side of Cheyenne was there * * * And the stars were there to shine on everybody * * * And the first one we saw was Winifred Kingston * * * She works harder than anybody for the Red Cross * * * She wore a white serge coat suit * * * The skirt of the jacket was cut full and flared like a brig on the ocean * * * She certainly did look pretty in the Red Cross veil * * * Everybody said so.

There were about thirty girls in the Red Cross bonnets * * * They had saved a sailor for every girl * * * The boys carried the baskets, and the girls carried smiles * * * In the baskets you'd find peanuts, crackerjack and chewing-gum * * * Yes, and soda-pop * * * Edith Storey was wearing huge goggles * * * She's pretty when she takes the blinkers off * * * She was selling pictures of Doug Fairbanks at two bits per.

And the bands played "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" * * * Just then Mae Murray made a round-up of the bleachers * * * She sold cigarets and cigars * * * The men like Mae and they like to smoke * * * You cant beat the combination as a money-maker * * * Her white reticule with a big Red Cross sounded like a National Cash Register.

Mary MacLaren was one of the few girls wearing dark clothes * * * She had a navy-blue bustle frock * * * She's too shy to ask folks to buy * * * But her sailor-boy had a voice like a fog-horn * * * He said, "Folks, we've got the goods and you've got the cash—let's mingle!" * * * And we all did.

The Coast Artillery band, from San Pedro, played "Way Down on th' Suwanee River" * * * An' everybody yelled because Dusty Farnum swung around in front of the band * * * He had about fifty-'leven Virginia cowpunchers cutting holes in the atmosphere.

The celebrated *Bevo* ponies were there in all their glory. These ponies are a prize-winning team of Shetlands that the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Co. has used thruout the country to boost the soft stuff.

Kathlyn Williams wore a white broadcloth suit, white kid shoes and a long ermine stole and toque * * * Yes, she took that off and put on a Red Cross bonnet * * * She had an arm around a soldier-boy each side of her * * * Dont worry, they were Boy Scouts.

Just then the old Concord Coach came around the curve * * * They used it in the early '60's on the Santa Fé Trail * * * That was the way they used to visit between Denver and Atchison * * * Now they keep the old liver-shaker in the Wells-Fargo stables * * * An' they had a Bill Hart hold-up an' rescue * * * There were Indian War Dances and old fat Minnie played the tom-tom * * * Remember Minnie, the Indian squaw you see in all the movies? * * * All the Indians run but Minnie * * * She carries 280 pounds and cant.

Helen Gibson took the crowd * * * She's afraid of nothing outside of indigestion * * * That's why she didn't take all the peanuts and pop the sailor-lads offered her * * * She wore a red shirt with silver fringe, white satin skirt, light-blue satin kerchief and hair-ribbons * * * Maybe she cant ride! * * * With her left foot in the saddle, she throws herself over the pony's side * * * Her hands and her right foot wave at the onlookers * * * With her pony racing the limit, she picks up a peanut from the ground * * * Yep, does it with her rosebud lips.

The motor-cycle rider from the Chaplin studios had everybody cheering * * * He does all the bare-back stunts they do on ponies * * * Anything a trick cycle rider can do with a light wheel, he can do better on his motor * * * He throws it over sidewise, lets it puff and snort, an' shoot from the ground * * * Then he mounts and rides off again * * * He lets 'em rope him and the iron horse, picks up kerchiefs and stands on the saddle without touching handlebars * * * That motor seems almost house-broken.

Prairie Rose is as much like a wild rose as ever * * * She wears a brown leather one-piece dress with pink silk sleeves and kerchief * * * Her short yellow curls bob wildly as she rides the bucking-horse * * * It cant throw her * * * She's the world's champion lady bucking-horse rider * * * The medals on her make John Philip Sousa wildly jealous.

Douglas Fairbanks wore a blue shirt, leather chaps and cuffs an' a red kerchief * * * The familiar brown velour

Stetson kept the sun out of his smiling eyes * * * The arena director announced that Mr. Fairbanks would bust the only untamed horse in the world! * * * Gee, it looked like a 23d Street car-horse * * * It didn't buck a buck, tho Doug yipped and beat it with his sombrero * * * The only bucks on it were those the bleacher boys put up on Douglas * * * They thought he'd win the prize for breaking bucking-horses.

You cant keep a good man down, tho * * * Mr. Fairbanks showed them, he did * * * His keeper threw glass balls up in the air one at a time and Doug hit five out of six with his little sharp-shooter * * * Then he introduced: "You're a better man than I, Gunga Din" * * * That was Hopkins, champion of the world * * * He hit every ball thrown up * * * Yes, they threw two at a time after that * * * He hit so fast it sounded like a Ford wakin' up.

Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks is a sensible, plump little woman * * * She worked with the Red Cross girls * * * Everybody likes her because she treats 'em all alike * * * Ruth Roland was in her party * * * A bunch of little red curls peeped out over each of Ruth's ears and defied the Red Cross veil to hide 'em * * * Helen Eddy was right with her, too * * * Daisy Robinson, who supported Julian Eltinge, and who's the sister of Mrs. Jim Kirkwood, you know * * * Well, Daisy was there in a blue serge coat suit * * * The coat had a blue cape lined with red silk and a red silk hood * * * And Joe Jefferson is never very far away from Daisy * * * He's so wide-awake to her charms that you wouldn't think he could play Rip Van Winkle.

The funniest thing was the cock-fight * * * Tote Du Crow was garbed like Chanticleer * * * Three movie girls came out in chicken feathers * * * Just looked like Easter chicks * * * They brought him a big egg * * * He pecked at it with his bill and out hopped a game rooster * * * Tote and the rooster pulled off the cock-fight * * * After the first round they were fanned with Turkish towels * * * Then they went at it again, till the game rooster hopped hard on Tote and killed him * * * They had to pry the game-cock's spurs out of Tote's feathers * * * Ten thousand Red Cross boosters laughing at two roosters sounded kinda—jolly.

But they had other laughs handed to them * * * Every time the boys tried to rope steers, the beasts charged into the audience and the camera-men nearly got knocked off their feet a lot of times * * * One camera-man stuck right to his post by the band-stand, and when the steer approached, the bass-drummer let out a roll that made the horned quadruped leap into the air * * * It was one of the funniest things in the whole show * * * But it saved the film every time.

Of course, there was beautiful lasso work * * * Roping six riders in one throw seemed like tyin' a bundle round Christmas-time * * * An' cowboys an' cowgirls danced the quadrille on horse-back * * * Maybe that wasn't pretty * * * Every little while the bands would strike up "America" * * * Then you'd hear them all cheer * * * Or when they sang "Over There" thru megaphones.

Then Douglas Fairbanks rode around again on his pinto * * * He had a whopper megaphone with his name in silver letters on it * * * Thru it he yelled: "We made almost fifteen thousand dollars for the Red Cross, folks!" * * * An' everybody forgot all about the rodeo and saw the ambulances instead of the prairie-wagon and the pony-express * * * An' the doctors instead of the steer-ropers * * * An' the women took out their handkerchiefs and the men took off their hats and yelled * * * They wanted to cry, too, but they were *men*. Some of them had given their sons for Democracy * * * Some of them were going to give themselves for it * * * And everybody there had come to do a little bit * * * Then there was a shout, "Three cheers for Douglas Fairbanks!" * * * An' he got 'em, you bet.

Mr. Fairbanks wrote in "Laugh and Live": "The mere possession of energy and enthusiasm makes us feel like laughing!" * * * An' everybody was just beginning to feel solemn when he let out a "Yee-up!" * * * An' did a stunt * * * So they all laughed as they always laugh at "The Champion Smiler."

The bands played "The Star Spangled Banner" * * * An' we all rose, an' the men took off their hats * * * The sailor-boys stood at attention * * * The Red Cross girls bowed their heads as if they were getting a benediction * * * It's a pity the East couldn't see a scene like that * * * Back there, snow, ice and blizzards * * * People suffering without coal * * * Here in Washington Park—sure the name was appropriate for a Red Cross benefit—we had warm weather, coatless riders * * * The women did not need warm wraps even * * * An' the flower-girls walked about selling pretty posies of red and white carnations tied with tri-colored ribbons * * * White for the purity of our National ideals * * * Red for the blood that is shed in maintaining those ideals.

The programs they sold had a poem by Will S. Gridley * * * This is how it runs:

A dying soldier, crazed with pain,
Sent up the piteous cry:
"Oh, Mother, come; kiss me once more—
Just once before I die!"
A Red Cross angel bent over his cot,
As she was passing by;
"Mother is here," she said, and kist his lips—
And Heaven forgave the lie!

An' the very last scene was a group-picture of the sailor-lads and Red Cross girlies, in which every big star twinkled * * * We're proud, first, of the stars in our flag * * * But we're proud, also, of the stars in the Douglas Fairbanks' rodeo.

The Blessings of Internment

This is Louise Huff's latest story about the Southern darkies. Two ladies of color met on the street of a town in Georgia, and, after passing the time of day, Mandy said to her friend, "You know, honey, me and mah man aint had no fights for more'n two years. Aint that sumpthin gran'?" To which the other replied, in a somewhat matter-of-fact way, "I'se fixed de same way. Mah man was sent up for life, too."

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M. TRILETY, Face Specialist, 1008 Ackerman Bldg., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

Our Exclusive Los Angeles Column

Special News That Has Not "Worked Thru the Trade"

By FRITZI REMONT

AND now it's time to congratulate Enid Bennett, who has announced her engagement to Fred Niblo. Funny that Enid Markey, her predecessor at Culver City, should have married quite recently. After all there's something in these Tennysonian names. Spell them backward and they sound quite well connected with a meal-ticket.

One Los Angeles boy has almost reached stellar heights in William S. Hart's "The Silent Man." Harold Goodwin's family and friends rushed to the opening of our new and beautiful Grauman Theater at Third and Broadway the other night to see this boy, still in his teens, do a splendid bit of acting with Mr. Hart. Harold Goodwin had been intensely interested in wireless stunts and operated a little station on the roof of the family bungalow until Uncle Sam removed it forcibly, and as school was just about closing last spring, Harold applied to Mr. Ince for a try-out. He made good and has given up the thought of wireless messages for talkless ones on the screen.

The other day, as I prowled about the Paralta studios, I was entertained by some "California canaries" (commonly yclept jackasses) on the lot. "Aren't they the dearest things?" inquired a pleasant voice. Turning, I beheld Janet Sully, who's just completed her fourth photo-comedy for Chaplin. Janet related a harrowing experience of a ruined dress in "The Adventurer," in which the lively Charles allows a plate of ice-cream to slide down his bifurcated and to continue its unmolested course down Miss Sully's neck as she bends over a table. Janet Sully has some record for comedy work, for she played sixty-eight comedies with George Ovey without a break. She has been doing work for Rupert Julian also, appearing in four recent releases.

The newest plans for Ethel Ritchie call for twelve two-reel comedies with R. Henry Grey for leading-man. Miss Ritchie is delighted with the new Western series, for they call for lots of daredevil horseback riding, the thing she enjoys most on earth. She lived in Arizona for two years and was taught by some of the best broncho-busters in the business.

Reginald Barker is to direct the first Mastercraft picture at the Paralta studios, a screen version of "The One Woman," by Thomas Dixon. F. Eugene Farnsworth is now collecting the cast.

Frank Bonn is living in Paradise these days, tho his mail is still sent to the "heavy" at Triangle-Keystone. His paradise doesn't consist of a "loaf of bread, a jug of wine and thou!" however, but an apple figures prominently in the story. The other day Mr. Bonn received a telegram from his ranch overseer in North Yakima, where Frank owns three big orchards, that the apple crop sent out amounted to seven carloads.

Julian Lamothe, who has just completed "Humdrum Brown" for Henry Walthall, is eagerly awaiting the call to France, out at Paralta. While born in New Orleans, Mr. Lamothe is proud of his French ancestry and is anxious to be in the actual fighting. He expects his lucky talisman ring to bring him safely back with lots of thrills to put into new photoplays. Mr.

Lamothe is very popular with the younger film stars—ladies first, please!

A wonderfully quaint and assorted lot of extras appeared for the Triangle picture, "The Answer." One white-bearded and stoop-shouldered man, with a wistful, perhaps hungry expression, especially attracted the attention of Director Hopper. The old man was sketching on some rough brown paper, with a tiny pencil-stump, a picture of Alma Ruben which astonished everybody in the studio. A bit later, when everybody who had any do-re-mi went to lunch, Mr. Hopper found the old artist sitting at the piano playing ballads with a beauty of expression which quite touched the director's heart. Calling up his home, he announced that he was bringing company in to a hurry-up luncheon, whisked the astonished pianist away in his machine, and saw to it that a satisfied smile replaced the hungry look.

And a little hair shall lead them. Al Whitman, the ministerial-looking individual who plays opposite Nell Shipman in her latest photoplay, had a beautiful lip adornment all ready for the afternoon's work, when an ill wind blew up in Tejunga Canyon and confiscated the mustache. Nearly all the scenes in that location had been finished, and as they were sixty miles from Los Angeles, measuring the distance in a round trip, there was nothing for it but to snip off a bit of Miss Shipman's beautiful hair and try to fashion a mustache for temporary service. The wind wasn't standing for any subterfuge work like that, and carried off the substitute hair by hair, so the entire company gave up in disgust, drove in to the Angel City to purchase the elusive tickler and returned to location next day.

"Tarzan of the Apes" cost one million dollars to produce and took eleven months of effort and concentration in the making. Kathleen Kirkham had no sooner finished her work in this feature than she was asked to play a strong part in "For Husbands Only," which Lois Weber is now producing. Miss Kirkham is wondering if she will ever have a vacation.

Mrs. J. Stuart Blackton is on her way from New York to join the Commodore in Los Angeles, and the latter has elaborated plans for a suburban residence here. Of course the babies are coming along.

A real treat was served at the Lasky studios not long ago. The stage drama, "The Tragedy of Nan," was presented by Lasky players, Helen Jerome Eddy in the leading part. Mabel Van Buren had a good part as Nan's catty cousin, and looked so pretty as a buxom English lassie of 1810. Leta Lorraine, who has recovered from the accident which robbed her of her beautiful hair, played a minor part, and Lillian Leighton, character-woman, was a big hit in the part of Mrs. Pargetter. The Lasky Girls acted as ushers, and many notables sat in the audience, including Mary MacLaren, Eugene Ormonde, Eugenie Forde and Virginia Forde.

A funny incident happened in conjunction with this production. In one scene Laurence Tibbitt, as Gaffer Pearce, recites the lines: "The harvest tide—it is coming in, coming in!" Just then a terrific noise started up, and nobody knew whether it was a tidal wave from the Pacific, a make-believe tide or a rainstorm. When the audience rushed outside, they found another sandstorm obscuring the moon, and the noise on the windows had been occasioned by sand and pepper berries, blown down from the hundreds of pepper-trees which hide the Lasky buildings from curious onlookers.



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The Growth of Motion Pictures

Facts and Figures for Debaters and Information Seekers

By VAN VORST CATOR

THE present time marks the beginning of a new era, and the golden torch of light is burning brighter than ever upon the path of Motion Pictures. This new art is an accepted factor in educational work and an entertainment that no longer makes its appeal only to certain classes. The premiere performance of an important Motion Picture is now ranked with the "first night" of a drama or opera on the stage. In its appeal to the popular taste it has reached far beyond the dreams of a few years ago. The last Presidential election saw the Motion Picture called upon for new uses. "President Wilson and His Cabinet," a three-reel production, was one of the most popular subjects used by the Democrats in the furtherance of their campaign, while the Republicans found one of their most useful means of reaching the electorate in "A Reunited Party," a two-reel production. Motion Pictures were called into play in State and local campaigns also, notably in New York, where Governor Whitman had earned the favor of the picture interests by vetoing a bill providing State censorship.

Most important among screen productions was "The Birth of a Nation," by D. W. Griffith. "Intolerance" was an innovation, in that it departed from all past dramatic methods and carried four distinct stories along simultaneously. The theme indicated by the title is driven home by means of stories laid in the Byzantine era, the time of Christ, France in the days of the Huguenots and the present in the United States. In elaborateness and effectiveness it was a sumptuous spectacle and marked a new achievement.

"Civilization," inspired by the war in Europe, aimed to drive home the horrors of strife, and was a masterpiece in artistic perfection.

When Sir Herbert Tree appeared in "Macbeth" for Triangle, it was a new mark of the heights of prestige reached by the screen. E. H. Sothern, another star of the first rank, made his screen début in 1916. Nazimova and Rose Melville, the famous "Sis Hopkins," are among other recruits from the galaxy of stage stars. Geraldine Farrar devoted practically half of a year to the spectacular production of "Joan the Woman." Mary Garden has immortalized the rôle of "Thais" for the screen. Maxine Elliott and Elsie Ferguson, stage celebrities, are among the silent stage's recent recruits, and Lina Cavalieri has deserted grand opera for the voiceless stage.

The development of the year that is considered most important by picture men is the steadily increasing desire among a large class of patrons for a return to the varied program of short subjects. The swing in sentiment, which will work in the cases of both long and short pictures toward a survival of the fittest in the matter of quality, has been given impetus by the fact that many of the short photoplays now meet the long photodramas on their own ground—i. e., in prominence of star, author and costliness of production.

One significant event which shows the advancement of the Screen Drama is the fact that New York alone supports three magnificent theaters, The Rialto, Strand and Rivoli, which were designed without a stage and no possibility of ever being used for anything but Motion Pictures. All of these are equipped with pipe-organs and fine symphony orchestras.

Motion Pictures have been used in a new way as a result of the European War, in the production of actual fighting scenes. These pictures have a tremendous grip on the imagination, and are expected to be of ultimate use to the various movements organized thruout the world to prevent wars.

Motion Picture theaters are well patronized thruout Greece and Italy. The Royal Families keep in touch with the war and events by having private machines in their palaces to show them.

Athens has four very modern picture theaters, and more than half-a-dozen others charging popular prices, and about ten open-air theaters. In the provinces of Greece there are some hundred and twenty-five cinemas. Because of the war, there has been, in general, a decline in the quality of pictures sent to Greece. They get mostly French, Danish, American, German and occasionally English photoplays. Some very striking historical works have been sent out by Italian companies. The war pictures are of such absorbing interest to the public as to attract large crowds. Few of the American films shown in Greece have been successful, as many of them are so tinged with local color as to be unintelligible to a Greek audience. The making of Motion Pictures in Greece is still in its infancy; an Athens attempt gave poor results, owing to lack of capital and experience.

The Italians are great supporters of picture shows, and the business is developing rapidly in all parts of the kingdom. This is remarkable because of the high prices which prevail, ranging from ten cents to eighteen cents for first class, with extra prices for expensive films. This means over four times as much in American money. Alas! the sons of the fair Italian skies are filled with sentiment, and sigh for an appeal to the imagination and a thrill to the heart. For this they will drink less wine and eat less garlic. They are crazy over the war pictures, and the managers have arranged for them to see the daily positions of the various armies by the aid of a map and tiny flags. To this is added a bulletin of the important events of the day. As Italy is the land of music and song, great attention is paid to the orchestra. The better class Motion Picture theaters employ twenty and thirty musi-

cians for one of the features of the entertainment. Some of the fine Italian grand operas are presented as Motion Pictures, with the music of the opera as an accompaniment.

At Teheran, in Persia, there is only one cinematograph theater, which has a seating capacity of about two hundred, open every day and well patronized. French, German, and Russian pictures are mostly shown, and the most popular pictures are comic, tragic, war and chases.

The Motion Picture business in China is practically confined to the treaty ports and the large commercial centers. It has developed almost exclusively in the higher priced theaters, ranging from 50 to 75 cents a seat. In Shanghai there are six such houses, while Tientsin and Pekin have smaller numbers.

In Japan, the Kobe district has about sixty Motion Picture theaters. There are no low-price, continuous houses. Ordinarily, only one performance of six or eight reels, lasting about three hours, is given each day. Some of the theaters show a complete program of Japanese films and others foreign films; but the great majority of houses combine the two classes in about equal proportion. Most of the foreign plays are French, Italian or English dramas or American comedies.

In Costa Rica, French and Italian films are used almost exclusively in Port Limon and district, tho the people seem to prefer the American pictures when, on rare occasions, they are shown. As a result the business is falling off.

In Honduras there is one picture house in the Tegucigalpa consular district. Old films are shown for admission prices of 10 to 30 cents; new films of ordinary run command a fifty-cent admission fee. Among the most popular of the American pictures are the Wild West type.

The advancement of pictures in England is almost as great as in America. In Leeds, for instance, the movies are more popular than ever. It has more picture houses in proportion to population than any other city in England.

Bolivia is the first country to have used the films to advertise its resources in the United States. Four such reels have been prepared and shown before many clubs and business men's associations.

Karachi, India, has two modern picture theaters that give two shows nightly.

In Honolulu the pictures are so prosperous that the Liberty Theater has installed a $10,000 pipe-organ. The city has many first-class houses, the largest seating 1,800. The great tourist traffic helps to make a demand for artistic pictures.

There is a foundation for a Motion Picture colony in Hawaii to take advantage of the wonderful climate and scenery for picture settings. So one can tour the world and never be lonely, as they will find in every land the language every one can understand in Motion Pictures.

Undines—Beware!

By WALTER EDMAND MAIR

I long to be a little clam
And live alone, I swear,
Beside some oozy, dozy dam,
Far from the camera's lair.

But ah! A man, and not a clam,
I'd be, when ingénues
Steal to the pool beside the dam
And start to shed their shoes!

(Studio Notes)
What clam could half appreciate
The joy of nymphs a-sporting?
No shell—but just a trench for me
When Undines go cavorting!



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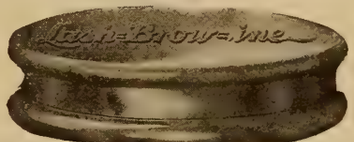
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"The Motion Picture Hall of Fame"

The Big Contest Is in Full Swing and Going "Over the Top" With the Picture-Fan Army

Like the small boy who stoned the hornets' nest, the "Motion Picture Hall of Fame" has stirred up so many people and so set them to buzzing that they have kept us on the jump thruout the past month. Over 1,500,000 votes have been cast! We can scarcely realize that so many people are willing to express a preference by coming to the polls. The votes not only pour into our office from every section of the country at the rate of 2,000 a day, but hundreds of interesting letters accompany them, acting as special pleaders for the players selected. The fact that the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is going to have twelve life-size oil paintings made of the winning players and that these will go on exhibition at the leading picture theaters thruout the country before they are sent to Washington as a permanent "Motion Picture Hall of Fame" has aroused the greatest enthusiasm. The lobbies of some of our theaters are filled with so-called portraits of our greatest actors and actresses on the silent stage, but unfortunately for American art most of them are monstrosities. Portrait painting is one of our greatest arts and only the most distinguished artists should attempt it where they are striving for a likeness of faces and forms that have grown so familiar to us on the screen. It is too early to announce the names of the artists who will paint the portraits of the winners of the "Motion Picture Hall of Fame," but our readers may be assured that they will be selected from among America's greatest portrait painters.

THE EARLY THEATER CATCHES THE PORTRAITS

As an indication of the interest in the Motion Picture Hall of Fame Contest, we have already begun to receive inquiries and applications from some of the leading theaters who desire to exhibit the portraits in their lobbies and foyers at the conclusion of the contest. Unfortunately, we cannot assign these dates, as the portraits, when they do go upon tour, will follow an elaborate schedule. For the benefit of our readers who live in small cities and towns, we can announce that a miniature Hall of Fame will be reproduced in the pages of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and that the winners' portraits will be produced on heavy paper, in all their fullness of color and detail.

The rules of the Motion Picture Hall of Fame Contest have been made extremely simple. Twelve players of either sex should be voted for on the ballot printed elsewhere. In selecting them, we request our readers to take into consideration the following qualities: Beauty, Portrayal and Popularity of the players. The twelve players receiving the greatest number of votes at the conclusion of the contest will be entitled to have their portraits painted for the "Motion Picture Hall of Fame," which will be placed upon permanent exhibition, as previously stated.

INTERESTING COMMENT ON THE VOTES

During the past month, nearly 500,000 votes have been recorded, but the leading twelve of last month still retain their positions in the Hall of Fame. By looking over the vote, however, it will be noticed that there is extremely lively competition among the next dozen players to see which will break into the charmed circle. William Farnum has come within a few hundred votes of reaching Clara Kimball Young, and Pauline Frederick, Charlie Chaplin, Norma Talmadge and Vivian Martin are pressing closely behind. All along the line there has been a vigorous response, and it will be noticed from the subjoined list that the name of hardly a star of the first water is missing from the list. We can all rest assured that there is going to be mighty keen competition from now on, and with such glorious ends to be achieved—America's greatest painters centering their art upon America's greatest Motion Picture players—we feel sure that the largest vote in the history of the country will be recorded in these pages. Here are the votes for the players who have received 3,000 votes or more up to February 25th:

Mary Pickford	74,992	Alice Brady	14,731	Tom Forman	6,279	Kathlyn Williams	4,431
Marguerite Clark	55,966	George Walsh	11,955	Robert Warwick	6,218	Marie Osborn	4,370
Douglas Fairbanks	51,947	Violet Mersereau	11,658	Earle Foxe	5,953	Virginia Pearson	4,337
Harold Lockwood	50,984	Bessie Love	11,407	Blanche Sweet	5,927	Louise Glaum	4,149
William S. Hart	50,382	Mae Murray	11,354	Edith Storey	5,881	Eugene O'Brien	4,116
Wallace Reid	43,771	Dustin Farnum	11,344	Jackie Saunders	5,760	Ben Wilson	4,090
Pearl White	40,923	Mae Marsh	11,187	William Russell	5.756	Dorothy Gish	3,870
Anita Stewart	34,974	Charles Ray	10,773	Fannie Ward	6,635	Mary Fuller	3,854
Francis X. Bushman	29,093	Carlyle Blackwell	10,492	Harry Morey	5,621	Harry Hilliard	3,848
Theda Bara	29,017	Bryant Washburn	10,351	Ruth Roland	5,553	Irving Cummings	3,827
Mary Miles Minter	28,439	Olga Petrova	10,078	Ethel Barrymore	5,441	Ann Little	3,822
Earle Williams	27,537	June Caprice	10,019	George Beban	5,417	Mahlon Hamilton	3,738
Clara Kimball Young	25,831	May Allison	9,799	Mary Anderson	5,392	Theodore Roberts	3,679
William Farnum	25,461	Dorothy Dalton	9,245	Thomas Meighan	5,338	Vola Vale	3,676
Pauline Frederick	24,150	Mollie King	9,162	Stuart Holmes	5,326	Conway Tearle	3,647
Norma Talmadge	23,518	Louise Huff	8,391	Lillian Gish	5,175	Maxine Elliott	3,634
Charlie Chaplin	23,435	Antonio Moreno	8,355	Madge Evans	5.040	Edward Langford	3,628
Vivian Martin	23,311	Owen Moore	8,089	Grace Cunard	4,900	Shirley Mason	3,611
Billie Burke	18,594	Olive Thomas	7,765	Gladys Brockwell	4,876	Niles Welch	3,597
Ethel Clayton	17,762	Sessue Hayakawa	7.683	Ann Pennington	4.867	Frank Keenan	3,595
Beverly Bayne	17,622	Bessie Barriscale	7.264	Irene Castle	4,818	Mary Maurice	3,565
Warren Kerrigan	16,953	Viola Dana	7,142	William Duncan	4.711	Dorothy Phillips	3,558
Jack Pickford	16,292	Creighton Hale	7,141	Peggy Hyland	4.673	Marie Walcamp	3,549
Alice Joyce	16,173	House Peters	6.940	Montagu Love	4.633	Jewel Carmen	3,502
Henry B. Walthall	15.548	Crane Wilbur	6,488	Ralph Kellard	4,542	Henry Gsell	2,404
Geraldine Farrar	15,258	William Desmond	6,414	Tom Moore	4,434	Lillian Walker	2,403

STAGE PLAYS THAT ARE WORTH WHILE

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these speaking plays appear in their vicinity.)

By "JUNIUS"

Longacre—"Yes or No." A dandy play that will amuse and delight everybody except the dramatic critics. Very well acted and full of laughs.

Playhouse—"The Little Teacher." A charming play, full of human interest, and played by a company every one of which makes a hit. Mary Ryan is superb, as usual.

Broadhurst—"The Madonna of the Future." A play patterned after the Ibsen-Shaw type. All dialog and but little action. Even Emily Stevens does not save the play (nor herself) from being a trifle boresome.

Astor—"Why Marry?" Just the play for Nat Goodwin, who makes it a winner.

Park—"Seven Days' Leave." Thrilling, gripping war melodrama appealing to the army and navy. H. Cooper Cliffe, of photoplay fame, is the head of the Secret Service and does finely, and so do William J. Kelly and Evelyn Varden.

Casino—"Oh, Boy!" Still continues to be the wonder of Broadway, and after two seasons is out to break all performance records. Nothing vulgar or broad in this clean, sparkling, zippy musical-comedy. Tom Powers, of former Vitagraph fame, makes a fine-looking and fine-acting leading-man. The music is as tuneful as the "Big Burg" has seen since "The Merry Widow."

Cort—"Flo-Flo." Glorified burlesque has at last come to Broadway. Sprinkle some catchy music between the gags, add a flashing chorus, season well with bold if not risqué situations, and flavor with dazzling costumes and you have "Flo-Flo" ready to serve. The stars and support display well-modulated voices and some real honeymoon lingerie.

Belasco—"Polly With a Past." A capital farce-comedy that will delight everybody. The biggest hit of the season.

Cohan & Harris—"A Tailor-Made Man" An altogether captivating comedy full of laughs, built around a young tailor who became great thru reading the book of an unsuccessful author and who then hires the latter to work for him.

Morosco—"Lombardi, Ltd." An amusing comedy starring Leo Carillo, who is great. A clever play, cleverly acted.

Princess—"Oh, Lady! Lady!!" Manhattan's latest chic musical-comedy, presented at the home of smart successes. Daintiness, wit, a well-balanced, all-star cast and catchy music are the outstanding charm of this offering intime. A plot with clever complications, smart costuming, and novelty dances never permit the piece to lag.

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For further reviews and pictures of scenes from notable stage plays, see the MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC, out April 15.

An official photograph of the club used to "finish off" wounded Italian soldiers. 32,000 of these were recently captured by the Italians.



The Destruction of Civilization

THIS is in grim reality what we are fighting this war to prevent. The club pictured above—from an actual official photograph—might be the weapon of a savage cave man of five thousand years ago. It is in fact the weapon with which the German soldiers finish off the enemy wounded who have fallen on the battlefield. There is only one answer to make to such methods—the defeat of the German armies. America has taken up the sword to give that answer. Our army is in France to help win this war on the battlefield—that civilization may be safe, that America may be safe.

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Motion Picture Magazine

(Trade-mark Registered)

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Almost a decade ago, when the art of the screen was first pronounced worthy of depicting life's dramas, this Magazine was founded. From the first, it aimed to be the voice of the Silent Drama—the friend of those in front, and of the shadowed players. It has always been ready to encourage all that is good, and eager to wield its power against all that is unworthy. Every word, every picture in this Magazine is printed for you, the reader; hence it is your Magazine, and the official organ of the Motion Picture public.

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Take the ordinary longhand letter *d* Eliminate everything but the long downstroke and there will remain | . This is the Paragon symbol for D. It is always written **downward.**

From the longhand letter *e* rub out everything except the upper part—the circle—and you will have the Paragon E.

Write this circle at the **beginning of** | and you will have Ed.

By letting the circle remain **open** it will be a **hook,** and this **hook** stands for **A.** Thus ⌒ will be **Ad.** Add another **A** at the end, thus ⌒ and you will have a girl's name, **Ada.**

From *s* eliminate the initial and final strokes and *o* will remain, which is the Paragon symbol for **O.**

For the **longhand** *m* , which is made of 7 strokes, you use this **one** horizontal stroke —

Therefore, —o would be **Me.**

Now continue the **E** across the **M,** so as to add **D**—thus ⌐ and you will have **Med.** Now add the **large** circle for **O,** and you will have ⌐O (medo), which is **Meadow,** with the silent **A** and **W** omitted.

You now have 5 of the characters. There are only 26 in all. Then you memorize 26 simple word-signs, 6 prefix abbreviations and one rule of contractions. THAT IS ALL.

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Motion Picture 5-18

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MAY, 1918

THE GIRL ON THE COVER

Dorothy Bernard posed for our artist in the costume of a Red Cross nurse in order to help call your attention to the new drive of the American Red Cross for a hundred-million-dollar war fund which the Red Cross must obtain in order to continue their war relief work. Miss Bernard, who is popular on both the stage and screen, is at present playing the lead on the stage in "The Man Who Came Back."

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READ

"My Ideal Man" (page 79), and see if you can afford to miss the next instalment in the June issue.

DONT MISS

"When the Movies Salute the Flag." A wonderful record of what all the stars are doing for Uncle Sam, in our June number.

"Don't Envy a Good Complexion"

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ARTHUR GUY EMPEY AND "MOTHER" MAURICE IN "OVER THE TOP"



MARY MILES MINTER

With her star ever in the ascendancy, begins her third year of shadow stage conquests. 'Tis said that Golden Mary has become a fixture in Santa Barbara, having recently signed a long-term contract with American. Bereft of this breezy little fairy of the films and her ever-present chaperone, the camera, the ancient sea-coast city would have an attack of the doldrums.



GLADYS HULETTE

Just because her press-agent said that she had knee-dimples hasn't side-tracked Gladys Hulette's screenic career. This gladsome miss is now co-starring for Pathé with Creighton Hale and 'tis said that they make delightful mates. "Annexing Bill" is their current sparkling comedy, and "Miss Slacker," a comedy-drama with a patriotic motive, will be their next offering.



KENNETH HARLAN

Always in demand as a leading-man, this young American with the cheerful Scotch nomenclature, has made the rounds of the Pacific Coast studios. It is reported that the call to arms has found him standing at attention and that he will soon become one of Uncle Sam's young war eagles in the Aviation Corps.



NILES WELCH

Altho Niles Welch has had "a sweetheart in every camera," there are others who still pine for him. Some of his long array of conquests as leading-man are Mary Miles Minter, Ann Murdock, Ethel Barrymore, Norma Talmadge, Mary Fuller and Kitty Gordon. The exhaustless wooer's latest appearance is with Effie Shannon in Metro's "Her Boy," in which Niles is a loving son to the former distinguished stage star.



COUNTESS ELEANORA DE CISNEROS

Like Geraldine Farrar and Mary Garden, this famous grand opera star has succumbed to the lure of the movies. Having sung in every important opera house in the world, she will shortly be seen in every important picture theater, altho she is now actively engaged in patriotic duties, singing for monster Red Cross benefits and at the camps, and assisting the Stage Women's War Relief Society.



ALICE JOYCE

Good looks got Alice Joyce on the picture stage, but good acting is keeping her there. If Titian were alive he would rave over the tints of her skin, hair and eyes, a rare study in golden bronze; but Alice photographs only in blacks and whites and prefers that she be her own artist. In "The Song of the Soul," she has reached the summit of her dramatic career.



LOUISE GLAUM

© Evans

After an absence of nine full moons the screen will welcome back the refulgent image of Louise Glaum. This winter the star was troubled with that latest studio disease, contractitis, but now she is completely cured and is about to produce under her own management.



DAVID POWELL

This distinguished and transplanted actor took several "trial spins" to America before finally being captured by the camera. In support of Ellen Terry and Sir Forbes-Robertson he endeared himself to stage audiences, followed by pictured engagements with Mary Pickford, Billie Burke, Clara K. Young, Alice Brady and Ann Murdock. Mr. Powell's next appearance will be with Catherine Calvert in "A Romance of the Underworld."



JACK RICHARDSON

Nine continuous years before the camera almost makes the "master villain of them all" forget that he started his photodramatic career when the old American Company was a traveling caravan, its studio a corral and its dressing-room an army tent. Jack is not only a landmark on the Coast, but has been the stepping-stone for many a hero into the heart of his film lady fair.



© Hartsook ANITA KING

Long Beach, California, is looking up since Anita King joined the Balboa studio colony. The race-about star has recently adopted a girl kiddie, discovered a copper-mine, and motored several laps around the Flowery State.



ETHEL PEPPREL

The latest report from California's fruit-belt says that the peach crop is coming in strong—especially blondes. Ethel Pepprel is right on top of the Balboa peach-basket.



ALFRED WHITMAN

Doomed to gallop thru the pages of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, as Jack Conway, in the dashing novel, "Captain Sunlight's Last Raid," Alfred Whitman has quite recovered from his printed adventures and is about to undertake a new Western thriller, this time co-starring for Vitagraph with Nell Shipman, in "The Home Trail."



VIVIAN MARTIN

Grand Rapids, Michigan, proved that it could turn out something less wooden than furniture for studio sets when it presented Vivian Martin to the screen. Nor was she misnamed in Vivian, the feminine of Vivacity. After a thoro stage training as a child actress with Richard Mansfield, Andrew Mack and Charles Warner, she starred in "Peter Pan." Miss Martin's picture career has been a succession of unbroken triumphs.



© Evans

MILDRED HARRIS

The heroine of "K" is indeed fortunate. Seven of her eighteen years have been under the masterly tutelage of Tom Ince and D. W. Griffith. Since last summer Mildred Harris has been the especial protégée of Lois Weber. With a winning and unspoiled personality at seventeen, big things are prophesied for the little girl from Cheyenne.



DOROTHY DALTON

Known as Ince's "Flaming Emotion," Dorothy Dalton runs true to form in her latest apt offering, "Flare-up Sal," and her forthcoming "Love Me." Ever since she was discovered by Tom Ince in vaudeville, Dorothy has shown a predilection for colorful, flame-tinted roles. "Love Letters" added to the list of her flames and "The Flame of the Yukon" was a ripping celluloid heart-conflagration.



KEEPING *the* FAMILY TOGETHER

IT takes more than three meals a day and a roof to hold a family together. *That's* only cupboard love!

No, the real *cementing* influence, as many parents have found, is for the family to *enjoy itself together,* as it does at the motion picture theatre.

Son will chip in on the party as well as Daughter and the youngsters, when it comes to seeing with the old folks the first-class motion picture plays of *Paramount* and *Artcraft.*

And there's no pretence about it either —not *"just once* to please Dad",—but they all go because the fascination of Paramount and Artcraft *gets them!*

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NEW YORK

"FOREMOST STARS, SUPERBLY DIRECTED, IN CLEAN MOTION PICTURES"

ALL OVER THE PLOT AT PATHÉ

Hazel Simpson Naylor Paddles into Pearl White's "The House of Hate"



PEARL WHITE



PEARL had a pain in the lower left—well, in what is socially known as the appendix.

But Pearl is a good sport.

"I'm telling you, if it's going to get you, it'll get you, that's all!" Pearl announced oracularly as she hooked a long window-pole into one of the ceiling beams and pulled herself up hand-over-hand—maybe for practice; maybe from force of habit.

A good-looking young chap, in a well-tailored dark-green suit, started complaining that the sun wasn't shining and they couldn't take the second-story leap. "Never mind, we'll get the staircase scene, the knife-throwing and—— What the deuce! Hey, Burt, didn't that butler show up?" It was George B. Seitz, the twenty-six-year-old wonder who wrote "The Iron Claw," directed "The Fatal Ring," and is now performing the same duty for "The House of Hate," Pearl White's latest thriller, who, running his hand thru his good-looking, wavy locks, reviewed the motley assembly of maids, policemen, toughs, villains and wild men.

"Oh, Buckley," Seitz called to Floyd Buckley, who takes the part of a masked terror whose perpetual occupation is the pursuit of Pearl as the daughter of the House of Wardon, munition-makers. "Want to get into livery and do a fall off the balcony for me?"

"I'll do anything once, George, providing there's enough of the long green in it. Here's yesterday's marks of honor"—he exhibited two bandaged wrists which had been cut in a jump thru a plate-glass window the day before.

"Maybe today'll be a broken neck; who can tell?"

"What's the big idea?" Seitz to Pearl, whom he has just noticed dangling on the pole.

"Oh, just getting the kinks out of m' joints, that's all; waitin' till you're ready. Got a terrible pain, George."

"Come down and sit still, then."

"Say," suggested a person in policeman garb, "that would be a scream of a comedy picture, Pearl White sitting still."

Just to prove it could be done, Pearl did sit for a second, but——

"Hey, you, Joe, and first butler, ready for scene?"

Of course, Pearl and I



GEORGE SEITZ AND HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR IN AN ACCIDENTAL CLOSE-UP WITH TONY MORENO AND PEARL WHITE



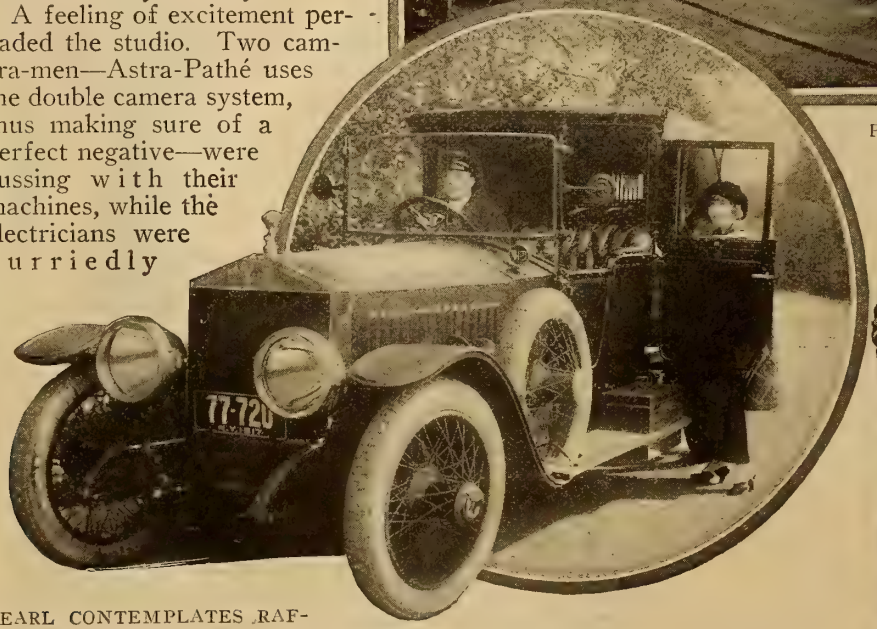
TONY UNTANGLES PEARL, WHILE WE LOOK ON HELPLESSLY

had to be in on any excitement, so we trotted thru the library of a medieval castle to a hallway where an enormous staircase reared itself proudly up to a second-story balcony.

A feeling of excitement pervaded the studio. Two camera-men—Astra-Pathé uses the double camera system, thus making sure of a perfect negative—were fussing with their machines, while the electricians were hurriedly



PEARL LEAPING FROM HIGH BALCONY



PEARL CONTEMPLATES RAFFLING HER ROLLS-ROYCE FOR WAR FUNDS

adjusting the fine details of their lighting system. Joe Cunney, garbed in a dirty pair of trousers, a torn, red jersey, with greased hair, his face painted dark red overlaid with brown powder, brandished a wicked-looking knife, and took his place in the center of the set. Joe, be it known, takes the part of a wicked Malay, the ally of the masked terror.

"Gee, I got a pain," murmured Pearl, but the light of zest began to sparkle in her large, tawny eyes.

"Joe, ready!" 'Twas Seitz speaking in quick, staccato tones. "Get back of the door, open it a little, sneak in, look up the stairs—no one there; sneak across hall—butler in scene—quick scuffle, fight—butler downed—Pearl in scene—Joe run upstairs—Pearl after him—top of stairs Joe turn, push Pearl away, escape.

"Now ready, we'll try the fight first."

Joe came in the door and, following directions, looked up the stairway.

"Hey!" from Seitz. "I said *sneak* in—sneak. This isn't a fox-trot, you know. Want to see the way you looked?" Seitz lifted both feet *à la* hula-hula, and proceeded to dance across the room. "Come on—try it once again. That's better; now, butler."

Hand-to-hand the men fought. Bang, plunk, bang went their fists regardless of each other's anatomy. Over they rolled down on the floor. Somebody's head went whack on the boards. The butler was done for; Pearl rushed in; the Malay caught one glimpse of her and raced up the stairs. Pearl pursued him lickety-split, catching him at the top.

"Enough!" shouted Seitz "Anybody hurt?"

'Twas then I discovered the time-honored question. It is boomed out solicitously, but implies that it must be a darned poor scene if no one is even bruised.

Everybody proceeded to pick himself up, and, breathing hard, took his place once more. The brown Malay make-up was smeared all over the proud butler's livery and had to be brushed off by a demure little maid, Nellie Burt, waiting to play her part and playing it in reality on the side-lines.



A MOST UNUSUAL PICTURE—PEARL WHITE SITTING STILL

At this moment Tony Moreno, the hero, whose duty it is to rescue Pearl in each episode of "The House of Hate," strolled in. All the warmth, passion, hate and love of a Spaniard burn in his dark-brown eyes.

"Ah, Mr. Moreno," greeted Pearl, with a yank pulling her black-and-white-checked silk dress into place once more, and exclaiming: "Some problem to make a dress hang together until an episode is over. These aren't any walk-thru parts, take it from me."

"This is the third derby I've busticated in three days," said Tony, putting an overcoat and hat on an adjacent chair ready for his scene.

"Ready, Pearl!"

The lights sizzled, the camera clicked; once more the fight was on. Biff! bang! whack! The butler fell.

"Did that fall get in the camera?" shouted Seitz.

His assistant, Burt, nodded a quick assent.

"Pearl!"

The Malay ran up the stairs, Pearl pursuing him. At the top of the stairs, he grabbed her, pushed; both tripped and rolled over and over down the stairs.

I got excited; so did Tony; that double stairs roll wasn't in the scenario. We ran into the scene. Tony tried to pick up Pearl, who had landed at the foot of the stairs on top of the red-powdered Malay. Louis Gasnier, president of the Astra Film Corporation, who knows better than to butt into a film, couldn't resist and looked over the staircase railing, while George Seitz ran up to help, but Tony had Pearl in his arms by this time. I felt like a boob. What did one do when a person got all tangled up with a Malay? And, anyway, Tony is so capable.



A SCAREY SCENE FROM "THE HOUSE OF HATE"



PEARL IS PURSUED BY THE MASKED TERROR

"Anybody hurt?"

The mockery of it! No, nobody was hurt.

"I got a pain, just the same," said Pearl; "but it's in my appendix."

As if nothing whatever had happened, electricians started changing the lights around and the camera was placed upon the stairway ledge for the next scene.

Pearl and I waited on the side-lines. She has a lovely face. It is really so classically sweet in outline; her eyes are so wonderfully soft, velvety, tawnily glowing; her hair is so golden, that a poet might be tempted to write odes to her as his dream-girl. But Pearl wont have that sort of stuff—not for a moment. Pearl White's a regular fellow. Idleness is her particular bugbear. The ambition of her life is to go to France and get into the fight somehow or other. She has also thought of raffling off her Rolls-Royce and giving the funds to war relief work.

There was a shimmer of gold beneath the bronze silk stocking on Pearl's left ankle. I ventured to inquire what it was.

"A gold-link bracelet soldered on four years ago in Paris."

"Sort of like a ring wished on?" I asked.

"Right the first time, and there is a man somewhere, with a gold one just like it soldered about his arm for the same length of time."

Had this anything to do with Pearl's desire to go to France, I wondered; but Pearl, as a rule, isn't the kind to talk about sentimentalities, so I kept still.

"Next episode, scene No. 10," a man with a funny little slate mumbled some figures, wrote them on the slate and held it up before the camera.

John Webb Dillion, villain in the piece, took his place in the limelight. "Ready, Pearl!" It was Seitz directing again. "Dillion pursues you. You leap to the window-ledge, threaten to throw yourself thru the window."

William Burt, assistant director, decided it was time to look after things, and brought out his first-aid kit and a bottle of peroxide. I got kind of jumpy myself; after all, it was a really-truly glass window.

"Lights! Camera!" The cameras on the high ledge began churning. Later, I discovered that a still cameraman had thoughtfully caught the whole scene, including yours truly's very animated back.



PEARL SAYS, "IF IT'S GOING TO GET YOU, IT'LL GET YOU"



PEARL AND TONY TRY TO FOIL THE MASKED TERROR

I might continue this story indefinitely telling about the stunts performed. For instance, the Malay and butler indulged in a fight on the balcony and the Malay in the scuffle threw the butler over for a forty-foot fall. It was very cleverly done. The butler held on to the balcony until the last moment, then let himself go and landed in a heap. No mattress to fall on either—just plain floor. Then there was the knife scene of the Malay stabbing a man to death. This was done by attaching the knife to a wire so that it looked as if it were sticking into the man's neck. Then the wire was pulled and the knife landed in the hands of the Malay. This action was taken by reversing the

camera. When projected it will look as if the knife was thrown from the Malay's hand into the man's neck. And so the day went on, just one darn thrill after another.

Then there was lunch at a funny little boarding-house across the street from the enormous glass-topped Jersey City studio. Besides the actors, there were present young Bertram Millhauser (who is picturizing "The House of Hate" from the story by Charles Logue and Arthur B. Reeve) who was begging some one to tell him of a good show in town—the wife had phoned and said she must go to the theater; Louis J. Gasnier, president of Astra, who is a typical Frenchman and perfectly happy if you can speak his mother tongue; and Milton Sills, with a cold and the blues, who was on hand to do a scene with Fannie Ward in "The Yellow Ticket." We had left Pearl declaring she couldn't eat a thing on account of her pain; when we returned, we discovered her sitting beside a two-burner gas-stove, the property of one of the stage-hands, peacefully eating spaghetti and carrying on an animated argument with the Italian owner concerning the proper way of cooking it. Altho it seems very anachronistic to think of Pearl White cooking, I learnt that she is very fond of it. Often, when she is not too fatigued from a long day of acting, she concocts substantial dishes for her mother and herself in their New York apartment. Pearl is always seeking something new to learn. She is indefatigable in the pursuit of knowledge. At present her constant companion between scenes is a French book. She reads it as easily as English.



TONY AND PEARL SET A TRAP FOR THE MASKED TERROR



GOLDEN HAIR AND TAWNY EYES SCREEN WELL





THIS BEAUTIFUL COSTUME WONT LAST LONG IN THE SERIAL BUSINESS



PATHÉ SERIALS NEVER ALLOW PEARL A PEACEFUL MOMENT

After we had watched her do a couple of scenes with the handsome Tony, Pearl had to go and change.

She is very quick about it. In fact, with the skilled help of her maid, she got herself into a very beautiful black evening gown in twenty minutes.

"You know," she told me, "I have it all figured out that in the last three generations of our family there hasn't been one natural death. There were eight of us children, born in the Ozark Mountains. Today there only remain my mother, my sister and myself. The rest all died in various accidents. So you see my fate will get me sooner or later."

"You are a fatalist, then?"

"I am."

"And your sister, is she on the stage or in pictures?"

"I should say not. She's married to a splendid man and pursuing the greatest career of all, taking care of him and their children."

"Then you consider the domestic career greater than fame?"

"Greater and happier. The woman who seeks a public career is bound to have an empty old age. The applause of the multitude gets in her blood. She cannot live without it. She goes on and on, struggling always to do greater things to win more applause. But the public is fickle. Sooner or later it gets tired and takes away its laurels to place at the feet of some younger or more beautiful newcomer. The old favorite cant understand, and it is impossible for her to give it up and settle down, and so she struggles on until the end, until the time when she receives no applause and people merely nudge each other and say, 'Just look at her and think of what she once was.'

"There is nothing so pitiful as the old age of an actress. Love of applause is in their blood. They cant settle down. It's been tried and always fails.

"Yes, I'm proud of my sister and her home and her babies She's contented and happy and surrounded with lasting love, and when she reaches old age she will still be loved and watched over by the family to whom she devoted her youth and beauty, perhaps, but who will show their appreciation when Reaper Time gets busy.

"But, as I was saying, if Fate's goin' to get you, it'll get you, that's all."

I had come to get a stunt and peril story; I returned home to philosophize. Pearl White had given me something to think about.

A Day on the Camera Firing-Line With Sergeant Empey

In Which He Proves a Natural-Born Actor as Well as a Soul-Stirring Raconteur

By ELEANOR DE WITT HOLMES

"WATCH Empey at work—he has greater dramatic instinct than any screen star I have observed in several years." This was the statement of President Smith of Vitagraph when I was introduced to him. A few minutes later, when I referred to Mr. Smith's statement in the presence of the sergeant and marveled at the new talent, the machine-gunner laughed that rollicking laugh of his and flicked a match into the air, after lighting his "fag."

"Such is fame," he exclaimed. "Over there I was the Belasco of the trenches. I come back here and I'm only a 'ham.'"

To the millions who have read Empey's book, "Over the Top," the chapter, "Staged Under Fire," will stand forth as one of the humorous high lights of the most human war document.

The "Empey and Wallace Theatrical Co." was organized by Empey while his division was at "rest billets" behind the lines and hungry for new recreation besides the usual games of "House," "Crown and Anchor," "Nap" and "Brag." The sergeant was truly the Belasco of the billet, for he wrote, produced and starred in "The Diamond Palace Saloon," which played to S. R. O. for six consecutive nights and would have been on for an indefinite run had not "Fritz" become jealous and interrupted its course with a few whizz-bangs.



SERGT. ARTHUR GUY EMPEY—FAMOUS WAR HERO, LECTURER AND AUTHOR OF THE STIRRING WAR STORY, "OVER THE TOP"—MAKING ONE OF HIS CELEBRATED PLEAS FOR ASSISTANCE TO THE ALLIED CAUSE IN STEMMING THE TIDE OF BARBARISM, ON THE BOSTON COMMONS. SERGT. EMPEY IS NOW ENGAGED IN PLAYING THE LEADING RÔLE IN THE SCREEN VERSION OF HIS BOOK WHICH IS BEING PRODUCED BY THE VITAGRAPH CO. OF AMERICA



SERGT. EMPEY

"It was a good play," insists Empey, "and the King George the Fifth Theater, on the corner of Ammo Street and Sandbag Terrace, was packed—even the rafters, which sold at box prices. We had everything from overture to grand finale, 'God Save the King,' including 'Hymn of Hate,' 'How We Love Der Kaiser,' 'Stick It Into a Hun,' 'On to Berlin' and 'Poison Gas.' I guess famed musical settings of the Strand and Rialto combined couldn't beat mine. And as for lighting effects—oh, boy!—what could beat the star shells and the trench fireworks?"

A few notes from the program might give an idea of the high type of house which Empey managed. For instance:

"Note:—The Management warns all patrons of the theater that they will not be responsible for injuries received from the unauthorized entrance of stray shells, 'whizz-bangs' or rifle bullets."

Now, who, I ask of you, would enter the Rialto, Strand or Rivoli with such a note posted in the lobby? As for

other house rules, read these:

"The Management requests that patrons will remove their steel helmets.

"In case of an attack, keep your seats, dont interrupt the performance.

"If you dont like the show, leave; dont put on your gas-helmets.

"Patrons will not bring live bombs into the theater.

"No one allowed past the barbed wire in front of the footlights as it is the actors' only protection. NO FIRING AT ACTORS!

"It is earnestly requested that any incivility or inattention towards patrons from the employees of this theater be reported at the Booking Office, so that the offender may be shot at sunrise (if he gets up in time).

"Ladies' Room in rear of first balcony. Matron in attendance.

"Lounging and Smoking Room for gentlemen in shell-proof cellar. Identification disc must be shown to prove you are a gentleman.

"Gentlemen are requested not to swear aloud at actors, the show, playwright or orchestra. It is not their fault that they are rotten; they know it as well as you do.

"No tins of Bully Beef or Maconochie Rations accepted at the Booking Office in payment for tickets."

When I finished reading this comprehensive program, I turned to the star of "The Diamond Palace Saloon" and begged his pardon for failing to keep in touch with theatrical events of the trenches.

"The trenches do funny things to a man," he replied, with a smile. "A puppy dog could go into them and come out a poet. Look what they did to me—an actor!"

And again that hearty laugh rang out, as Empey remodeled the make-up carelessly brushed from the cheek which bears a scar. This mark is just one of the decorations of honor received by Empey during a night-raid on the German trenches. In fact, he suffered three wounds in that raid, making his score seven all, and was one of the two men who survived the terrible ordeal. Yet, despite these harrowing experiences, Empey is a cheery, optimistic fellow, not the least embittered by the eighteen months of hateful sights, mud, rats and "cooties." His conversation is spiced with the rich, natural wit that makes his book a classic of the times.

"I want to ask a favor of you," he exclaimed suddenly, his expressive eyes shadowed with earnestness. "Dont call me a 'war hero.' No man who comes back from Avenue A of No Man's Land wants any hero music. If democracy ever existed, it is over there among the boys. The fellow who wants a title ought to have the wooden cross in Tommy's cemetery. No one's a hero in the trenches. Your heart is all right, but the rest of you is scared numb when you lunge thru the black of night to the Hun holes. Any one who tells you he didn't have a stroke of fear-paralysis when he was in the first-line trenches is ready for a medal from the Ananias



FROM LEFT TO RIGHT:—HENRY HOURY, TRENCH DIRECTOR AND TECHNICAL EXPERT
WILFRED NORTH, SUPERVISING DIRECTOR
SERGT. EMPEY, STAR AND AUTHOR OF "OVER THE TOP"
PHILLIP QUINN, ASST. DIRECTOR



"OVER THE TOP"





SERGT. EMPEY RESISTS THE INVASION OF A TRENCH-RAT IN "OVER THE TOP"

Club. What's a coward, anyway, except—— Right-o! Coming!" and Empey flipped his "fag" into the air as he rushed back into the studio at the call of Director Wilfred North. I followed into the glass top to see what was on. He turned about with a brisk apology.

"Sorry you cant watch me. We're going to try out a fellow for the coward part, and orders are to put the test behind screens."

I lingered outside the canvas enclosure and listened to the voice of the "little sergeant" within. This is what I heard with all the dramatic shades of feeling:

"You are a limp rag—c r o u c h i n g there in the mud. Your soul is sick with dread—y o u are n o t a man—just a t h i n g all crumpled up in a heap. You start at shadows, you whimper like a whipped dog and grovel and pray God to save your miserable skin. But you've got a h e a r t, man—and you've got a soul, too. You're a Tommy gone wrong—that's all. You've got the stuff, old man—only you've just weakened. When all hope of life is gone, a calm comes over you. On your knees—arms up, stretched to heaven—you pray God to make you a man. A man! To deliver you from a coward's death. You pray to your merciful God to give you a chance to die like a man—to go over the top in the morning with your mates. And God hears you—and your soul flames up strong. Now! You're a man again—you're going over the top. You are going to die a hero. Do you realize that, man? You are a hero!"

Empey's voice rose and fell, first with a monotony of dead heart-sickness, despair, aching dread. Then it mounted with the soul-stirring inspiration, and finally it rang out with splendid resonance, "And God hears you! Your soul flames up strong! Now you're going to die a hero. Do you realize that, man? You are a hero!"

Every one around the studio paused to listen. There were tears in the eyes of some as the voice behind the curtain ceased, because the man had been speaking from out of t h e depths of his experience and h i s voice was a vibrant chord of sym p a t h y. We couldn't see his f a c e, but I knew it was c a r r y i n g the expressions of his voice, as it does in conversation.



RED CROSS BAZAAR SCENE IN "OVER THE TOP"



LOIS MEREDITH, CO-STAR WITH SERGT. EMPEY

"S e v e r a l times I have b e e n on the point of asking Sergeant Empey to describe the scenes as he visualized them for his book," said President Smith. "But before I can tell him what I want, he has acted the whole incident before me—just as I wanted it.

"His heart is in every foot of film. Sometimes at midnight or early morning, Empey will call me up on the phone to tell me of some bit of business, some

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Good Night and Good Morning!

A Peep at the Midnight Pleiades



"Bon jour!" says Vera Stedman, the lady in the lacy confectionery.



As rosy as the dawn is silken-armored Ann Pennington.



"Bon soir!" farewells Helen Holmes; "candle-light for one, please."



"Hand-springs go hand-in-hand with bed-springs," advises lively Ann Pennington.



Mollie King often composes a lingerie sonata before breakfast.



"A book is often sleep's lullaby," opines Amy Dermis.



Jackie Saunders dream-bordered moment—"What shall I wear today?"



© Hartsook

"Ready for bed or for a fire-alarm," suggests Anita King.

Arizona. William Stowell and Mr. Smalley are playing at being miners, but the men in the background are sure enough Arizona gold-diggers. Mrs. Smalley said it was so hot and murky in that mine that they could scarcely finish the picture. Even on the surface the temperature was 120 degrees, and in that pocket of the earth, with no breeze stirring, the atmosphere was mephitic, to say the least.

Of course, I wanted to hear about the sixteen-year-old star of the Lois Weber productions, Mildred Harris. Her director said enthusiastically, "She's the dearest little thing, and whenever she is not actually posing for the camera, she's busy improving something around the studio. She loves the flowers, grounds and studio home, and goes about with a critical eye. I really believe she is a born landscape gardener. Wait a minute—here's a picture of Mildred taken in impromptu fashion one morning when I found her trying to clean our best Sunday-go-to-meeting camera with the stenographer's typewriter brush. I happened in on her and thought she looked so cute and interested that I called our camera-man to take a still, 'Caught With the Goods!'"



LOIS WEBER'S HEART IS IN HER OUTDOOR SCHOOL FOR YOUNG ACTOR FOLKS



MILDRED HARRIS LOVES TO TIDY UP THE CAMERA

Of course, there's an out-of-doors school for the kiddies who figure in Lois Weber's plays, with two feminine tutors to keep order and unfold latent talents. Who wouldn't be a juvenile actor and learn to be a better scholar than naughty Tom Sawyer under spreading palm-trees and sunshine?

Lois Weber is a practical idealist. She cannot stand for slipshod work, but ever before her vision flickers an El Dorado which is to please as well as raise to a higher standard the human mind. She understands and can herself work out each smallest detail of construction, from grinding the camera-crank to developing film, placing properties, writing continuity, acting and directing. Hers is not mere technical knowledge; she has lived thru every department of Motion Picture work. She studies an actor from every angle before he is allowed to work for the camera. In case of a faulty profile, a full-face view is photographed, with one side of the face in black shadows and the other in brilliant light, so that the onlooker gets the effect of a profile. She studies the actor's smile quite as carefully, in order to avoid a crooked-mouth effect.

This famous woman producer and director also told me that she makes an intensive study of—*feet!* We've all lived thru the photographer's arrangement of our hands, but few of us have experienced the sensation of posing feet and so throwing shadows and lights that a tall woman may look as if she owned a 3-A boot. That is what Lois Weber does. She wants to idealize even the commonplace things, wants to bring beauty and artistic finish into every smallest part of the camera-work. She visits every noteworthy film production, reads and studies indefatigably.

When I inquired if she were not subject to intense weariness after a day of strict attention to myriad details, Lois Weber smiled reminiscently and answered, "I surely would be fagged out if it were not that my assistant property man looks after me as if I were incapable of taking care of myself. He thought out the funniest plan; every one laughs at the sight! No matter where I stand, I suddenly feel something shoved in under my knees, and there's the assistant with a small camp-stool begging me

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Our Animated Monthly of Movie News and Views

Duetted by PETER WADE and SALLY ROBERTS



NOW THAT SO MANY STARS HAVE BUMPED THE EARTH WHEN THEY TRIED TO GO IT "ON THEIR OWN," WE MUST ADMIRE THE COURAGE OF LOUISE GLAUM IN LAUNCHING HER OWN COMPANY. PARALTA WILL MARKET THIS DARING YOUNG LADY'S WARES, AND SHE IS ALREADY SPEEDING ALONG THE PRODUCTION ROUTE. "ALWAYS TAKE MOTHER'S ADVICE" SOUNDS GOOD TO LOUISE, FOR WE HAVE HER HERE READING THE MANUSCRIPT OF HER FIRST PLAY TO HER DOTING PARENT. NOTICE HOW THRILLED HER BRINDLE BULL IS OVER THE TALE.

LOUISE GLAUM'S new dressing-room at Paralta is about finished. Of course, it suggests the Vampire Lady in every outline, from its leopard-skin rugs and peacock-feather wall ornaments to a Turkish water-pipe in one corner. She's contemplating putting in huge cushions and padded rugs instead of chairs and divans, so that the Oriental atmosphere will be complete. Her only doubt about the advisability of such a move lies in whether she'll be able to induce "lounge lizards" and "bromides" to depart. Some one suggested that she train a cockatoo to say every quarter hour, "Come now, time to move on; Louise is busy!"

It isn't generally known that Carmel Myers has a very talented father, Rabbi Myers, who wrote a very wonderful acrostic dictionary. The Rabbi is a great reformer, a well-known preacher and orator, and while his figure in its fried-egg hat is a well-known sight on Broadway daily, his published works and reported lectures are equally well known to newspaper readers and to the film colony.

Speaking of the press-clipping habit, Miss Bara admits that she has more clippings about herself than any one in the U. S., with the exception possibly of President Wilson and Theodore Roosevelt. She has write-ups in every foreign language, and over five million clippings with herself as the theme are pasted into huge books which are kept in her safe. Would you call that *shear* modesty?

They tell us that Slim Summerville is always so generous. Now he's given his wife a charge account at the Five and Ten. Perhaps his bank account is Slim also.

Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle is golf champion of the comedians. Harry Webber gave Fatty quite a fight for the money, but you cant beat the man with the smile. A funny incident happened at the Country Club after the game, for Fatty asked for boiled aigs, and one of these was a complete double egg, one shelled egg inside of the other. They've hunted up the owner of that laying hen, and Mr. Arbuckle



FROM THE SMILE ON MARY PICKFORD'S FACE YOU COULD NEVER GUESS THAT SHE WAS JUST BEING SEPARATED FROM $250,000—A QUARTER OF A MILLION, IF YOU SAY IT QUICKLY. THIS AMOUNT IS MARY'S INCOME TAX—HER WIDOW'S MITE TO HELP UNCLE SAMUEL WIN THE WAR. THE OTHER FINANCIERS PRESENT ARE MARY'S MOTHER AND COLONEL J. P. CARTER, INTERNAL REVENUE COLLECTOR, WHO, WITH THE STROKE OF MARY'S PEN, COMPLETED HIS MOST PROFITABLE DAY OF THE YEAR.

says that if Biddy can be induced to pose for the camera he'll engage her as an extra. He believes in encouraging originality every time.

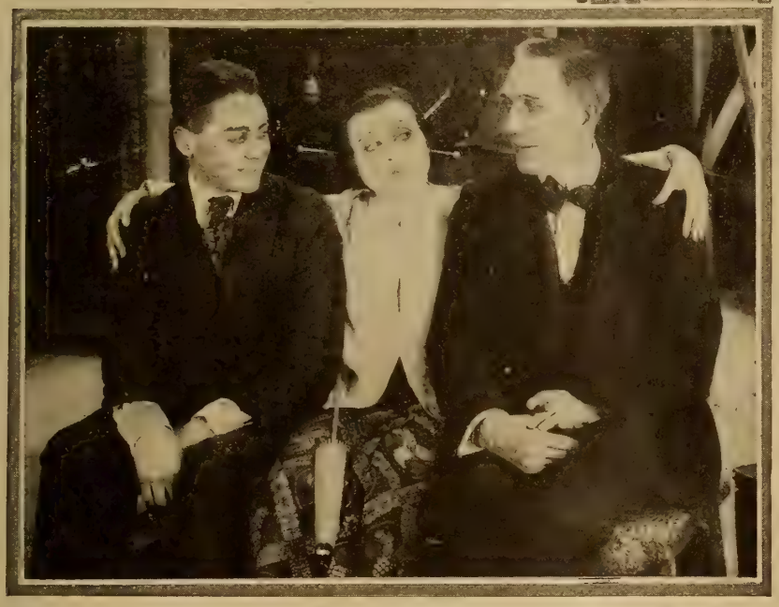
William Russell has just bought a forty-thousand-dollar residence in Santa Barbara. He said it was a necessary extravagance, for not a landlord in that flower-bedecked burg would harbor his eleven canine friends.

Who ever heard of a dawg with make-up? That's what the Diando studios has to come to. Baby Marie Osborne's newest vehicle was rapidly nearly completion when the "pup died on her," to quote Props. There was nothing for it but to get a dog of the same type and embellish it with spots like the dear departed. They had to run a pre-view of the film for the scenic artist in order that the spots might be the right size and in proper position.

Elsie Ferguson is coming to Los Angeles under Famous Players-Lasky management, and Cavalieri has promised to get here in the late spring. Fred Stone will appear as a circus clown under the same management, and Billie Burke's bringing baby to sniff at California air. New York's White Way will look deserted this summer and every landlord in Hollywood is grinning cheerfully at the outlook.

Henry Walthall has been laid up for several weeks with a severe grippe attack and it will be necessary to put in a lot of night-work now in order to release his new feature on time.

We heard a funny one on Sessue Hayakawa the othe day. They haven't been able to put it across because everybody insists it is a press-agent's tale. The funny part is that it is true, but then you know everybody will believe fiction and deny truth in movieland. Mr. Hayakawa wanted to immortalize Hashimura Togo in perfection of screen rendition and registered with a Japanese agency as house-boy. In a few days he received an offer and took the position in a Hollywood home. On the third day he served dinner and to his dismay found among the guests three of his most intimate friends. That ended the career of Togo, for Sessue didn't even wait to bring the soup, but fled back to Laskyville with the tale of an experience which he had not expected to incorporate in the screen version of a Japanese schoolboy. They've all got the laugh on him now and the public wont believe that he really "hired out" at all.



HERE WE HAVE THEDA BARA IN ONE OF HER CARE-FREE MOMENTS. SEATED ON MISS BARA'S LEFT IS J GORDON EDWARDS, WHO HAS BEEN MISS BARA'S DIRECTOR FOR MORE THAN A YEAR AND WHO HAS GUIDED HER STELLAR DESTINIES IN "CLEOPATRA," "DU BARRY" AND "THE ROSE OF BLOOD." ON MISS BARA'S RIGHT IS YOUNG "JACK" EDWARDS, A CORNELL STUDENT, WHO IS SEEN CASTING ADMIRING GLANCES AT MISS BARA.

J. Warren Kerrigan has started production on his new play, a romantic comedy-drama, directed by Reginald Barker. It is doubtful whether Lois Wilson will be able to support the star in this production, as she has already started work with another company at the same studio.

The saddest event in Filmland was the passing of Franklin Ritchie, creator of Ben Cameron in the stage version of "The Clansman," and associated with



BRYANT WASHBURN IS GOING THRU A DAILY "COURSE OF SPROUTS" IN WHICH THE MANLY ART OF SLUGGING IS THE CHIEF ATTRACTION. "NO LOTUS-FLOWER DREAMS AND FLABBY ARMS FOR YOURS TRULY," SAYS BRYANT—"SHOW ME HOW TO LAND A REAL HAY-MAKER."

the American Film Company until last year, when he went into the automobile business in Santa Barbara. Mr. Ritchie was driving with a friend, when an embankment gave way and the machine toppled down the incline, pitching his companion out and pinning Mr. Ritchie underneath. Mrs Ritchie, who was Esther Bamberg, of New York, was married to the ex-star between courses at a dinner in the Hotel Alexandria, and many famous

(*Continued on page* 123)



VIVIAN MARTIN HAS FORSAKEN THE DEADLY ARTILLERY OF HER EYES FOR THE REAL THING IN FIELD ARTILLERY. AT A RECENT BANQUET IN LOS ANGELES IN CELEBRATION OF THE PROMOTION OF SOME OF THE OFFICERS OF BATTERY A, THE WAR-LIKE VIVIAN WAS FORMALLY ADOPTED BY THE COMMAND.

"Where Are You Going, My Pretty Maid?" "I'm Going A-Filming," Adele De Garde Said

By RUTH SHIEBLER LINCKS

IN the true sense of the word, Adele should have answered, "I'm going a-starring—but not along the Milky Way!" At the age of eighteen, Adele De Garde is a starlet who intends to be a regular star, a veteranet of the films, with ten years' experience behind her to urge her forward and enable her to cope with both big and little filmy things.

Ten years ago, when pictures were looked at with a bit of apprehension, Adele (at the age of eight) began to appear in Vitagraph pictures. A year later, when thinking people realized that the Motion Pictures had evidently come to stay, they began to take an interest in the names of the players. Good old John Bunny was the undisputed king of comedy; nor was a picture ever complete without his able conspirator, Flora Finch. Maurice Costello and Florence Turner were the idols and ideals of many a young girl's dream. And Adele De Garde and her little pal, Kenneth Casey, were the mischievous, spoiled, or ill-treated children around whom centered many a melodramatic plot.

As new stars joined the Vitagraph forces, Adele and Kenneth played with them. Many a picture of the "two-generation" or "from-child-to-woman" type would open with Adele De Garde as its child heroine and finish with Leah Baird, Edith Storey, or Dorothy Kelly rounding out the plot when the child had grown up.

If the good old days had been in the year 1918, we probably would have read about Kenneth Casey and Adele De Garde, co-stars, but their popularity and appeal suffered none whatsoever because of the fact that they were not heralded as co-stars. Many a Bunny comedy and many a Williams drama have been lightened effectively because of the two irrepressible ones.

As the years grew, so did Adele, until finally she grew too large for little-girl-before-growing-up parts, and, with many sighs, her directors were forced to "pass her up" and cast anxious glances around for another promising child. Also Paul Kelly, who had joined the Vitagraph players a short time after Kenneth and Adele, had outgrown his cunning, childish ways. Loath to part with their two clever little players, the company produced some exceedingly funny pictures enacted entirely by children about fourteen or fifteen. These comedies—for they *were* comedies—proved extremely popular, because of the fact that they were so typical of children at that age.

And so the years flew, until Adele had outgrown even these kinds of parts. About a year ago, when Vitagraph was casting "Within the Law," they were a trifle at a loss as to whom they should give the part of Aggie Lynch, a vivacious little parasite, a character on whom all the comedy relief of the play was dependent. After a careful study of the part, it was determined that Adele De Garde should have it, and those of you who have seen the Vitagraph Blue Ribbon "Within the Law" know how ably she portrayed the part. Hard-hearted New York press critics had nothing but lavish praise for her delineation of Aggie Lynch and pronounced it "a huge success," declaring that her portrayal equaled that of any of the well-known actresses who essayed the rôle on the legitimate stage. Adele De Garde was forced to delineate the character without the assistance of the witty and slangy lines that the stage made possible, but she "got it across" in such a manner that even press critics had naught but good to say. Miss De Garde is the newest "O. Henry" girl, having given a most successful interpretation to the ingénue part in "Whistling Dick's Christmas Stocking."



ADELE DE GARDE, A VITAGRAPH STAR.

Very seldom—sadly seldom—do stage or screen children ever come back. They weep and laugh to our great delight for a few short years, and then disappear forever. Children are the small, yet vital, factors in many a picture, and when they outgrow their baby value they are often too quickly cast aside because of their lost babyhood. But now screen traditions are shattered! We actually have a player who has lived thru the three first ages of womanhood on the screen—babyhood, childhood and girlhood. It is interesting to note that, altho Adele De Garde has of late appeared only intermittently upon the screen, the Vitagraph Company has never altogether released its hold on her. Hers is the charm that lasts; her personality is so piquant that she can portray any character—good, bad or indifferent—and her appeal is so strong that she can "get away with it." The day is passing when a pretty chorus-girl can be plucked from the ranks and pushed thru a picture—"camera trained" is as essential as "stage trained" in its field. Adele is a veritable child of the film.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?" "I'm going a-starring, sir," she said. Watch her—she will!

This tune, which has received a wide-spread welcome, was written in response to the feeling that our beautiful anthem should be sung to music composed for it by an American, and that the tune of "God Save the King," which we have borrowed, should be used solely for the British anthem, to which it rightfully belongs.

New National Air, by James J. McCabe, District Superintendent of Schools, N. Y. City.

AMERICA

My Country, 'Tis of Thee

S. F. SMITH. JAMES J. McCABE.

Maestoso. (*MM.* ♩ = 88)—*With fervor and vigor; parts or unison; moderate time, not too slow.*



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Copies of leaflet containing this music with words may be obtained WITHOUT CHARGE, except postage or express-age. For Orchestra, 10 cents. For Full Band, 20 cents.

"AMERICA" DISTRIBUTORS, 134 Broadway, Brooklyn, N. Y.

PLAY THIS ON YOUR PIANO, SING IT, AND GET YOUR THEATER TO USE IT.

Mr. Chaplin's Daily Program

The Life of a Comedy Star, Director and Author



CHARLIE IN FULL WAR-PAINT





RIVALS—CHARLIE AND DOUG

7.00 A.M.—He arises and takes shower.
7.30 " He practices in gymnasium for ½ hour.
8.00 " Enters steam-room and has a rub-down in order to keep his muscles in good shape.
8.30 " Takes breakfast at club.
9.00 " Reads morning papers.
9.30 " Chauffeur brings machine to club, and he leaves for studio, picking Miss Purviance up on the way.
10.00 " Arrives at studio, where he generally meets several people waiting to get snapshots of him.
10.30 " Looks over his most important mail with aid of secretary.
11.00 " Puts on make-up and prepares for work.
11.30 " Works either on a set on his big stage or else on location, which may be any place from the mountains to seashore.
1.00 P.M.—Jumps into machine with make-up on and goes into a café in Hollywood (a ride of about ten minutes) for luncheon.
2.00 " Begins his work again from where he left off in the morning and works as long as the light holds good, which may be any time between 4.00 to 5.30, but about 5.00 on the average.



HE'S A PEPPERY LITTLE SHORTSTOP

5.00 P.M.—Takes off make-up.
5.30 " The chauffeur calls with machine to take him to club.
6.00 " Gets dressed to go out to supper.
6.30 " Chauffeur again calls with machine and he goes to a café or cabaret to eat dinner.
7.30 " Takes glance at evening papers, and then goes out to some amusement, such as out to the beach, to a dance, and sometimes to see a prize-fight, as he is a great lover of all sports, and he often takes a swim at the club.
8.30 " (Another evening, after three days of fog have interfered with daylight photography) Rushes back to the studio, where electricians, property-men and cast await him. Flies around like a bee in a bottle and stages four or five scenes. Works like lightning until 3 A.M., when everyone is used up. This is repeated the following night.
11.30 P.M.—Goes home and jumps into bed.
3.00 A.M.—Sometimes he wakes up in the middle of the night, about 2 or 3, after a funny dream, makes a note of it, and next day puts it in one of his scenarios.



Chatter Culled on the Spot;

Or,

Visiting the New Selznick Studio

By SALLY ROBERTS

CONSTANCE TALMADGE
IN "THE HONEYMOONERS"



RITA JOLIVET

© Underwood & Underwood

DOES 175th Street conjure up anything in your mind? No! Well, it does in mine. Never shall I hear the figure 175 without reliving a nightmare. Fresh in New York, green as grass was I, when I made up my mind that I was going to visit the Selznick studio in search of interviews to rehabilitate my quickly vanishing exchequer. Now, as my little studio directory informed me, the Selznick studio is located at 807 East 175th Street.

If I inquired of one person, I did of a million (poetic license), including policemen, car conductors, elevated officials. All of them muttered something in my untrained ear about "You'll have to take the Bumb-Spark Express," which meant nothing in my young life. I decided not to question farther and show my ignorance of the Big Town. Reasoning that I would get to 175th Street eventually if I rode far enough, I took a surface-car on one of the avenues and kept on going until I reached 80th Street. Then, thinking that the conductor looked half-way human, I grasped my little slip of paper and one of the door-handles to steady myself and asked, "Do you go to 175th Street?"

He looked at me as if I were daffy, then muttered, "Take the Bumb-Spark Express."

I gasped like a fish and looked generally unintelligent.

"The elevated just one block over on Third Avenue," he elucidated, and stopped the car.

Up to the elevated ticket-man I trudged and said, "I want to go to 175th Street."

He handed me a ticket in return for my precious nickel and muttered, "Bump-Spark Express."

"Oh, yes," says I, and goes out on the platform.

After I had watched three trains go by, I decided to inquire once more.

"Can I get a Bumb-Spark Express here?" I soberly asked a young ticket-taker.

He grinned all over his face. "Where do you want to go?"

"175th Street."

He grinned more than ever. "You want to



RITA JOLIVET IN "LEST WE FORGET"

take the Bronx Park Express," he shouted in my ear. "Oh!" I said, and roared.

Catching the next train, I traveled for at least three-quarters of an hour and finally landed in Bronx Park.

I wont bore you by telling you how weird it was asking the Bronx-Parkers where 807 East 175th Street was, but at last, very much disheveled, I landed at the white marble palace of my desires and entered tremblingly.

"I want to interview Constance Talmadge," I said to Mr. Curtis. (I found out that was his name after I had talked to him an hour.) He is the jovial gentleman who guards the entrance to the white-marble steps that lead to the inner sanctum.

"Why, Miss Talmadge isn't here; she has gone to Niagara Falls to do 'The Honeymooners,'" he said.

"Well," I said, "what Big Star is here?"

"Sit down," he said. "I'll see if any one is in yet."

After sundry waits at the telephone, he drew up a chair beside me.

"I'm getting hold of some one for you," he said. "Tiresome trip out here, isn't it?"

I laughed. A young girl blew in at the door and asked: "Mr. North in?"

"Yes, go right up," said Mr. Curtis, and whispered to me: "Another aspirant for fame." Under her arm I had already noticed that she carried a book of Maeterlinck plays.

A young lady entered, said "Good-morning," and went upstairs.

"That is Petrova's secretary," said my friend. "Petrova wont be here until eleven. You know, somehow or other, she has the saddest face."

I said I had noticed a wistful expression in some of her pictures.

"Yes," he said, "I dont think I ever saw or heard her laugh."

"But now, there's Rita Jolivet; she's just finishing up her picture, 'Lest We Forget,' based on the sinking of the *Lusitania*. She's a raving beauty. Honestly, the prettiest thing I ever saw. You know she's really the Countess De Cippico, and that reminds me of the funniest experience.

"One morning a very tall man entered carrying a large box. 'I want to take this to Miss Jolivet,' he said.

"I was very busy and ordered, 'Take it to the side entrance.'

"'Would you mind telling me where?' he said, deliberately and slowly, still holding the rather heavy box.

"'All parcels are delivered at the side entrance,' I snapped.

"'You dont understand,' he said; 'I am De Cippico.'

"'Well, I cant help that,' I said, impatiently. 'Take it to the rear.'

"'You dont understand,' he reiterated. 'I am De Cippico, Miss Jolivet's husband.'

"'Oh!' I gasped, and said, 'Would you mind writing it down for me. I will never make the same mistake again.'

"He did. Here it is."

Mr. Curtis reached into his desk and showed me a slip of paper with a great, sprawling "De Cippico" scrawled on it.

"Later," he continued, "I found out that he was a real, honest-to-goodness count.

"But that's nothing to the uproar that went on when Fatty Arbuckle was here. It's just comedy with them all the time. If they were going on location they would

(*Continued on page* 130)

Spring Blossoms in Filmland

By

HAZEL M. HUTCHINSON



LOUISE HUFF—APPLE-BLOSSOM

Daintily pink and white as the apple-blossom, her budding loveliness is full of promise for a fruitful career.



BESSIE LOVE—DAFFODIL

The golden daffodil brings hope to us, and gay, sunshiny Bessie Love is another flower that makes glad the hearts of young and old.



JUNE CAPRICE—SNOWDROP

Ambitious, fair and youthful, fame has come to her early in life, as the snowdrop blooms to cheer our hearts in spring.



GLADYS HULETTE—CROCUS

Sturdy, strong, brilliant, a dauntless little blossom forging ahead toward the goal of her ambition as the hardy crocus defies the wintry winds.



VIVIAN MARTIN

Faintly tinted and graceful as the jonquil.



RUTH ROLAND—HYACINTH

Whimsical and variable as the tints of the hyacinth are the moods of this clever artiste, whose talent brings joy to our hearts.



MARGUERITE CLARK—LILAC

Deliciously quaint and refreshing as the fragrant lilac-blossom is dainty Marguerite



© Lumière

NORMA TALMADGE—TULIP

The vivid, flaming, vari-colored tulip-blossom of high spring.



© Campbell

PEARL WHITE—ARBUTUS

"As welcome as the flowers in May" and as sweet as arbutus is this blossom-maid.



SONNY

"MOTHER'S BOY" AND THE ROMANCE

By Fritzi

"I JUST *knew* you'd do something devilish," scolded the old family doctor. "Where in the world are you going to make room for twins?"

There were six little Kerrigans, the oldest ten and the youngest two, when Father Kerrigan was politely requested to lay covers for two more. Yes, Jack Kerrigan is a twin, and while his brother is not a screen hero, he is in the Motion Picture business, lives near the star in Hollywood, and belies the statement that twins are as alike as two peas.

The Gosp was not quite sure about the bungalow of Jack Warren Kerrigan, but a tall poinsettia covered with scarlet blossoms looked very alluring, and a "ready-to-take-you-anywhere" auto stood near-by. Climbing the porch steps, the Gosp saw a window-sill so covered with letters confined in little packages by rubber bands, that hesitation was no longer necessary, for such correspondence could only belong to a national screen idol. Those letters bulged the curtains out of shape, covered the broad window-seat, and looked multitudinous enough to discourage the most ardent scribe from attempting to answer them.

The porch door opens hospitably into large living-rooms. The Gosp thought she was visiting a bazaar or Red Cross benefit. Mr. Kerrigan, since he must still handle the injured limb carefully, occupied a managerial-looking rocker from which he directed the final arrangements for other folks' comfort kits.

Mother Kerrigan and two friends had the extension-table covered with gifts for soldier boys and sailor lads. The Gosp asked affably and with ill-concealed curiosity, "Are you just beginning to do up gifts?" Mrs. Kerrigan answered for Sonny: "My dear, we've been doing this for a week; every night we wrap until twelve o'clock." She laughed as she ran over to the Gosp with a sweet-scented camisole of ribbon in wonderful Oriental hues, held over the shoulders by gold straps. "That's a little thing I picked up for the sister, our only girl, for you see Jack is one of seven boys."

Mr. Kerrigan had been waiting for a gap in the hedge of feminine confidences, and finding no opening, made a flying leap into the conversation.



A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH OF JACK KERRIGAN



"SONNY" LOVES TO INTERPOSE WITH MOTHER

"That's sister's picture on the mantel; she's doing a sketch with Claude Gillingham in vaudeville now." Miss Kerrigan is quite as handsome as her younger brother, has the same lovely dark eyes and spiritual expression.

To a student of physiognomy Jack Kerrigan's face would be intensely interesting. One of his most noticeable features is the beautifully shaped ear, joining the cheek without a down-curve of the lobe, and exactly like his mother's. The upper portion of the ear rises high above the eye-line, betraying intelligence and intellectuality of high order. Mother and son not only resemble each other closely in most respects, but are intensely congenial. Mrs. Kerrigan has traveled everywhere with her son. She is his greatest critic and most ardent admirer. When the Gosp asked if she had ever been afraid of serious accidents, Mother Kerrigan responded, "Once they were doing some dangerous stunts

JACK KERRIGAN OF HIS NEW HOME REMONT.



SNOWBALLING—JUST ONCE IN YEARS!



A NEW INFORMAL HEAD OF KERRIGAN

in 'Samson,' and some one asked me if I were not terribly afraid Jack would be hurt. I replied, 'I want a good *picture!*' I am very ambitious for all of my children, and I have faith in their good angels to bring them thru necessary duties safely."

Wouldn't you think that an actor who had been before the public on the speaking stage, who had been filmed and photographed thousands of times, and who was deluged with invitations to social affairs, would be utterly at ease, perhaps vain or blasé? Not so Jack Kerrigan. He hates to be photographed, never spends an evening away from his mother and home, likes good friends to visit him there, and spends every idle moment reading, or planning something for the beautiful new home he is building.

Mr. Kerrigan is the most unspoiled handsome man one could hope to meet. He admits being self-conscious because of his sensitiveness and retiring disposition. He said briefly, "Dont let's talk of me; mother is the only worthwhile person in this house. I was compelled to go on that big stumping tour last year and I enjoyed visiting so many cities, but I will never forget the pangs it cost me to make three or four appearances in picture-houses every night for months and months. Finally, I just couldn't stand it any longer, and I told my manager that I was going to stop right there, and that was one month before my schedule was completed. It was terrible! I never had a moment of rest or privacy even in the hotels. Telegrams, telephone calls, dinners, a continual whisking about from one theater to the other, twenty-minute speeches, everything in the way of publicity that the company had ordered me to do, and the whole thing so utterly foreign to my natural inclinations. The happiest moment I had was when I was actually allowed to do a little snowballing in Fort Worth. You might know that after five years of California that was a real treat."

The Gosp asked about the accident which has kept Jack Kerrigan out of the films for so long a time. He sighed as he traced patterns on the rug with a rubber-tipped cane. "Nineteen interminable weeks! I dont know how I would have stood it if I had not suddenly conceived the idea of planning a new home. The doctors have disagreed, as they always do, but they all assure me that my slow recovery is due to the fact that I did not want to spoil a picture then in the making. I had broken the bone badly, and five weeks later stood on crutches all day, and often until midnight, trying to make up lost time. I hobbled from chair to chair, or in some way concealed my helplessness, and grinned cheerfully for the camera while I endured agony. Well, that injury was a real first aid in registering unpleasant emotions!"

The Gosp grinned reminiscently. "You and Madame Bernhardt would have made a fine vaudeville team, Mr. Kerrigan," she responded, wickedly.

Jack Kerrigan laughed, and then he surely does look like SUNNY Kerrigan. "Yes, me 'n Bernhardt! The stage full of chairs and sofas, and we two limpers chasing each other emotionally to some convenient resting-place. A comedy like that ought to fill the house."

"Tell me more of your plans, Mr. Kerrigan," begged the omnivorous Gosp.

"Plans? Most of them are house-plans so far. You see, my limb was further injured by trying to use it before properly knit, and after consulting many surgeons, one cheerful graveyard purveyor told me that I would have to endure the pleasant sensation of having the bone broken all over again and reset, or I'd suffer from a limp and stiffness for the balance of my days. We never take advice we dont like, do we? I hunted up another practitioner, who made an X-ray and then assured me that I would be cured by daily massage treatments. His theory has proven correct, and while it was a long siege, I find I can stand and walk longer every day, and so at last I can go to work again. The thing which has worried me most was the broken promises made to my friends all over the States when I told them positively that pictures under my new contract would be released last summer. They have been so patient and have sent me such beautiful letters of cheer and gifts to enliven my convalescence that I lie awake nights trying to figure out some plan by which I may show my gratitude to those faithful fans."

Mother Kerrigan rushed into the breach enthusiastically. "Did you ever see such a beautiful dressing-gown? An old lady embroidered it for Jack, and he's promised to wear it in the very first picture he produces." The gown was so wonderfully embroidered in the Chinese fashion that one could not tell a shade of difference between the right and wrong side of those gorgeous flowers. Lucky Sonny!

"But you were speaking of house-plans, Mr. Kerrigan," reminded the Gosp.

"Shall I drive you over to the new house?" Eagerness was in every action now. Of course, the Gosp wanted to see that place more than anything she could think of.

(*Continued on page* 124)

Taylor Holmes Has Struck Twelve

The New Laugh-Maker Is Making a Strong Appeal for Supremacy in the Shadow World

By ELEANOR BREWSTER





WHEN Taylor Holmes made his screen début last September he was just as nervous as an about-to-be groom. Getting married involves pleasing only one woman. But getting on the screen—well, he was haunted by the millions of critical feminine eyes that might pass judgment on him.

Women, in his mind, are the makers or breakers of any attraction, whether of the screen or stage. If they like the show, you dont have to worry about the men. Leave them to the women. They'll drag 'em in, whether they want to come in or not. But if the women dont like the show—turn off the pipe-organ, Tessie; there's nobody behind you but the ushers, and they're all asleep.

Mr. Holmes speaks from actual experience. He is married, you know; oh, yes, several—no, not times—years. They have two lovely children. And he has made about twelve years' tests with audiences on the speaking stage.

"I can almost determine for a certainty," he said, "from the way a first-night audience takes a show, whether it is going to make a hit. If the women laugh, or are pleased, I dont care what the men do. I go ahead and prepare for a long run. Here's an example.



"It was our opening night in 'His Majesty, Bunker Bean.' At the end of the first act, the house manager came running back to tell me that a fat man seated in a stage box hadn't laughed one single time. He was terrified.

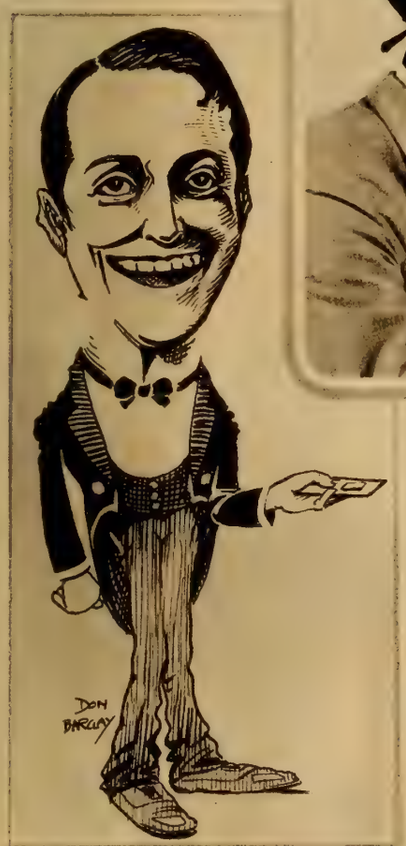


"'Yes, but what about the little woman seated beside him?' I asked.

"'Well, she got up and left in the middle of the act,' he said; 'the maid in the woman's dressing-room told me she had laughed so much she broke a corset-stave.' That was enough for me. Straws may show which way the wind blows, but give me a corset-stave in the show business. On the strength of that woman's laughter, I refused an engagement in another production which had been offered me only a moment previously, and prepared for an entire season in 'Bunker.' My action was justified."



Also his judgment, for "His Majesty, Bunker Bean," had one of the longest runs of any big stage hit in Chicago's history; it ran on Broadway, also, to record-breaking length and popularity, then toured the country for an entire season. It was, perhaps, Mr. Holmes' most notable success before the footlights. "The Third Party," "The Million," "The Commuters" and numerous others were among his previous successes.



THIS IS HOW TAYLOR HOLMES APPEARS TO DON BARCLAY IN "A PAIR OF SIXES"

When I said that Mr. Holmes made his screen début last September, I was slightly in error. A decade ago he was filmed for about five hundred feet of comedy at the old Biograph.

"But that does not count," he contends. "I am not quite sure that the picture was ever shown. It was at a time, anyway, when things in the picture industry were so uncertain that often the negative refused to turn positive. No, not necessarily out of pity for the actor.

"And now, with every angle of the industry so much more developed and perfected, I feel that I am a newcomer, and I am one, in fact."

Essanay is responsible for this noted actor's entry into filmdom. This organization has secured him as a permanent resident, and is featuring him in that type of homely, humorous characterization which placed him at the forefront of American comedians on the stage. His first camerized production was "Efficiency Edgar's Courtship," from the story of that title by Clarence Buddington Kelland. The screen version was conceived by Charles J. McQuirk and produced by L. C. Windom.

Just why Mr. Holmes should have forsaken his standing on the stage for the certainly uncertain honors which the "finiky" world of photoplay patrons may bestow, has caused much speculation in theatrical circles and among his hosts of former admirers. But it appears such a step has been his plan for some time.



DON BARCLAY AT WORK ON TAYLOR HOLMES' FEATURES

"You see," he explained, "I have always believed that the screen would eventually surpass the stage as an amusement industry. It comes within reach of the greatest mass of people, and its productions permit an unlimited and more realistic field for settings. Such a combination, with proper acting, was bound to win out, I always believed. Therefore, I decided that, sooner or later, I would get on the winning side. Here I am."



VIRGINIA VALLI; AN ASSET TO ANY PHOTOPLAY

He is no tenderfoot in filmdom, at that. He has been a close student of the Motion Picture business for some time, and is a master of its technique, in so far as theory goes.

"However, I have learnt a

tremendous lot since I came to Essanay," he declared. "One of my chief difficulties has been in refraining from an exaggeration of expression. On the stage, I have always held to acting of a broad style. It requires a slight accentuation of expression to carry the effect over the footlights. But I find this rather a detriment in picture work, for the camera, particularly in close-ups, registers so clearly and accurately that reinforcement of expression becomes painfully obvious on the screen."

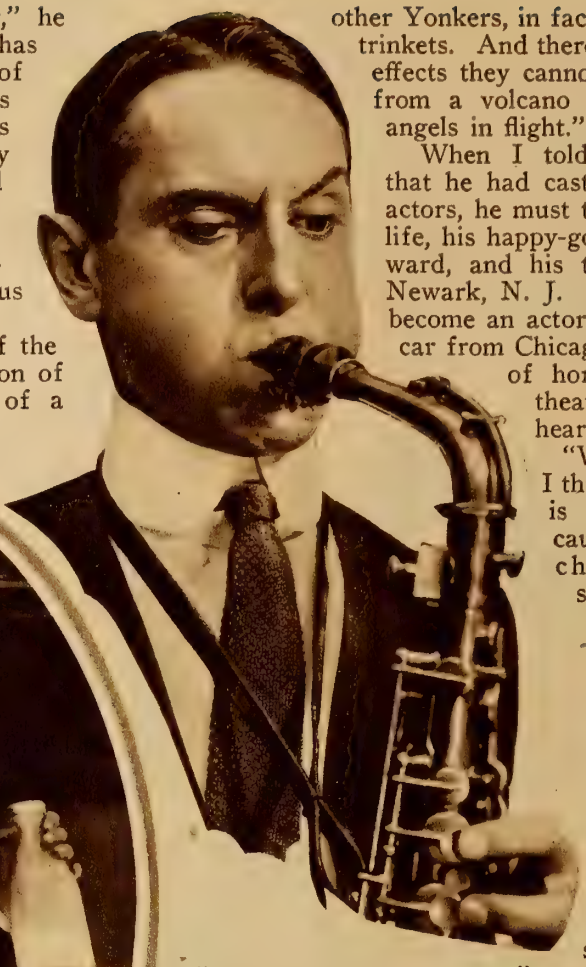
The actor was unlimited in his praise of the efficient methods employed in the production of pictures. Essanay's was his first view of a modern studio.

"I had no idea," he said, "of the rapidity with which the film progresses. The world of detail required, the constantly changing scenes, to the layman, would seem to necessitate a very slow-moving process. But that is not the fact. As soon as we finish in one set, there is another waiting for us to step right into. There must be a veritable army of carpenters, scenic artists, electricians and property men about to accomplish this work so speedily.

"Another feature most surprising to me is the apparently inexhaustible supplies of properties and scenery which a Motion Picture company maintains. I was taken thru these departments at Essanay and shown enough furniture and scenery to build another Yonkers, in fact, with all its queer little trinkets. And there seems to be no lighting effects they cannot and will not produce, from a volcano eruption to a flock of angels in flight."



TAYLOR HOLMES HAVING LUNCHEON AT FRESNO ON LOCATION



"THIS TAKES SOME LUNGS," SAYS TAYLOR

When I told Taylor Holmes, now that he had cast his lot with the silent actors, he must tell us the history of his life, his happy-go-lucky grin was my reward, and his terse answer, "Born in Newark, N. J. I was so determined to become an actor that I rode in a cattle-car from Chicago to Boston with a load of horses in order to get a theatrical engagement I had heard of.

"With all my experience, I think Motion Picture work is much the hardest, because of the ever changing characterizations and scenes. Once I have mastered a rôle in a speaking play, it only remains for me to enact that rôle over and over. But in pictures one must master a new characterization every few weeks. That calls for more work than the layman. But I like pictures better than the work of the speaking stage—the constant changes, in fact, offer a newness that breaks the monotony and gives fresh vigor and enthusiasm to the work. We tackle each new story with the eagerness of children over a book of fairy tales. At first the characters seem unreal, but as we begin to pose the action, they become our very selves."

Mr. Holmes and his family, at present, are living at a North Shore hotel. He is preparing, however, to purchase a home near Essanay's studio and settle down for "keeps" to picture work—another permanent acquisition stolen from the stage.



TAYLOR HOLMES' MUSIC OBVIOUSLY FAILS TO PLEASE HIS LEADING-LADY

"My Most Difficult Scene"

As Described by CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG, MOLLIE KING, LOUISE GLAUM, DORIS KENYON, BESSIE LOVE and BESSIE BARRISCALE



CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG

"AS I look back over my past career," says Clara Kimball Young, "the word 'difficult' resolves itself into that into which I put the greatest effort. And 'effort' in my particular field, as in all other activities, is classed under the headings 'Physical Effort' and 'Mental Effort.'

"Perhaps my very hardest physical scene, entailing, as it did, the acme of human strength and endurance, was when I floated, in a man's arms lashed to a mast, in the cold waters of the bay, off Bensonhurst, in the filming of 'My Official Wife.' We were trying to elude the Russian secret service men, escaped them, boarded a yacht and put out to sea. They discovered our whereabouts, followed us, and a torpedo from their boat struck us and our yacht was blown up.

"I had wild anticipatory dreams of that plunge from the sinking yacht, but, accustomed as I was to swimming, it took all the will power I possessed and not a little overcoming of wholesome fear to enter that icy water. Even now it gives me a shivery, nervous sensation to think of it, and I hope never again to find myself 'lashed to a mast,' even tho it is only for the camera. In the same scene it was necessary for me to crawl down the dock into the water, an excursion which caused me many painful bumps and bruises. For sheer strength, endurance and—yes—fright, this scene was the hardest, physically, I have ever accomplished. For the sake of qualification, I will describe another scene, of wholly different character, which I shall call my hardest mental scene.

"I refer to the death scene in 'Trilby,' where Trilby, thru the death of Svengali, the great hypnotist, loses her beautiful voice and breaks into an old refrain with all the jarring, discordant notes of her youth, for which she receives the hisses and jeers of a public who had known her long and loved her. She prepares to leave the old haunts where for years she had been under the influence of the hypnotist.

"As she enters the room, her eyes fall upon the picture of Svengali, lifelike in its naturalness, and once again she falls under the influence of the great, haunting, compelling eyes of the picture, bearing, as in life, the mysterious spell and force of will from which she had never been able to extricate herself. She halts, falters, struggles to throw off his spirit influence, and falls backward over a table—dead. And as tho it were not bad enough to work myself up to the required emotional pitch," said Miss Young, in telling the story, "when I fell backward over the table, to all intents and purposes



MOLLIE KING AND CREIGHTON HALE IN "SEVEN PEARLS"



WHERE MOLLIE KING TOOK THE "ROPE ELEVATOR"

dead, the table upset and my hair caught fire from the lighted candles. Fortunately the scene was ended, for everything became pandemonium, and only the immediate action of the members of the company saved me from being seriously burned."

Mollie King says that the most difficult and dangerous feat her work has demanded of her was in the Ninth Episode of "The Seven Pearls," in which she is starred:

"In this scene I discover that an attempt is to be made on the life of the mayor, who is in the possession of the missing pearl, which he has promised to me. I immediately try to phone him, but fail because the telephone-wires are cut. I start to his bungalow accompanied by Harry (Creighton Hale), but the machine breaks down. We climb to the top of the cliff, several feet above the top of the nearest telegraph-pole.



LOUISE GLAUM IN "SWEETHEART OF THE DOOMED"

Harry ties a rope (taken from the machine) around my waist and I slip off the cliff. He gradually lowers the rope until I reach the top of the pole, from which I signal the mayor by means of the Morse code. I am then raised back to the surface of the cliff.

"I had undertaken the work, anticipating a delightful thrill, but in the real situation I had all the thrill minus the delight. As I swung off that cliff and was lowered in the air I was sure I had lost my footing on solid ground for all time. Visions of my happy family as I had left them that morning forced themselves before my mind. My thrill became a terror. I had mental visions of a swift descent to earth, and I hoped and prayed that Mr. Hale's nerve would prevent such a calamity. However, as the minutes passed and I reached the pole and began my signaling, I began to gain confidence and courage, and it was easy for me to smile convincingly during the flashes; but when Mr. Hale brought me back to the surface I fainted from sheer exhaustion. I had used all my energy going down, and in giving the best in me to make the scene a success it was a tax physically as well as mentally."

"While studying the script of 'Sweetheart of the Doomed,' my most beloved play," says Louise Glaum, "my eyes wandered to my favorite painting on the wall of my studio. It is Bastian-Lapage's 'Joan of Arc Listening to the Voices.' It symbolizes the highest spiritual ecstasy, the close communion of an earthly soul and the divine. As I studied the expression on the face of this saintly heroine I realized instantly that it conveyed the very exaltation which I desired to feel and reflect in the prayerful scene at the close of this play.



SHE GAZED DOWN AT THE BELOVED FACE

"In 'Sweetheart of the Doomed' I portrayed 'the most notorious woman of Paris and Monte Carlo,' who became regenerated by noble service for her country in its hour of need and by love for one of humanity's heroes. The tender ministrations of this Honoré Zonlay caused the dying sons of France to bless her 'Angel of the Armies.'

"In the cathedral where the wounded were brought from the battle-line, she became a sweetheart of the doomed. As the dying heroes called for sisters, mothers, sweethearts, she would respond, and in her tender caresses they felt the touch of their loved one.

"Then came the night when the lover whom she believed dead was brought in mortally wounded. 'Make his last moments beautiful,' urged the priest.

"Honoré, with face whitened by agony and eyes tear-glazed, followed the stretcher to the inner room of the cathedral. Impotent, grief-numbed, she gazed down at the beloved face; while slowly there awakened within her a realization of that power which belongs to all—the power of prayer. For the first time since childhood she knelt in prayer.



"OH, GOD, I ASK THEE TO SAVE HIM!"

"The candles by the crucifix on the wall flickered uncertainly; the face of the Madonna gazed down tenderly from the painting on the wall; the man on the cot lay quite still.

"'Oh, God, unfit as I am, I ask Thee to save him—not for my sake, but for his own,' she prayed.

"The wings of death brushed close over the man. Then he stirred; his hand touched her hair. In awed whisper the physician exclaimed:

"'A miracle has come from heaven, mademoiselle; he will live,' and the woman, whose spirit had been lifted in holy supplication, realized that her prayer had been answered.

"Slowly she arose, extending her arms toward heaven, her face glistening with tears. One word trembled from her lips and floated upwards:

" 'God!'

"The supreme beauty of this moment awed me. I undertook it with uncertainty, for I felt that I, who had played the vampire so often, might be deemed unworthy of the part. I wanted to demonstrate that I could express the finer emotions, and yet I felt that failure in such a scene would amount to sacrilege. To portray this mood of sublimity with reverence and restrained fervor demanded not only intensity of feeling, but a command of screen histrionism that the effect might not be mock-heroic. It is so easy to overact before the camera, to turn the serious to the ludicrous. So, standing before the painting of Joan—woman and saint—I earnestly sought to catch that exaltation of countenance which 'the voices' had inspired.



DORIS KENYON TRYING TO EXTRICATE HERSELF FROM TWO TONS OF COAL



DORIS KENYON

" 'The voices of humanity are in the air,' said President Wilson, in his last message to us. These are the voices that led the peasant maid to give her life for a cause she deemed holy; and the same voices quickened in Honoré Zonlay's soul the love for country and for the Merciful Power from which she had turned.

"In many ways this scene was greater than any I have ever undertaken for the screen, and never since have I been contented with the so-called 'vampire rôles.' Henceforth I shall play only rôles that are for my own betterment and for that of the public that witnesses them."

"Serials are just one round of difficult scenes, daring stunts and nerve-racking experiences," says Doris Kenyon. "In my first—and probably my last—serial, 'The Hidden Hand,' every succeeding episode is more thrilling than the others, and there are fifteen of them!

"One of the hardest scenes—tho not dangerous—was one in which I released myself from a coal-cellar, after the villain—and it was Sheldon Lewis, too—had dumped two tons of furnace-coal upon me. Of course, I was protected so that the weight of the coal would not hurt me, but the difficult part was in trying to get out, with the loose coal forever slipping and covering me. We worked one whole day in midsummer on this scene, and when we were thru I was a sight! I had to go home in that condition, and when I reached there the elevator-man refused to take me up until I established my identity.

"Climbing up the steep roof of a church, with the earth sixty feet below, is not only difficult, but dangerous. But there is one thing more so—climbing down. I did both. Then, when I reached the cornice, I lowered myself on a rope to the ground, which is in itself quite a difficult thing to do and maintain one's dignity and equilibrium.

"A really dangerous scene in this serial took place in the studio. I was bound and gagged and left alone, after which the villain set fire to the house. Inflammable material was piled in front of me, to make the flames envelop me. The over-zealous director saturated this material with kerosene, and actually tied my hands with the rope that was bound around my body and the chair.

"When a match was applied to the rubbish a great sheet of flame swept round me. I could not free my hands to protect my face, and I could not scream, as the gag prevented me from being heard. My appealing look of pain and terror was misinterpreted as realistic acting. It was realistic, but it was not acting. I was in danger of being burned alive! Finally, I managed to upset the chair backward. My head struck the floor, rendering me unconscious. Then the director and members of the company realized the danger. I escaped with a partly burned dress, several burns, the loss of an eyebrow, several strands of hair, and a big bump on the back of my head; but it was all part of the day's work."

"The hard things I have done in pictures so far," says Bessie Love, "have been purely physical; and the thing that is fresh in my mind now is a scene in my recent picture, 'Spring of the Year.' At the beginning of the story I am a little country girl. I become possessed with a great desire to go on the stage. Everybody objects, of course, but I have my way,



PERILOUSLY CLOSE TO BEING BURNED ALIVE

and get a chance for a try-out in the chorus. I love that part of the play, and I had great fun dressing up in chorus-girl togs; but there's more to it, I can testify, than just dressing up.

"In one episode I rehearse with a crowd of girls—all real chorus-girls, picked first-hand from a Broadway success, 'The Riviera Girl.' They were the real thing, and they surely could dance. I could dance, too, or I had thought I could, but those girls were used to dancing by the hour without even feeling it; and there was poor me, trying to keep up with them. After I had hopped on one foot and kicked the other in the air for about five minutes, I was just about ready to drop; but they went smilingly on and on, and I made up my mind I would stay with them if it killed me. When my first rehearsal was finished I was like a rag from exhaustion; and if any one thinks a chorus-girl has an easy time, he has another guess coming. I know better."



BESSIE BARRISCALE IN "MADAME WHO"

"In 'Madame Who' I had some very difficult work," said Bessie Barriscale. "As a spy, I dressed in boy's clothes, with coat, trousers and high boots; and after running over plowed fields and jumping fences, I had to climb up the side of a two-story building with nothing but a drain-pipe between me and the ground below. Then I crept along the roof of a building, pried open a window and climbed into a dark attic where I could see, thru the cracks in the floor, the spies in the room below. Then I crawled on hands and knees about twenty feet over the rough boards until directly over the table where the men were sitting. When I reached this spot the boards gave way and I fell to the table in the room below.

"When I had been pulled about by the men for some time, it was discovered that I was Jeanne Beaufort. 'Shall I kill her?' said Parson Kennedy (Joseph Dowling). 'No,' said one of the men; 'her heart and soul may forever belong to the South; but her body shall belong to the North by marriage to one of us.' The scene following my 'discovery' was hard emotionally, but the preceding scenes were exceedingly hard physically; and when the day's work was over I pulled by actual count twenty-seven splinters out of my hands.

"The truth of the matter is that physical stunts are difficult in proportion to the state of a player's nerves and her physical condition. A nervous girl or one not in the best of physical training would be a menace to herself in the movies. The audiences demand that the hero and heroine shall suffer that, in the end, they shall be saved."



"IF ANY ONE THINKS A CHORUS-GIRL HAS AN EASY TIME, HE HAS ANOTHER GUESS COMING"—BESSIE LOVE

My Ideal Man

A Jury of Twelve Stars Renders Its Verdict for Mere Man



© Campbell

PEARL WHITE

"I DONT have much time to think about ideal men; I am generally too busy to think about them at all.

"Courage, mental, moral and physical, is, to my mind, the greatest attribute of manliness, and it is the quality which my ideal man must have. He must be rather big—I admire big, powerful people. He must be willing to do a thing because I want him to do it, but he must not give me everything I want when he knows I shouldn't have it. He must have the moral strength to refuse, the mental strength to make me see it his way, and the physical strength to make me know that, while he would never use it to hurt me, he could if he wanted to.

"PEARL WHITE."



ETHEL TEARE

"When you ask a girl what she means by an ideal man, I take it that you really mean an ideal husband. If a man could be found who would be agreeable before breakfast, I think it would go without saying that he had all other human virtues. I dont care so much what he looks like as long as HE doesn't care what he looks like. I would like to have him wash behind his ears, but I couldn't stand a man who primped in front of the mirror. I am not so particular about his manners. I would rather have him employ the customary weapons to eat with, but after all, if he is the right sort inside, it will show in his manners.

"When I come across my ideal man, I expect to hang on to him a long, long time, and the first time I ever have any suspicion that I have found my ideal man, I am going to have dinner at his house and see how he treats Friend Mother. If Mother gives him one of those pathetic, anxious looks when the beefsteak comes on, there will be nothing further doing for

"ETHEL TEARE."

"I think every woman has a different ideal of a man. She looks upon a man as perfect, nearly perfect, and so on down, according to the way he treats her, and every woman wants to be treated just a little differently from any other.

"If my ideal man is to be prosperous, he must be able to stand it. If he is going to have hard knocks, he must be able to stand them.

"He must have a clear, alert brain. I believe I am more attracted by a clever brain than anything else, provided that it is a straight and not a crooked one. I would prefer that he be good-looking, but not too good-looking. I prefer that he be tall—little women always like tall men. I dont care much about his mannerisms or his manners—let me know his habits.

"He must be, above all, a man whose intelligence and whose way of looking at life I would respect.

"FANNIE WARD."

FANNIE WARD

Apeda



"Most girls insist that their ideal man have wisdom, goodness, determination, strength of character, domination—and at least a million dollars. I have no such illusions. My ideal man must, first of all, be a human being. He must have a ready smile, and must never pity himself. My really ideal man must be a man of keen mind, capable of organizing and commanding. Certainly he must have a strong patriotic sense. My ideal man would not be an idler. He must have plenty of work in the world, and do that work well. As a rule, my ideal man must tell the truth—not the little, unpleasant truths, perhaps, but the fundamental ones. He must have the courage of his convictions. Two items are all I should insist on: He must pay his bills and have a sweet disposition. For the rest, I should merely stipulate that my ideal man must be a real man.

"MAY ALLISON."





© Lumière

PEGGY HYLAND

"So you would know about my ideal man? Then I must open my chamber of dreams, for her ideal man holds high sway in this chamber of every girl's mind. And to describe him means putting dreams into words.

"Perhaps no two of us would choose the same type of man with whom we'd be willing to stroll down the pathway of life, and it is better so.

"But about my ideal man! He stands in my rosy chamber of dreams tall in stature and of good physique, possessor of a frank, honest face which is not necessarily handsome and in his gray-blue eyes there is an unmistakable twinkle which in itself speaks of his keen sense of humor. Then, too, he is a good pal. His hearty manner and firm handclasp prove that.

"And need I say that, now our country has entered the glorious struggle for a world democracy, he is clad in either the khaki or the blue?

"PEGGY HYLAND."

"My ideal type of man, whether tall or short, light or dark, must make it part of his religion to be a gentleman under all circumstances. He need not necessarily be handsome, but clean-cut, a clean thinker, and ambitious to make the best of his abilities. I would be inclined toward a man fond of athletics and outdoor sports, with a liking for animals; and, to be happy in his company, I would like him attentive to and congenial with my work, whatever it happened to be. I couldn't expect him to pal with me all the time; I would want him to have his own friends—such friends as I could respect when I met them. If, and above all, I did anything wrong I would expect him to tell me about it frankly. I would just hate a man who nursed a secret grievance.

"SHIRLEY MASON."



© National

SHIRLEY MASON

MAY ALLISON

"I am immediately attracted to any one who has blue eyes. Did you ever notice how blue-eyed people attract brown-eyed people, and how brown-eyed people attract blue eyes? It invariably happens, and when the result is marriage, unhappiness is the result. Every couple I know, of which one member has brown eyes and the other has blue, is unhappy. So when I marry I'm going to select a man with blue eyes like my own.

"JEWEL CARMEN."

"He must be gentle, first of all. Never mind about a sense of humor, for when a man is gentle he is apt to be all else. I dont mean merely mild. Real gentleness comes only from strength. When a man is gentle, he will be strong when the need comes. Gentleness and strength—they are the extremes of his character. If a man have both, all else that's good will fall between. No matter whether he is a plainsman or a recluse, if gentleness is a fundamental part of his character, he is my ideal.

"MADGE KENNEDY."

"When I was a very little girl, my ideal man was a twentieth-century version of Sir Galahad, but a little further reflection has modified the specifications.

"Sir Galahad is wonderful in a Tennyson poem, but I am afraid he would be tedious to have around the house for a steady diet. A man needs a few imperfections to be interesting.

"I have come to the conclusion that a 'golden mean' is to be sought for among men as among all other human affairs.

"I wouldn't like to have him too ferociously ugly, but I wouldn't like to have him too fatally beautiful. Safety first, you know. Unselfishness is the finest trait that any man can have. It is the password to the heart of a woman. I would like to have him generous, but not too generous—I dont want him to be a fool with money.

"He ought to be attentive, but I pray a merciful heaven to preserve me from a man who sits around and oozes forth flat remarks.

"It would be well if he were self-confident, but let him stop this side of being brash.

"I would like to have him gay and good-natured without being too promiscuous with his geniality; witty without being a village cut-up; courageous without carrying a chip on his shoulder.

"I hope he will have pleasant manners, if he does not become too Beau Brummel-like. An imitation dancing-master is a useless household help.

"In sea romances, there is excitement in venturing near the breakers; but, for all practical purposes, mid-channel is best. That goes for the ideal man as with all other mundane affairs.

"MARY THURMAN."



JEWEL CARMEN



MARY THURMAN



© Underwood

MADGE KENNEDY

"The ideal man fortunately is becoming extinct. I say fortunately, because, were men perfect, this would be indeed a dull and stupid world. Stories would have no plot; theaters would close their doors for want of material for plays; and, worst of all, we women would probably pine away for want of gossip. A husband is like a cake—one would not want to keep on eating after having enough; and too often, too, the cake proves to be quite indigestible.

"Looking only at the superficial side of the 'ideal man' question, the fact remains that there is, in each country, a certain type of man who most nearly represents the best in that country. This type of man is well represented in the many screen stars, and a study of the most popular leading-men shows that the ideal American man is about as follows:

"He is usually tall, well built and very athletic. He is quick in an emergency, and, most important of all, has a strong sense of humor. As to looks—well, a straight nose, well-set eyes and firm chin would about describe this 'ideal man' of ours—while the fact that he is well groomed, prosperous-looking and entertaining, will sum up the requisites.

"Dorothy Dalton."



© Witzel L. A.

DOROTHY DALTON



© Apeda

PAULINE FREDERICK



© Abbe

MARGUERITE CLARK

"The ideal man is the ideal soldier, not for the glory of war and the glamour that it still holds for many a younger man than he, but because he knows it must be done, and to protect the ones at home who would be in danger were he not ready to stand between them and desolation.

"It has been said that a soldier must be a man of little or no imagination; but my ideal man utterly disproves this idea, for no one needs imagination more than a screen actor, and the number of such brave fellows who have enlisted shows that the recruiting stations draw heavily upon the studios in their vicinity. To me, it takes a far greater imagination to realize the horrors of war and be able to face them fearlessly, knowing that there is a something infinitely higher and more worth while than merely to realize war's horror without attempting to do one's share to forever end it. Every woman holds a separate high place in her heart for the ideal man—brother, friend, husband or sweetheart, who goes 'out there' to fight.

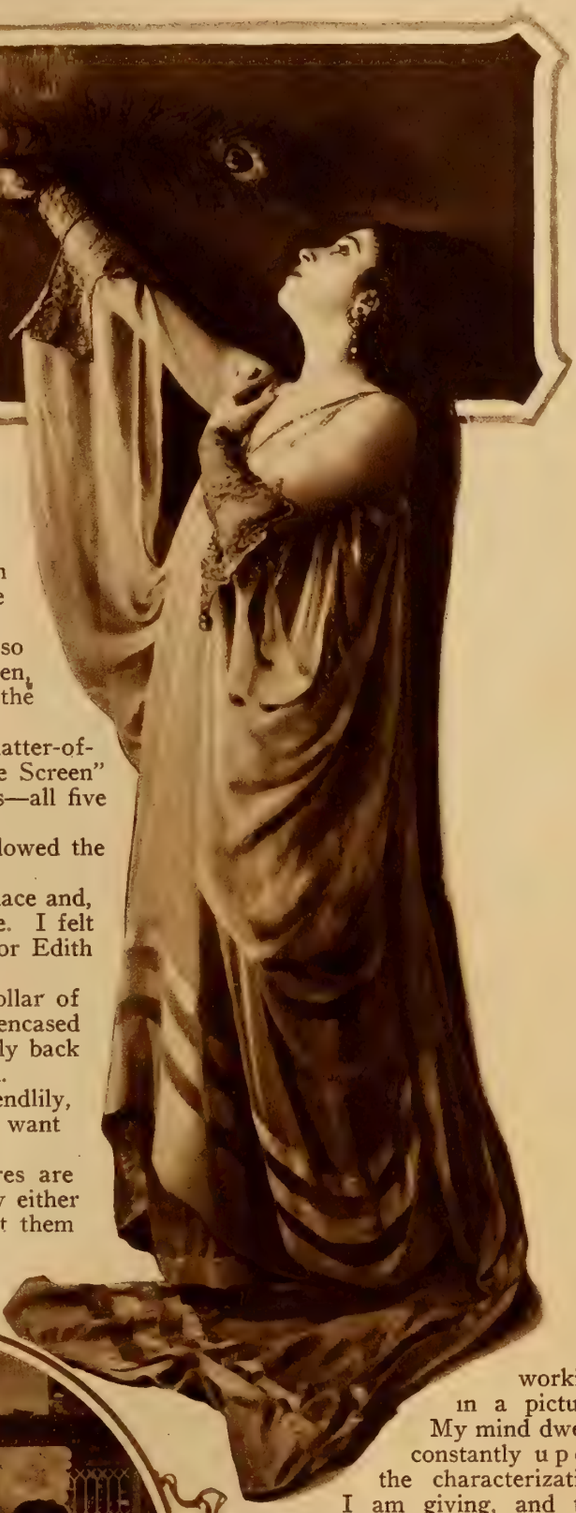
"Pauline Frederick."

"Is there such a man in real life—a man who can laugh at just the right time and make me laugh at the right time, too? That's the main thing in the ideal man—good humor, good nature. All the rest hinges on that attribute. It isn't the big problems in life that are fatal to happiness of man and woman. It's the little trivialities, the petty annoyances, the minute moods of minds that cant always be thinking in terms of heroism. There's where the ideal man can show his mettle. If the petty trifles wear on his good nature, he loses his ideal. If he throws them off, no matter what his mood, he justifies the term ideal. But he must have care in his careless attitude toward the little things of life. No ideal man can afford to sacrifice the niceties of life for his sublime indifference to the pettinesses of life. Do you see what I mean? The ideal man is indifferent to little trifles, but he isn't a trifler. He may consider it useless to worry over the vanities of existence, but he doesn't consider of no importance the little vanities of women. I couldn't have him a scold—let him lose his temper over big things. As for the rest, how about a strong, healthy, smooth-shaven, clear-skinned, athletic, intelligent, smiling Lochinvar? I think he ought to suit.

"Marguerite Clark."

The Divine Edith

By Adele Whitely Fletcher



THE strains of a ukelele wafted out of the partially opened door, as I stood awaiting admittance on the spacious veranda of Edith Storey's bungalow.

I knew whose fingers, passing over the strings, created the air, for it was decidedly "different," bordering on what might be termed exotic and yet possessing an indefinable sweetness and charm.

Never, never in all my years as an interviewer, had I been so nervous about an approaching interview. Nine times out of ten, I knew my interviewee would be sweet and gracious and I had the interview written mentally before it actually took place.

But when my 'phone rang and the Editor announced in a matter-of-fact voice that the honor of interviewing "The Bernhardt of the Screen" had been thrust upon me, it seemed unbelievable, and my senses—all five of them—began to swim.

So it was with such a mingled variety of feelings that I followed the trim maid into the artistic living-room.

Miss Storey arose from the deep chintz chair before the fireplace and, placing her instrument upon the table, came forward to greet me. I felt as tho I were playing in some scene with this wonderful girl, for Edith Storey, Woman, is identical with Edith Storey, Star.

Her dress was fashioned from a dull blue velvet, with a collar of fawn satin about her swan-like throat, and her shapely feet were encased in white kid slippers, while her brown locks were brushed loosely back and caught in a graceful knot on the crown of her pretty head.

"Now that you have tracked me to my retreat," she said, friendlily, with just enough reserve to make her Edith Storey, "what do you want me to say, please?"

Her eyes danced with mischief—the eyes which she declares are green. And altho I sat directly next to her, I cannot truthfully either agree or disagree with her assertion, for one minute I thought them blue and the next a soft gray.

"You see," she continued, "I am unfortunate in having been born in New York; therefore, I cannot assume the rôle of the innocent country girl who came to the big city and found success. Tell me, what shall I say to you?" she added, dropping her white oval face into the cup she made with her hands.



"Tell me how you create so many wonderful characterizations—how you can be as truly the coquet as you can the athlete, and as truly the Queen of the East as the music-hall dancer. How do you do it?"

"Why, I dont know," she declared, becoming all seriousness. "Somehow I love my work so that I really become the character I am playing. If mother were only here she'd tell you how impossible I am to live with while working in a picture. My mind dwells constantly upon the characterization I am giving, and the things of my own life are neglected.

"There's no use my trying any other methods, for in order to make my acting worthy of the name, I must feel the part, and I cant make myself the Mexican señorita when I am thinking of an engagement with the photographer and of my wardrobe for the following season.

"Ever since I worked with the Méliès Company in my first picture I have employed these tactics. All thru the wide range of rôles I

had with Vitagraph, I endeavored to feel my part, and now in my pictures with Metro I have found the same methods most satisfactory."

"What pictures are you doing now that you are with Metro?" I asked, when she finished.

"Oh, very attractive pictures," she exclaimed, her face lighting up. "In my first picture I play a dual rôle—first that of the mother, in the days of long ago, with crinolines and powdered hair, and later as the daughter, who is a real athletic girl."

"And what is your hobby?" I asked, determined to glean all the interesting facts possible.

"My hobby," she laughed. "There aint no such animal!"

"Oh, but you must have a hobby," I answered. "All actresses have them. Dont you keep twelve motors, a dog of renowned pedigree——"

"Nope," she answered, not a bit elegantly. "I keep only one car; have but one dog, 'Sooner,' who has no pedigree whatever as far as I know; built this dear old home for comfort and not after some ruined Egyptian castle, and abhor odd scents and odors. I'm afraid you'll have to give me up as a bad job—really," she ended, bewitchingly.

The affair seemed hopeless, but I refused to be thwarted by her fearful matter-of-factness. "Well, then, if you have no hobby, tell me one of the most awful moments in your life," I blurted out, while back in my mind lurked the idea that this level-headed person could have no really "awful moments."

The brown head went up in the air followed by a peal of laughter. "One of my most 'awful moments!'" she cried. "What makes you think I've ever had any 'awful moments'?" The green eyes twinkled roguishly.

I gulped and, in the most blasé tone I could muster, retorted, "Why, every one, at some time or other, has had some awful thing happen, and surely you aren't immune to even that."

"Right!" she exclaimed, to my amazement; "but one of my most 'awful moments' doesn't sound as bad as it seemed. One night, about three years ago, when I was with the Vitagraph Company, I appeared at a theater, where one of my pictures was being shown, to speak between reels. After I had talked a few minutes on screen-work and recounted some of the interesting and amusing little incidents that happen to screen folks, some one in the audience requested me to recite a poem I had spoken a few nights previous at another theater. Eager to oblige, I started in. Oh, I'll never forget it! It was a hot night, and I stood directly in the glare of the spotlight. I got about half-way thru that piece when, all at once, every blessed



line of it left me. I looked into the faces of those before me a second, and, in an effort to collect my thoughts—and composure—I put my hand over my eyes. As I did so, some awful creature right in front laughed a loud, scornful laugh, which seemed to say, 'Even the best of you aren't perfect,' and it angered me so that I lifted my head and, almost without realizing it, took up the thread of my poem. If I live to be a hundred, I'll never forget that laugh and the secret humiliation it caused. So you see I have 'awful moments,' even if I dont have hobbies."

At this point her mother entered, and the gay comradeship between the two is a joy to behold.

"Allow me to present—my manager, costume adviser, and——my hobby, dear lady," she said.

"Delighted to know you, I'm sure," I hurriedly exclaimed, for the grandfather's clock on the stair-landing told me I had but ten minutes to make my train.

Together mother and daughter accompanied me to the motor steps where Miss Storey's big lemon-colored limousine waited to take me to the station.

"*Au revoir,*" called this girl of a thousand characters while I sped down the smooth gravel driveway.

"*Au revoir,*" I returned, but to myself I added, "I'll come again some day—soon."



The Answer Man

This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers with addresses, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies, or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them—this is the only movie encyclopædia in existence.

GENTLE reader, come hither, and I will conduct thee on a pleasant journey. Let us commune together with Wit, Wisdom, Mirth and Nonsense as our companions. Leave Care behind, ye who enter here, and doing thus you will not find her when you make your exit. This way, please. Step right in, for the show is about to begin.

PEBBIE B. O.—Your letter was brilliant. Haven't the mother in "Draft 258" (Metro). Eugene O'Brien in that Artcraft. He is now playing with Catherine Calvert in "A Romance of the Underworld" with Keeney.

H. L. ADMIRER.—Charles Clary has been ill. He claims to have caught cold from looking at Theda Bara's costumes. Niles Welch is with Metro. Crane Wilbur will have his own company—another victim. They haven't kultured me yet, altho I lift extracts from Nietzsche and take extracts from Liebig—right off the hoof!

GRACE P.—Ollie Kirkby said she never saw snow until she came to New York this season. She was in to see us the other day. Clara K. Young expects to remain on the Coast for about three months.

STEPALONG.—Well, I'm not going to say who won in that wrestling match between William Russell and Douglas Fairbanks, but it's ten to one on the former any day. William—rather Big Bill—was in to see us last week, and, believe me, girls, he is some man. The twelve labors of Hercules would be easily accomplished by Bill. I felt of his muscles, and they are like a huge bunch of steel wires. William Courtleigh, Jr., in that Fox.

LITTLE DREAM GIRL.—Tom Moore in "Brown of Harvard" (Selig). He is also playing in "Dodging a Million" with Mabel Normand. And so rubber flowers have been invented to be worn on women's bathing-suits? Why not waterproof cigarets also?

PRYING POLLY.—Whereby do you obtain your authority to address me as you do? Have a care! Do you want to start something? A character actor is one who has the power of representing with equal facility widely different characters. King Baggot and Marguerite Snow are playing in "The Eagle's Eye."

LILLIAN S.—You say you want pictures of Frank Borzage, Alma Ruben, Charles Gunn, Hazel Daly, Jack Livingston and Roland Lee in the Gallery. Editor, please notice. Certainly I observe the meatless and wheatless days. If we cannot get what we like, we may like what we get.

MYRLE C.—I was glad to make your acquaintance. I do not agree with William Brady that the public wants long films, preferably six and seven reels. Weren't the two- and three-reel plays of the past always enjoyed more?

HELEN C. L.—If I said I gave your verse to the Editor, I did, but whether he has decided to use it is another matter. Joseph Kaufman, Ethel Clayton's husband, died of pneumonia Friday, February 1, 1918. Franklyn Ritchie was killed by an automobile accident in California.

JOSEPH G.—Ancient history! Mary Pickford in "Bishop's Carriage." Where have you been?

NETTIE R.—"The Answer," with Alma Ruben and Joe King, deals with socialism. Easter Sunday is March 31st this year. Since the year 1800 Easter has occurred on March 31st five times. The first time in the last century for Easter to fall on that date was in 1839. The other years were 1850, 1861, 1872, and the last time it fell on the last day of March was in 1907. Let me hear from you often.

COOKIE.—I'm always on the water-wagon. Thanks for your kind offer. There isn't anything in particular that I want just now, except a motor-yacht. Hobart Henley will direct Mae Marsh in the future.

FLOSSY-OSSER-INIO.—You ask me why Artist Argens gave me such a big head. Mr. Argens did not give it to me! I had it long before he was born. Sure thing. A load of sorrow doesn't wear one so much as a swarm of annoyances. I seldom have had the former, but I get the latter every now and then.

CORINNE.—Belle Bruce is married. She is not playing in pictures. On account of my heartburn, I am afraid to wear the priceless shirt-studs made of coal that were presented to me.

CLEO ADMIRER.—Of course fish are good for the brain. It's because they go so often in schools. You ought to eat a whale for breakfast every morning. Do you refer to the Gish sisters or the Fish sisters, Minnie Anchovy? Elsie Jane Wilson and Carol Holloway in "The Lure of the Mask." You are very sympathetic.

FULLER BUNK.—Bolshevik is pronounced, most generally, *bol-she-veek*, with the accent on the last syllable. It is a Russian word, meaning "majority, the most." In present-day Russian politics the Bolsheviki (which is the plural) are the most extreme, radical members of the Social Democrats. It is the antithesis of the Menshevik (plural Mensheviki), "the least, the smallest," the most moderate of the Social Democrats. The latter are really the idealists of the party, believing in a gradual social revolution. Maximalist and Minimalist are the French terms for the extreme and moderate Socialists respectively. "Intolerance" was taken in California. No.

MADGE C.—Madge Evans has light hair, blue eyes, and is eight years old. Ethel Clayton has auburn hair and blue eyes. Viola Dana has light-green eyes, dark hair and was born in 1898. Thanks.

JACK M.—Our Secretary of War is one Baker who doesn't give short waits. I guess you mean William Stowell. He is with Universal now. "Virtues of New York" has never been released. Yes, he is the same old Harry Carey, and a clever character.

ALICE YOUNG.—Henry Albert Phillips told me today that he had just received a check for $1,000 for a five-reel play. That's the way to turn them out. I am sorry that you got so many of your scenarios back. It drives one to ask, "Is there a bourne from which no traveler returns?"

EVELYN Y.—No, I dont look upon my department as twenty-four hours of misery. It is a pleasure to serve you, my dear. "Mickey" is seven reels, and it is said to contain expressions of every human emotion.

MAIDEN.—Dorothy West is with Paramount. Harry Northrup is playing in "The Eyes of Mystery" with Edith Storey. Billie Rhodes in "Their Little Kids."

The Answer Man

JACK CANNUCK.—Thanks for the drawing; it looked good. Lillian Walker in "Grain of Dust," released under Crest Pictures. Kate Price is playing in Paralta pictures with "Humdrum Brown."

MARY B. C.—You say Violet Davis is playing on the speaking stage now. Yes, we all remember her in Vitagraph days. Thanks.

LOCK CITY.—I am sorry you didn't get your answer. Time will tell. Thanks for the pictures.

H. B. H., N. Y. C.—Dont believe all you hear—William S. Hart did not clerk in a drug store in New York. Wanda Petit has been in pictures only a year.

MISS FRANCES.—Dont ask me to send you portraits of the players. Peggy Hyland with Fox. I have had very little physical exercise lately, and so I get some young person to walk down to the office for me. It is wonderful how vigorous this makes me feel.

PRINCESS ALEXIA.—Yes, there are several Russian ballet dancing schools in New York. Mrs. E. Y. Backus instructed the dancing class in "The Seven Swans," with Marguerite Clark. The age of discretion is a matter of opinion—most people never reach it.

DAISY B. AND A. MARGUERITE.—No studio in Rochester. Next to the United States, Germany has the greatest number of telegraph offices and the largest mileage among nations.

MARION O.—Now dont you worry about her good-looks, and remember the old saying, "Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul." No, it does not require nerve to write to me, altho some people who are generously endowed with it do so. Billie Rhodes played in "Their Little Kids."

A SMALL-TOWN GIRL.—The names of the Sub-Déb pictures are "Bab's Burglar," "Bab's Matinée Idol" and "Bab's Diary."

RUTH R.—We should always consider how much we have more than we want; and second, how much more unhappy we might be if we had less. In fact, there are so many things to consider. Marc MacDermott is still playing for Vitagraph. Perhaps; who knows?

IM LONESUM.—Louise Beaudet was playing in "Flo Flo." Yes, Octavia Handworth is playing in vaudeville. I can best answer your other query by quoting Bacon: "Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man. Therefore if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning to seem to know that he doth not." Read it over again. Bacon is hard to get now. But what more do you want to read than this department? Whom else but me to confer with? And who else could you write to that would be more appreciative?

JUST ME.—William Farnum in "Rough and Ready." William is always so. Jane Cowl was born in 1870. Yes, both the Magazine and Classic. Write again.

DOROTHY M.—In these days, walk while ye have the light, lest darkness come upon you. And it was so on Mondays. You will get better attention if you enclose a small fee; otherwise take your turn. Everybody who writes to me is answered sooner or later in this department, and if your questions have been answered before, your initials will appear in the "alsoran" paragraphs somewhere. I read every letter that comes to me.

R. H. M.—I am sorry you didn't get your answer. L. D. Maloney is with Signal and George Walsh is with Fox. No, I dont do things according to *ancien régime*.

HELEN DE L.—Paramount released the Burton Holmes Travelog pictures. Fannie Ward in "Innocent" and Bryant Washburn in "Kidder & Ko." Of course I think it is all right to write to the soldier-boys. Some people say it keeps their minds on things of lesser importance.

DOROTHY M. D.—Mae Marsh in "Polly of the Circus." Let me hear from you again. Theda Bara in "The Forbidden Path." Well, I dont read all the war news, but since the war began the Entente Allies have lost about 9 per cent. of their original manpower, and the Teutonic Allies have lost 20 per cent. The Entente Allies have spent 12 per cent. of their wealth, the Teutonic 29 per cent.

RUTH.—You ask if you have to have much money to become an actress. You dont need money—you need talent. I am very happy. Give me neither poverty nor riches, and I prefer to be single, but the world must be peopled by somebody.

ADA R.—May Allison is going to star for Metro. The cardinal virtues of the ancients were justice, prudence, temperance and fortitude, and were so called because the whole of human virtues was supposed to hinge or turn upon them.

ELEANOR V. V. C.—You say, "The Motion Picture theaters of the best class today, such as the Rialto, Strand and Rivoli, are doing a great work in bettering popular taste by having fine orchestras to render classical compositions calculated to refine and exalt the popular sentiment, and this is especially helpful in wartimes to lift the depression which might otherwise be felt. More and more people seek these Motion Picture theaters, not only for the entertainment and instruction of the pictures, but the real benefit and refreshment from the music which accompanies them. It proves that good music is appreciated by the popular element when they hear it, and as the Motion Pictures are making such artistic progress all the time, they demand a more classical accompaniment." I think you have hit upon a very important factor in the managing of up-to-date theaters.

GISELE D.—You say I may be old, but that I have young ideas. Here is my hand, with my heart in it. You think I need a *garde du corps*.

GWENDOLYN J.—You want us to print the list of the different players who have enlisted. I will get it ready and see if the Editor wont give you an article with the boys in their uniforms.

GEORGE WALSH ADMIRER.—It is called "Hooveritis" and is as follows: "Each paper, book and magazine sprouts upward like a geyser recipes for saving things; we're growing thin and wiser! We salt down beans, dehydrate greens, store up foods like a miser; we're going to preserve the world and also can the Kaiser." Thanks for the waltz.

MARIE A. H.—You say you were one of the victims in the Halifax catastrophe. You have my sympathy. I would be glad to hear more about it. Your letter was very interesting.

U-53.—J. A. Berst is the head of the Pathé Company. Glad to hear you have gone into pictures. Take what comes your way, but choose the way.

KELLS.—The original paintings of the covers that have appeared on our magazines can be bought for $10 upwards. They all hang in our offices. You say you walked 15 miles to see "The Little American." Wasn't it worth it? Yes, I still take cold baths in the mornings. I shall expect to be well and writing when you are dead. The highest wisdom never fails to laugh at itself.

OCTAVIA R. R.—Not William Shaw nor Bernard Shaw, but Harold Shaw. No, no, my dear; I have not given up eating candy, nor do I intend to in Lent. I simply couldn't make such a sacrifice.

HOPELESS; RUTH A.; LILLIAN G.; NANCY J.; DOROTHY K.; ALICE P.; LORRAINE M.; WILLIAM F.; VICTOR D. M.; HERBERT R. C.; ANNA E. S.; J. J. J.; CHARLES D.; NELL S. W.; LILY H.; EMIL; S. WEEDIE D.; GEORGE WALSH ADMIRER; VERA M. R.; ALTA E. M.; THERESA G. M.; ERIC B. A.; STEPHEN J. M.; MRS. J. E.; KATHLYN H.; RENE G. C.; KATHERINE L.; H. C. W.; DIMPLES; L. J. K.; KATHERINE G.—I enjoyed reading your letters very much and hope to hear from you all again. See above and elsewhere for your answers.

MARY FULLER FAN.—The doors of opportunity are marked "Push" and "Pull," and if you haven't the latter you must have plenty of the former. Too bad Thackeray had not met Theda Bara when he wrote "Vanity Fair." How about it?

MARIE ANTOINETTE.—I am glad you were interested in "Mr. Biggs Puts It Over," and that you admire the unique character Mr. Van Loan has created.

BESSIE OF THE BARRACKS.—No, I have no swelled head. That was the Editor's idea entirely. You say you are doing your bit by going to theaters more and paying more war-tax.

The Answer Man

WONDERING BLUE EYES.—Yours has been answered before. There, there; dont cry and spoil those wondering blue eyes. A woman moved is like a fountain troubled—muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty. If a woman would look at herself in the mirror when she started to cry she would stop immediately.

VIRGINIA W.; IRENE B.; J. A. L.; E. M. L.; BILLIE V. D.; IRENE H.; CLARA D., and MURIEL V.—Be good children and write to me again.

I WANTAKNOW.—You will get a picture of Eugene O'Brien in either the March Magazine or March Classic. Of course you may join my army of friends. Concentration, my dear. Alas, alack! who can look quietly at nothing will never do anything worthy of imitation.

ALBERTA G. F.—Vitagraph released "Captain Sunlight" in one picture, altho it was originally intended for a serial or super-feature.

STANDARD PUB. CO., CINCINNATI, O.—I received a copy of your book, "Motion Picture Education" ($2.00 postpaid), by Ernest A. Dench. Old readers of this Magazine know Mr. Dench well and will be glad to know of this fine book, the fifth he has written. It is quite exhaustive, very interesting and extremely useful to all who are interested in this important subject. Mr. Dench is also the author of "Advertising by Motion Pictures," cloth, 12mo, price postpaid $1.50, by the same publisher.

PRINCESS PAT.—You ask me how "Fatty" Arbuckle retains his fat in spite of so many wheatless and meatless days? I am not sure, but fancy he drinks cod-liver oil and Mellin's food to preserve his fat, which is his fortune. Roy Fernandez is not playing now. Yes, Pathé.

GYP, 17.—You say, "Sent you a letter by fast express; it reached you quickly, I know. Your answer was sent by freight, I guess, it comes so exceeding slow." I hasten to express my thanks, but I am sure you were answered.

ROSEMARY M.—Your letter was full of good things. Bernard Shaw has enough fight at home between the freedom of the Emerald Isle and Woman's Suffrage not to have to go to the war.

GRACE CUNARD ADMIRER.—A chiclet is a half-grown chicken who chews gum in the street-cars, wears spats to cover the holes in her stockings and flirts with the postman. You say the best covers we ever had were the Grace Cunard, Pearl White and Anita Stewart. Thanks.

L. CONSTANCE B.—Right you are; if music be the food of love, play on. Your letter was as interesting as ever. And write more verse.

EVENING STAR.—Have passed yours to the Editor for his enlightenment.

ELIZABETH P.—Nothing to do! As every thread of gold is valuable, so is every minute of time—make use of it. Of course Theda Bara has talent.

BOB WALKER.—Metro last. If one is forced to eat, drink and sleep with the Romans, perhaps it is better for one's peace of mind not to be too pronounced a Greek.

C. C. J.—The verses were good—too good to print.

EDWIN AUGUST ADMIRER.—Last we heard of him he was in his own company; but what became of it and of him, none of us know. The first electric car in America was run in Menlo Park by Thomas A. Edison in 1880.

BESSIE K.—Your letter was a regular letter to the Editor. Of course I like to hear your likes and dislikes. No, you are not slangy. Slang is an effort on the part of the user of language to say something more vividly, strongly, concisely than the language itself permits.

FANNY B.—Thanks again for sending me that bill. You are so very kind and thoughtful. I am anxiously waiting for the picture to come, but will be more pleased to see the original.

DAN, 88.—You write a most sensible letter, Dan. You say that Anita Stewart and Peggy Hyland never appreciated what Vitagraph did for them, but perhaps Vitagraph does not appreciate what they did for Vitagraph.

MORAYFIELD, AUSTRALIA.—Wallace Worsley was Sir Charles, and Tod Burns was Giles in "Borrowed Plumage" (Triangle). Your other question is *hors d'œuvre*.

DOLORES, MELBOURNE.—Surely I am glad to hear from you. Maud Emory was the guardian's friend in "Teddy at the Throttle." Yes, but the only rose without thorns is friendship.

WILLIAM HART FAN, QUEENSLAND.—Herbert Tarjean was Cacama and P. D. Tabler was Mexitli in "The Captive God" (Triangle). Norbert Myles in "Truthful Tulliver." You can obtain most of the stills direct from the manufacturers, if they want to let you have them.

MISS A. J R.—That it should come to this! Does Mary Pickford eat meat on Fridays? If she's a good Catholic, and I believe she is, no. We have all the back numbers on file.

MISS IDA MOORE.—Thanks for the hair-tonic; have quite an infant growth. Rosina Henley was Mercia in "The Sign of the Cross." Yes, Harold Lockwood did play in "The Crucible." Of course you are not forward. I enjoy reading such brilliant letters as you Australians do write. You are quite a poet, Ida.

FIGHTING 69TH.—I thank you, and my inquirers will thank you when you say "one could almost make a psychological study" of my correspondents. Blanche Sweet has not signed up as yet. S. Rankin Drew directed "The Girl Philippa." Yes, Emmy Wehlen's with Metro. So Anita Stewart is your favorite. Girls, here is another soldier-boy who I am sure would like to hear from you: James C. McMullin, 2nd Lieut. Co. C, 165th U. S. Infantry (69th New York), American Expeditionary Forces.

PAKETA.—Louise Lovely says that flowers are the terrestrial stars that bring down heaven to earth and carry up our thoughts from earth to heaven. Beautiful, but not quite original with lovely Louise. No, I have never visited Australia. I enjoyed every word of your letter. You say you saw "Fatty" Arbuckle in "The Butcher Boy" and wonder how much he weighs? I dont know what he weighs. In that case he weighed meat.

FLORENCE OF HALIFAX.—Yes, Tsuru Aoki did play in "Call of the East." No, she is a real Jap. Yes. A new film star bears the name of Sweetie Darling. She was Susan Peterball originally.

HYPATIA, SYDNEY.—No, H. H. Van Loan is not Dutch. He is strictly American. President Wilson's salary is $100,000 a year, including traveling expenses. As Aunt Eliza says, "If you would make a good pair of shoes, take for the sole the tongue of a woman; it never wears out."

GLADYS D.—Mlle. Diane and Charles Trowbridge in "The Siren's Song." Hazel Dawn in "One of Our Girls." Vivian Martin in that latter. Revise and revise and revise, the best thought will come after the printer has snatched away the copy.

U-53.—Just received a letter from Famous Players saying that Marguerite Clark wishes it known that she will be, and always has been, glad to furnish her picture to any one kind enough to ask for it, without charge whatsoever. It usually takes about 15 minutes for 1,000 feet of film to be shown.

JOHNNY N.—Thanks a lot for the charming watch-chain. Just what I needed. You say you would be glad to exchange snaps with any one who writes to you—Johnny Nealon, 1450 2nd Ave., New York. I always look for your letters.

MISS ETTA E. S.—You refer to William Duncan. In one of the series of "Vengeance and the Woman" he was buried in quicksand up to his armpits. In efforts to get him out several ropes broke, causing serious injuries, but he was pulled out eventually by a horse. Will you members of the Gem Club please send your present address to Miss Etta Seely, S. Paris, Me.?

RUTH, 16.—Strong drinks dont seem to affect some people—all their germs must be sailors. You think Keeney was fortunate to get David Powell and Eugene O'Brien to play opposite Catherine Calvert in her first Keeney picture. *Certainement.*

(*Continued on page* 116)



Madame Bernhardt says: "If a woman has charm, she can secure whatever she wants—love, success, power." And Madame Bernhardt knows; for by the sheer charm of her personality she has dominated the stage of the world for over fifty years. At the age of seventy-two, in spite of the most serious physical disabilities, the great Frenchwoman has undertaken another tour of the Americas, and is appearing this season in repertoire before the public that she has always loved next to her own.

SARAH BERNHARDT

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Charm

By

SARAH BERNHARDT

THERE must, *ma chérie,* be a power within to send a power without. There must be light to communicate light. Charm is power, light and beauty. If the spirit within is filled with them, they will overflow upon others.

I have thought a great deal about charm. I have studied charming people. When I was playing in England, I heard that the Englishman, Barrie, had said in a play what I believe: "If a woman has charm, she needs nothing besides."

In your country you have many divorces.

I have noticed in the newspapers that the women who have been getting the divorces are often very beautiful, and the other women in the case are often plain.

Do you know why this is? The beautiful women have no charm. The others have.

If I stood at the threshold of life, asking of it something with which to buy happiness, I should beg for charm. For if one has charm, she will be loved. And a woman must have love to be happy.

Beauty does not matter. If a woman has charm she can secure whatever she wants—love, success, power. Beauty she is born with or without, and she can do little to change that. The plain woman can decide to be wholesome and to dress becomingly. She can do little else for her external self; but she can cultivate and increase her charm.

Let me tell you how this can be done. The woman of charm has abundant vitality. She does not drag herself wearily about. She enjoys life, and shows that she does. There is charm in her movements, in her speech and her smile.

The woman of charm has the power of being interested in every one and everything for a time. She is interested in the persons who cross her path. This flatters and delights them. They are hers. You have seen how a lens gathers all the wandering rays of the sun, and focuses them upon one spot. That is exactly what focused interest does. All the charm of one's being is concentrated upon one spot. That spot is the person in whom you are interested.

Is *she* interested in consequence? Is she? *Certainement*—she is charmed.

The charming person always has a sincere smile. Any one may smile. There may be a flash of the eye, a show of teeth, but these are not a true smile. Smiles from

(*Continued on page* 126)

Photodrama in the Making

A Department of General Interest to All Readers, Showing How Photoplays Are Plotted, Written, Submitted and Sold

Conducted by HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

Staff Contributor; Lecturer and Instructor in Photoplay Writing in the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences; also in the Y. M. C. A. of New York; Author of "The Photodrama" and "The Feature Photoplay," and many Current Plays on the Screen, etc.

A COMPLETE PHOTOPLAY SYNOPSIS

NOTE—More than half the inquiries received by this Department ask how to submit material and in what form that material should be presented. The following Photoplay *Synopsis* is the exact copy of the one purchased by the World Film Corporation and produced by that company in 1917, Alice Brady taking the part of the *widow*. Hence this is the salable form. This is the fifth instalment of the serial publication of this Synopsis.

A SELF-MADE WIDOW

By Henry Albert Phillips

SYNOPSIS

Part II—To the Depths of the Sea

* * * * * At the Van Dusen mansion Lydia's mother is up at daybreak. Lydia herself is wakened after much ado. She seems reluctant about her forthcoming wedding with Fitzhugh. But her mother thinks she has achieved the greatest wish of her life.

At the Castleton mansion, Butts, too, is up at the break of day, filled with the importance of the coming event. He lays out his master's trousseau with many happy sighs and gets the most infinite details ready. Then he summons his master, with another sigh. There is no response. At length he finds the letters and is distressed beyond words. He dispatches a footman with the letter directed to Lydia.

Lydia is found and handed the letter with the intelligence that it is from Fitzhugh, at which, in a burst of petulance, she tears it up without looking inside.

Butts hurries to the lawyer. Then the two hasten back to the mansion and on the way pass the church where the irate wedding party is just coming out, having waited an hour in vain for Fitzhugh to appear. Mother Van Dusen is furious, father is indignant, but Lydia is strangely jubilant and tells Butts and the lawyer, as her shot: "I NEVER WANTED TO MARRY HIM, BECAUSE HE WAS NOT MY IDEA OF A MAN. I'D RATHER MARRY A COAL-HEAVER THAN HIS TYPE." The aristocratic parents are horrified and hurry their daughter away.

We find Sylvia absorbed in the letter and the wonderful opportunity it has suddenly afforded her. "* * * AND THE FINDER WILL KINDLY INFORM MY ATTORNEY AND BUTLER OF MY DEATH. (Signed) FITZHUGH CASTLETON." Sylvia makes sure that she has not been seen and takes the coat and wraps it in a newspaper. A policeman, passing by, looks at her suspiciously and remarks: "AND I'D ADVISE YOU TO MOVE ON, LADY, AND NOT BE JUMPIN' IN HERE, FOR THEY NEVER FINDS THE BODY OF THIM THAT DO."

Sylvia's whole plan is made up. She will find a man and give him all the money she has in the world if he will only marry her and thus give her the wedded name of Mrs. Fitzhugh Castleton. Then he may go about his way again and she will go about hers. The man whose name she will bear will never be able to prove anything.

Back in Blue Bank the committee of women call upon Sylvia for her proof, and find only Mrs. Tootle, who stoutly stands up for the girl she adores.

Sylvia is standing uncertainly on a street corner wondering how to proceed with the next step, when a man of dashing manners begins a flirtation. Sylvia surprises the masher by taking up with him at once and getting right down to business: "WOULD YOU CONSIDER MARRYING ME?"

The man is Crosby, and, not knowing whether or not he has met a crazy woman or one who is about to have him arrested, is on the point of fleeing when Sylvia adds: "I WILL PAY YOU TWO HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-FIVE DOLLARS TO MARRY ME!" Crosby immediately intimates that he would marry any woman for that sum. Sylvia then acquaints him with his "name," which he writes down and memorizes. They then proceed to a minister and are duly married. Crosby parts reluctantly and unenlightened from his beautiful bride.

(*To be continued in our next*)

CORRESPONDENCE

(*Continued from the April Magazine*)

"Again, under your editorial, in your List of Photoplay Markets, you do not mention a single concern that will consider anything but 'synopsis only.' Then why should one care to master the art of scenario writing when a synopsis only will be considered? 'IS IT WORTH WHILE?' again you say in your editorial."

The Art of Scenario Writing, by which I assume that the Complete Construction of the Photoplay is meant, presupposes a knowledge of How to Write the Scenario, or "working script." It is this knowledge of the construction of the "scenario" that enables us to correctly visualize in writing the Synopsis of the Play. I think that every aspirant in this field should know how to write a "working script" if called upon.

Hereupon G. W. G. quotes me: "'During the past six months I have had four manuscripts lost by different companies; I have had a dozen returned to me mutilated, irremediably soiled or ink-marked; I have five manuscripts out at this writing that have been retained from four to nine weeks and am confident that, as usual, these will not be the ones to be bought, while there are four companies on my list that do not inclose anything more than the letter I wrote them after keeping my scripts for a month or so.'"

Do you suppose that I would write those words to discourage the courageous and talented? Not so! I am trying to blaze the way for you. I have reasons for knowing that my editorial reached the eyes of many of the offenders, and companies that suffered from a dearth of creditable material took my plaint to heart. I intended it more for Editors than I did for the honest writer. I know that these abuses are less today.

"No, my dear Mr. Phillips, if an author of your eminence and ability, neither of which can be questioned, is being constantly subjected to such ruthless handling as you have outlined, is it worth while for an impecunious, illiterate, uneducated, undeveloped worm, such as the movie critic would regard me, to entertain a hope that anything he might produce would ever be capable of finding consideration from the editor's chair?"

G. W. G. gives himself too little honor and he gives me too much. Let me remind him that said "mutilated, soiled, ink-marked and lost scripts" were due to the fact that they received especial consideration. Such is the penalty of honor. That is why they were retained so long. If they had been unsuited to their wants, altogether lacking in merit and from an unknown writer, they would probably have been returned in ten days, with a neat rejection slip! Otherwise, the Editor frequently takes them home with him, curses them, tears them in his uncertain frenzy, marks them up with ink to show his prejudices, and may return them, if he does not lose them, after a month or two. May G. W. G. have such luck! G. W. G. should remember that we all have to begin *at the bottom*. He may be impecunious, but his letter shows he is not illiterate. I dont think he is

(*Continued on page* 127)



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GEORGE OVEY

A Triumvirate of Stars



IT IS VERY SELDOM THAT MAE MARSH WILL POSE IN PRETTY CLOTHES; THEREFORE WE CONSIDER THIS PICTURE WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD

HAVE you ever stopped to wonder what made a star? We often have, and of course one of the first answers is personality.

Mae Marsh, Madge Kennedy and Mary Miles Minter are three stars who typify distinctive personality.

Mae Marsh, whose whimsical charm cannot be duplicated anywhere, is the exponent of wholeheartedness, kindliness, spirituality. Mae Marsh's devotion to her family, which consists of her mother, four sisters, a brother and two nieces, is the most potent factor in her real life, and perhaps one of the things we sense most in her screen life is her "hominess."

Madge Kennedy, the girl with the wonderful eyes and smile, is characterized first of all by vivacity and then by a facility for feeling and making others feel the comedy of life. While in reality Miss Kennedy is a serious little lady, with studious inclinations, on the stage and screen she has always been associated with farce-comedy.

Of course, Mary Miles Minter's great charm is the appeal of youth and beauty. This child, the great American-Mutual star, lives in Santa Barbara, where 'tis said people are always on the lookout for a glimpse of her. Mary is absolutely unspoiled. Recently she received her first real love-letter and was so embarrassed that she blushed violently and fled from the presence of her amused mother and grandmother, to the sanctum of her own room. They are all three—*regular* girls.



MADGE KENNEDY'S CHIEF OCCUPATION THESE DAYS SEEMS TO BE GETTING MARRIED. EACH SUCCESSIVE GOLDWYN PICTURE REQUIRES HER TO GO THRU THE BRIDAL CEREMONY: HERE SHE IS PLAYING BRIDE FOR GEORGE FORTH IN "OUR LITTLE WIFE"



M. M. M. STOPPED TO HAVE THIS PICTURE OF HER NEW MACHINE TAKEN, AND THEN OUR ARTIST CUT OFF MOST OF THE MACHINE.



A Pathetic Incident in the Life of Bebe Daniels

Wouldn't it make you peevish—If you owned a beautiful Angora cat, and you spent all your spare moments talking about him, and every day you made it a point to doll him up, and you carried him around with you in your automobile, and when you met your friends you invited them up to the house to see your remarkable cat—and out in the back yard of your house there grew a fig-tree. and it was the same kind that Adam and Eve knew all about, only it was a later model fig-tree, and in the winter-time all the leaves fell off the tree and it became hard to climb and had little spikes on it, and you disliked very much to climb the tree—and then one bright day all your freinds, the ones you had invited up to the house to see the cat, and all of them, arrived on the same afternoon, and you were all dressed up in your best clothes, and when you went to get the cat you found that he had acquired the habit of roosting in the top branches of the fig-tree—and you begged him and he wouldn't come down, and you threw rocks at him and he laughed at you, and you got mad and put on your overalls and climbed the tree to get him—and just as you thought you had him, he jumped down and flew over the back fence—wouldn't it get your Angora?

And Now Comes "Pepper," a New Photoplay Star

His Salary Is Not Enormous, But He Is Worth It

THE most valuable cat in the world is "Pepper," a half-grown Maltese, who has won name and fame acting in Mack Sennett comedies.

"Pepper" has been insured for five thousand dollars, and is worth a great deal more than that sum. "Pepper's" unique value lies in the fact that there will never be another cat like her. She has the fighting heart of a bull-dog. Like Gunga Din, she "doesn't seem to have no use for fear."

You can discharge a .45 Colt close enough to singe "Pepper's" hair, and all she does is to look around with mild surprise. All dogs she regards with contemptuous indifference.

One day they put fly-paper on "Pepper's" feet. An ordinary cat would have proceeded to go insane. "Pepper" tried several experiments. She tried to bite the fly-paper off. When she found the biting wasn't good, she tried to scratch the paper off with the other leg. Finding there was no merit in that method, she tried to take the fly-paper by surprise. After playing 'possum for a minute, she made a sudden wild leap. But, to her disgust, the vigilant fly-paper leaped right along with her. With that "Pepper" philosophically abandoned the struggle.

"Oh, well," "Pepper" seemed to say, "one fly-paper doesn't make a summer."

The most severe trial that afflicts "Pepper's" young life is a white rat which lives at the studio and which also acts in Mack Sennett comedies. "Pepper" considers the rat altogether too familiar. When they act together in comedies, the rat insists upon sticking his pink, quivering nose up to smell around "Pepper's" face. As no well-bred actress cat would consent to kiss a rat, even in the interests of Art, "Pepper" always moves away with a baleful look and a most indignant meouw.



NO LETTERS IN "PEPPER'S" MAIL-BOX
(MACK SENNETT COMEDIES)

The only actor on the lot with whom "Pepper" is not on terms is the little black bear. "Pepper" always gives the bear a most respectful and a very wide berth. Bears are uncertain critters, and no one knows it better than "Pepper." Instinct has informed her that the bear is likely to be taken at any minute with a burning curiosity to know how his big, gleaming teeth would feel sliding around thru a piece of cat. Consequently, when the bear is acting, "Pepper" finds it appropriate to have an engagement with herself up on the roof of the "light" studio.

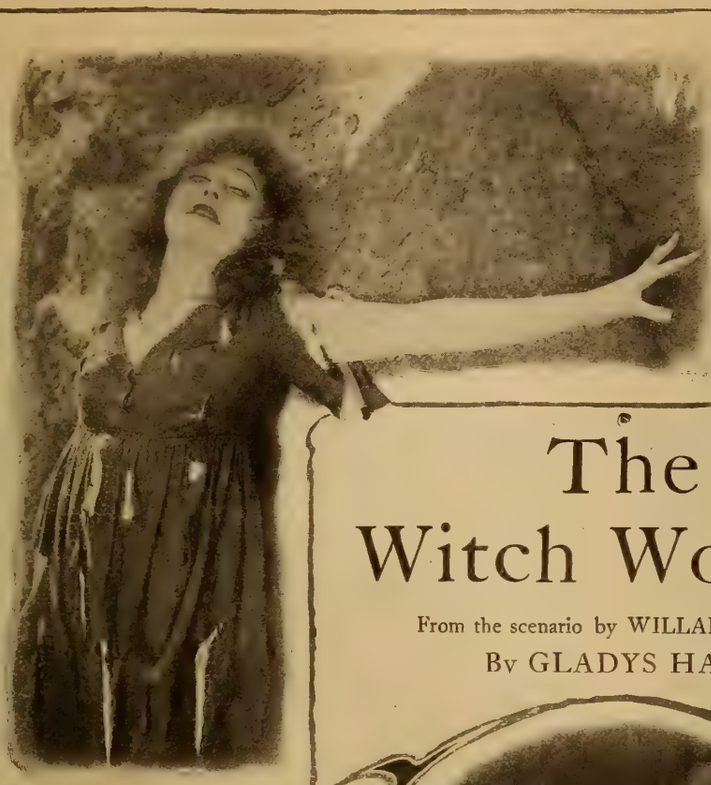
A ball of yarn conceals almost uncanny delights for "Pepper." She will start to unwind it and roll over and over in the yarn until finally she is all wound up in it—a cocoon with a kitten inside. "Pepper" is a marvelously skillful Nimrod, and she does her fishing by using her tail for a fishing-rod. There is a tank of fish in the studio that will bite on anything, and when "Pepper" discovered their voracity, she took a huge delight in sticking her tail in the tank and at the first nibble making a quick leap with Mr. Fish clinging to her handy fishing-rod.

Alas! that it must be related, the breath of scandal has involved "Pepper." The whole studio has been shocked by the discovery that "Pepper," altho she has no wedding-ring, has prospects.

PINCHED FOR SPEEDING! BOBBY CONNELLY AND AIDA HORTON ARE HELD UP BY THE TRAFFIC COP



GEORGE WALSH AND HIS DOG "PERSHING"





The Witch Woman

From the scenario by WILLARD MACK

By GLADYS HALL



SHE CLUTCHED A TINY, LUDICROUS DOLL TO HER BREAST

THE whole story didn't come out until after the La Farge murder. There was a leak here and a leak there for a whole year before the nasty climax—but no one *knew*. It was quite a spectacular murder—for two reasons: firstly, because the murderer was a woman; and secondly, because the victim had money. In fact, Paris boasts no family so wealthy as the La Farge family. If there hadn't been all the wealth there probably wouldn't have been the murder, for Louis La Farge would not have been able to commit his extravaganzas with women, wine and song; and, therefore — inference evident! Anyway, it was tremendously sensational—one of those things the papers simply *blare* with; one of those things one cannot escape, and really doesn't want to, unless one chances to be a friend of the victim's family, and therefore gets it on the raw. *I* got it everywhere—at teas, at musicales, at homes, at theater and the opera. Generally I got it wrong. It is because I did, and because Maurice has asked me to, that I record what I know of it here. And while I may not know every last little detail—why *she* said this to *him*, or *he* said this to *her*—what I do know I know *right*.

You see, I know Maurice very intimately. I knew Louis before women made a fool of him. And I came to know Marie. Also, I know Delauney, who is equally as wealthy as the La Farge family, if not, perhaps, more so; and Cochefort, the famous brain surgeon—Cochefort, of the Saving Hands; Cochefort, whose rapier-like, miracle fingers have called more than one poor brain back from the netherlands of Night. The savior, Cochefort!

It all began with Louis, of course. But it began for *us* when Delauney and Cochefort, who were great friends, went into the mountains on a trip—and found Marie!

Cochefort has often told of that finding: "Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!" he invariably begins, wide-spreading his sacred hands, "one dared not dream one was living in La Republique! One thought rather of the Dark Ages, when maidens were tortured for the glory of some iniquitous god—when—when—but it was *unthinkable*—non, Delauney?"

And Delauney would shake his great, philanthropic head and sigh gustily, and respond: "Unthinkable, mon ami, mais oui, *un-think-able!*"

"Tell me just how she looked, and what she said and what you both *did!*" I demanded, the first time I heard them telling of it—the while Marie still lay in the private sanitarium whence Cochefort had placed her.

"The guide was assuring us that the golden eagles nested at the tip edge of the path we were ascending," Cochefort began; "and we were eager to make the climb before dark. Half-way up the path, Delauney here, who had been on similar expeditions before to satisfy his collector's mania, insisted that the eagles could not be

ETHEL CLAYTON IN THE TITLE RÔLE

found on the trail we were taking, but on a branch path. Instantly, the guide grew a pasty white. He mumbled fearfully, and twisted with his hands. We demanded the reasons for his strange, even eerie actions. Finally he blurted forth that a witch-woman inhabited a cave in the direction Delauney wished to follow. Oui, a veritable witch-woman! He gave us further information to the effect that she could be seen 'most any time of the day or night leaping from crag to crag and from boulder to boulder like a wild thing. He also said that she clutched a graven image to her withered breast and sang to it songs fit to congeal the blood of a man in his veins.

"He went on, by this time quite tepid to his subject, to recount various misfortunes the village had undergone—undoubtedly of the witch-woman's doings. And he crossed himself frequently, and said many Ave Marias, or words to the same effect.

"Upon detailed questioning we finally had it made clear to us that the witch-woman had been, but the year before, a simple peasant-girl dwelling in piety and peace with an exceedingly fanatical aunt and uncle. There had been a love-affair—she had become enciente—and then—*this!*

"It resolved itself into an old, old story—none the less sad for its oldness—none the less staled by repetition. And—it had the tragical originality of the fact that not every Magdalene has gone mad when the dream has died.

"Even while Delauney and I stood a moment deciding that this was even more interesting than the pursuit of the golden eagle, the 'witch-woman' came into view. She was springing so lightly, with such a brainless grace, from rock to rock, that we would not have seen her had not the guide fallen to his knees and begun to tell his beads, while beads bigger than those he was telling ornamented his forehead.

"Indubitably, she was mad. Quite mad. But so beautiful—so young—so piteous. Delauney and I watched her in a sort of fascination. Her skin, under the tan of its exposure, was white as milk. Her eyes, stricken of their soul, were lustrous and wonderfully blue. Her hair, unkempt and matted, still held its meed of gold. And—there was clutched to her breast—not withered, but young and round under her ragged shift—a tiny, ludicrous wooden doll. 'Sacré nom!' muttered Delauney, when he descried the wooden figurette, 'she plays—Maman! Jesu!'

"It took infinite caution for us to follow her to her cave. But we achieved what none of the devilish peasants in the religion-mad village below had had the milk of kindness to attempt. What sort of a religion is it that leaves out 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto Me'? What kind of disciples are they who, better than their Christ, withhold the Christly 'Go, and sin no more'?

"Marie was mad—but not so mad that we did not pierce that numb-shocked brain with the fact that we were friends. She *sensed* us. In the cave we found a portrait—faulty, amateurish, impressionistic. It was of herself—in her peasant's attire—for all the faultiness, very fair, very trusting, very tender. She picked it up and held it to her fiercely. And the wooden doll did not leave her.

"After a great deal of persuasion—I have ways and means, thanks to my long association with the deranged—we prevailed upon her to accompany us. Delauney was deeply interested by this time. 'Cochefort,' he said to me, 'you work your most exquisite miracle, and I will pay the costs.'

"Before we could persuade her to leave the mountainside, however, she insisted upon going into the woods back of the cave. We followed her, quietly, and came, the three of us, to a tiny mound with a tilted wooden cross for a headstone. Over this little mound the witch-woman bent her body, but—Delauney and I shielded our eyes. We would have stopped our ears, had it been practical. The grief of that mad mother was not for us to see. We dared not contemplate by what successive Calvarys she had come . . . to this . . .

"She followed us quite docilely after that. In the village the peasants screamed when they beheld her. 'A misfortune will attend us!' they wailed, in part. 'Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! . . . the Witch-Woman!'

"At the cottage of her aunt and uncle we stopped to give them the information that we wished to take Marie Dupret with us. 'Take her!' screamed the old fanatic, in a fury. 'Take her—and never bring her back!' And we did," finished Cochefort, simply.

'Most every one knows the next steps in the case. The delicate operation at the base of the brain—the successive treatments—the hypnosis—the exhausting of every means—and the final result of a sort of apathy—not the previous fierce madness—but not sanity either.

Cochefort said that undoubtedly she had had an extremely sensitive intelligence, despite her peasant connections—almost exquisitely refined. "Some one has taken something exquisitely rare and fine, and bruised it savagely," he said.

When it became evident that nothing could be done to bring back the girl's mind as it had been before the vandalism, Delauney offered to adopt her. "If her mind does return," he said, "I shall have a charming, intelligent, lovable daughter. If it does not come back—bien, she is still lovable—and very helpless. With me, she shall have nurses, the supervision of Cochefort at any change, and all the creature comforts. Besides . . . perhaps a few scores will be wiped off my slate—liaisons in the past . . ."

It was to Delauney's home, then, that she was taken after the last week of the hypnotic treatment. A nurse accompanied her, Cochefort himself and Delauney. Cochefort, the nurse told me, never took his eyes from her as they brought her into the boudoir Delauney had had redecorated for her, and laid her on her couch. But the dull eyes gave no token of interest in the new surroundings, nor any special pleasure at the kindly faces bent above her.

"Something," said Cochefort, "has got now to interrupt the mental coma. We have lulled the madness to sleep, but the sleep is almost equally dangerous—more so, in that it is *comfortable.* If we could resurrect the past, yet make it void of terror . . ."

"Marie's past will never be void of terror to her," answered Delauney, sadly; "there is—that little grave——"

"Youth is resilient," returned Cochefort, "and this interval of madness will have robbed memory of much of its sting should sanity return."

Marie had been with Delauney a month when he consulted Maurice La Farge about a legal adoption. There was no consent to be had, and it was simply managed.

Delauney told me afterwards that Maurice seemed very depressed that day. "It is Louis," he said, when Delauney questioned him; "there seems to be no part of him to which I can appeal. Some woman has got him in her toils again, and is bleeding him white—in more ways than one. Louis is rotten with the scars of past amours. I shudder to think where his soul would go should it shed his corrupted body."

"Women have ruined better men than Louis," comforted Delauney, rather inadequately.

"It isn't that so much," returned Maurice, "but the women *he* has ruined . . ."

It was very shortly after that that Maurice La Farge called at the Delauney home one afternoon, and encountered Marie coming down the stairs. He says that he never saw such an onrush of hatred and fear and disbelief and stark, sickish terror in the face of any mortal

before, and he hoped never to again. Then the girl dropped inertly to the ground.

Delauney and Cochefort and the nurse watched by her all that night. Toward daybreak Delauney told me she stirred a little, and sobbed with the swift, indrawn breath of a tiny child—one who has been badly terrified.

"About an hour later," he told me, "she opened her eyes—and there was shining in them—like some miracle—the clear light of her reason! Even the nurse, who has been with Cochefort on some of his most tremendous cases, wept quietly. It was almost like a re-birth. It *was* a re-birth—that of the mind after a bitter travail. 'What has happened?' she asked, simply and very sweetly.

"Cochefort began to tell her—also very simply, and, if one may use the adverb, sweetly also. It *was* sweet to see the great, the fêted Cochefort, kneeling by my foster-daughter's couch and telling her her own story, so gently as to rob it of all hurt. 'The young, new mind must be nourished—on truth,' he told me, when I questioned him as to the advisability of telling the newly recovered girl the bitter facts. 'Better that than—to grope. There is nothing more hurtful than groping.' He finished by telling her that she had undoubtedly had a great, a lamentable misfortune—nothing more. He emphasized that '*nothing* more.' Then he dilated on her future—with me; told her of my love for her as my daughter—a love which, he told her, had been great and true enough to wish to keep her, sane or otherwise. 'And in return,' finished the wily Cochefort, hitting with his usual unerring accuracy on the one wish dear to my ancient heart, 'do you know what he would ask?' Marie shook her lovely head wonderingly. 'That you call him "Mon père,"' said Cochefort.

"It was a splendid moment for me when Marie put her young arms about my old neck and whispered in her pretty, songful voice, 'Mon père—mon père—mon père'—not once, but many times. I had waited a long while for that."



COCHEFORT NEVER TOOK HIS EYES FROM HER AS THEY BROUGHT HER INTO THE BOUDOIR

During the following year we learnt a great deal of Marie's life in the little mountain village. Mostly she talked about "petit Paul" who had been her small adorer and slave. He was dead, she told us—he had died after she had—had her trouble. She said she had a troubled memory of his calling her—calling her thru the night—and of her going to him and kissing him good-bye—and the next day she had seen the tiny hearse winding its way to the graveyard. She told of her uncle and his religious frenzies, and her aunt, who was a sort of a clouded mirror of her uncle. She told of how the villagers had stoned her if she dared to come into their midst. But of the man

who had done this thing to her—of the wee body under the crazy cross—she said never a word.

It was a month or so later that it became rumored about in society that Maurice La Farge was paying considerable attention to the adopted daughter of Monsieur Delauney. It was known that it would greatly please Delauney—a life-long friend of La Farge's.

Personally, I always felt that Marie detested Maurice, and it was the one thing about her I couldn't reconcile. Maurice was very far from being detestable. He seemed the very epitome of what a girl like Marie would want. He was cultured, gentle, aristocratic and honorable—and there had been more than one woman willing to risk all for the ownership of his affections.

I thought first that Marie was reticent because of that thru which she had been, but, while that may have had something to do with it, I speedily reached the conclusion that it was a *personal* hatred she felt for Maurice La Farge.

And, nom de Dieu! how he had grown to love her! With his *first* love! He knew something of her story, of course—everyone did, to a certain extent. But it didn't prevent him from kneeling to her when he told her of his love. It didn't prevent him from becoming a positive recluse save when he went to the opera or the theater with Delauney and Marie.

And Marie, like a rose stretching its every fragrant petal to a great, warm sun of kindness, tolerated him—barely that. Sometimes she would fix her great, deeply blue eyes upon him, and they would dilate with a question answered by its own scorn. And when he asked her hand in marriage she quivered from him in a momentary terror, then just shook her head. "C'est impossible!" she told him, firmly, unalterably.



MARIE, A ROSE IN THE SUN, TOLERATED HIM—BARELY THAT

Things had reached this apparent deadlock when Louis La Farge's newest liaison became the talk of the boulevards and the Quartier.

Cochefort was absorbed in a new 'mind mystery'; Delauney and Maurice were deep in some new political move, and, as Marie was forbidden the newspapers, it did not come to her. None of them seemed aware of the talk about Louis and the woman, named Andrea something or other. Or else, there had been so much talk about Louis and the countless predecessors of Andrea that comment—even fraternal comment—was exhausted.

It was said, however, that the woman had him bound to her by every jaded seventh sense remaining to him; that she was frantically jealous of him, and that she had matrimonial intentions—no doubt for the glory of the name. Report went further, and gave out that Louis was on his last legs, and that Andrea was almost as physically wrecked as himself. There was a deal of filthy rot about their unspeakable debauches in the La Farge studio—the sordid scenes that took place there, and the tragedy that was doubtless impending in one form or another.

I had a good opportunity to watch them one evening when I was dining out with Marie and Delauney. I recognized Louis at once—dissipation and all. I also recognized the woman from the various descriptions I had had of her. She was bending across the table to him—palpably exerting every wile to ensnare him. He appeared to be listening tentatively—until his eyes rested on Marie. There they stayed. There was no recognition in them—only a flare-up of unhealthy excitement. The flower-like freshness of her skin, the clean glint of her golden hair, the sweetness of her eyes . . . they touched him with a warmth at once healing and intriguing. Andrea was watching him with the caution of a cat. Her eyes followed his, found Marie, and, like his, stayed there. And as they watched, they lit with a white jealousy—the cruel jealousy of the woman who is old and beaten and almost thru, for the woman who stands on tiptoe, waiting . . .

The next day Marie went into the drawing-room to receive a caller, who, the maid said, preferred not to give her name, as "it wouldn't be known, anyway."

When she raised her veil, Marie started a little. "Why," she said, "I saw you last night—at the hotel; you were dining with Monsieur La Farge."

Andrea nodded. Then she stepped close to the girl. "Do you—could you—love La Farge?" she queried.

Marie looked surprised. Then she laughed—and the laugh held nothing of the fresh youth of her face. It was a laughter that had been baptized in tears. "I—loathe—him!" she said.

"Then you have known him—before?"

Marie passed a hand over her eyes. Her slight figure stiffened.

Andrea caught at her hand. "Tell me," she pleaded, "as one woman to a sister woman. I love him—even as you loathe him; I love him with the most terrible love there is—love that holds loathing, too, and still—*is love.* We are down in hell, La Farge and I. We are almost thru. We have played ducks and drakes with life; we have painted the days scarlet and profaned the nights—there are only the dregs—you are too young for them; but I—but we—oh, name of God! give him to me—or I——"

Marie took the thin, fevered hand and laid it against her gentle breast. "Ma sœur," she said, softly and very sadly, "I do not want Monsieur La Farge. If you want him, you must have him. And—I have a plan. If you will invite me to your home, and also invite him—I will—I will *force* him to marry you."

Andrea brightened. "I am giving a masquerade in the studio tomorrow," she said; "could you come then—in costume?"

Marie smiled again—an inspired smile. "I can come," she promised, "And I shall come as a peasant girl—who posed for an artist, once, when the world—was young——"



"I LOVE HIM EVEN AS YOU LOATHE HIM; I LOVE HIM WITH THE MOST TERRIBLE LOVE THERE IS"

There is no doubt but what Louis La Farge died even as he had lived—with the arms of a woman for his cerement, and wine for his funeral draught. There is no doubt but that the memory he took with him into his last sleep was the memory of a peasant girl, who looked at him with eyes of trusting blue. Perhaps—who knows—those trusting eyes became his purgatory.

As it happened in reality, Marie slipped in late in the afternoon, and found Andrea awaiting her. The two women stood apart from the others and waited and watched the revelry mount higher and higher; Louis grew more and more intoxicated; wine splashed about the floor; cigaret-smoke became the air they breathed; songs profaning the title reached the ceiling in ribald snatches . . .

From behind her mask Marie Delauney watched unceasingly the man for whose love she had gone mad—the man who had left her to be stoned from her native village, to bear his child in a cave on a mountainside. And as she looked she realized that the great folly of her ignorance had led her into temptation—as a child adores some horror of paint and tin, or a heathen race bows to a heathen god.

"Louis is looking for me," whispered Andrea in her ear suddenly; "he sees me—now . . ."

The rest all happened so swiftly, so unbelievably, that Marie never knew precisely just how it *did* happen. She only remembers that she whipped off her mask as Louis came over to them, and that he stared straight down into the face of the peasant girl, Marie. She remembers saying to him, "You will marry this girl, or I will expose you—*now!* You, with your fine talk of 'La France, La France'; you, with your 'honor,' your 'ideals'; you, with . . ."

She remembers that Louis grasped her around the arm and shook her. "You're a fool!" he hiccoughed. "She's—she's a fool"—pointing to Andrea; "you're both—fools—damfools; but you're both—*mine*—yes—*mine*—and—I'll take—you—now——"

She remembers—too terribly—his hot lips finding hers—his eyes burning her own—then Andrea's animal-like scream—and—*the shot!*

After that—pandemonium! The drunken mob of artists and their models fell over one another in their grotesque and often hideous attempts to get away from what had become a scene, not of high revelry, but murder. Some one called the gendarmes; and—the occasion of more screams—what appeared to be the ghost of the dead Louis suddenly rose up in the doorway and held up a commanding hand.

Marie remembers nothing after seeing the gendarmes seize Andrea, who was yelling in a sort of a frantic relief, that she—just she, and no one else—had killed Louis La Farge. Marie remembers that she looked very strange—even for a murderess—and that she thought vaguely that she, Marie, should have done the thing herself; then the ghost of Louis—then oblivion.

When she came to she was in the La Farge limousine, and the "ghost of Louis" was bending over her. But the look in his eyes could never have belonged to Louis, nor anything so remote as his ghost. Somehow she didn't shiver—she wasn't afraid—she felt at home.

"And we were twins," the quiet voice was saying, "in looks only——"

And then she understood—at last—and out from her young, hurt heart she poured the story of the peasant girl and the artist-Louis: the spinning of her senses she had known as love—the trust—the betrayal—the tiny grave under the crazy cross. "So you see," she sobbed at the finish, "after all—you have come—too late—you cannot want me—now——"



"YOU ARE A FOOL—YOU'RE BOTH FOOLS—BUT YOU'RE MINE—YES—MINE!"

For answer, Maurice La Farge took the woman he loved into his tender arms and held her closely . . . closely . . . "Tell me," he whispered, "when the hurt of the memory is all gone—only then will I let you go—only then——"

Marie waited for ten blissful beats of her heart, then she smiled up at him; "it is—gone," she whispered, "for—a little—time—chéri!"

Such details as I have omitted you doubtless read in the paper—such as the death of Andrea before they got her into the car—and the splendid mausoleum erected over Louis for the sake of the family—and the quiet marriage of Marie and Maurice, with only Cochefort and myself and Delauney present. Details; because—the only thing that really counted was Marie. At least, we men all felt that way.

Who's Who in Pictures

A Compact Roster of Screen Stars in Corrugated Verse

By HARRY J. SMALLEY

Thompson, Compson, Pickford, Burke, Byers, Myers, Van,
Hammill, Campbell, Gamble, Quirk, Clary, Carey, Mann;
Evans, Blevins, Neary, Leary, Rockwell, Brockwell, Bayne,
Young, Ford, Miller, Baggot, Daggett, Horton, Morton, Kane.
Alden, Winter, Minter, Vaughn, Parker, Barker, Shay,
Lester, Chester, Nestor, Pawn, Franey, Chaney, Ray;
Lehrman, Sherman, Pat O'Malley, Valli Valli, Paul,
Ryan, Lyon, Donald Brian, Dwiggins, Wiggins, Hall.
Eason, Gleason, Greeson, Royce, Clifford, Gifford, Gale,
Arper, Harper, Alice Joyce, Golden, Holden, Hale;
Dawley, Hawley, Crawley, Smalley, Benton, Fenton, Ring,
Manley, Hanley, Stanley, Peters, Santon, Stanton, King.
Ovey, Dovey, Talmadge, Marc, Hatton, Patton. Dunn,
Tarrin, Harron, Farrin, Clark, Tracy, Bracy, Nunn;
Irma Dawkins, Hawkins, Fuller, Howell, Powell, Brice,
Ogle, Peyton, Eyton, Chaplin, Lanning, Manning, Price.
Norman, Gorman, Forman, White, Durfee, Murphy, Quinn,
Panzer, Anzer, Wilbur, Hite, Fenton, Benton, Blinn;
Irving Cummings, Cody, Brody, Warner, Horner, Mace,
Cherry, Berry, Sherry, Terry, Perry, Ferry, Case.
Toner, Stoner, Williams, Joy, Cooper, Hooper, Greuze,
Unger, Ady, Brady, Foy, Kromann, Sloman, Cruze,
Roland, Boland, Payton, Clayton, Bennett, Sennett, Faye,
Eddy, Seeley, Greeley, Healy, Smiley, Wiley, Gray.
Markey, Starkey, Richman, Ware, Hilton, Milton, Dean,
Arnold Daly, Bailey, Clare, Hansen, Nansen, Greene;
Grinley, Crinley, Power, Brower, Rosson, Dawson, Fair,
Alice Washburn, Hadley, Bradley, Marlo, Barlow, Blair.
Zelma Rawlston, Maurice, Light, Kiley, Riley, Lane,
Irene Howley, Farnum, Knight, Hurley, Perley, Vane;
Nilsson, Wilson, Gilson, Filson, Starwood, Garwood, Daw,
Edith Storey, Harry Morey, Velsey, Kelsey, Law.

In the Spot-light of Attention

D'Irwin Nemerov, of Russek, Fifth Avenue, says—

YOU have the scene together—your clothes and you—sharing the spot-light of attention on and off the stage.

Unless your clothes are the type, and good in the part, your lines are killed, your work is spoiled. But, when the cast is right, your acting goes over, gets a hand or a laugh. You are you, winsome and pretty or staid and lovely. The Originator! A Success in the "Play of Life."



"Love" was the inspiration for this "love of an evening frock" for Miss Bessie Love, the latest diminutive star, who plays and dresses in exquisite accord. Of turquoise metal silver cloth bodice and peau de pêche de meteor skirt.



Dorothy Davenport, adorable in her cape wrap of Flame Roshanara crêpe satin and chinchilla fur, suggestive of the lure of the Orient and the pertness and luxury of Gay Gotham.



Emily Stevens, always dressed in exquisite taste, is truly royal in the gown "The Madonna of the Future," with an upper bodice of jet beading, sleeves and bodice of black lace. Skirt in Flame de Meteor. Back throw in Black de Meteor, lined in flame chiffon.



RAY MC KEE IS INTENSELY LIKEABLE IN AN INSPIRATIONAL WAR DRAMA, "THE UNBELIEVER" (EDISON)

Across the

A Department of Photodrama

Simpson

ONE fact stands preeminent in reviewing this month's latest photoplays, and that is the unusual excellence of the productions. As I write this I can record with an easy conscience that not one play of the silent stage have I seen but will make this world seem a brighter and better habitat. Also a foremost producing company has launched its new star-play policy with an artistic success which is going to make other producing concerns hustle to hit an equally high mark, and last, but not least, the best beloved actress of the flickering shadows has perpetuated an impersonation that proves her the artist we all thought she was. There may have been some prunes and prisms projected across the silversheet, but this once I failed to pick a lemon. H. S. N.

"THE UNBELIEVER" (EDISON STUDIOS)

There are many interesting things about "The Unbeliever." In a day when one pops into war films every other second, one gradually assumes the attitude of the old prospector for gold, continually expecting the real thing and everlastingly disappointed. "The Unbeliever" is not a disappointment, it is an inspiration. Not only are the battle scenes realistically directed, the exterior scenes beautiful, the story entertaining every moment, but there is a sincerity about the whole which makes one forget it is really "over here." At times it almost seems as if it were a pictorial newspaper, holding real events before our eyes. Alan Crosland, the director, deserves to spell his name in letters almost as big as Griffith's. Raymond McKee, as the American soldier-boy, is intensely likeable and *is* the part he plays. Marguerite Courtot is satisfactory until she gets dressed up, then—why the lilies, Marguerite? Marguerite strikes the only unreal note when she enters with a sheaf of lilies to give her American hero. An American hero—not a dead man, Marguerite. But, after all, you didn't direct it, did you? H. S. N.



RITA JOLIVET PROVES THE MERIT OF THE STAR SYSTEM IN "LEST WE FORGET" (METRO)

"LEST WE FORGET" (METRO)

Every one will want to see "Lest We Forget," for the simple reason that it is woven around the *Lusitania* disaster and because its star is the survivor to whom Charles Frohman uttered his immortal phrase, "Why fear death? It is life's most beautiful adventure." Such is the morbid curiosity of us humans that we flock to see anything which partakes of the gruesome. Not that "Lest We Forget" is any more gruesome than the ordinary war story. It isn't. It has all the usual elements of that type of play since time immemorial. There is the firing-squad from which the heroine is saved at the last moment, the lustful soldier whom a bursting bomb destroys conveniently and the soldier-lover who is ready to believe the worst of her actions during his absence. Oh, it is all so terribly usual, and so filled with inconsistencies. In general it is a poorly directed picture. We are taught that the Germans are the best-drilled soldiers in the world, and yet here in the firing-line not two were in step. And the Christmas Eve scene! One could fairly hear the director calling to props, "Shake down more snow, boys; more snow on the left!" Not since the earliest production of



DORALDINA AND WARNER OLAND ARE THE BREATH OF KIPLING'S EAST IN "THE NAULAHKA" (PATHÉ)



"A WOMAN BETWEEN FRIENDS" IS THE BEST FEATURE FROM THE VITAGRAPH LABORATORIES IN SOME TIME

Silversheet

Review, Conducted by Hazel Naylor

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" has there been such stagey snow. Out of this mêlée of ordinary story, poor direction and poorer support, Rita Jolivet has woven an interesting photoplay. Her acting is characterized by a finesse, a poise, a charm, which is doubly welcome after so many curly-haired dolls attempting to depict emotion. Here is a real woman, who has fashioned a creation which is interesting solely because of her personality and genius. If ever there was a proof of the merit of the star system, here it is. H. S. N.

"A WOMAN BETWEEN FRIENDS" (VITAGRAPH)

The Madonna of the Shadows, Alice Joyce, is meant to be the star of this, but in reality she is simply a beautiful adjunct who, by her charm and skill, rounds out a picture which is in every way a hummer. There are two lifelong friends, John Drene and Jack Graylock, and between the two comes the wife of John Drene. She imagines herself neglected and runs away to Nice, where she is joined by John Graylock. In hopeless quest of her, John Drene at length lands in Nice. There, during the carnival, he attempts to save a masked reveler whose gown has caught on fire. The mask is removed from the charred remains, which are those of "only a poor, dead butterfly," but John Drene's wife. The rest of the tale is of Cecilie, the flower-girl, and later model, whom Jack Graylock really falls in love with and whom John Drene attempts to use as a tool to wreak his vengeance upon Jack. But "all's well that ends well," as does "A Woman Between Friends," with the marriage of John Drene and Cecilie. Not since the palmiest of Walthallian days have we seen anything to equal the versatility of Marc MacDermott as John Drene. Robert Walker is very good and Alice Joyce is as beautiful as ever. All in all, "A Woman Between Friends" is the most artistic and best directed feature from the Vitagraph laboratories in some time. H. S. N.

"MEN WHO HAVE MADE LOVE TO ME" (ESSANAY)

Whether this screenic mélange is Mary MacLane (herself) or her intimate autobiography, or just dramatic entertainment, should be put to popular vote. We give it up—her audiences will have to decide Mary's fate. If it's just Mary (herself), we admire her nerve. She has literally hurled herself into fame against the advice of the dramatic Muse. If it's Mary's life-story, we acknowledge that she is the modern feminine rival of Don Juan, Blue Beard and Lord Byron and that those incurable philanderers could have taken cards and spades in the amatory game from Mary (herself). If it's dramatic entertainment, we must politely fall out with Mary. A procession of lovers, from prize-fighters to "the husband of another," each receiving his congé to make way for a more enterprising one, and each attracted by the A B C of flirtatious methods, is not dramatic entertainment. Call it a visualized diary, a catalog of hearts, a Hooverized love-feast, a cardiac cannery, and you may arrive at a definition. Thru the course of her disjointed love-affairs Mary MacLane displays a fine assortment of mannerisms but no manner at all. Thru overexperimentation her heart becomes absolutely nil. The excerpts of Mary's book flashed upon the screen are jaunty, cocktailish, witty; Mary (herself) inhales at least a



IN "MEN WHO HAVE MADE LOVE TO ME" (ESSANAY), MARY MACLANE HURLS HERSELF INTO PICTORIAL FAME



OLGA PETROVA, IN "THE LIGHT WITHIN," HAS A RÔLE THAT BRINGS OUT ALL THE FORCE OF THE PETROVA PERSONALITY



"THE CLARION CALL" (GENERAL) IS A TWO-REELER GLORIFIED BY ITS REFRESHING O. HENRY STORY



VIVIAN MARTIN MAKES THE MOST OF AN EXCELLENT PART IN "THE PETTICOAT PILOT"



"INNOCENT" (PATHÉ) IS VERY NEARLY THE BEST THING FANNIE WARD HAS EVER DONE



THE ARTCRAFT GENIUS IN PRODUCING FAIRY STORIES IS FULLY UPHELD IN "THE BLUE BIRD"



PEGGY HYLAND IS A TONIC FOR THE OPTIC NERVES IN "THE OTHER WOMAN" (PATHÉ)

cord of cigarets during the course of the action; she wears her clothes well; one of her lovers makes love to her with a jag and threatens her life with a bronze jug; the covers of the book are persistently advertised in close-ups. Otherwise Mary's biography is just a stroll thru the park (itself). E. M. L.

"THE LIGHT WITHIN" (PETROVA)

'Tis said that Petrova has long been seeking a photodrama to express her pet theory—the fulness of woman's moral and mental equipment as compared to man's. L. Case Russell found it for her in "The Light Within." The tale's novelty consists in introducing the former "pantherine Pole" as Laurel Carlisle, M.D., the first "doctress" in Filmiana. Dr. Carlisle is handicapped with a brutal, unfeeling husband, a delicate child and the attentions of Dr. Leslie (Thomas Holding). Notwithstanding these drawbacks, she discovers a serum cure for anthrax, the dread disease. The tale moves painfully slow in the opening reels, from cause to effect. Little Donald goes to the country, and we have several close-ups of just how he got his feet wet—the cause of his death. Petrova's ensuant grief is nobly and artistically expressed. The plot thickens mightily when Leslie offers himself as a volunteer for her serum test and is inoculated with anthrax germs. "Mr. Dr. Carlisle," who has been reasonably jealous, now sees his chance and destroys the life-saving serum. Unfortunately for himself, he becomes infected, and we have the thrilling climax of lover and husband, both agony-tossed, with only one dose of the serum remaining. It is Petrova's big moment, and she makes her choice by deciding to save her worthless husband. Destiny, however, steps in and requests that he make his grand recessional, which he does, leaving Doctors Carlisle and Leslie on the calm waters of romance. Altho the program does not say so, we think that a very charming little song, "I Want to Be a Soldier," which is flashed on the screen, is the composition of Petrova. The Rialto Theater orchestra, in New York, played it with fine spirit. And, lest we forget, Larry Trimble, of the good old Vitagraph days, directed the play, and his famous collie, "Shep," takes a touching part with the aplomb of a veteran actor. E. M. L.

"THE CLARION CALL" (GENERAL FILM CO.)

Only a two-reeler, but a two-reeler glorified by the humanness and refreshing realism of its O. Henry story. A veteran film reviewer, who makes the rounds of the projection-rooms day after day, remarked after viewing "The Clarion Call," "I go to see all the feature plays because it is all in the day's business, but these delicious O. Henry stories rest me and soothe every jangling nerve." Is any further notice necessary except the usual P. S.: Walter McGrail, Bernard Randall and Alice Terry were satisfactory in the leading rôles. H. S. N.

"A PETTICOAT PILOT" (LASKY)

Cape Cod peopled by all the delightful characters of Joseph C. Lincoln's book, "Mary 'Gusta," has been vizualized with charm. Vivian Martin, as Mary 'Gusta, at last departs from her sugary heroines and is a real girl. Not that she isn't as sweet as usual, but added to her confectionery line is the good, red beefsteak of life which is so much more satisfying. In good, plain English, Vivian Martin has at last been given an excellent part and she more than does it justice. James Neill and Theodore Roberts, as the former sea-captains who adopt the little girl and bring her up, incidentally being piloted by her, are delightful. The captions, all in the patois of the sea, are so deliciously humorous that one haw-haws aloud regardless of theater etiquet. Harrison Ford is the pleasing hero. H. S. N.

"INNOCENT" (PATHÉPLAY)

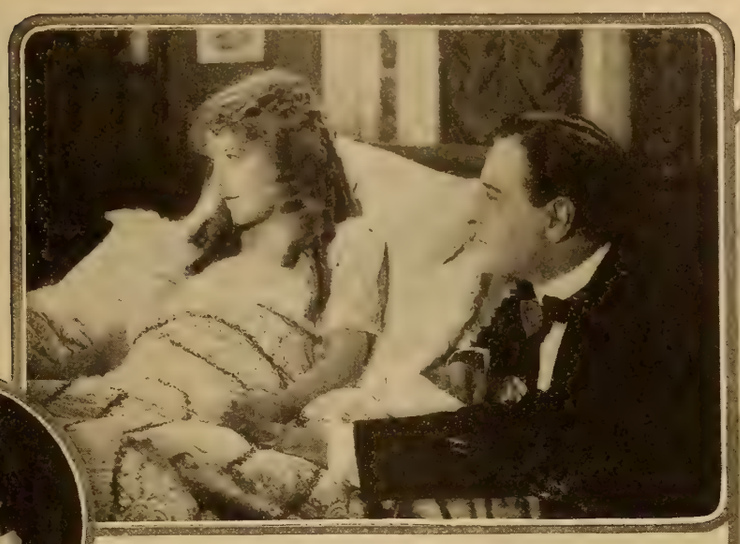
"Innocent" is the best bet of the New Year, Fannie Ward's initial starring performance for Pathé, and very nearly the best thing she has ever done. You doubtless remember her chef-d'œuvre, "The Cheat." Well, "Innocent" is a close rival for first honors. The story of the screen production differs materially from that of the stage presentation in which Pauline Frederick starred. The pictured "Innocent" is a young girl kept in seclusion in China until the death of her father. Then she is transplanted to Paris, where her craving for beautiful clothes and jewels leads to the tragic killing of the man who was only too willing to supply her with them at "his price" and the attempted suicide of her guardian whom she really loved. The production is very beautiful, the scenes in China being especially fascinating, while the lighting effects are unusually attractive. Excellent taste has been used in the matter of close-ups; several of Miss Ward's are so exquisite as to make one wonder "how she does it." "Innocent" is one of the few photoplays whose ending you do not anticipate and whose subject is so replete with interest that, instead of dragging thru five reels, one wishes it were eight. H. S. N.

"THE BLUE BIRD" (ARTCRAFT)

Frankly, "The Blue Bird" bored me. Seven reels of children trailing thru fairy palaces with bread, water, milk, light and fire, that have souls and come to life, is frankly tedious on the screen. On the other hand, Maeterlinck's allegory, which means solely that the happiness for which we are always seeking is in reality right at home, in the simple enjoyments, where we least expect to find it, is an excellent preachment. Of course you know the Artcraft way of doing fairy stories, and in producing "The Blue Bird" Maurice Tourneur has again waved his magic wand with surprising results. Take the kiddies to see "The Blue Bird;" it will do them good and you good, and perhaps make you more satisfied with your station in life. Robin Macdougall and Tula Belle are the two clever children of the play. H. S. N.

"THE MARIONETTES" (SELECT)

Can you imagine Clara Kimball Young a neglected wife? Ah, but listen. Clara has twisted her raven locks into a tight wad. She wears flannel waists, high-necked and long-sleeved, and full-gathered skirts that make her look like a sack of meal with a string tied in the middle. So of course, Hubby, who hadn't loved her in the first place, but had married her to please Mama, who held the purse-strings, seeks more attractive fields for the





MARY PICKFORD IS HISTRIONICALLY BECOMING INCOMPARABLE AS "UNITY" IN "STELLA MARIS"

"STELLA MARIS" IS A GREAT PERSONAL TRIUMPH FOR MARY PICKFORD IN A DUAL RÔLE



"THE MARIONETTES" (SELECT) SERVES CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG TO US IN SOME BEAUTIFUL GOWNS

flower of his love. But Clara awakens in time, and with the help of gorgeous gowns, blossoms into a full-blown beauty and of course wins Hubby's love. There you have a plot, so old as to be weak-kneed, but fortunately it has been propped up with beautiful settings and appointments, and so it lives to serve Clara K. Young in a new release and incidentally some beautifully gowns. Nigel Barrie is interesting as the wandering hubby and Corliss Giles films well. H. S. N.

"STELLA MARIS" (ARTCRAFT)

This is perhaps the greatest personal triumph Mary Pickford has yet achieved in her consecutive list of pleasing photoplay productions. I believe there was a time when a few carping critics spoke of the Mary Pickford pout and "Our Mary's" charm as the chief Pickfordian attributes. That time is now a thing of the past, for with "Stella Maris," Mary proves herself a master of screen characterization—essaying a dual rôle, that of Stella Maris, a beautiful, young invalid protected from all the troubles of the world; and that of Unity, an ugly little orphan-maid-of-all-work. Mary proves by her clever bits of "business" her ability to "get over" a characterization that at last demonstrates the full power of her art. Here Mary Pickford is histrionically incomparable. I do not know of another actress who could have done the part with the wealth of understanding and power that "Our Mary" herein displays. The one unfortunate part of the picture is that Frances Marion in making the scenario has mutilated the text of William J. Locke's charming novel, but for one who has not read the book the story frame-work will pass muster. For some reason, Conway Tearle did not seem to satisfy opposite Mary; somehow, one was conscious of a lack of keenness, a lack of clean-cut feeling. All in all, "Stella Maris" is a great work, thanks to Mary Pickford. Congratulations, Mary; do it again. H. S. N.

"THE OTHER WOMAN" (PATHÉ)

And what could "The Other Woman" be but the eternal triangle, with its passion yearning against the boundary, its false logic, false philosophy and equally false happy ending for the wife? It is a tale as old as the sea and as fascinating. Peggy Hyland is such an attractive other woman, and Anna Lehr is such a plaintive wife, that our interest follows nip and tuck their race for Milton Sills' love. We are swayed into believing first one woman's side of the story and then the other's, and at the last fade-out, where the husband again enfolds his wife in his arms, we still have a feeling that the problem remains unsolved, that the true tale of "The Other Woman" has not yet been unfolded. Peggy Hyland is indeed a tonic for the optic nerves, and we would like to see her given bigger chances. H. S. N.

"THE NAULAHKA" (PATHÉ)

This is a Kipling story in an Arabian Nights' setting. Just as the narrative of the forty thieves fascinated you, held you breathless, and yet deep down underneath you had an innate feeling that after all it was a fairy story and really couldn't have happened, so do you feel about "The Naulahka." By means of beautiful scenery and photography, stupendously realistic East Indian scenes, Director Fitzmaurice weaves about one the atmosphere of dreams and fairy-tales, and thru this Oriental incense you follow a series of adventures of an American lad with an ideal and an American girl with another ideal. But after the Fitzmaurice spell is broken by the last flicker you realize that the whole spectacle lacks reality. Tony Moreno, Doraldina, Helene Chadwick, Mary Alden and Warner Oland are all excellent in their parts. H. S. N.

"EVE'S DAUGHTER" (PARAMOUNT)

In Billie Burke's latest offering she fools us, whether intentionally or not, with a twinge of disappointment. The familiar Burkisms are not at all in evidence. For a few scenes in the beginning of the plot Billie dodges behind the shrubbery, flirts in her own inimitable way and plays the real Burkonian soubret. But, alas! as the plot unfolds (and it is a pretty thick plot), Billie becomes so enmeshed with Courtney Urquhart (Lionel Atwell), the presentable young man who is trying to betray her, that both the star and the plot leave no room for her usual sprightliness. "Eve's Daughter" is a familiar story, artistically worked out. The play is both strong dramatically and strong meat morally, but it is not exactly suited to Billie Burke. The time is overripe for her to play again the delightful hoyden of her "Peggy" days. E. M. L.

"THE SIGN INVISIBLE" (FIRST NATIONAL EXHIBITORS)

Edgar Lewis has taken Mitchell Lewis, who made such a towering hit as the big-hearted French-Canadian in Rex Beach's "Barrier," and has starred him in similar atmosphere. Picturesque settings, fervid subtitles, and the men who would rather fight than eat are all there, but the surety of the plot is somewhat lacking. Lone Deer, a half-breed Indian, is finely characterized by Mitchell Lewis. If he had not been given more of the appeal of the plot, "The Sign Invisible" would have been a highly picturesque if not a strong play. As it is, its dramatic weakness consists of permitting Victor Sutherland, as Dr. Robert Winston, to share the honors with Mitchell Lewis. A basic rule of drama has thus been violated, as the audience, up to the final moment, does not know where to center the appeal. Other old friends of "The Barrier" cast are in evidence. Edward Rosemon. "The Barrier's" Runnion, plays a forceful heavy as Lou Baribeau, and Mabel Juline Scott, the Merridy and the Necia of Rex Beach's photodrama, again reappears in a dual rôle, neither part of which is strongly characterized by the author. Let us have more of Mitchell Lewis with bigger parts and more to do. He is a rugged, picturesque, conscientious and appealing actor, who certainly houses much more of merit than many so-called stars. E. M. L.

Who's Who in Starland



FRANK KEENAN

Born in Dubuque, Iowa, April 8, 1858. Brown hair and brown eyes, is 6 feet 1½ inches tall, weighs 170 pounds. First stage appearance at Boston College Hall in 1878; first professional appearance with Joseph Proctor at Lawrence, Mass. Has had long stock experience. Starred in "Hearts of Oak" and "Oliver Twist." Played Brother Paul in original stage production of "The Christian," also managed the mob scenes. Staged Liebler production of "The Musketeers." Played Sol Smith Russell's part in "A Poor Relation," "Peaceful Valley," and "Hon. John Grigsby." Played in many of David Belasco's successes. Began screen career with Universal. Became a Triangle player, featured in "The Thorobred," "The Sins Ye Do," and others. Recently joined Pathé.



CLARA K. YOUNG

Born in Chicago, Ill. Brown hair and eyes, is 5 feet 6 inches tall, weighs 130 pounds. Identified with stage all her life. Played with T. Daniel Frawley Stock Company, the Ellsworth Stock Company, the Orpheum Players, in musical-comedy and later in vaudeville with James Young. Joined Vitagraph in 1911. Married James Young, previous to touring the world with the Costellos and several others to take pictures for Vitagraph. Has also been with World and Selznick; is now heading her own organization. "The Common Law" is her best picture. "Magda" was the first picture produced by her own company.



CARLYLE BLACKWELL

Born in Syracuse, N. Y., January 20, 1885. Black hair, dark-brown eyes, 5 feet 11 inches tall, weighs 165 pounds, married. First stage appearance with the Elich's Stock Company. Appeared with Keith and Proctor's Stock Company, also in "The Gay White Way," "Brown of Harvard," "The Right of Way." Entered pictures with Vitagraph. Three years with Kalem, co-starring with Alice Joyce. Played with Mary Pickford in "Such a Little Queen." Organized own company, but as this failed he joined the Lasky Company. Now playing with World.



ELSIE FERGUSON

Light hair, blue eyes, 5 feet 6 inches tall, married to Thomas B. Clarke, Jr. First stage appearance was made in Madison Square Theater, New York. Appeared in "Liberty Belles," "Miss Dolly Dollars," "Girl from Kay's," "The Two Schools," "The Second Fiddle." Appeared abroad in "The Earl of Pawtucket," and toured America in "Pierre of the Plains," "The Battle," and "The Traveling Salesman." Her star appearances have been in "Such a Little Queen," "The Strange Woman," "Outcast," "Margaret Schiller," "The Merchant of Venice," and in all-star revivals of "Caste" and "Arizona." Last stage appearance was in "Shirley Kaye." First entered pictures in fall of 1917 with Artcraft. Has made four pictures, "Barbary Sheep," "The Rise of Jennie Cushing," "Rose o' the World," her latest "The Song of Songs."



THEDA BARA

Born in Cincinnati, Ohio, July 20, 1890. Dark hair and eyes, is 5 feet 6 inches tall, weighs 135 pounds, unmarried. On stage before entering pictures. Joined Fox Company in 1914, "Destruction" being her first picture. Best work is done in vampire parts. "Du Barry" is considered her best picture, "Forbidden Paths" her latest.



HAROLD LOCKWOOD

Born in New York City, in 1889. Light brown hair and dark blue eyes, 5 feet 11¾ inches tall, and weighs 175 pounds. First stage appearance in musical-comedy, "The Broken Idol." In stock several seasons, and vaudeville. Joined the Rex players in 1910. Has been with Nestor, New York Motion Picture Co., Selig, Famous Players, American now with Metro. First big part opposite Mary Pickford in "Tess of the Storm Country." Co-starred with May Allison in many pictures.



HARRY MOREY

Born in Charlotte, Mich. Light hair, brown eyes, is 6 feet tall, weighs 200 pounds, married. Made stage début in 1896 with Robert Downing. Played with Anna Held in "The Little Duchess," with Weber and Fields, and with Montgomery and Stone in "The Wizard of Oz." Made picture début in 1908, under Pierce Kingsley in "The Last Straw." Since then has always been identified with Vitagraph. Has played everything, from village boob parts, prominent statesmen, to villains. Best work done in heavy parts. Pictures of note have been "A Million Bid," "Fruits of Vengeance," "The Wreck," "The Next Generation," "The Battle Cry of Peace," "The Battle Cry of War," and "Womanhood." Appeared with Edna May in "Salvation Joan." Recently appeared opposite Alice Joyce. Best work done in "Within the Law"; will be seen shortly in "The Other Man."



EDITH STOREY

Born in New York City, March 18, 1892. Dark-brown hair, gray-green eyes, is 5 feet 3 inches tall, weighs 138 pounds, unmarried. First appeared on stage with Eleanor Robson in "Audrey," then in "The Little Princess," last with "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." Entered pictures in 1910 with Vitagraph; was loaned by Vitagraph to Méliès for one year and a half to play Western parts, then returned to Vitagraph. Five years with Vitagraph; recently left to join Metro. Best work with Earle Williams in "The Christian." Most recent picture, "The Legion of Death."



JACK PICKFORD

Born in Toronto, Canada, in 1896. Dark hair and eyes, married to Olive Thomas. Appeared at the age of eight in stock. Later with Chauncey Olcott in "Peg Robin," and "The Three of Us." Entered Motion Pictures in 1909, playing small parts for Biograph. Played small parts with Mary Pickford and Marguerite Clark for Famous Players. Left to star with Selig. Returned to Famous Players, where he co-starred successfully with Louise Huff. "Seventeen" is his best picture; "Huck and Tom" his latest.



"It is never too late to learn," says **J. Stuart Blackton,** who asserts that all his future films will be produced in California. The Commodore has finished "Wild Youth" and will soon begin work on "Missing," by Mrs. Humphrey Ward.

Theda Bara is about to add another bead-clad lady to her collection. "Salome" will be her next famous "screenization."

George Larkin was just in to see us and say good-by. He has packed his trunks for Glendale, Cal., where he will start work in a new Pathé serial.

"The Blond Beast" is the title of **Louise Glaum's** first production under her own company. The title does not apply to the star, for Louise has neither turned suddenly blonde nor beast. It refers to a certain German.

Wallace MacDonald has recovered from a siege of chicken-pox. During his illness Wallace gained three pounds and a mustache.

Doug Fairbanks holds the income-tax record in the Los Angeles section. He turned over to the Government $450,000. **Charles Chaplin's** was only $100,000, because of his long vacation since his Mutual contract expired.

Ruth Stonehouse is contemplating a flyer into vaudeville. She will trip thru two dances, "The Débutante Dance" and "The Dance of the Vampire."

Gail Kane is once more in Los Angeles. Gail told a reporter, "I love you, California; there isn't much more for a poor girl to love out here. If you cant sleep at night in Los Angeles, you'll turn in your grave when a caterpillar walks over it."

Mae Marsh has a new leading-man for her latest Goldwyn production—an Irvin H. Cobb story—Niles Welch, who recently starred in Metro's "Her Boy."

From "Somewhere in France" comes a telegram with the one little word, "Safe," on it from **Captain Robert Warwick.** Captain Warwick is stationed in the Intelligence Bureau of Pershing's immediate staff.

Charles Ray has given his rubes a recess and will now play "slick city fellers" for a while, he allows, beginning with "The Family Skeleton."



MAE MARSH

Mary Pickford has been made honorary colonel of the 143d Regiment Field Artillery. Perhaps no one person so deserves the title for service rendered as "Our Mary."

Something new in the way of wedding journeys was that of **Winifred Allen,** now Mrs. Lieutenant Lawrence B. Sperry. The Lieutenant took her to Massapequa by aeroplane and then returned to Amityville to report for duty.

Kathleen Clifford picked up a saw, a level and a square which a careless carpenter had left lying around the Balboa studio the other day and handed them to her director, saying, "On the level now, you're the squarest chap I ever saw!"

Anita King has a service flag with forty-eight stars in it draped across the back of her famous roadster. Impossible? Not at all. The stars do not represent husbands but sweethearts who are fighting on the battle front.

Miriam Cooper, who portrayed characters in the largest productions ever thrown on the screen, "The Birth of a Nation," "Intolerance" and "The Honor System," returns to the screen in the Fox film, "Woman and the Law."

William Duncan will shortly start work in Los Angeles on a new type of Pathé serial written by Gilson Willets.

The stuff that heroes are made of! **Wheeler Oakman** could not stand the strain after the torpedoing of the *Tuscania* and gave up a long-term contract with Metro to enlist as a private of artillery. Three cheers for Private Oakman!

Dick Barthelmess has returned to be Marguerite Clark's leading-man after a short vacation at Atlantic City. Dick reports that it is very dead at the city of the boardwalk. Nothing to do in the evening but listen to phonographs and knitting-needles.

Bill Hart says he will retire from the screen at the expiration of his present contract, which has about a year more to go. Unlike Sarah Bernhardt, he says his farewell means good-by.

Metro stars have formed a knitting club to provide the men who have entered the service with all the necessary garments. Charter members include May Allison, Beverly Bayne, Emmy Wehlen, Viola Dana, Edith Storey, Nazimova, Emily Stevens and Mrs. Sidney Drew.

"Pals First" is the title of handsome **Harold Lockwood's** next screen adventure. It will be filmed in Jacksonville, Fla.

Listen, girls. **Bert Lytell,** one of the handsomest and most gifted of the younger generation of American dramatic stars, has signed a long-term contract to star in Metro pictures. His one and only screen appearance is in Herbert Brenon's "The Lone Wolf."

Gladys Hulette and **Creighton Hale** are working at the Pathé studio in Fred Jackson's play, "For Sale." We have a sneaking hope that the article on the counter is coal.

After viewing the Fox production of "Cleopatra" while sitting in a violent draft, **Nell Shipman** acquired a fine case of grippe and has been confined to her home as the result. Ralph Ince has been selected to direct Petrova in her fourth production, "The Great Star."

In "A Pair of Sixes," a screen adaptation from the stage play by Edward Peple, **Taylor Holmes** plays the part of a butler, and, girls, he's some good-looking butler, they do say.

Milton Sills will be the man in the case of "The Reason Why," Clara K. Young's next, instead of Conway Tearle, as previously announced.

Little **Bessie Love** has arrived in Los Angeles and begun work on a story by William Addison Lathrop, now called "A Little Sister of Everybody," the third of her Pathé plays.

Reports in the film world are as changeable as the wind these days, but at last we've got **"Mickey" Neilan** settled in Hollywood to direct "Our Mary" in Bret Harte's "M'liss." Thomas Meighan has arrived to support Miss Pickford. Not that she needs any support, but, you know, a good-looking leading-man does round out a film so nicely.

Lee Moran and **"Buster" Brown,** of Waterloo, Ill., are sailing the sea of matrimony together.

While **Virginia Pearson** is playing at work in "A Daughter of France" for Fox, her brother, Harvey Pearson, of the U. S. Marine Corps, has reached France to act the real thing.

May Allison has been made an individual star by Metro and will make her first appearance in "Social Hypocrites."

After reading manuscripts and producing them in celluloid without cessation for ninety-four weeks, the **Sidney Drews** are going to return to the footlights for a change and will appear in a play written by John Hunter Booth.

LITTLE WHISPERINGS FROM EVERYWHERE IN PLAYERDOM

Cupid's catch of the month includes **Iva Shepard,** leading-woman of Waldron Players, and **Lyle C. Clement,** who were married at Fitchburg, Mass., February 2d.

Ned Finley has decided to be his own boss and has started work on the first release of the Finley Films under the title of "The Return of O'Garry."

Just for a change of scenery **Enid Markey** is playing ingénue leads in stock at San Diego, Cal.

Hotel men at Santa Barbara dont know which to recommend as the most beautiful view—the Pacific at sunset or **Mary Miles Minter** coming from the studio. The Chamber of Commerce asserts that ten persons watch for Mary every night in comparison to one who looks toward the setting sun.

Jay Belasco has received honorable discharge from the U. S. Army because of valvular heart trouble. Al Christie has telegraphed him that his place in Christie Comedies will be awaiting his recovery.

In the cast supporting Bessie Love in "How Could You, Bessie?" is **George Honey,** grandson of the celebrated stage star—a nice combination, natural and sweet.

Pearl White says she is sure she is going to be madly in love with **Antonio Moreno** before the last episode in her new Pathé serial, "The House of Hate." Do you mean seriously speaking, Pearl, or just serially?

Of late each month is marked by sad news. **Captain Vernon Castle,** the famous husband of Irene Castle, was killed in an aeroplane flight at Fort Worth, Texas.

Ivan Mozukin, the great Russian star who is reported to have been offered $1,000,000 for a year's work in an American studio, will make his next screen appearance in Pathé's "The Inner Voice." He makes the leading character so dominant that, no matter how inner the voice is, it can be heard very clearly even in the silent drama, 'tis said.

This picture represents charming **Billie Burke** in the uniform of the Food Administration. Billie believes in serving war foods and in systematic conservation of food.

Billie Rhodes' 1,000-acre farm in Ventura County, Cal., has yielded her a crop of $17,500 worth of beet sugar. At least that's the offer she has accepted from the Government.

William Russell has his own company now, will release thru Mutual and is on the job of filming "Adrienne Gascoyne."

Eileen Percy, formerly of "The Century Girl" and more recently leading-woman for Douglas Fairbanks, has promised to love, honor and obey Otto Busch, of Pasadena. The young man is one of the famous family bearing his name.

On account of difficulties of production in the East, Famous Players-Lasky are planning to have **Billie Burke, Elsie Ferguson** and **Lina Cavalieri** companies produce in the West.

William Farnum has completed "Rough and Ready" and will now follow the movie mob journeying "California-wards."

Carlyle Blackwell has renewed his contract with World and will be co-starred with **Evelyn Greeley.**

Norma Talmadge and her husband, **Joseph Schenck,** will shortly return to New York after a four weeks' vacation at Palm Beach. Julius Steger, Mr. Schenck's partner, has just bought the Moving Picture rights to Edith Blinn's novel, "The Ashes of My Heart," for use of Miss Talmadge in the future.

Herbert Brenon, the producer, has sailed for England, where it is reported he will make a picture for the British Government.

Corinne Grant has been visiting at Point Loma, Being an ardent Theosophist and believer in reincarnation, she is greatly interested in the development of the children at the institute there.



BILLIE BURKE

The pet indoor sport of producers seems to be the changing of titles. No sooner does one learn that so and so will appear in "Such and Such" before it is changed to in "This and That." **Alice Brady's** "Ruthless Russia" is now called "At the Mercy of Men."

Elsie Ferguson's acting abilities will be given a real chance in portraying for the silent drama Ibsen's "A Doll's House."

Douglas Fairbanks is making his last public appearance at the Kinema, Los Angeles, before he leaves for the East. His "Headin' South" was so successful that midnight performances were instituted to accommodate the crowds.

Metro stages in Hollywood, Cal., are being enlarged owing to the fact that both **Viola Dana** and **Edith Storey** are working indoors.

Wallace Reid is busily engaged in studying the art of camouflage so he can paint his new khaki-colored speed demon in such a manner that he can dash down the boulevard without being seen by the ever-watchful eye of the speed cop.

Edward Earle and **Gladys Leslie** will hereafter be co-starred in five-reel comedy-dramas for Vitagraph under the direction of W. P. S. Earle.

Cecil De Mille has completed his production of "The Whispering Chorus" and will start immediately upon a picturization of David Graham Phillips' novel, "New Wives for Old."

Leonce Perret is author as well as director of the Dolly Sisters' initial film production "The Million Dollar Dollys."

Following the example set by Carlyle Blackwell, **Travers Vale** has just signed a new contract with World good for three years. Vale will direct the pictures featuring Montague Love and Barbara Castleton.

Plans are under way to enlarge Metro's office-door to permit **Mr. W. E. Atkinson's** chest to get thru without rubbing the paint off the mahogany frame. The reason for this sudden inflation? Pride—his first child, a son.

A ring, which was stolen from the finger of one of the four hands of the Hindu triple god, Shiva, Vishnu and Brahma, has been sent mysteriously to **Francis X. Bushman.** Mr. Bushman has written the priests of the temple, offering to return the ring.

May Allison has the honor of being supported in her first Metro play, "Social Hypocrites," by Bunty, a fifteen thousand-dollar Pomeranian dog belonging to Mrs. R. A. Rowland, wife of the president of Metro Pictures.

Mary Pickford is writing her autobiography. It will be published in serial form first and later as a book. Certainly either way it will not want for readers.

The production of his newest Artcraft picture following "Headin' South" again discloses the fact that **Doug** is somewhat of an extremist. In this film the smile doctor has two leading-ladies—Wanda Hawley and Catherine McDonald.

Enid Bennett, who has become Mrs. Fred Noble, will visit Gotham on her honeymoon.

"Rich Man, Poor Man" is the title of the play on which **Marguerite Clark** has begun production. It ran as a serial in the *Saturday Evening Post* and was dramatized by George Broadhurst.

The production of "Sunshine Nan" proved a trying experience for **Ann Pennington,** who plays the title rôle. The part was strenuous and taken during the cold weather, which convinced the dainty star that the path of the Motion Picture actress is not strewn with roses.

Shades of Kit Carson, Buffalo Bill and other exponents of prairie life! Imagine **Polly Moran** appearing in her next picture as a lady in curls and tights!



Discard your cuticle scissors. Try this new way of manicuring and see how easily you can have lovely, well-kept nails

The new way to manicure
without cutting the cuticle

"Cuticle cutting is dangerous!" "Under no circumstances should scissors or knife touch the cuticle." "Trimming the cuticle is ruinous," say doctors and skin specialists everywhere.

For years women struggled with cut, mutilated cuticle—cuticle that grew dry and rough, that created hangnails and made their hands so unattractive.

It was to meet this great need for a *harmless* cuticle remover that the Cutex formula was prepared.

With Cutex, you completely do away with cuticle cutting or trimming. The moment you use it, you will be enthusiastic about the way it softens the surplus cuticle—the way uneven, ragged edges and hangnails vanish!

How to manicure the new way

Send for the complete Manicure Set offered below and have your first Cutex manicure. In the package you will find orange stick and absorbent cotton. Wrap a little cotton around the end of the stick and dip it into the bottle. Then carefully work around the base of the nail, gently pushing back the cuticle. Almost at once you will be able to wipe away the dead surplus cuticle. Rinse the fingers in clear water.

After your first Cutex manicure, examine your nails. When you see how smooth the use of Cutex leaves the skin around the base of the nails—how free it is from ragged edges and rough places that make hangnails, you will wonder how you ever got along without it. Try it today. See for yourself!

Cutex, the cuticle remover, comes in 30c, 60c, and $1.25 bottles. Cutex Nail White is 30c. Cutex Nail Polish in cake, paste, powder, liquid or stick form is also 30c. Cutex Cuticle Comfort for sore or tender cuticle is 30c. If your store is not yet supplied, order direct from us. Address

NORTHAM WARREN
Dept. 805
9 West Broadway, New York City

If you live in Canada, send 15c for your set to MacLean, Benn & Nelson, Limited, Dept. 805, 489 St. Paul St. West, Montreal, and get Canadian prices.



Remove all stains from underneath the nails and make them wonderfully clean with Cutex Nail White

***Cutex Nail Polish** gives just the quick, waterproof finish you want*

This complete Manicure Set for 15c

Tear out the coupon now and mail it to us with 15c and we will send you this complete Midget Manicure Set, which will give you at least six "manicures." Get it today.



MAIL COUPON WITH 15 CENTS TODAY

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Dept. 805, 9 West Broadway, N. Y. City

Name.....

Street.....

City..... *State*.....



WHEN THE TANGO HIT VITAGRAPHVILLE

"BE MY LEADING-LADY AND I WILL MAKE YOU FAMOUS," SAID BOBBY CONNELLY TO AIDA HORTON, AND SINCE THEN THEY'VE BEEN THE THICKEST OF PALS THEY TAKE DANCING LESSONS TOGETHER, AND WHEREVER THEY FRISK THE JOY OF THESE PLAYFUL KIDS IS INFECTIOUS—THEY MAKE ALL THE OLD-TIMERS WANT TO "YOUNG-UP"

Why Do We Love Mary Pickford?

(*Continued from page* 13)

Pickford because she loves us. We know she loves us because she seems to love everything around her. Her pulse beats in unison with the whole world, and hatred is as foreign to her heart as icicles to the palm branches of Borneo.

Motion Pictures and Mary Pickford! We love them both. And as "M. P." stands not alone for Motion Pictures, but also for one who has helped so greatly in their making, it is only natural that we should love her whom the camera has decreed should be the best known girl in all the world—Mary Pickford, the Sweetheart of America.

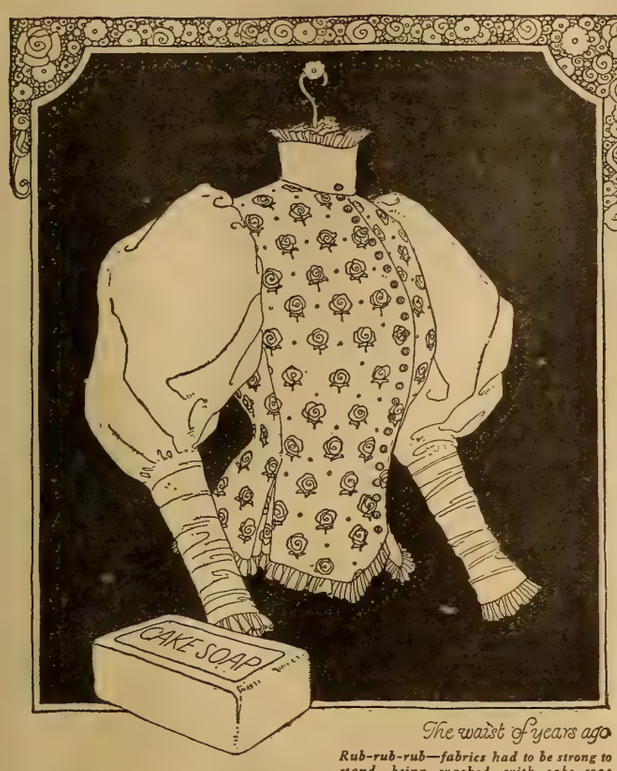
Climbing Down the Golden Stairs

Marjorie Daw says she thought she knew something about making Motion Pictures, but she had it all to unlearn when she became leading-woman for the strenuous Mr. Fairbanks. She was hauled up precipices, sitting canary fashion on Doug's shoulders, rode faster horses than she dreamt existed outside of Arabia, and climbed trails which made her see visions of gates ajar and wreaths of immortelles. Going down Bright Angel Trail, at the Grand Canyon of the Colorado one day, she had a burro which insisted on taking the outside of the trail every time any one passed going in the opposite direction, and when he came to a particularly dangerous point, he would stop, look over the precipice and seem to enjoy day-dreams of just how far he and his fair rider might drop in case his foot slipped. Marjorie did not dare remind him it was time to move on, so just shut her eyes and let him satisfy his curiosity.

Under Strong Financial Suspicion

"On one of my trips to Florida," says Francis Bushman, "I went to church one Sunday morning in a little negro church.

"When the contribution plate came around, I dropped a $5 bill upon it. After the contents had been counted the clergyman arose and announced: 'Brethern and sistern, the collection taken this morning seems to figure up $5.44, and if the $5 bill contributed by the gentleman from the North is genuine, the repairs on the sanctuary will begin immediately.'"



The waist of years ago

Rub-rub-rub—fabrics had to be strong to stand being washed with cake soap



The sheer blouse of today

Washed the modern way—the Lux way—pure suds and no rubbing

Modern materials won't stand the old way of washing

Remember the dreadful things we used to wear? Sturdy wash waists, heavy enough to stand hard scrubbing. Or else dark silks and plaids that were never tubbed at all! Heavy muslin underwear. "Dark" petticoats. Cotton stockings.

But now—look at the things women wear even for every day. Handkerchief linen. Crepe de Chine. Georgette. Chiffon. Dainty colors. Shimmering textures. Silk and lace underwear. Fine silk hosiery. The daintier the better.

The old-fashioned rub-rub-rub

For the clothes worn years ago, the ***old way*** of washing answered the purpose. You rubbed the cake of soap directly on the garments—and rubbed hard. Sometimes you even rubbed over a washboard. You rubbed out the soap and you twisted and wrung out the garments.

Now there's a better way—the Lux way, that keeps the daintiest things new—cleanses them tenderly with never a bit of rubbing.

Delicate as the very things it launders

Lux comes in light, transparent, fluffy, white flakes—they dissolve instantly in hot water, and whisk up into a wonderful lather.

You don't rub! You simply dip your blouse up and down in the rich, warm suds, squeezing the suds again and again through the fabric.

Lux dissolves so absolutely that three rinsings of clear lukewarm water will carry every trace of soap out of the fabric.

You lift your blouse out. It is spotlessly clean. It's all so easy. No wonder the old way of washing seems to you as out of date as grandmother's hoopskirts!

Write for free booklet with simple Lux directions for washing. Learn how easy it is to launder your finest things perfectly. Get a package of Lux today at your grocer's, druggist's or department store—Lever Bros. Co., Dept. F-3, Cambridge, Mass.

Lux is unequalled for—

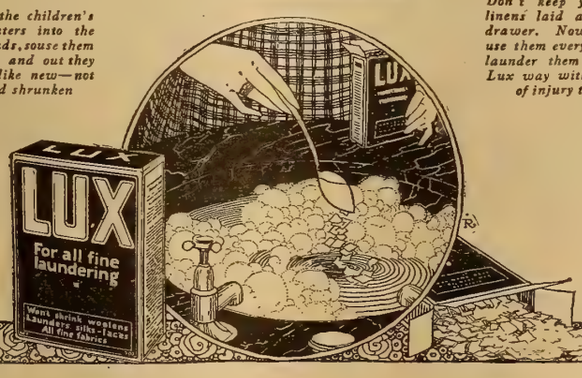
Flannels	Children's white dresses	Washable Satin Collars and Cuffs
Sweaters	Fine Linen	
Blankets	Fine laces	Silkwaists - Georgette, crepe de Chine waists
Knit leggings	Lace curtains	
Knit mittens	Muslins	
Knit shawls	Fine hosiery	Silk underwear
Corduroy	Washable gloves	Chiffons
Babies' clothes		

Use Lux for anything that water alone won't injure

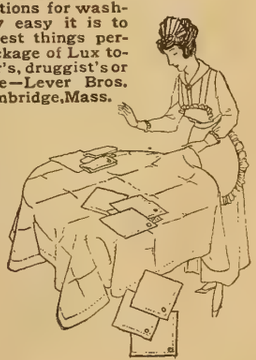
LUX



You plop the children's little sweaters into the rich Lux suds, souse them thoroughly, and out they come just like new—not a thread shrunken



Don't keep your finest linens laid away in a drawer. Now you can use them every day and launder them often the Lux way without a bit of injury to them



© Lever Bros. Co., 1918

The Movie Dictionary

COMPILED BY "THE PHOTOPLAY PHILOSOPHER" WHILE VIEWING AND REVIEWING THE MOVIES FOR THE LAST SEVEN YEARS AND JOTTED DOWN IN HIS NOTEBOOK. THE MORAL (AND IMMORAL) LESSONS HE HAS LEARNT FROM THE STAGE AND SCREEN AND FROM THE VARIOUS LOBBIES AND AUDIENCES ARE HERE GIVEN FOR THE FIRST TIME, AND THEY WILL BE CONTINUED EVERY MONTH.

Ambition—A steeple that players climb by means of a scaffolding of publicity that often becomes a scaffold. The best publicity is merit. Otherwise, public favor is fickle fancy.

Bigamist—A generous patriot, who, in order to prevent race suicide, strives to bring up two families instead of one. Very popular with scenario-writers.

Censorship—A quarantine imposed on our instincts.

Dueling—Revenging yourself on your enemy by giving him a chance to take your life. Now seen only in the movies.

Easter—The time of year when we stop fasting and begin to live faster.

Fairbanks—A million-dollar acrobat noted for his smile and agility. The grasshopper or mountain goat of the films.

Gossip—Putting two and three together and making it seven. Swapping lies. Pretending to have the eyes of Argus when it has the blindness of a bat.

Heaven—A modern movie theater, some good films, a wad of chewing-gum, a pretty girl by your side, and deaf-mutes everywhere else.

Ignorance—Raw happiness. When ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to know a poor play when you see it.

Joke—The average comedian who tries to imitate Charlie.

Kiss—Shaking hands with the lips. No play is complete without one. Ingredients, for a particularly sweet one—four velvet lips, two pure souls, and one undying affection.

Laughter—Smiling out aloud. An accomplishment not possessed by high-brow movie patrons, because they rarely see anything to laugh about except the attempts of certain comedians to be funny.

Mercy—Letting a man up after we have got him down. Also, a feminine swear-word. A quality not possessed by some producers, judging from the films they compel us to look at.

Night—Nature in mourning for the loss of the sun. The time when owls, bats, villains, actors and movies have their day.

Optimist—The engaged young man who believes that two can live cheaper than one. Also, the young country girl who is certain that if she only had a chance Mary Pickford wouldn't be in it.

Pride—A virtue that makes some players ridiculous and prevents others from becoming so.

Questions—A result of inquisitiveness which gives the Answer Man a steady job.

Regrets—Lessons for the future.

Selfishness—That which we despise in others, and nourish in ourselves. Example, talking "aloud" in the theaters which is not "allowed."

Toasting—Losing one's own health by drinking the health of others. Antonym, roasting. Most people prefer to roast us when we are living and toast us when we are dead.

Usurer—A money-lender. He serves you in the present tense, lends you in the conditional mood, keeps you in the subjunctive, and ruins you in the future. Most stars are usurers because they demand more salary than the industry can afford, hence less money is spent on other branches and we all suffer. Everybody is opposed to exorbitant salaries—except his own.

Vanity—That which keeps people in favor with themselves who are out of favor with others. The quicksand of reason. Everybody has it, in greater or less degree, except actors and actresses.

Woman—She needs no eulogy—she speaks for herself.

X—An unknown quantity, such as a ten-dollar bill (which will now hardly buy a new necktie). Also stands for Has-beens, such as Theda Bara, ex-champion vampire of the world; Mary Miles Minter, ex-fourteen-year-old wonder, and Maurice Costello, ex-matinée idol of the millions.

Yawns—The air-brakes of a sleeper. In the theaters, a substitute for laughter when the usual slapstick comedy comes on.

Zeal—A fire that needs both feeding and watching.

Quotations With Movie Sauce

By EDMUND J. KIEFER

AN ounce of action is worth a ton of scenery.

Beauty, thy name is Anita Stewart!

Movie, and the family movies with you; go to bed, and you're home alone.

A Gish by any other name were just as sweet.

Never count your favorites before you have seen *all* the movie stars.

Be it ever so funny, there's no face like Ford Sterling's.

All the world loves a Mary Pickford.

Coming productions cast their thrills before them.

'Tis better to have loved an unattainable film star than never to have loved at all.

Sobs spring eternal in Theda Bara's breast.

Chaplin makes children of us all.

Never put off till tomorrow night the show you should be seeing tonight.

Douglas Fairbanks is a joy forever.

Early to the movies and late to bed makes a man happy, cheerful and more or less optimistic.

It's a long film that has no love-making.

Life is one Moving Picture show after another.

A little slapstick now and then is relished by the most fastidious men.

Discrepancies will happen in the best of films.

It's a wise fan that knows what Chaplin will do next.

Children *will* be seen and heard—in a movie.

To every man upon this earth admiration for William S. Hart cometh soon or late.

Bessie Love makes the heart-throb go round.

All work and no food makes Marguerite Clark a tiny body.

Full many a movie trick is bound to pass unseen.

A movie fan and his favorite are not soon parted.

They also serve who only stand and "supe."

Take care to go to the movies and the blues will take care of themselves.

People who "live" in movie houses utter few groans.

Sweet are the facial expressions of Eileen Percy.

The female of the pictures is as popular as the male.

It's never too late to go to a movie.

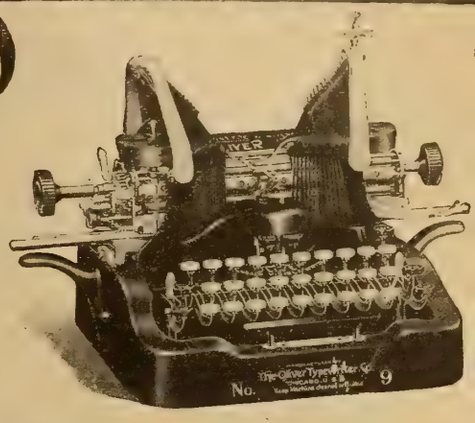
Performers have to rush in where directors fear to tread.

Time more than flies when you're in a movie.

The Oliver Typewriter Co.

Save $51

$2,000,000 Guarantee that this $49 model was $100



You Save $51 By New Efficiency

ON March 1st, 1917, The Oliver Typewriter Company reorganized its business. Its officials knew war and after-war conditions meant new planes of efficiency.

From that date there has been no expensive sales force of 15,000 salesmen and agents, no high office rents in 50 cities, no idle stocks, no costly subsidies, no excess distribution costs.

Instead we substituted the most direct line of sale—from the factory to the user. Thus we save $51 in sales costs.

This now goes to you. Our price to you is $49 for the identical machine that was formerly $100. Not one change has been made in design or materials. Each machine is brand new—not second-hand or rebuilt.

The entire facilities of the Company are devoted exclusively to the production and distribution of Oliver Typewriters.

The $100 Model

Only the sales policy is changed—not the machine. It is the same splendid Oliver Nine, our latest model. Before March, 1917, they were priced at $100. This Oliver Nine is the finest, the costliest, the most successful model we ever built. If any typewriter is worth $100 it is this handsome machine, our greatest triumph.

It is the same commercial machine used by U. S. Steel Corporation; National City Bank of New York; Montgomery Ward & Co.; Curtis Publishing Co.; Pennsylvania Railroad; Hart, Schaffner & Marx; Morris & Company; Baldwin Locomotive Works; Ward Baking Company; Jones & Laughlin Steel Company; Western Clock—"Big Ben"; Encyclopedia Britannica; and a host of others. Over 600,000 have been sold. An increase in output of over 300% this year.

To make the economy of the Oliver Nine available for all, we have arranged a simple plan. Here it is:

We ship an Oliver Nine to you for five days' free trial. Use it in your office or at home. Try it out without anyone to influence you.

If you want to keep it, send us $3 per month until the $49 is paid.

If you want to send it back, we even refund the transportation charges.

That is the entire plan. You are the sole judge. At no time during the trial are you under the slightest obligation to buy. Superiority and economy alone must convince you.

Free Trial

Fill out and mail the coupon now. It will bring a free-trial order blank, our latest catalog and the amazing book entitled "The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy." All free.

You may then have an Oliver for trial, if you wish. And own it for 50 per cent less than other standard makes.

Don't wait—know all the facts now—all the inside secrets exposed for the first time. Mail the coupon now.

The Oliver Typewriter Company
445 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
(Canadian Price, $62.65)

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY
445 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

☐ Ship me a new Oliver Nine for five days free inspection. If I keep it, I will pay $49 at the rate of $3 per month. The title to remain in you until fully paid for.

My shipping point is.....

This does not place me under any obligation to buy. If I choose to return the Oliver, I will ship it back at your expense at the end of five days.

☐ Do not send a machine until I order it. Mail me your book—"The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy," your de luxe catalog and further information.

Name .....

Street Address .....

City..... State.....

In the Thick of the Fray With the Answer Man

Battling Thru the Question-Marks Shot In by Mr. Public for the $100 Reward

DEAR MR. ANSWER MAN—I so love Mary Pickford's hair I would like to know how many hairs she really has.

M. S.

We all hate to believe that Little Mary's treasure is numbered. She is an "heiress" whose every little ringlet thrills. Her millions of "crown pieces" are all gold without alloy.

DEAR FRIEND—The time has come when I must ask you a question, one concerning a thing the contemplation of which has caused me many a sleepless night and corresponding days of anxiety. This is a subject on which I hate to speak to any one, yet I must know the worst. I dare not communicate the state of my mind to my folks, for they are so old-fashioned about these things there would be only one answer. In my distress I appeal to you. It may be a surprise to you to have me turn to you in so mighty a matter, but because I know you so well I feel that your heart is ever open to me. I am asking a great deal of you, I know, but while you are considering this I beg of you to put aside all cares, all social joys, and devote all your time to the proper consideration of the question I have to ask, but I must come to the point.

Do you think it is time for me to put my summer underwear on?

M. M.

It depends upon who you be. If you are an Eskimo, I shouldn't advise changing; if a Hottentot, dont bother about 'em at all. Underwear doesn't make the seasons any more than clothing makes the man.

AH, ANSWER MAN—If a yellow tom-cat can sing 5,261 serenades without becoming exhausted, how many boxes of "Ditty Whing Pills" will it take to put the Kaiser out of business?

G. C. L.

Subtract the cat's cantata from the Kaiser's dose, and it leaves one canto and nine lives for the cat and one swan-song plus one funeral service for Wilhelm der Kleiner.

DEAR SIR—Where does a chicken come from? Where does the egg come from? Which came first?

A. C. S.

Any old Broadway. Egg Harbor, N. Y. Since Ausonius reasons that the beginning of a work stands for the whole, let's have the egg first.

DEAR A. S.—If "An American Widow," "A Daughter of Maryland," called "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," was "Nearly Married" "Within the Law" to "The Floorwalker," what would be "The Barrier" to having a "Baby Mine"?

"Her Better Self,"

J. H.

"The Wall Between" might interfere with "The Twelve-Pound Look" if "The Sorrows of Love" did not discourage "The Little Papoose."

DEAR SIR—Where does your lap go when you stand up?

S. S.

Depends upon how you are gaited. If knock-kneed, it goes crooked; if you have housemaid's knee, it goes on a vacation.

DEAR ANSWER MAN—What would *you* do with the hole in a doughnut?

H. S. B.

Blame it on the cook if it didn't fill the hole in me.

DEAR KNOW-ALL—Dear me, do they charge a war-tax on admission to heaven?

W. E. D.

The box-office to heaven taxes the unfaithful, puts a premium upon character, levies upon evil deeds and scores heavily against Life's slackers from below.

DEAR WISE GUY—Does a doctor doctor a sick doctor the way the doctored doctor wants to be doctored, or does the doctor doing the doctoring doctor the other doctor in his own doctoring way?

G. F.

Tho fancy is often the patient's complaint, necessity is often the doctor's. It isn't much trouble to doctor sick folks, but it takes a good doctor to doctor healthy ones.

DEAR ANSWER MAN—How much water does a puddle contain?

L. C.

Meet a puddle in a philosophical way, and it is a dewdrop; approach it in fear, and it becomes a bottomless flood.

DEAR ANSWER MAN—How can you afford to give bonuses aggregating $100 on a salary of $9 per?

J. H. G.

Give away the wages of wit and it multiplies; hoard it and it shrinks.

DEAR ANSWER MAN—Where did the expression "She is a peach" come from?

S. B. T.

I believe it was Dumas who first compared the fair sex with the luscious fruit. He is accused of saying, "There are peaches—and peaches." Like the peach, you cant judge the heart of a woman by the rose on her cheeks.

DEAR ANSWER MAN—Is it true that Edison borrowed most of his inventions?

P. J. S.

Quite true. Invention is but the perfect assemblage of common knowledge. Only an inventor knows how to borrow, and every man is or should be an inventor.

DEAR OLD ENCYCLOPÆDIA—Who was the famous beauty to whom a dustman said, "Lord love you, my lady! Let me light my pipe at your eyes"?

L. M.

Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, a noted English charmer whose portrait was painted by both Joshua Reynolds and Gainsborough.

DEAR ANSWER MAN—Tell me truly, if I wrote him a letter, would Wallace Reid it?

G. R.

A stray volume of real life is the daily mail-bag of the postman. Letters which are passionately sealed are more often coldly opened.

DEAR SIR—Would the scaly-bark if the dogwood?

R. W. R.

Sure, the scales delight to bark when the poodle sings in the sausage-mill.

DEAR QUESTION-MARK—If a woman's tongue could be connected with a motive power, how many horse-power would it generate?

S. D.

A "wag's" answer is that a woman's tongue is her sword, which she never lets rust. When it is measured it ceases to wag.

DEAR ANSWER MAN—Why is the immortal soul put into the mortal body, where its future life may be jeopardized?

A. L. R.

If the body were immortal there would be no incentive to keep the soul so. Even as it is, the soul has more diseases than the body. Life, thank heaven, is only the soul's nursery.

DEAR SIR—In your contest I note you say, "I am 76 years old and have 24 years more to go." Hence my profound question, "Then where do you go?"

O. D. S.

"Where do we go from here?" is the song and buckler of the believer, the defiant question of the agnostic, the plaint of the coward and the jubilee of the strong at heart.

DEAR ANSWER MAN—Why must people die?

N. H.

Nietzsche says it's for the survival of the fittest; the Kaiser that Germany may live; but I agree with Charles Frohman that it is "for the beginning of Life's greatest adventure."

DEAR SIR—Why do they kill men like Lincoln and let the Kaiser live?

J. C. D.

Lincoln's life of great compassion is immortal in its seeming death; the warlord's is dead in its seeming life.

DEAR ANSWER MAN—Why do so many of the fair ladies in photoplays go to bed with their stockings on?

C. H.

They perhaps have never heard of "Diddle-diddle Dumpling, my son John," but they are on good terms with the Publicity Man.

DEAR SIR—What is life?

F. H. C.

Life is a comedy-drama in which too many of us are only amateur actors.

DEAR ANSWER MAN—How many lives has Pearl White?

HARRY S.

If Life is an episode, she is immortal; if it's a serial, she will still be "continued in our next."

DEAR ANSWER MAN—Why doesn't a squirrel leave any dirt around the top of his hole when he digs it?

SARAH P.

He starts at the bottom and digs up. And now let me ask you, how does he get to the bottom to get started?

How Famous Movie Stars Keep their Hair Beautiful

PROPER Shampooing is what makes beautiful hair. It brings out all the real life, lustre, natural wave and color, and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

Your hair simply needs frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, but it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it. This is why leading motion picture stars, theatrical people and discriminating women use

WATKINS
MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL
FOR
SHAMPOOING

This clear, pure, and entirely greaseless product, cannot possibly injure, and does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and has the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is. It leaves the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage.

You can get MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL at any drug store, and a 50 cent bottle should last for months.

If your druggist does not have it, an original bottle will be mailed direct upon receipt of the price.

Splendid for Children

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RUTH ROLAND



The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 87*)

MISS MONTANA.—Hobart Henley is directing for Fox. "The Star Spangled Banner" is usually played before every performance at the theaters now, and, of course, everybody has to drop everything promptly and stand up. Thanks for sending me that letter. You must have had an exciting time. Thanks also for the picture.

D. MCMILLEN, STATE FIREMAN'S HOME, HUDSON, N. Y., writes and says he should be very happy to receive cast-off playing cards, as that is about the only form of amusement he has.

MARGERY W.—Captain Robert Warwick has been assigned to the Intelligence Department of the staff of General Pershing. Captain Warwick is capable of speaking several languages, which assisted in his promotion. Pearl White is about 28. But if you cant change your mind, you haven't got one.

E. S., MADISON.—I am not of a jealous disposition, fellow soldiers in this earthly battle. What does it matter to whom the honors of victory fall? If fortune passes by without seeing us, and lavishes her favors on others, let us console ourselves, like the friend of Parmenio, by saying, "Those, too, are Alexanders." Anita Stewart played opposite Earle Williams only for a short time. No to your tenth. Let me hear from you again.

PERSEVERANCE.—There is a chill air surrounding those who are down in the world, and people are glad to get away from them as from a cold room. But that is just what people should not do. They should help those who are down to get up. That's one thing I dont have to worry about—income tax.

SHIRLEY, OTTAWA.—You refer to Paul Hurst, the well-known Kalem director, who will now direct for Vitagraph. Well, any one may make a mistake, but only a fool will stick to it. My dear, our stories are written long before the film is released, and sometimes the scenarios we receive from the companies are changed about when taking the picture. Belle Bennett has been borrowed by Morosco from Triangle to play in "Mary's Way Out."

HAYSEED.—You may hate yourself or love yourself, but you may console yourself with this thought: you are dreadfully like other people. My dear farmer-boy, you suggest that the players all go to farming. Good idea. There are too many people here in the humming city, and not enough producers of necessaries. Some list of things you quote there! Let me know how you make out.

OSCAR B.—No, the Smiling Billy you read about was not Billy Mason, but Billy Parsons, president of the National Film Corp. You ask, "Who stands a better show, man or woman, in pictures?" It is about nip an' tuck, I guess. You ask, Why is a baby like wheat? Because it is first cradled, then thrashed and finally becomes the flower of the family. Yes, but not on wheatless days—perhaps on toothless ones.

ROSE E. W.—Your letter was mighty interesting. The *Titanic* was the largest vessel afloat up to the time she struck the iceberg on April 14, 1912, and sunk. Her dimensions were: Length, 852.5 feet; beam, 92.5 feet; depth, 73 feet 3 inches; draft, 34 feet 7 inches; gross tonnage, 46,328. Ned Finley has formed his own company to release two-reel Northwestern pictures.

LERENA, 15.—You might write to Jack Pickford. Yes, Edward Langford is in the army.

AUDREY COURTLAND.—Glad to hear you are going into pictures. Good luck to you! R. S. V. P. means, reply if you please—*respondez s'il vous plait.*

M. E. K.—Peggy Betts was Pet Bettanny in "Empty Pockets." Congratulations upon your success. Am always pleased to hear from my friends. Cheer up! Motion Pictures are the world power of the hour. The shadows of the screen are reflected upon every battlefield and in every capital of the globe.

ELIZABETH M. H.—Possibly you got the wrong title or it has been changed since you were in the studio. Sorry I cant help you.

JOHN F.—Army officers' pay is as follows: Second lieutenant receives $141.67; first lieutenant, $166.67; captain, $200; major, $250; lieutenant-colonel, $291.67; colonel, $333.33; brigadier-general, $6,000; major-general, $8,000; lieutenant-general, $9,000; and general, $10.000. Non-commissioned officers as follows: Privates, $30; first-class privates, $33; corporal, $36; all sergeants, $38; sergeants of various corps, $44; battalion sergeants, etc., $48; regimental sergeants, $51; sergeants first-class, $56; hospital sergeants, $71; quartermaster-sergeants, $81.

MAURICE M.—Ann Murdock was with the Mutual Company last. I believe Mabel Trunnelle was with Vitagraph, with her husband, Herbert Prior. Violet Heming in "The Danger Trail." You must come to Brooklyn to see the bridges. The work of construction alone on the Brooklyn Bridge was $9,000,000 and the cost of the Williamsburg Bridge was $11,000,000. Land for each bridge cost $11,000,000 for the Brooklyn and $9,100,000 for the Williamsburg Bridge.

NORAH O.—Well, Norah, your poem was immense. I sobbed over it. Do not hesitate to write me any time, and you will always find your answer in my department. I remember all my friends, you see. Some memory!

FANNIE C.—How do you like your Dorothy Bernard as a Red Cross nurse?

RACHEL V.—Theda Bara and Jean Sothern were the sisters in "The Two Orphans." Thanks for suggestion—will try it. I see the Florida grape-fruit growers are recommending the use of salt on grape-fruit. This is a far cry from the days when we used to season our tomatoes with sugar.

A. M. P.—You dont think Thomas Ince should take so much credit for Charles Ray's popularity. 'Tis true he had it in him, but T. I. no doubt brought it out. But you must be natural—it is doubtful if a person ever reveals his real self, except he does it unconsciously.

MISS L. TOE.—Earle Williams is in California, playing in Western Vitagraph pictures.

SALOMY JANE.—I'm sorry for you. Absurdity is the one thing that love cant stand; it can overlook coldness, or weakness, or viciousness, but just be ridiculous and that is the end of love. M. Rogers was Mr. Wolfson and Evelyn Vadito was Evelyn in "The Masque of Life."

CUTIE, MONTCLAIR.—You want the cast of characters with every story. Come again.

JANE NOVAK ADMIRER.—My life, but you are quite frequent! Doris Pawn in "Some Boy." Seena Owen in that Fox Mabel Normand's next picture will be "The Floor Below."

RUTH S.—So you couldn't find my address. I'm surprised you didn't know it. Yes, Tom Forman has the D.D.'s, not the D.T.'s. He is divorced, but enlisted.



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GERTRUDE S., IOWA.—George Cheseboro was leading-man in "Broadway Arizona."

L. R.; WALTER S.; C. H.; EDWARD MC.; MINNE B.; JOE ST. C.; MILDRED G.; MARGARET C.; BERNICE W.; EDITH M.; MARY G.: MOVIE LOVER; LOIS K.; ARNOLD S.; TRIXIE W.; CHARLES J.; MARY VAN W.; X. Y. Z.—Sorry, but your questions are answered elsewhere in this department.

S. F. C.—You refer to Edwin Carewe.

ETHEL R.—Marjorie Daw is with Fox. The movies in France are called the cinema, and there is such a rage for them that most of the finest theaters are being used for pictures. Yes, I have a particular taste for French perfume—it is very seductive. Frank Morgan was the leading-man in "A Modern Cinderella."

LEWIS T.—Fifty mercury vapor lamps are required for a stage set measuring 14 feet wide for satisfactory results in the finished pictures. These lamps are made of long glass tubes containing mercury. When glowing, they give a green light, rather disagreeable to the eye at first, but very powerful in acting upon the sensitive photographic film. Studio lamp plants vary from fifty to one hundred and fifty lamps and vary in cost from $2,500 to $10,000. These lights make the producer entirely independent of the weather conditions for his indoor scenes. Stop in and I will be glad to tell you about them.

CEDLEY.—"Lone Wolf" was released July, 1917, by Brenon. Bert Lytell was Lone Wolf. You refer to Jack Livingston and Laura Sears. Dont you fool yourself; temperament is nothing but a little art mixed in with a big temper.

PHILISLE.—I guess you refer to May Allison, who went into Riker's drug store and asked a clerk where she could buy some powder. The clerk replied, "Face, gun or bug, Miss?" And May did not know whether to laugh or to have the clerk arrested. The olive drab coats for the soldiers are new. Valeska Suratt in "The Immigrant." I like your tone of voice.

PAT.—Sorry you weren't pleased last time. I try awful hard to please, my dear Patricka. It is easier to make all Europe agree than two women.

KATRINKA L.—There is much talk about food and fuel shortage, but there is quite as much scare as scarcity. Milton Sills was Joseph in "The Honor System." Gladys Brockwell was Trixie.

GLADYS L.—Thank you, my appetite is good. A good dinner sharpens the wit, while it softens the heart. Elsie Jane Wilson was Sonia in that Mutual. My child, there is nothing faked about this department.

PATRIOTIC NUT.—What you ask reminds me of Charlie Chaplin's definition of curiosity: "Looking over other people's affairs and overlooking our own." It is as rude to intrude into another man's house with your eyes as with your feet. Always glad to get your cheerful notes. Leslie Austen was Uncle Dick in "Two Little Imps" (Fox).

MARJORIE M.—Why, yes, that was Robert Walker as the husband in "The Mortal Sin." You say a "little lark now and then puts a spark in the best of men." Yes, and it often develops into a conflagration.

J. N. ADMIRER.—Maybe she has a car. There is a Sydell Dowling with Universal. Eileen Percy is off the screen—a newly-wed.

BILLIE E., GLOVERSVILLE.—Console yourself, dear fellow. Every one cannot be an Earle nor a Fairbanks. Jealousy is the sister of love, as the devil is the brother of angels. Both Essanay and Selig have studios in Chicago. In most cases the players carry on a real conversation when a scene is being taken, and they use the same words as they would in real life under similar conditions.

MAX C. L.—You ask if Harold Lockwood has a grass or sod widow. I am not sure that he has any. If he had and I knew it, I would not tell. But how can it be a sod widow with Harold alive? An indiscreet man is an unsealed letter; every one can read him.

DOT R.—I thank you for the pretty picture of yourself. Every time I dot my i's I'll think of you. You are extremely beautiful. Very often players dont really play the instruments on the stage; somebody plays back of the scenes near-by.

WILLIAM RUSSELL ADMIRER.—Do all that becomes a man. Who dares do more, is none. Sidney Mason was Arthur in "Little Miss Nobody." No, no, you will never get a picture of me.

CARL K.—And why all this abuse? I haven't harmed you, sonnie, have I? That sure is one economy—shaving and hair-cutting. Thank you, I am a firm believer in strawberries and cream, and, my, how I love 'em!

SUZETTE BOOTH ADMIRER.—You want another Booth article. It's entirely up to the Editor. Mary Pickford's eyes are hazel. You really make me blush. Blushing, you know, is a suffusion least seen in those who have the most occasion for it. I can see you blush now.

LONESOME FARMER GIRL.—You say you wish you were my wife so you could act in pictures. Help! Help! You sweet 17, and I am 76? And you think we would make a good match. You dont need a match, you need a lamp. Cheer up, child, there's a lot before you.

DOLCE.—Right, but if the Kaiser does not hasten to lead with his divine right, the Allies may swing on him with their left. Just you try me some time. I admire your monogram.

WHATA SIMP.—Louise Fitzroy used to be in Cub Comedies. Passed your limerick on to Doc Limerick. Oh, he's still poking around, we always lunch together; so also is the Photoplay Philosopher.

BILLIE.—Dont mind your using pencil in the least. He directed "The Squaw Man." H. L. Neff was the sheriff. Reports of unfavorable camp conditions fail to make much impression. The soldiers look so much happier than the average civilian.

BETTY W.—Glad you like New York. You say you haven't seen any temptation. Have you been looking? Tell me who you think is the Answer Man?

RACHEL B. B.—What made Bill Hart laugh? Which came first, the chicken or the egg? What makes the moon shine? Girlie, if you dont take heed, some day you will get something that wont be nice. As the comedian says, you will get some flowers, but you wont smell them. You may ask questions like those in the contest, but not here. Henrietta Gilbert was the fairy in "A Daughter of the Gods."

IOWA, 14.—Monroe Salisbury and Florence Vidor in "The Cook of Canyon Camp." Douglas McLean was Algernon in "The Upper Crust." The modesty of Germany is quite overwhelming. She asks as a basis of peace to be permitted to keep all she has won, and get back all she has lost. In other words, she wants the earth, with a small part of Hoboken fenced in.

SYBIL ANNIE G.—Russell Thaw was Harry, and Joyce Fair was Grace in "Redemption." Eric Hudson was the hermit and Joseph Smiley was Corgan, Corrine Uzzell was Rhodes and Anna Nilsson was Mary in "Seven Keys to Baldpate." Well, I remember some writing. Never hear from Lottie D. T. any more. Yours was a bit lengthy.

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CHARLOTTE H.—You say England is planning to standardize women's dress. Better end the war she has on hand before starting a new one. I read that slit gowns are coming out again. O modesty, thy name is not Woman. Winifred Kingston was with Fox last. Read our Photodrama Department.

M. G. S., MABELLE S., and FELIX R.—Send a stamped, addressed envelope for a list of film manufacturers. New list out.

DOROTHY E. W.—Pauline Frederick is not the wife of Harrison Fischer. Harvey Clark was Faure in "Innocence of Lizette." I guess we are going in for prohibition, seeing that the Government has requisitioned Niagara Falls.

STEWART H.—Why, George Larkin was in to see us today. He is just as lively and handsome as he is on the screen, and I'd give anything to have his perpetual laugh. You refer to Violet Wilkey.

H. L. ADMIRER.—W. Christy Miller is still alive, but he doesn't get over to see us any more. He is at the Actors' Fund Home, Staten Island, N. Y., and I am sure he will be glad to hear from you.

MRS. J. W. MORELAND.—Henry Clive opposite Maxine Elliott in "Fighting Odds." So I am one of your oldest friends. Yes, old friends are best. I agree with Bacon—"Old wood to burn, old wine to drink, old friends to trust, and old books to read."

JOHN F.—John Fontana, Military School of Aeronautics, Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y., would like to hear from some of the picture fans. We have lots of good books on photoplay writing.

U., 53.—You around here again? No fear, Marguerite Clark will not go in musical-comedy yet awhile. Paul Panzer was with Mutual last. The telephone was invented in 1876, by Bell; the incandescent lamp was invented in 1880, by Edison, who also invented the talking-machine in 1878, and perfected the Motion Picture machine in 1893.

SHEHERAZADE.—Wee, we, madame. But where the river is deepest, it makes least noise.

TED G.—So you are knitting. And you would like to go to West Point. It requires four years, and the discipline is very strict—even more so than in the Army. The whole number graduated from 1802 to 1916 has been only 5,601.

DOROTHY.—You refer to Richard Barthelmess in "The Valentine Girl." You ask me if I approve of knitting in church. Certainly, why not?

BRANTFORD GIRL.—Thomas Meighan did play in "Gloria's Romance." Marguerite Clark was Nesta in "Still Waters," Snow White in "Snow White" and Felicite in "Silks and Satins."

FLORENCE B.—I agree—the weaknesses in ourselves that we cant behold are promptly seen by others. Vanity is blinding, and blind men are easiest beaten. May Allison is with Metro, Eugene Pallette in Paralta, and Marshall Neilan with Paramount.

MACELINE S.—Lester Cuneo is at war. Margery Wilson in "The Desert Man." I do not think it was Fatty Arbuckle who said that beer taken in large quantities made him fat; whereupon his friend answered: "I once saw it make you lean—against a lamp-post."

WAR BABY.—"The Trail of the Lost Chord" appeared in our December 1913 Magazine. Dont ask me which of the three is the most popular. It's entirely up to you. Wallace MacDonald in "Youth's Endearing Charm."

MR. JASS, JR.—William Hinckley in "Reputation."

PRINCE TEGEE.—You say I ought to curb my tongue. Go, and do thou likewise.



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SILVER SPURS.—Good evening! Glad to see you again. Beautiful spring weather we're having. I haven't thought of my funeral yet. You might send me gardenias. A dying humorist requested one time that no one be invited to his funeral, as it was a civility he could never repay. Hope you pass your exams.

MADGE, ST. JOHNS.—Mary Miles Minter and Percy Helton in "The Fairy and the Waif." No, I am not a puzzle. I do my exercises every morning in order to retain my manly figure.

CUPIE.—Robert McKim was Waldo in "Jim Grumboy's Boy." Rodney LaRock in "His Own Shoes." Margery Wilson in "The Mother Instinct."

PAULINE.—Victor Sutherland was lieutenant in "The Barrier." Well, I wouldn't say feeble—far from it. My age is as a lusty winter—frosty, but kindly.

ROSEBUSH.—Ben Taggart was Leo in "She." Valeska Suratt is appearing in a vaudeville sketch. It is a very melodramatic scene and Miss Suratt carries her velvets and diamonds to perfection. Eleanor Blanchard is not playing now.

AMO, WINNIPEG.—If you would succeed, think success. To think rich brings riches; to think poor brings poverty. So you thought Geraldine Farrar had a new wardrobe in "The Devil Stone." She always dresses a part well. Yes, the same boy. You write a clever letter.

MARIELEE.—May the bloom of your face never extend to your nose. The photo was splendid. Frank Morgan was Alfred. You think Norma Talmadge is the most beautiful actress and George Walsh the handsomest man. Oh, Marielee! Quick, Rebecca, take in the children—the Board of Health is coming.

SHERLIE, 13.—I think you refer to the Eiffel Tower. It is in Paris and in wartimes is one of the largest wireless telegraph stations in the world. You do, do you? You think Harold Lockwood is cute. Wont he be dee-lighted to know! Let me hear from you again.

LILLIS, ST. HELENA.—Thanks a lot for the picture. You dont know how very sorry I am to hear of your illness. Raymond Whittaker was with the Universal Co. Courtenay Foote is with Selig and Thurlow Bergen is with World. Write soon.

RALPH B.—Hart Hoxie is with Kalem. Yes, William Russell and Charlotte Burton in "Twinkler." Why, I'm as merry as the day is long. No, I didn't care a great deal for "The Song of Songs," but I did like Elsie Ferguson.

PHILM PHIEND.—Dorothy West, the girl in "The Habit of Happiness." Owen Moore in "Little Meena's Romance." Sam De Grasse was Silent Smith and Juanita Hanson was the daughter in "The Martyr of the Alamo." Why dont you ask a few more questions next time?

GERTRUDE B.—Who killed the Dead Sea? I dont know, but why didn't they bury it? Richard Barthelmess was Prince Charming in "The Seven Swans." Hardly, sport shoes were not worn during the 18th century. I dont think "Anne of Green Gables" and "House of Mirth" have ever been done.

MISS CURI OSITY.—Thanks, but I dont agree with you. You know that the human race is divided into two classes: those who go ahead and do something, and those who sit still and inquire, why wasn't it done some other way? All right, brass or copper tacks. George Chester was opposite Olive Thomas in "Broadway Arizona." May Allison with Metro. Harold Lockwood has gone West. Bert Lytell has just signed up with Metro.

ANNA K.—Ah, you see too many faults. The masculine mind makes its blunders by overlooking details; the feminine, by seeing nothing else. Lillian Walker is playing in a Government picture.

NARAIMI, B. C., CANADA.—Ben Turpin was in "Sheriff Nell's Tussle." Polly Moran was the girl. But the world is replete with fools. Alma Hanlon was Diana in "The Whip." Henrietta Gilbert was Fairy Kindness in "The Daughter of the Gods." You were too late for April, but there are plenty of others who were crowded out.

JOSEPH S. G.—You're right there, Joseph. There is no more discouraging element than aggressive women who think they think. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing. Violet Mersereau is playing for Universal. I dont care to advise you one way or the other. Think it over.

BILL FARNUM FOREVER.—Good for you. You bet I still drink my buttermilk. It's the only thing this time of the year. Yours was a sticker. Of course I always enjoy your epistles of love. Come again.

PAT DOLEN.—The original Venus de Milo occupies a *grande salle* to herself in the Louvre, Paris. Helen Badgely was playing on the stage last. Ethel Martin was Lady Aspasia in "The Rose of the World." Laura Sears in "Slumberland."

ANSWER MAN ADMIRER.—Oh, I thank you. But the world is only an allegory. Ideas are more real than facts. But, my dear, I dont answer the contest letters in this department. Separate thing entirely.

JANET C. MC.—I am told that a jilted lover of a certain Motion Picture star was asked by what means he lost her, and he replied: "Alas, I flattered her until she got too proud to speak to me." Now, then, take heed. Elaine Hammerstein was Mary in "The Argyle Case." Henry Walthall and Mae Marsh in "The Birth of a Nation." Paula Blackton and her charming kiddies have gone West to join Commodore Blackton at Los Angeles.

CECIL S.—Glad you like to see photoplays. Cultivate a love for only the best plays. Whom mediocrity attracts, taste has abandoned. Wallace MacDonald is with Triangle; he is about 23 years old, more or less.

LOUISE GLAUM ADMIRER. — Louise Glaum in "Idolaters." Mary Miles Minter has blue eyes.

CEDRIC KENARA.—I thank all of you who sent me clippings about Francis Bushman's divorce. It shows you all thought of me. Dorothy Kelly married Harvey Hevenro. Then you say we give too much publicity to Vitagraph. But Vitagraph thinks we dont give them enough, and there you are.

CHIC.—Thanks for all you say about us Americans. I'm proud to be one. Paragon produced "The Whip." Well, five great plays were: "The Christian," "Birth of a Nation," "Cabiria," "Tess of the Storm Country" and "Civilization."

VON.—Sorry you have pneumonia. Hope you are better. William Hart is playing in Artcraft pictures. That's right, my friend, and stick to it. Resolve will melt no rocks, but it can scale them.

BESSIE OF THE BARRACKS.—Good heavens, girl, you have 1,800 pictures of the different players? You must have been doing some writing. I admire your pluck, ambition and pertinacity.

O. C. A. CLUB.—Of course I will accept every member of your club as my readers and correspondents. Greetings! The more the merrier. Thomas Holding is Olga Petrova's leading-man. The only time I was ever interviewed was by John Bunny when he came into the office about three years ago.

J. F. R., PORTSMOUTH.—Thanks for sending me that clipping. You are a 14-carat jewel.



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A. P. D.—Ship ahoy! Give us some more like that. Your letter was good comedy. William Farnum and Dorothy Bernard in "The Bondman." Valeska Suratt and Ben Taggart in "She." Jane and Katherine Lee in "Two Little Imps." All together now, lads, heave ho!

AIMEE V., WATERBURY.—Hawaii was annexed to the United States in 1898. Its population is about 250,000. Tom Mix was Andy and Enid Markey was Susan in "Six-Shooter Andy." The last of the triumvirate of grand-opera stars, Eleanora de Cisneros, has at last decided to go into the pictures.

BUDDY.—Jewel Carmen was Violet, L. C. Shumway was Rev. David, and Fred Milton was Frank in "A Soul for Sale." Arthur Lehrman was Raoul in "Scarlet Runner" (Vitagraph).

JOY HALL.—Why, our old "Shep" has strayed away from home and has been gone for three weeks. We are all praying for his return. If anybody can restore him to us, the world is his. I guess you have about named all of Fairbanks' plays. Charles Ray, Paramount Co., Los Angeles, Cal. Dick Travers is in the Army. I did enjoy yours.

BABE.—Go into the country to hear what the news is in town. Billie Wilson is with Famous Players. Charles Ray was Prince in "Rose of the Blood." I'm glad you sympathize with me. I dont mind answering, tho.

DENVERITE.—Nothing to do? Well, absence of occupation is not rest, a mind quite vacant is a mind distressed. Robert Walker was George in "Lady Barnacle." J. Barney Sherry, Nicholas in "Fanatics."

EMMA, 17.—You want a cover of Eugene O'Brien. Well, he had better send us some new pictures. No, we have our own staff of writers.

QUEER LILL.—All the beautiful letters we received complimenting our March issue! Henry Clive was Richard in "Her Silent Sacrifice." Everybody has a cold these days. They are coughing so much in the theaters that we can hardly hear the actors on the screen. For the past month I have been wheezing an aria from asthma.

JACK A. G.—You want the names of the wives of Ben Wilson and Douglas Fairbanks. Well, Jessie McAlister is the wife of the former, and I dont know the name of the wife of the latter. So far as I know each had only one. Marshall Neilan was Rags and Edward Martindell was David, in "Rags and the Foundling." You say a man like me when once retired ought to sue the public for support. Perhaps I ought to be pensioned off. Will you do your bit? If everybody will give 10 cents, I'll quit and be a gentleman of leisure all the rest of my life.

SUNNY VALE.—Is Corinne Griffith any relation to D. W. Griffith? No. You refer to Jack Holt. Rodin, the greatest of modern sculptors, was a friend of Bernard Shaw and made a bust of him.

ECHO.—We have had lots of pictures of the Reids and their baby. Dorothea Abril was opposite Wallace Reid in "The Hostage." Norma Nichold is with Lasky Mae Murray is with Universal. Louise Huff with Paramount. Since this is your first letter to me, I wont say it, but I was going to say, Will you kindly look up that famous passage about brevity being the soul of wit?

MAGGIE.—Fay Tincher has her own company in Los Angeles, Cal. Alfred Whitman in that Vitagraph. The A. B. was American Biograph, released about six years ago.

BESSIE ST. S.—Everything but the words of your poem reminds me of Longfellow.

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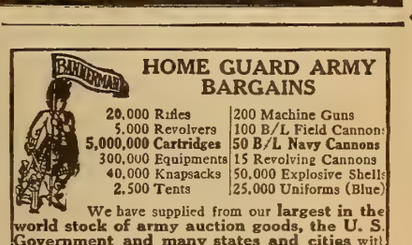
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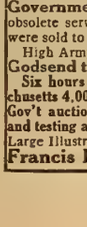


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Our Animated Monthly

(*Continued from page 63*)

players attended the wedding two years ago, including Fannie Ward, intimate friend of the Ritchies. They have always entertained lavishly for all visiting film players in Santa Barbara and their beautiful home was the scene of many noted gatherings.

Adele Farrington has written a song-hit which is to be introduced by Geraldine Farrar. Miss Farrington wrote the lyric, and subsequently the musical setting, while awaiting her cue at the studio. The title is "A War Baby's Lullaby," and with Gerry to sing it, no one doubts its subsequent popularity.

Louise Huff has been elected president of the Hollywood Studio Club, and her friends are teasing her saying that she bought up votes. Louise says that if entertaining her intimates at tea and giving them some of her famous pine-apple salad is using illegal means to attain an end, she pleads guilty—otherwise, she's as ignorant of politics as a gopher. How does she make that salad? Quite simple is the recipe. She arranges hearts of lettuce on a plate, puts a thick slice of canned pine-apple on each, then a dressing of thin mayonnaise with crumbled Roquefort. It's great—we tried it. With Roquefort at ninety cents a pound, this might be called "undue influence," dont you think? Anyway, salute President Huff!

Here is the dramatic hubbub caused by one forged telegram. Recently every dramatic editor in New York received a wire as follows: "Announce Charlie Chaplin engaged to marry Finitia Desoria, 'Flo-Flo' company." The sad part of it all is that the fair Finitia already has one husband and that Chaplin has wired a strenuous denial. The respective press-agents have taken to their bomb-proofs and it begins to look like a sad case of misapplied publicity. You cant fool the public all the time.

Mae Murray is spending a week convalescing from a night of horrors she went thru while filming some night-scenes for "Forgive Me," her newest Bluebird production. It was the coldest night of the winter out at Universal City and the mercury had dropped to the invisible point. The company started work at seven o'clock and worked until six the next morning. Miss Murray got soaked thru to her pink epidermis during the first scenes. To make matters worse the studio plumber saw a little skunk running along the road. Before any one could stop him he had killed the beast and carried it over to Miss Murray's car to show her. The pungent memory of it hung around all thru the night. Between the freezing cold, the rain, and the skunk, the company spent a very miserable night. Just before leaving for home, as the cold, gray dawn was creeping over the hills, Miss Murray was heard to murmur, "We *must* love our art!"

"Dimples" Walker, who is soon to start a new series of pictures, to be known as the Lillian Walker Productions, has been spending a week's vacation at her farm, "Sunnybrook," Saratoga Springs, N. Y. Miss Walker has several acres of land at Saratoga, most of which is under cultivation. She has 300 chickens, several cows and a number of farm horses. An attractive kennel has recently been added to the place. Miss Walker made the 200-mile run from New York to Saratoga in her car, acting as her own chauffeur.

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Sonny

(*Continued from page 71*)

Over near the Cahuenga Pass, right where the hills bob and dip and form pockets for fields of beautiful flowers to nestle in, Mr. Kerrigan bought a half-acre of ground. He designed the whole house, but had an architect draw working plans. It conforms to no particular school, and so one finds a patio nosing a chalet effect, a fountain talking away for the benefit of the kitchen sink. It is most beautiful in conception because original, comfortable, roomy and situated on a most alluring home site in Hollywood.

It is a one-story bungalow, because Mother Kerrigan must not climb stairs. But there is a basement under the front of the house with rooms for chauffeur and maid, and the garage built in under the big living-room. In the back there is just one story, and in front of the house the lawn descends in terraces. At the back one finds the patio walled in, the fountain playing in the center. French windows open onto the large porches. There's a kitchen small enough to prevent useless stepping about, but large enough to accommodate everything Mother Kerrigan needs. The pantry opens off the kitchen at one side, and the breakfast-room, which is always a California feature, invites one to step out of the kitchen and enjoy the percolator perk the morning beverage.

Of course, there is a formal dining-room, bathrooms, a monstrous living-room which is large enough to give a young ball, a long wide hall running the length of this L-shaped house, and bedrooms enough for the family and—but no, one must not anticipate. Each bedroom has a specially designed dresser which is placed between two windows, with an electric lighting system besides, defying one to wear cravats awry or un-marceled locks. There are other "built-in" features besides the dressers, however, and every possible modern contrivance has been installed.

"You see, the bungalow we are in is just rented furnished," explained Mr. Kerrigan. "Such a brown, ugly, dingy old thing it is. For once in my life I will have the joy of selecting an entire houseful of furniture. The outside of this house will be white with green shingles. I think that is so restful in this sunny land, dont you?"

One of the loveliest spots, very odd in conception, is the den for Sonny. At one end of the hall a rail separates a raised room from the floor level. Three steps lead to an irregularly shaped den with wide windows opening on a beautiful view. Mr. Kerrigan confided that he is coaxing the Pickfords to buy the hill seen from this window, and there to build an Italian villa on which he may feast his eyes. Probably all Hollywood has not a lovelier setting to offer "Little Mary" for her charms. One can imagine her darting about like a butterfly among the carnation fields which brighten the hill.

But such a big house as this is for just Mother Kerrigan and Jack? Were they really going to live there alone? The Gosp did not like to inquire. She turned to Mr. Kerrigan with another question. "How was Miss Wilson selected to play opposite you?"

"Lois Wilson won the beauty contest in Alabama, you know, and Universal signed her up right after that. She came straight from school and never had any previous training. She did such good work at Universal City that when I left I wanted her to continue with me, of course, and so we've been together ever since," continued the star of "A Man's Man." "She's the dearest little thing, very quiet and retiring, a regular home-body."

Mr. Kerrigan stopped suddenly. The Gosp was thinking how lucky Lo—that is, any woman would be who was allowed to be a home-body in that pretty new home. And everybody loves Mother Kerrigan, who is a true type of the hospitable Southern woman, for she raised her family in Louisville, Ky. Lucky Sonny! To be a successful screen hero and have a congenial home life is surely paradise enow.

Queens of the Screen—Can You Tell Who They Are?

By JOHN C. ADAMS

In line with meatless, wheatless and heatless days we are getting starless nights, as the picture theaters in the leading cities recently closed up on "Starless Tuesdays." Here is a pair of stanzas each of which conceals a movie star. Try to discover them on some starless night when you cant go to see your favorites dance across the screen.

1

The first is in *marvelous*—it's not hard to find;
The second's in *charming*—just one of a kind.
The third is in *rapture*—a meaningful word;
The fourth in *canary*—a favorite bird.
The fifth is in *pretty*—it is true, there's no doubt;
The sixth is in *Ireland*—can you find that out?
The seventh's in *excellent*—nothing so sure;
The eighth is in *kindness*—a positive lure.
The ninth is in *famous*—a recognized fact;
The tenth is in *love*—you must use it with tact.
The eleventh's in *married*—dont step on my toes!
The twelfth's in *director*—the man who sure knows.
If you get them out singly and add them up well,
A great film-star's name the letters will spell.

2

Take a letter from *star*—you're sure to be right,
One letter from *sunshine*—there's no one so bright.
A letter from *beautiful*, sure and it's true,
Take a letter from *sweet* and you'll get at the clue.
Take one letter from *heart*—it's a big one I'll bet,
And a letter from *sweetheart*—she's every one's pet.
One letter from *violet*—that's not her name,
And a letter from *heavenly*—she's risen to fame.
Grab a letter from *white wings*, altho she has none,
Just a letter from *patience*—that has not gone.
Take a letter from *Vitagraph*—that is the place,
And one letter from *spiteful*—of that there's no trace.
Now write down all the letters,
And a name will sure be seen
Of a beautiful movie star—
The sweetest on the screen.

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Charm

(*Continued from page* 88)

the heart give the face a beautiful radiance, as unlike the metallic smile from the teeth out as sunrise is from midnight.

How many women seem plain to those who do not know them, but are loved and adored by those who do—simply because of their charm.

This quality, so essential in women, is not necessary in the male sex. I will go further and say that true charm is a fault in a man. It makes him effeminate.

Men have a special charm of their own, the outcome of energy and generosity. But the charm of a woman is in her *abandon,* in her voluntary feebleness, in ignorance where ignorance is bliss, in the intonations of her voice.

There is the mother's charm, which contents her children. A kind word, a sign, and when a child is ill his mother's charm will induce him to take the most nauseous drugs that the doctor can order.

There is the young girl's charm, purest and most unconscious of all. Such was the charm of St. Genevieve, who arrested by her very presence a horde of barbarians under Attila.

Such, too, was the innocent charm of Jeanne d'Arc, which triumphed over the sarcasms of Baudricourt, the hesitancy of the Dauphin, and the doubt of the courtiers.

And there is the charm of an actress, which, unsupported by any great talent and without beauty, carries away the masses as well as the intellectual public.

Charm is undoubtedly the greatest asset in life. And it can be cultivated; assuredly, yes. My definition? Charm lies in consideration of others.

Thereby one loses self-consciousness and acquires the habit of making others happy.

Consideration for others may be big and primitive in its expression, or it may be subtle. In either case, it attains its end. One cannot be unselfish without being imaginative; and the lure of imagination is extreme and compelling.

The thought of self destroys magnetism. It is the grave in which charm is buried.

The most charming woman I ever knew was plain, but no one else knew it, and she never thought about it. Her complexion was the color of the Seine after a rain. Her eyes were the drab of the sky in a storm. There was no beauty in her sparse hair. Her figure had no grace of roundness.

Yet I never noticed these things until knowing that she knew and practiced all the breadth and depth of charm, I began to study her. So far as outward form goes, she was altogether unlovely. But no one but myself ever discovered it, and I had forgotten it until now.

Her voice, deep and low, still echoes in my heart. She was intelligent. I have never known a charming person who was not intelligent. The dullard has no charm.

Sarah Bernhardt

The Lady Behind the Lens

(*Continued from page* 61)

to rest a moment. I never would think of it myself because when one is intensely interested in the work, weariness must be forgotten, but it is so forethoughtful of my helper. The other day we were taking a picture right out in the hubbub of the shopping district and I was directing close to the traffic officer, when the camp-stool suddenly caused me to sit down. You should have seen the look of astonishment on the face of that human semaphore."

Since she became the pioneer woman director of Motion Pictures just ten years ago, when she started directing the old talking pictures for the Gaumont, Miss Weber has written and directed over four hundred plays for the screen, acting in most of them herself, with her clever co-director, husband and—*chum,* Phillips Smalley. It is close upon four years ago that, with the loyal co-operation of her husband, Lois Weber started to produce that striking series of features for the Universal. We all remember "Hypocrites" and the fierce discussion that caused. Few of us have forgotten the pitiless realism of "Scandal" or the inspiring appeal of "Jewel," which won more persons to a new hope in religion than all the sermons ever preached or pamphlets ever written. Since then we have been thrilled and our thoughts stimulated by such masterpieces of propaganda and photoplay art as "Where Are My Children?" "Shoes," "Idle Wives," "The People vs. John Doe," and her latest and much-discussed drama, "The Hand That Rocks the Cradle."

It is not alone by propagandist plays, however, that Lois Weber has won for herself a lasting place on the honor roll of the silent drama. Such productions as "The Rosary," "Captain Courtesy," "The Mysterious Mrs. M." and "The Dumb Girl of Portici" are notable for sheer entertainment.

As in her work, so in her home, Mrs. Phillips Smalley's career has been stedfastly illumined by the light of understanding and loyal love. She loves her work as she loves her home. Both reflect that nobility of aim and aspiration that are mirrored in the eyes of the woman whom you feel to be a friend as soon as you make her acquaintance.

But, after all, it was not the deep intelligence of Lois Weber, nor her prettiness and executive ability, nor her interesting criticism of the latest Motion Pictures which caused me to overstay my time, but a great womanly charm which animates her. She has so much magnetism that one would know she was in a room tho she remained silent. She is too much concerned with mental development and studio work ever to take part in the café life of "The City of the Angels," shuns press-agents, and is fond of spending every leisure moment in the bungalow which the Smalleys call home.

Her greatest aspiration? First of all to reach the zenith of artistic picture production, to awaken mankind to tolerance and brotherly love thru the medium of a photoplay. And when she has accomplished that, she wants to live in the country, write for magazines, and do at least one big novel—and that's her idea of Utopia.



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Photodrama in the Making

(Continued from page 89)

uneducated. I hope he does not insist on a college education. Some of the most uneducated people I ever saw went thru college, but the college never went thru them. Education that counts is nothing more than YOU adapting YOUR brains and energy to that path in Life you want to tread, thru the mediums of Ambition, Study and HARD WORK.

WHAT YOU WANT TO KNOW

J. S. S., Portland.—Your experience as a Russian exile and revolutionist should furnish a vast quantity of native material for dramatic culture. Your English is sufficiently effective to express your ideas. Make a Synopsis of your play-idea, such as "A Self-Made Widow"; that is the form acceptable for sale. Trust them to pay you *what the play is worth to them.*

D. V. W., Nashville.—All companies now prefer a Synopsis, or *story of the play.* The Drews would appreciate much detail, as all comedy needs, but DO NOT MAKE A SCENARIO.

W. H. H., Hamilton.—If you think you have imagination, the knack of writing and bringing out character, creating plots, the only thing left is to learn HOW to turn these gifts into account. Not until you have written a photoplay shall the studios be able to judge your talent.

N. N. C., Monkton.—There is not that prejudice against unknown writers that you think. Opportunity to "break in" lies in two considerations: First, write the old plot in a new way; second, write a new plot in the old way. If you will purchase a copy of "The Universal Plot Catalog" (Caldron Company, Brooklyn, N. Y., $1.25), it will tell you how and where to get all the plot material you want.

H. B., Austin.—Why use a nom-de-plume? Photoplays are nothing more nor less than a revealment of one's personality. If the play is unworthy of the personality, dont send it; if it is worthy, then it is bound to strengthen the personality. I would not worry about the "fade" scenes, if you feel that you must write a working scenario instead of a Synopsis, but make all scenes regular and the camera-man will "fade" in or out.

M. D. G., Orcas Island.—If you (or any one desiring a *Complete List of Photoplay Markets*) will send me twelve cents I will send one to you. Five-reel Synopses bring from $100 to $500.

Mrs. J. F. A., New Castle.—You ask me to tell you in a word How to Write a Photoplay. I could not tell you in 10,000 words. This is something that is learnt thru arduous STUDY. Buy the best book on the subject as the first step.

M. B. S., Deming.—Charlie Chaplin is now under the management of a united company of theater proprietors. I should most emphatically advise you NOT to write or submit plays for Chaplin. They dont want them.

H. E. R., Pomona.—Eight-part, or Super-Features, are not wanted from outside writers. Such plays are planned and written by the Staff Writers. Again, unless you have the author's and publisher's permission to make a photoplay of a published work, your trouble will be in vain. Why should they pay you, an outside writer, when a Staff Writer is always on hand, "eating his head off," and would do it better? Mary Pickford, especially at this time, is NOT in the open market.

G. B., St. Louis.—If you will send me twelve cents, I will send you a Complete Photoplay Market.

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A Day On the Camera Firing-Line With Sergeant Empey

(*Continued from page* 51)

authentic incident that he wants to put into the story before he forgets it."

The sergeant had rejoined us and broke in as he heard the last remark.

"Right-o! I do. But Mr. Smith forgets to say that his heart is in it, too, and that he calls me up all hours of the night to ask my opinion on some matter he has just conceived. Director North, Mr. Smith and myself work like regular trench comrades on this picture. Watch us 'go over the top' with it!

"A war play? No, it's a drama of life. And life in the trenches has just as much humor as anywhere else. We had our jokes, our recreations, our ludicrous mishaps along with the thrill and the tragedy."

Because Empey's book, "Over the Top," is a vivid word photograph of life in the trenches, it is the most popular of war books and is the favorite of the boys in training-camps and the fields of France. Never does he recount a pathetic incident that he does not splash it with a bright streak of humor. There is in his tales the realism of O. Henry with the dashing spirit of Kipling. His amazing adventures have not been confined to the trenches. They commenced when he left high school and took to the sea while a boy but sixteen years of age. Born in the West, educated in the East, and a world-wide adventurer, Empey is a true cosmopolite and democrat. This is the way he describes his colorful career:

"I was born in the 80's, closer to the bottom than the top. When I first opened my eyes I breathed the air of the Rockies.

"It is with pride that I state that I am a pure, unadulterated American. My roving started at the early age of four. This was in Cheyenne, Wyo. I took it into my head to explore the sandhills, and, after a frantic twelve-hour search by my parents, was brought back to the fold.

"From Cheyenne my family went to Virginia, from Virginia to Canada and thence to New York.

"In New York I went thru the public school, then to high school. The most worthy thing I did in school was to make left half-back on the football team. While in high school I took a notion to go to sea.

"I ran away and shipped as second cook on the tramp steamer *Cuzo,* a lime-juicer. She was bound for South America. At St. Lucia, West Indies, I stowed away a little West Indian and called him Monday (the day he came aboard).

"The cruise lasted six months and twenty days. During that time we put in at twenty-six different ports, and I peeled eleven million barrels of 'spuds.'

"The skipper was a 'limejuicer,' the first mate a 'Blue Noser,' the chief engineer a Scotchman, while the crew was composed of Spaniards, Germans, Finns, Swedes and Russians. The bos'n was Irish and the cookie a Welshman. A nice, polite bunch, too. Believe me, I had my troubles.

"I landed in New York with a monkey, a parrot and about eight dollars in silver.

"After resting for two weeks, I joined the 47th regiment of Brooklyn and became a sergeant. From the 47th I went into the navy and was lucky enough to be on the 'rookie battleship' *Missouri,* or 'Misery' (as we called her when she rammed the *Illinois* and nearly foundered her in Guantanamo Bay, Cuba). Then she went on the target range off Pensacola, in the Gulf of Mexico, and had an explosion in her after-turret which killed thirty-four men. I barely escaped with my life.

"From the navy I enlisted in the 12th U. S. cavalry and was promoted to the rank of sergeant-major. We gave exhibitions of rough-riding at the Johnstown Exposition. After the 12th cavalry, I joined the 11th U. S. cavalry and did duty on the Mexican border during the trouble in 1911. Was discharged in San Antonio, Texas. Returned to New York. I started in business for myself. During my stay in New York I served three years as sergeant of mounted scouts in a New Jersey regiment. Upon expiration of my term of service, I joined the mounted scouts of the 71st regiment, N. G. N. Y. In 1915 I thought I would take a peep at France, so I shipped on the horseship *La Gascogne* as assistant veterinarian, and, after ducking the submarines, we landed 1,300 horses for the French artillery at Bordeaux, France. Returned on the *Rochambeau* to New York.

"One day, while walking down Broadway, I heard a German pass the remark about the Americans being too proud to fight, so I went to London and joined the British army, where I served as bomber and machine gunner until I was discharged on account of wounds received in the battle of the Somme, or 'Big Push.' These wounds were caused by the unauthorized entrance of three bullets into or thru my anatomy, one in left side of face, two thru left shoulder. For a few weeks I hovered in 'No Man's Land,' but the English system of reclaiming the wounded is simply wonderful—from the first-aid stations close to the firing-line away back to the big hospitals in Blighty (England). Then back to New York.

"I hoped to be able to return in a few weeks to the firing-line, but Uncle Sam needed some money, so I sold Liberty Bonds. The boys 'over there' needed smokes, so I proceeded to raise a quota of a few million cartons. Then it was felt that I could put a little pep in patriotism, so I wrote 'Over the Top' and gave some lectures.

"Then film concerns approached me with the proposition to take a flier in pictures. Albert E. Smith, president of Vitagraph, appealed to me as the man to do it, because he and his associates have been pro-Ally from the first. And he wasn't afraid to spend a lot of money to put the thing over right.

"Picture work has been one of the big experiences of my life. I think it's the biggest and most democratic medium of the age for putting facts before the public. And it's going to be still greater. More power to it! When I finish this picture, I'm going to fill my lectures, which takes me speeding thru about every State having a star in Old Glory.

"After that? Back to the trenches to enact a few more scenes for the benefit of Fritz. Because I've got a feeling that it will take us about two years more to teach Fritz to register the humble spirit and democracy."

As I shook hands with the dynamic sergeant, I couldn't resist shouting, "Over the top with the best of luck!" and then dodged to escape the brick which he says will be fired at any one voicing such sentiments to Tommy.

But instead of a brick, he fired his star-shell smile. That smile, plus the most electric and likeable personality ever caught by the camera, is going to carry Empey "over the top" straight to the hearts of film patrons—and with the best of luck, too, because it's coming to him.

(*Continued from page* 11)

Vengeance and the Woman, with William Duncan (Vitagraph)—"This serial, like *The Fighting Trail,* ought to draw a crowd anywhere. We have shown only two episodes, but already it gets capacity attendance."—Grand Theater, Marion, N. C.

The Fighting Trail, with William Duncan (Vitagraph)—"An excellent serial with outdoor scenery and plenty of action. We have run six episodes and it is holding up well. The best serial in the last two years. If you want a different serial, book this."—Kozy Theater, Eureka, Ill.

Bobby Connelly Series (Vitagraph)—"Excellent one-reel subjects with a child star supported by grown-ups. While not strictly comedies, nevertheless they contain some fine touches of good, clean comedy."—Kozy Theater, Eureka, Ill

The Lost Express, with Helen Holmes (Signal-Mutual)—"A good all-around serial. Business improving with each episode. I am running this serial on an even date against the best advertised serial on the market and holding my own and then some."—Bijou Theater, Alpena, Mich.

The Red Ace, with Marie Walcamp (Universal)—"Chapter one. This episode has the touch of mystery and the punch that make a good serial. Business only fair, as I played it the same date as the big blizzard of January 11."—Bijou Theater, Alpena, Mich.

A Daughter of Uncle Sam, with Jane Vance (General)—"The most wonderful serial we have ever seen. Great drawing-card."—Vaudelle Theater, Muncie, Ind.

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Mutt and Jeff Cartoons (Fischer)—"I have found these short subjects please better than the so-called comedies. Some are, of course, ordinary, but most are very good."—Iris Theater, Belle Fourche, S. D.

Mother, with Elizabeth Risdon (George Loane Tucker)—"There is everything good to be said of this picture. It is simply great, a picture that will live."—Rose Theater, Chicago.

Two Men and a Woman, with James Morrison (State Rights)—"I cant say much for this except that the photography is excellent and the costumes are beautiful. Several patrons stated so emphatically that they did not like it that I gave them tickets for another show."—Eminence Theater, Eminence, Ky.

The Cold Deck, with W. S. Hart (State Rights)—"A good picture, well balanced. Drew capacity business in bad weather."—Ideal Theater, Chicago.

The Zeppelin's Last Raid, with Howard Hickman (Ince-State Rights)—"Capacity business in a strictly German neighborhood."—Ideal Theater, Chicago

Alice in Wonderland, with Viola Savoy (State Rights)—"Not worth the money asked for. Probably would have been all right years ago. Very poor."—Gayety Theater, Payson, Utah

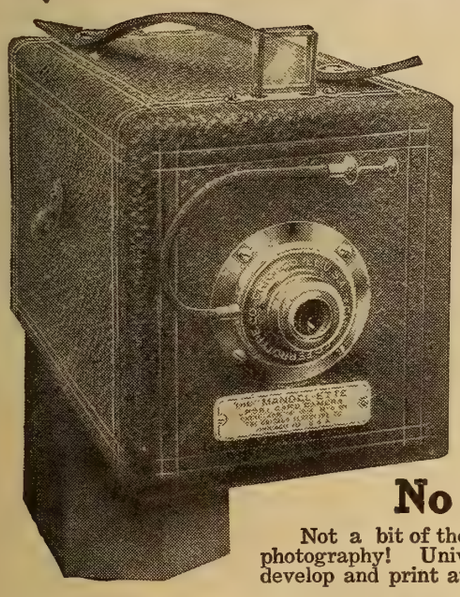
Alice in Wonderland, with Viola Savoy (State Rights)—"A good kid picture so far as that goes, but no good for adults."—Columbia Theater, Provo, Utah.

ONE OF THOSE PATENT CAN-OPENERS

"My dear," called Mrs. Sidney Drew, to her husband, who was making ready to prepare one of his famous studio luncheons for a friend or two, "what are you opening that can with?" "Why," he said, "with the can-opener. What did you suppose I was doing it with?" "Well," said his wife, "I thought from your remarks that you were opening it with prayer."

No Money In Advance

This Marvelous CAMERA On FREE TRIAL!



Only 10,000 of these marvelous, instantaneous picture-taking and making cameras to be sent out absolutely on approval without a penny in advance just to prove that it is the most wonderful invention—the camera sensation of the age. So **you** must send for it **quick!** Just think of it—the new Mandel-ette

Takes and Makes Finished Pictures INSTANTLY!

You press the button, drop card in developer and in **one minute** take out a **perfect, finished** post card photo 2½x3½ inches in size. Camera, itself, is about 4½x5x7 inches. Loads in daylight 16 to 50 post cards at one time.

No Films—No Plates—No Dark Room

Not a bit of the muss and bother of the ordinary kodak or camera. It is instantaneous photography! Universal focus lens produces sharp pictures at all distances. Pictures develop and print automatically. Can't overdevelop. Results positively amazing.

Better Pictures—Less Bother

I received your Mandel-ette Outfit yesterday and after trying it out today, I must indeed express my astonishment at the work that can be done with it. The first three pictures that I had taken were better than most of the snap shots that I took with a film camera, and there is much less bother and work in making the pictures. I have shown it to a number of people today and I am sure that you will be able to sell at least 75 or 100 here if you would have some way of demonstrating the goods. I am going to show my outfit to everyone that I meet and you can rest assured that I will do my best in boosting your wonder camera.

I. M. BROWN, Poplar Bluff, Mo.

Wouldn't Sell It At Any Price

I received my Mandel-ette and am much pleased with it. I took some pictures and even though it was a cloudy day, they came out just grand. I wouldn't sell the camera at any price.

SUSIE KINSEL, Gloucester, N. J.

Surprised At Fine Pictures

I am making some fine pictures with no trouble at all. All who see my Mandel-ette Camera say that it is fine and they are surprised when I make a perfect picture in one minute.

WALTER G. HERMAN, Newburg, Ore.

We Trust You

No difference who you are, where you live or what your age, we will send you the complete Mandel-ette outfit absolutely on approval and give you ten days to test it. If not satisfactory return it. But when you see what elegant pictures it takes—so quick, so easy, with no trouble at all—if you wish to keep it you simply send us $1 per month until our special price of only $5.50 is paid.

Easy Payments— No Reference

No red tape of any kind. Monthly payments so small you'll not notice them. Simply fill out and send coupon today. Send no money. No references required. Lots of fun and big profits.

Chicago Ferrotype Company,
Desk 195 Ferrotype Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Send me at once complete model Mandel-ette outfit including supply of post cards and instructions. I agree to examine and test it thoroughly and if satisfied pay you $1 a month until your special price of $5.50 is paid, otherwise I will return it at the end of 10 days.

Name.....

Street and No.....

Town..... State.....

No Experience Required

Plain instructions and everything complete with outfit so you can begin taking pictures the moment it arrives. We guarantee that even a child can operate it. Mail coupon now. No risk or obligation to keep camera.

Chicago Ferrotype Company,
Desk 195 Ferrotype Bldg.,
Chicago, Illinois

Friend Sends Order

My Mandel-ette arrived early Saturday morning O. K. Thirty minutes after it arrived I took my first picture and it was a great success. Any person after mastering your simple instructions should get good results with your Mandel-ette. I don't see how I ever got along without one.

After I had unpacked mine, my friend Theo. Murdoch, New Petersburg, Ohio, came along and he was so enthused over it he sent for one the same morning. Several more of my friends are thinking of sending for Cameras in the near future.

HERMAN R. STOEBEL, Greenfield, Ohio.

No Chance For Mistake

Your special outfit reached me by express this morning. It sure is all you claim it to be and there is no danger of my sending it back, as the first picture I took was of my wife and two children and it is the best I have ever seen.

That was the first time in my life that I have ever tried to take a picture, in fact, it is the first time that I have ever used a camera of any kind and by following your instructions in the circular there is no chance to make a mistake.

TOMMY WEST, Louisville, Ky.

$18.00 In Two Days

I wish to say that I am well pleased with your camera. I am using my Mandel-ette this week at the Bedford County Fair. I have made about $18 so far with my Mandel-ette and today is only Tuesday.

IKE THURMAN, Jr., Shelbyville, Tenn.

Make It Pay In 2 or 3 Hours

I received your camera O. K. and am well pleased with it. I have already made some dandy pictures and I am sure I can make it pay for itself in two or three hours. Enclosed find orders for more cards.

J. B. HONEYCUTT, Beelog, N. C.

Camera Success—Want Agency

As I have bought one of your Mandel-ette Cameras and found it to be very successful in taking pictures, I wish to make application to become your agent. I have several young men here who are anxious to buy one and I will send you their orders as soon as I hear from you.

GEO. REUTIC, Ft. Collins, Colo.

More Than Paid For Itself

I am very pleased with the Mandel-ette Camera. I have made some very good pictures with it and it has already more than paid for itself.

CHAS. E. MEARS, Jasonville, Ind.

Letters to the Editor

Phyliss Carr, of Waterbury, Conn., just cant stand comedies of the slapstick variety:

If some companies must produce comedies, *WHY* dont they at least produce DECENT ones? I have had to sit and endure many perfectly abominable slapstick comedies to see the feature picture of the evening, but one I saw the other evening, called "The Son of a Gun," produced by the Sunshine Comedy Co., was the worst ever and my patience is exhausted. From start to finish the picture was thoroly disgusting; in fact, I should call it a satire on the U. S.

Will you please tell me why the censors allow things like this to pass?

"The Son of a Gun" was a two-reel slapstick Sunshine comedy. Most of the scenes were supposed to be laid in Mexico and the star of the picture was supposed to be "General Chronico Appendecito," who, by the way, was a typical little slapstick "runt" with the usual mustache about a yard long, cross-eyed, and with his clothes half falling off of him. I wont tell you all the horrors that were in this picture, but only the ones that made me the most provoked.

"General Appendecito" wanted some excitement and ordered his soldiers to execute two men for him. One of the men was a drunkard and the other was dressed to represent Uncle Sam. While I didn't mind the drunkard getting executed (as I think they all should be) it surely made me peeved to see them shoot Uncle Sam, even if it was only in the movies. Then again the leading-lady, who was supposed to be a second Lillian Gish, goes to the American Consul to save her fiancé, and the Consul is a *very, very* poor representation of Colonel Roosevelt, and my opinion is that it shouldn't be allowed, altho I suppose a great many people would find no fault with this as they dont all admire him as I do. In another scene, the leading-man is all covered up with dynamite, nitroglycerine, bombs, etc., with the exception of the soles of his feet, and is about to be blown to atoms, when in rushes a typical Keystone policeman, who looks at the leading-man's feet and exclaims: "He is an American; I must save him." Now I wish some one would be kind enough to tell me how long since it is possible to distinguish Americans by their feet? An automobile chase then follows of more imitation Keystone "cops" and another auto full of Red Cross nurses, speeding to the Mexican border. The auto containing the policemen breaks down and they all jump out and hold up the auto containing the Red Cross nurses and have a regular fist-to-fist fight with them to gain possession of their auto, leave them strewn along the road, take the auto and start along again. In all probability the Red Cross nurses were men dressed up as women, but that scene added nothing to the value of the picture nor was it in the least funny.

Here is the last and, in my opinion, the worst offense. There is a locomotive rushing to the supposed battle laden with still more policemen and it is almost completely covered with the American Flag. Now if that is the best use the Sunshine Company can think of to put "Old Glory" to, that of being trampled all over by a lot of crazy-acting, crazy-looking men, I think they had better go out of business until they find something better.



Dont Kick---Praise! By H. S. N.

WHEN you, the theatergoer, see a good picture, say so. Tell your neighbor. Tell your theater manager. Then the good news that it has hit the mark of public approval will be wafted back to the producer, thus giving an added incentive to go on to bigger and better things. The producer wants to give the public what it desires, but, like everything else, a little praise will help a great deal more to raise standards than indiscriminate kicking.

A contemporary magazine advocates the kicking habit. It stands out big and proud and bold and says, "Little girl, paying your dime and war-tax to see a picture, you're the boss of this huge industry. All you have to do is kick!"

Can you imagine such a state of affairs being allowed to be suggested for the speaking stage? Can you imagine some disgruntled woman walking up to David Belasco and saying, "I dont approve of your play. It isn't up to my standard!" How long would high art last subject to captious criticism? Let's be constructive audiences—not Bolshevik critics.

Then why should such concerns as Famous Players, Lasky, Artcraft, Pathé, Select, Fox, etc., veterans in their field of endeavor, who pour into the melting-pot of public approval millions of dollars combined with the best efforts of the greatest actors and artists of the day, be subjected to little flea-bites of criticism?

Dont you know how you felt when you had worked particularly hard to please some one? For instance, the day you cleaned the living-room for mother, and on the mantel you missed one little round spot of dust, and mother, coming in, noticed nothing but that one spot of dust and kicked about what a poor worker you were, after all your efforts. Do you remember how ugly you felt and how it took away all incentive to do better? But remember the time you carved a bookrack for dad. How he praised your work and ignored the fact that the edges didn't quite match, and you resolved that next time you would do better in order to *merit* his praise.

And so when you see a really bad picture, ignore it with a dignified silence. Any general kicking will only attract the crowd to see what you are kicking about.

But when you see an extraordinarily artistic picture, praise it! Tell about the good. Pack the theaters where it is appearing, and the producer will say, "Ah, that struck twelve. Perhaps my others are not so good. Next time we must make an even better picture."

Dont forget, the producer is working to please the public, and every one works better under praise.

When you, the theatergoer, see a good picture, tell your theater manager, tell your friends, tell the producer.

DONT KICK—PRAISE!

Chatter Culled on the Spot

(*Continued from page* 68)

always slide down the stairs, never walk. One day there was the wildest outcry upstairs. We all rushed up and everybody was shouting, 'St. John's fallen out of the window!' When we got there we discovered that he was hanging from a cornice three stories up and laughing his head off at our anxiety. It's just natural with them; they pull off stunts like that all the time just for their own amusement."

A middle-aged man, marvelously tailored, entered the studio door at that moment. In one hand he carried a suitcase, very much worn.

"Tell Mr. Kirkwood Mr. Craven is here," he commanded.

"Mr. Kirkwood is busy getting ready to go out on location," said Mr. Curtis.

"This is Craven, *Craven!* Did you hear? Go tell Mr. Kirkwood I am here. He expected me at ten, but I really couldn't get here at that hour."

"Well, you might go up and see Mr. North," suggested my friend, and saved the day.

Then a couple of "Passing Show" girls entered, and they also were sent up to Mr. North. Under their arms they carried their photographs.

They were followed by an old man who smiled jovially and said "Good-morning."

"I never did find out his name," said Mr. Curtis, "but he came here one day and asked me for an engagement. I felt sorry for him and sent him up to Mr. North, who just happened to need his type. Afterwards the old fellow came down to me.

"'God is good, God is good,' he kept repeating. Then he turned to me and said, 'You know something just told me to come to the studio today. God is good!'

"He's been working here ever since."

The telephone rang.

"I'm sending you up to interview Florence Reed. Good luck to you," smiled Mr. Curtis.

Then he turned me over to the tender mercies of Miss Reed's maid.

Resurrection

(*Continued from page* 58)

camp—"he is ill and poor and clad in rags, but I love him. I would rather follow him barefoot thru the snow to Siberia than be a fine lady in a satin gown. But you are very good and I bless you for it"—she kist his white, smooth-kept hand, and he felt her tears hot and swift upon it.

"Then there is nothing—nothing I can do to make you happier?" His voice was regretful. She pointed toward the cowed and apologetic Shenbock.

"Only see that that man does not trouble me again, nor beat *him*." She looked down at the pardon in her hands, then bending swiftly forward held a corner of the paper in the candle-flame. "Freedom!" said Katusha simply, "what does that matter so long as we are together, always together, he and I? What does pain matter, or hardship, or anything in all the world, but love?"

And looking down into her kindled face, the nobleman felt suddenly infinitely old and weary and alone.



"Think Beyond Your Job!"

"There is not a man in power at the Bethlehem Steel Works today," says Charles M. Schwab, in the American Magazine, "who did not begin at the bottom and work his way up. These leaders rose from the ranks. They won out by using their normal brains to *think beyond* their manifest daily duty.

"Eight years ago Eugene Grace was switching engines. His ability to *out-think* his job, coupled with his sterling integrity, lifted him to the presidency of our corporation. Last year he earned more than a million dollars. Jimmy Ward, one of our vice-presidents, used to be a stenographer. But he kept doing things out of his regular line of duty. He was *thinking beyond his job,* so I gave him a better one. And he has gone up and up. The fifteen men in charge of the plants were selected, not because of some startling stroke of genius, but because day in and day out they were *thinking beyond their jobs.*"

What about you? Are you satisfied just to hang on where you are? If so, rest assured that's as far as you'll ever get. But if you want to be somebody, to climb to a position of responsibility, *get ready for it.* Do what you are doing *now* better than the men beside you and *train for the job ahead.* You can do it—in spare time—through the International Correspondence Schools.

For 25 years men of ambition with I. C. S. help have been making spare hours the stepping stones to successful careers. Last year more than 5,000 reported that their studies had won for them advancement and increased salaries. In the Bethlehem Steel Works alone over 100 men right now are putting their spare time on the I. C. S. courses and *thinking ahead,* getting ready for the better positions that surely await them. And over 130,000 others in offices, shops, stores, mines and mills and on railroads all over America are preparing in the I. C. S. way to take the next step upward.

Join them! All you need is just ordinary brains, the will to do, and the firm resolve to *think ahead of the job you now hold.* The I. C. S. are ready to make the rest easy. Make your start, take the first step right now.

Mark and mail this coupon.

TEAR OUT HERE

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
BOX 6578, SCRANTON, PA.

Explain, without obligating me, how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject, *before* which I mark X.

- ☐ ELECTRICAL ENGINEER
- ☐ Electric Lighting
- ☐ Electric Railways
- ☐ Electric Wiring
- ☐ Telegraph Engineer
- ☐ Telephone Work
- ☐ MECHANICAL ENGINEER
- ☐ Mechanical Draftsman
- ☐ Machine Shop Practice
- ☐ Gas Engine Operating
- ☐ CIVIL ENGINEER
- ☐ Surveying and Mapping
- ☐ MINE FOREMAN OR ENGINEER
- ☐ Metallurgist or Prospector
- ☐ STATIONARY ENGINEER
- ☐ Marine Engineer
- ☐ ARCHITECT
- ☐ Contractor and Builder
- ☐ Architectural Draftsman
- ☐ Concrete Builder
- ☐ Structural Engineer
- ☐ PLUMBING AND HEATING
- ☐ Sheet Metal Worker
- ☐ Textile Overseer or Supt
- ☐ CHEMIST
- ☐ SALESMANSHIP
- ☐ ADVERTISING
- ☐ Window Trimmer
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- ☐ Italian

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The Day of His Going

In a million homes, pictures are keeping the story of the war as it touches those homes. John in his first khaki as he proudly marched away, and John, tanned and hardened, as he looked when home on leave.

More than ever the Kodak Album is keeping the home story. To-day that story means history, and more than ever it is important that it be authentic history—that every negative bear a date.

Memory plays strange tricks and one of its favorite vagaries is to fail in the all important matter of dates. But with a Kodak there's no uncertainty. The date—and title, too, if you wish—is written on the autographic film at the time the exposure is made. And it is there permanently. It makes the Kodak story authentic and doubly interesting.

It is all very simple, is the work of an instant and there's no extra charge for autographic film.

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Catalogue free at your dealer's or by mail.

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June Elvidge

Popular World Film Star, Wears the Veil That All Paris Loves

—Let her tell you about this Veil That You "Just *Slip* On"

"NO more ordinary Veils for me! Never again shall I struggle with the old-style Veil that had to be knotted and pinned, and even then left long ends flapping in the breeze! I am so delighted with all my new *Bonnie-B* Veils!"

Bonnie-B VEIL

IMPORTED FROM FRANCE

"Just Slip it on!"

"You have no idea of the wonderful comfort of this *Bonnie-B* Veil! I just slip it on—*under* my chin and *over* my hat—and it's there to stay! No tying—no pinning! The slender silk elastic edge holds it so trigly in place! Everybody says the *Bonnie-B* is the most becoming Veil I ever wore. The silk mesh is filmy and delicate as the finest lace. And such exquisite designs in chenille and silk embroidery!"

June Elvidge



You will find these beautiful and durable *Bonnie-B* Veils in a wide variety of lovely colorings and patterns at the Notion and Veiling Counters of the best stores. In sanitary envelopes—each Veil guaranteed—10c, 25c, 50c. If your dealer cannot supply you, we will—upon receipt of his name and 10 cents.

Silverberg Import Co., Inc., 247 4th Ave., New York



In the Woodbury Booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," you will find the proper treatments for the various troubles of the skin. This booklet is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Conspicuous Nose Pores

How to reduce them

COMPLEXIONS otherwise flawless are often ruined by conspicuous nose pores. In such cases the small muscular fibres of the nose have become weakened and do not keep the pores closed as they should be. Instead, these pores collect dirt, clog up and become enlarged.

To reduce enlarged nose pores: wring a cloth from very hot water, lather it with Woodbury's Facial Soap, then hold it to your face. When heat has expanded the pores, rub in *very gently* a fresh lather of Woodbury's. Repeat this hot water and lather application several times, *stopping at once if your nose feels sensitive.* Then finish by rubbing the nose for thirty seconds with a *lump of ice.*

Do not expect to change in a week a condition resulting from years of neglect. Use this treatment *persistently.* It will gradually reduce the enlarged pores until they are inconspicuous.

You will find a 25c cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap sufficient for a month or six weeks of this treatment and for general use for that time. Get a cake today.

For sale everywhere throughout the United States and Canada.

Send for sample cake of soap with booklet of famous treatments and samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder.

Send us 5 cents for a sample cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury Facial treatment) together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 12c we will send you samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Facial Powder. **Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1305 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.**

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1305 *Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.*



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For Toilet
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-the living evidence of an artist's greatness



What is it that makes an artist famous? That wins the applause of appreciative audiences? That establishes an enviable reputation as a great artist in the hearts of music-lovers?

The answer is indelibly inscribed on Victor Records. They are the living evidence of an artist's greatness. They reproduce the art of the most famous singers and instrumentalists with unswerving fidelity.

With a Victrola you can enjoy these superb interpretations at will right in your own home. But *only with the Victrola*—for the world's greatest artists make records for the Victrola exclusively.



Any Victor dealer will gladly play for you any music you wish to hear, and demonstrate the various styles of the Victor and Victrola—$10 to $400. Period styles to order from $375 to $950. Saenger Voice Culture Records are invaluable to vocal students—ask to hear them.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Berliner Gram-phone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

Important Notice. Victor Records and Victor Machines are scientifically coordinated and synchronized in the processes of manufacture, and their use one with the other, is absolutely essential to a perfect reproduction.

New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers on the 1st of each month

"Victrola" is the Registered Trade-Mark of the Victor Talking Machine Company designating the products of this Company only.





Victrola XVII, $265
Victrola XVII, electric, $325
Mahogany or oak

Victor Supremacy

"SURELY IT CANT BE MARY!"

is the title of Martha Groves McKelvie's story about Mary Pickford. In her naïve little way, Mary told Miss McKelvie some new and interesting things about her work—for instance, how she tried out her make-up for Unity Blake in "Stella Maris" on her camera-man, Marshall Neilan, her director, Mr. Lasky, and the office force, and not one of them recognized her. Is it any wonder the gasping public also were fooled? "I am going to do 'Tess of the Storm Country' over again," Mary told Miss McKelvie. "In five years pictures have made great strides, and I am sure that we can give the public an even better Tess than the one made five years ago," says Mary in the June Classic.

"TOO MANY MARYS MAKE A MAE"

is the story of how Mary Marsh became Mae Marsh, one of our most popular stars. Our Hazel Simpson Naylor drew the usually reticent Mae right out of her shell, and Mae recounted some rare tales of old Biograph days when Mary Pickford, Blanche Sweet, Mabel Normand and the Moore boys were just beginning to interest a rather skeptical public. Miss Naylor has written a story which fairly radiates Mae Marsh's personality. It is told modestly and quaintly. When you read it in the June Classic you will almost imagine that Mae herself is talking to you.

"TEN DEGREES BELOW WITH BILL FARNUM"

Arctic City, a little movie town in the Adirondack Mountains, is the picturesque location on which we next discover Ethel Rosemon, our Classic Extra Girl. Bill Farnum and his company spent quite a few days there this winter when the thermometer looked with disdain at zero and haughtily continued to climb—down. The June Classic will contain the whole story about the trip to Arctic City, and Miss Rosemon tells it so vividly that you will run for your sweater before you reach the bottom of the first page.

"CAPTAIN DICK OF THE U. S. A."

In this charming little story you will learn why Richard Travers forsook the camera at the height of his career, bade good-bye to his bride of a short time, his Canadian mother and father, and entered the Officers' Training Camp, from whence he emerged a CAPTAIN. Altho above the draft age, this man, as well as hundreds of other brave chaps, felt and heeded the call of duty, and when you read about Dick Travers in the June Classic, you will realize that Filmland is composed of REAL men.

Lack of space will not permit of our relating in detail the numerous other good things to be found in the June Classic. "Just Human" is an unusual little article telling about Fannie Ward, Edna Mayo, Bryant Washburn and a few other favorites, also Lillian Montanye tells us some real news about Evelyn Greeley and Carlyle Blackwell, both popular World players. Mr. Biggs has now reached quite a crisis in his whirlwind career, Fannie Ward will show you some of her latest gowns, and Mack Sennett offers a Revue that will make George M. Cohan shiver in apprehension. Dont miss the June Classic! Send it to one of your khaki laddies—he'll like the Sennett Revue!!!

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC
175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Little Talks With Our Readers

THE FIRST VOLUNTEERS ON "LISTENING POST"

receive no reward for their perilous and lonely duty; but when, a decade ago, the Motion Picture industry was entrenched in ignorance and its literature was nothing but a "broken line of communications"

THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE AND THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

sallied into the "No Man's Land" of endeavor, from which it was prophesied that they would never return—that a fortune would be sunk on barren ground.

WITH OUR FACES TO THE FRONT

for three years we fought thru entanglements of opposition, censorship, jealousy, financial loss, until it seemed that our supporting lines, the public, would never come up to our support.

THOSE WERE THE DARK NIGHTS

when Motion Pictures were fillers-in, the actors poorly paid, the product cheap, and no magazine or newspaper would applaud them.

BUT WE SHOT AWAY A FORTUNE IN STAR-SHELLS

turning the night into day, fighting unjust censorship, rewarding merit, condemning shoddiness and fraud, developing a Motion Picture literature which has made our Magazines the "wonder children" of the publishing trade.

OUR STANDARDS ARE NOW FAR IN THE FRONT

where they are seen by a vast army of nearly three million readers. Every branch of our service is crying "Forward!" From cover to cover, our pages stand out in the open, recruited with the selected best in color, paintings, photography, etchings, sketches, stories, news and views of our now familiar player folks.

"WE HAVE GONE OVER THE TOP"

and have felt its soul thrill with you. All that remains good and clean and strong on the vivid screen—and back of it to the far countries of romance—belongs to us and—to you.

The "Answer Man Contest" has unearthed thousands of curious questions and many original letter-writers. Here is one in which its author proves a second Colonel Sellers when it comes to spilling words:

ANSWER MAN:

If that antiquated remnant of the antediluvian period masquerading under the guise of "The Answer Man," who professes to possess such wonderful faculties of intelligence as to be able to answer any interrogation which might arise in the concave domes of any or all members of the human race adjacent to that part of their anatomy commonly known to medical authorities as the cerebellum, will take time to consider his much-advertised contention as to his proficiency along the lines made famous by his chosen profession, I am rather inclined to believe that the magnanimity of his words will dwindle somewhat in the estimation of himself, he will pull in several yards of his over-lengthy neck and be forced to admit that he is not the only living personality who can fulfill the cumbersome details of this somewhat extraordinary claim which he, as our aged subject, has seen fit to advance. I myself claim to be able to answer any question that was ever brought to the attention of an all-wise world since the beginning of time immortal, or down thru the dreary centuries which have followed to our present advanced age of wisdom, or, incidentally, that ever will be asked from this time forth till, as Bugs Baer would say, Gabriel toots a celestial rag on his old jazz horn and awakens this world from its recuperative slumbers. Whether or not said answers should coincide with the generally accepted belief of other informed or misinformed persons, as the case might be, or whether the aforementioned answers should adhere to the generally accepted standards of education, or, in more simple and less complicated words, whether said answers should be correct, is in this case an entirely different matter, and we readily infer the same in the case of our revered friend, "The Answer Man." Hence if our dear friend wishes us to enthuse greatly over his superior knowledge and intellectual endowments, we respectfully beg him to make due distinction between the character of his answers, and thus assure us that the answers which he will so kindly render to the many questions hurled at him by his numerous correspondents shall be the real, the true, the genuine and only bona fide answers possible, and not a series of humorously inclined witticisms, to the use of which this rugged pioneer is so fatally addicted.

Now, my dear friend, I would not for one moment have such a highly esteemed personage as yourself mistake the intent of the somewhat scattered words comprising this elaborate epistle, for remember that not for one moment do I doubt your capability as an Answer Man. The best in the world, I readily acclaim you. Now we understand each other. I dont say that you cant answer the questions correctly, but, rather, that you do yourself an injustice when you do not present your claim in the strongest possible form and tell your host of readers that you cannot readily answer any or all questions, but that you can answer them correctly. Just to test you, I have a couple here I would like to have you elaborate on.

Look on separate sheets. Goo'-by.

Yours till the Kaiser gets to heaven,

JOHN S. CRAMER.

Burgettstown, Washington Co., Pa.

STAGE PLAYS THAT ARE WORTH WHILE

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these speaking plays appear in their vicinity.)

By "JUNIUS"

Bijou.—"The Squab Farm." A clever satire on the movies, showing the inside workings of a picture company. Everybody should see this, but not take it seriously, because movie life is not what this play would have us believe.

Eltinge.—"Business Before Pleasure." A roaring farce in Jewish dialect, with the original Abe and Mawruss of "Potash and Perlmutter" fame. These wonderful Jews go into the movie business and certainly make things hum.

Harris.—"Her Country." A wonderful picture of the German mind and home life which everybody should know, but as a drama it will never set the world on fire.

Empire.—"The Off Chance." Ethel Barrymore at her best in a delightful comedy of English society life.

Longacre—"Yes or No." A dandy play that will amuse and delight everybody except the dramatic critics. Very well acted and full of laughs.

Park.—"Seven Days' Leave." Thrilling gripping war melodrama appealing to the army and navy. H. Cooper Cliffe, of photoplay fame, is the head of the Secret Service and does finely, and so do William J. Kelly and Evelyn Varden.

Cort—"Flo-Flo." Glorified burlesque has at last come to Broadway. Sprinkle some catchy music between the gags, add a flashing chorus, season well with bold if not risqué situations, and flavor with dazzling costumes and you have "Flo-Flo" ready to serve.

Playhouse—"The Little Teacher." A charming play, full of human interest, and played by a company every one of which makes a hit. Mary Ryan is superb.

Princess.—"Oh, Lady! Lady!!" Manhattan's latest chic musical-comedy, presented at the home of smart successes. Daintiness, wit, a well-balanced, all-star cast and catchy music are the outstanding charm of this offering intime.

Belasco—"Polly With a Past." A capital farce-comedy that will delight everybody. The biggest hit of the season.

Century.—"Chu Chin Chow." A light-opera spectacle that charms the ear and dazzles the eye with its entrancing music and wonderful scenic effects. The best of its kind that has yet hit New York.

Cohan & Harris—"A Tailor-Made Man." An altogether captivating comedy full of laughs, built around a young tailor who became great thru reading the book of an unsuccessful author and who then hires the latter to work for him.

Morosco—"Lombardi, Ltd." An amusing comedy starring Leo Carillo, who is great. A clever play, cleverly acted.

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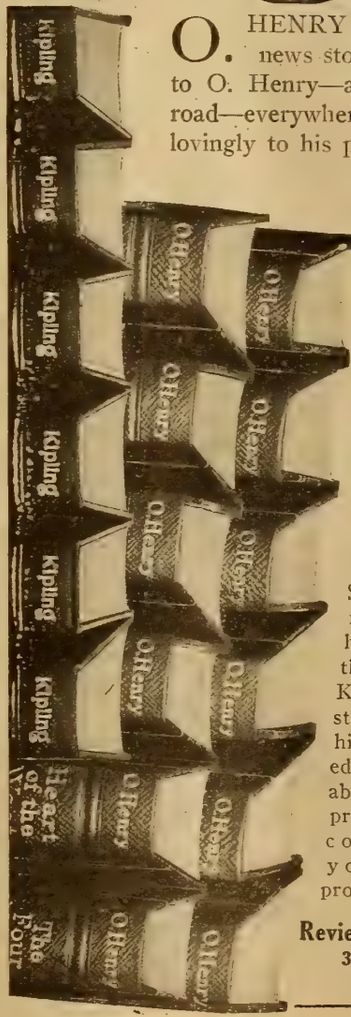
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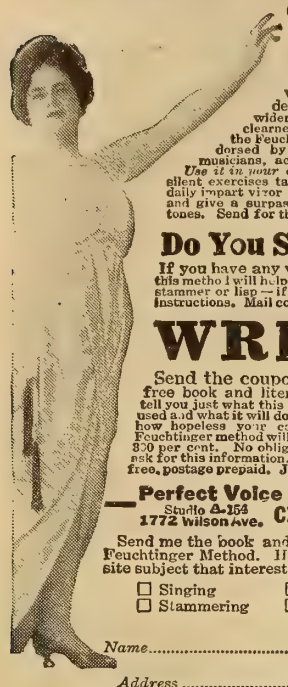
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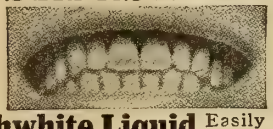
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The Exhibitors' Verdict

What the Picture Theater Managers Say of the Plays and Players

Does a play draw the crowds? Does it please the public? These are vital questions to determine a play's success or failure, and the exhibitor is the only person who can answer them impartially.

So thru the courtesy of *Motography*, a leading trade journal which makes weekly canvasses of exhibitors and publishes the results in a department called "What the Picture Did for Me," we are enabled to give our readers this interesting inside information.

ARTCRAFT

Headin' South, with Douglas Fairbanks —"A sure money-getter. Douglas performs some great stunts in this, but the local censor board cut it somewhat, I'm sorry to say."—Castle Theater, Chicago.

Stella Maris, with Mary Pickford—"A very good picture, Mary's best. Exceptionally good business, and every one was satisfied."—Lake Shore Theater, Chicago.

Seven Keys to Baldpate, with George M. Cohan—"A good picture to poor business. Neither star nor story was known here."—Lyceum Theater, Spring City, Utah.

Down to Earth, with Douglas Fairbanks —"A good picture, but not so good as *A Modern Musketeer* or *Wild and Woolly.* Always good business with Fairbanks.—Lyceum Theater, Spring City, Utah.

Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, with Mary Pickford—"Best Pickford picture yet. Did good business."—Elite Theater, Mt. Pleasant, Utah.

Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, with Mary Pickford—"A wonderful picture. Star, directing and all details perfect. Let us have more like it. Business big."—Dreamland Theater, Chester, S. C.

Blue Blazes Rawden, with W. S. Hart —"An excellent production and big business."—Columbia Theater, Provo, Utah.

The Silent Man, with W. S. Hart—"Drew well and some called it his best so far."—Gayety Theater, Payson, Utah.

Reaching for the Moon, with Douglas Fairbanks—"Poorest picture Doug was ever in. Not very good business."—Elite Theater, Mt. Pleasant, Utah.

The Narrow Trail, with W. S. Hart—"Star well liked. Played to capacity business for two days."—Lyric Theater, Alpena, Mich.

BLUEBIRD

Mother o' Mine, with Ruby Lafayette —"I put this on as a Sunday offering. A heart-interest story that brought tears and laughter. Play it and you will make good."—Star Theater, Viroqua, Wis.

Mother o' Mine, with Ruby Lafayette —"One of those 100 per cent pictures. You cannot boost it too strong."—Mystic Theater, Harrison, Ohio.

Treason, with Lois Wilson—"Fine. Patrons well pleased. Prints in good condition. Bluebird always pleases here."—Wonderland Theater, Buckeye, O.

Southern Justice, with Myrtle Gonzalez —"Very good. Prints were a little poor One reel had no title or leader."—Wonderland Theater, Buckeye, O.

FOX

The Conqueror, with William Farnum —"A great picture. Pleased every one. The reels were in fine condition."—Gem Theater, Grant City, Mo.

The Conqueror, with William Farnum —"A remarkable picture. All patrons pleased."—Pergola Theater, Allentown, Pa.

The Conqueror, with William Farnum —"A wonderful picture. Farnum is still our biggest drawing card. Great business."—Lyric Theater, Alpena, Mich.

When a Man Sees Red, with William Farnum—"A very good money-getter."—Pergola Theater, Allentown, Pa.

The Honor System, with Milton Sills—"This has everything that makes a big picture."—Pergola Theater, Allentown, Pa.

The Painted Madonna, with Sonia Markova—"Star drew well for a first appearance in town. We look for capacity houses on her next appearance."—Lyric Theater, Alpena, Mich.

The Painted Madonna, with Sonia Markova—"A new star in an average play. Star is not known here and my people didn't seem to like her."—Dreamland Theater, Chester, S. C.

The Pride of New York, with George Walsh—"Great. This pleased well. Walsh is well liked here."—Gayety Theater, Payson, Utah.

This Is the Life, with George Walsh—"Best Walsh picture we've had so far. Business great. Walsh always draws a big crowd."—Lyric Theater, Alpena, Mich.

The House of Terrible Scandals (Fox Comedy)—"Kept them laughing all the time. It's great."—Gayety Theater, Payson, Utah.

The Kingdom of Love, with Jewel Carmen—"Small crowd, but those who saw it said it was great."—Gayety Theater, Payson, Utah.

A Bath-house Tangle (Fox Comedy)—"Poor. Not so good as the last one."—Gayety Theater, Payson, Utah.

Cupid's Round-up, with Tom Mix—"My people went wild about this picture and say give us some more just like it."—Elite Theater, Mt Pleasant, Utah.

Shadows of Her Past (Fox Comedy)—"A good two-reel comedy with many laughs. Up to the standard of the Fox comedies."—Garfield Theater, 2844 Madison Street, Chicago.

GENERAL

The Defeat of the City (O. Henry story)—"A delightful O. Henry story that brought applause at the finish. We want more real pictures like this. Went big here. Personally I was delighted with it."—Star Theater, Viroqua, Wis.

Blind Man's Holiday (O. Henry story) —"A clean, wholesome play that appeals to the better class of patrons. It is in four reels and excels many five-reelers." —Star Theater, Viroqua, Wis.

GOLDWYN

The Manxman—"Packed houses for two nights in opposition to a free entertainment."—Lyric Theater, Alpena, Mich.

Fields of Honor, with Mae Marsh—"Goldwyn pictures always draw packed houses for me. Film in good condition." —Lyric Theater, Alpena, Mich.

The Spreading Dawn, with Jane Cowl —"A fine picture. Plenty of action."—Mystic Theater, Harrison, Ohio.

Polly of the Circus, with Mae Marsh—"Nothing but praise were the comments as people left the show. Played at advanced prices."—Mystic Theater, Harrison, Ohio.

KLEINE

Men of the Desert, with Jack Gardner (Essanay)—"A tip-top Western picture. Surely pleased. Kleine service is always good."—Star Theater, Viroqua, Wis.

Sadie Goes to Heaven, with Mary McAlister (Essanay)—"The star is the greatest child actress today. All her features are immense."—Pergola Theater, Allentown, Pa.

The Dream Doll (Essanay-Perfection) —"Not much to it. Pleased the kids. Business fair."—Idle Hour Theater, Charleston, Miss.

METRO

Daybreak, with Emily Stevens—"A picture that went over fine. This star never fails to register at all points."—Dreamland Theater, Chester, S. C.

The Slacker, with Emily Stevens—"A very good picture, but I was given a very bad copy, with altogether too much cutting. Just fair business in a storm."—Lyceum Theater, Spring City, Utah.

Blue Jeans, with Viola Dana—"A good picture, but scarcely worth the high rentals asked."—Lyceum Theater, Spring City, Utah.

The Weaver of Dreams, with Viola Dana—"A good drawing card and box-office picture. Has a sad ending, but will be satisfactory to those who like good love stories."—Garfield Theater, 2844 Madison Street, Chicago.

MUTUAL

The Girl Angle, with Anita King—"A very good picture that pleased all who saw it. Business well above the average. Film in poor condition."—Bijou Theater, Alpena, Mich.

The Runaway, with Julia Sanderson—"Bright and snappy. A good story, well acted and seasoned with a little comedy." —Grand Theater, Marion, N. C.

Outcast, with Ann Murdock (Empire-Mutual)—"Not a desirable picture for a small town. Rôles are well acted, but the story paints immorality in too happy a vein."—Grand Theater, Marion, N. C.

The Calendar Girl, with Juliette Day (American-Mutual)—"Film in fair condition. A good picture to very good business."—Bijou Theater, Alpena, Mich.

PARAMOUNT

His Father's Son, with Charles Ray—"Packed houses afternoon and night with strong opposition."—Lyric Theater, Alpena, Mich.

The Ghost House, with Jack Pickford —"Star always draws packed houses and is well liked by young people." —Lyric Theater, Alpena, Mich.



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The Seven Swans, with Marguerite Clark—"Wonderful for the kids and very entertaining for the grown-ups. Business good."—Dreamland Theater, Chester, S. C.

The Spirit of '17, with Jack Pickford—"A fair picture. Pleased some and not others."—Gayety Theater, Payson, Utah.

Love Letters, with Dorothy Dalton—"A good picture to fair business."—Columbia Theater, Provo, Utah.

Hidden Pearls, with Sessue Hayakawa—"A good picture which brought good business."—Columbia Theater, Provo, Utah.

The Thing We Love, with Wallace Reid—"Drew well and was liked by all."—Gayety Theater, Payson, Utah.

Out West, with Roscoe Arbuckle—"About the best Arbuckle comedy to date. Business big. Many stayed for the second show."—Star Theater, Viroqua, Wis.

Eve's Daughter, with Billie Burke—"A very pleasing picture. Billie Burke's best. Satisfies every one."—Castle Theater, Chicago.

Nan of Music Mountain, with Wallace Reid—"A very pleasing picture which played to a pretty fair audience."—Lake Shore Theater, Chicago.

The World for Sale (Blackton-Paramount)—"A good picture, but it didn't draw."—Lake Shore Theater, Chicago.

The Hired Man, with Charles Ray—"A very good picture. Star very popular. Exceptionally good business."—Lake Shore Theater, Chicago.

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The Tanks at the Battle of Ancre—"A big-money-getter."—Pergola Theater, Allentown, Pa.

Luke, the Mechanic, with Harold Lloyd (Pathé Comedy)—"Luke is always good, but this is one of those especially good ones."—Mystic Theater, Harrison, Ohio.

Innocent, with Fannie Ward—"As good a picture as this star has made, with the exception of *The Cheat.* Story is interesting and keeps you guessing. The star wears an attractive wardrobe."—Garfield Theater, 2844 Madison Street, Chicago.

SELECT

The Marionettes, with Clara Kimball Young—"A pretty good picture which pleased those who saw it, but did not draw very well."—Lake Shore Theater, Chicago.

The Marionettes, with Clara Kimball Young—"A good picture, well directed and with rich settings. As a box-office attraction it is not so good. Many did not understand the title till they had seen the picture."—Garfield Theater, 2844 Madison Street, Chicago.

Over There, with Charles Richman—"Went big on a repeat run, due to boosting it. Mention in your billing that this is a picturization of George M. Cohan's 'Over There' song. Also, if you are a

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TRIANGLE

Back of the Man, with Charles Ray and Dorothy Dalton—"Good; pleased every one."—Star Theater, Viroqua, Wis.

The Americano, with Douglas Fairbanks—"One that is hard to beat. I consider it equal to any other Fairbanks picture."—Star Theater, Viroqua, Wis.

Time Locks and Diamonds, with William Desmond—"Has been a good picture, but the film is in bad condition now."—Grand Theater, Marion, N. C.

A Strange Transgressor, with Louise Glaum—"Poor theme and a highly improbable story. Morbid."—Grand Theater, Marion, N. C.

The Sawdust Ring, with Bessie Love—"A great picture. I have been requested to repeat it. Harold Goodwin should share honors with Bessie."—Mystic Theater, Harrison, Ohio.

The Medicine Man, with Roy Stewart—"Film in good condition. Business extra good. Try giving out some complimentary tickets for this picture, to admirers of W. S. Hart. See them come again and bring their friends."—Bijou Theater, Alpena, Mich.

The Larnin' of Jim Benton, with Roy Stewart—"A very good Western and gave us good business."—Columbia Theater, Provo, Utah.

Flirting with Fate, with Douglas Fairbanks—"Second time we played this and we doubled our receipts over the first time."—Columbia Theater, Provo, Utah.

The Girl Glory, with Enid Bennett—"The star was new here, but seemed to please."—Gayety Theater, Payson, Utah.

The Sawdust Ring, with Bessie Love—"A good picture, but the film was in bad condition."—Grand Theater, Marion, N. C.

The Mother Instinct, with Enid Bennett—"If your patrons enjoy woodcraft pictures, this one is O. K."—Grand Theater, Marion, N. C.

The Ship of Doom, with Claire McDowell—"Opened to a good house, but did not please.—Idle Hour Theater, Charleston, Miss.

Fanatics, with J. Barney Sherry—"A poor offering."—Idle Hour Theater, Charleston, Miss.

UNIVERSAL

On To Victory—"One-reel picture showing the *Tuscania* leaving port. Mostly patriotic stuff made from weekly news, but it drew good business."—Star Theater, Viroqua, Wis.

VITAGRAPH

The Woman Between Friends, with Alice Joyce—"A very good picture. Business good. Alice Joyce has a very suitable rôle."—Zelda Theater, Duluth, Minn.

Within the Law, with Alice Joyce—"Exceptionally good. A big box-office attraction."—Pergola Theater, Allentown, Pa.

The Wild Strain, with Nell Shipman—"A pretty good picture. Satisfied every one."—Lake Shore Theater, Chicago.

WORLD

His Royal Highness, with Carlyle Blackwell—"A good picture which drew good business and satisfied every one."—Lake Shore Theater, Chicago.

Betsy Ross, with Alice Brady—"A good production, but not a puller."—Pergola Theater, Allentown, Pa.

Her Hour, with Kitty Gordon—"A good picture, but very suggestive. Star too old for the part."—Dreamland Theater, Chester, S. C.

Her Maternal Right, with Kitty Gordon—"Picture very good. Photography poor. Star and business average."—Dreamland Theater, Chester, S. C.

The Spurs of Sybil, with Alice Brady—"Average attraction. Title did not help it to draw. We had expected to do big with it."—Garfield Theater, 2844 Madison Street, Chicago.

SERIALS AND SERIES

The Fighting Trail, with William Duncan (Vitagraph—)"Absolutely the best of its kind I ever played. Punch and action are its middle names."—Dreamland Theater, Chester, S. C.

The Fighting Trail, with William Duncan (Vitagraph)—"I held off on playing any serial as attendance had fallen off in the past, but this seems to hold the patronage."—Star Theater, Viroqua, Wis.

The Fighting Trail, with William Duncan (Vitagraph)—"Some serial. Picking up every week."—Elite Theater, Mt. Pleasant, Utah.

The Red Ace, with Marie Walcamp (Universal)—"Episode 10. Best serial I ever ran. It surely gets them coming our way. Prints always A-1."—Wonderland Theater, Buckeye, O.

The Red Ace, with Marie Walcamp (Universal)—"Good and getting better. They always come to see the next episode. Capacity business."—Bijou Theater, Alpena, Mich.

The Price of Folly, with Ruth Roland (Pathé Series, No. 1)—"This first number is a good dramatic story, well and truthfully told."—Dreamland Theater, Chester, S. C.

STATE RIGHTS AND SPECIALS

The City of Purple Dreams, with Thomas Santschi (Selig)—"Six reels. Action needs a little speeding up. Not a big feature, but an average program picture. Scene of the story laid in Chicago. Good cast. Title poor."—Garfield Theater, 2844 Madison Street, Chicago.

Redemption, with Evelyn Nesbit (State Rights)—"Has a very good moral. A big money-getter."—Pergola Theater, Allentown, Pa.

War Pictures, controlled by C. W. Schnieder—"This is poor. He advertises 5,000 feet of real action and all he has is about one reel of rear guard maneuvers. My patrons left before the show was over."—Wonderland Theater, Buckeye, O.

The Deemster, with Derwent Hall Caine (State Rights)—"A very good picture, but has no pulling power. The public doesn't seem to appreciate pictures of this sort. Personally I think they are immense."—Pergola Theater, Allentown, Pa.

The Deemster, with Derwent Hall Caine (State Rights)—"No drawing power. Business very poor."—Elite Theater, Mt. Pleasant, Utah.

The Public Defender, with Frank Keenan (State Rights)—"Six reels. Supporting cast includes Robert Edeson and Alma Hanlon. A good picture. As a box-office attraction, it is fairly good. Rental reasonable."—Garfield Theater, Chicago.

The Mad Lover, with Robert Warwick (State Rights)—"A good box-office title. Story ends as a dream. An average program picture at regular admission prices. Elaine Hammerstein is in the supporting cast. Renting reasonable for a week-day showing."—Garfield Theater, Chicago.



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Letters from the Front

Two letters from soldier-boy admirers of Ruth Roland, just to prove how much joy the players bring to the boys, be they enthusiastic French lads or gritty Americans.

Fougères, France, September 17, 1917.

DEAR MISS RUTH ROLAND—This letter comes from France, and you have never heard of me before, but please listen and you will understand why I am writing to you. I will try to be brief, as I know you receive many other letters every day from all over the world and are very busy. It is a great honor for me to write to such a great star like you, so my hand trembles, but my pleasure is immense.

Now I come to the object of this letter. I am a French soldier in the trenches at the front, and a friend of mine, Lolita White, living in New York City, sent me your photograph that you had sent to her previously in response to the letter printed in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE (September number). I received it last week at the front, a few days before I went home on leave. I am at home now and will return to the trenches soon.

Can you imagine how glad I was when I received this beautiful photograph of the great star that I love and admire so much? No, you cannot imagine my happiness and pleasure. You are my favorite player, and, as my friend wrote in her letter to the Editor of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, I simply adore you, and many of my comrades here do the same.

We have seen you in many photoplays, especially in "The Red Circle," and we have not missed one episode of this interesting serial, I assure you. You are our friend and we love you because you make us forget our numerous hardships during many sweet hours that we will always remember. But alas! we dream of our dear Ruth every day, and it is very long now since we saw her on the screen. We suffered not to see our idol, our queen of the movies, we missed you and we wanted your photograph. It has come at last, and we are happy again, very happy, as we have never been before. In our "dug-out" we will give it a place of honor, and when the war is over (if I ever return from it), I will bring it home and give it the best place in my room. I will always keep this priceless souvenir with my most cherished ones, believe me. Many thanks, thousands of thanks, for the wishes you were kind enough to write upon this picture. May God hearken to them!

May I ask you to send me a little letter, or a card, three or four lines only, to join to this photo? But, altho I would be very pleased, remember that I will not give you any trouble and make you lose your precious time, so if you cannot, dont write. I hope it will be the contrary.

I would like to tell you, dear Miss Roland, all that I have in my heart, but I cannot, because I know English very little and it is very difficult for me to write it. So I must close now and thank you again and again for your kindness.

Trusting this letter will find you (I would like to follow it to sunny California!) in the best of health, I am sending you my best greetings from France and I remain your very sincere friend, admirer and ally,

J. JOUSSET.

As many letters are lost before they reach the trenches, and as I dont want to lose yours, please write to the following address, and mother will send me a copy of it: Jean Jousset, 3 Rue Joly, Fougères, France.

Camp, February 20, 1918.

DEAR SIS—Nothing ceremonious about that salutation, is there? Received your exceedingly interesting and thrice welcome letter some time ago, but, as usual, am about a decade behind in answering it.

As you may be able to deduce from the highly artistic (?) crest adorning this page, I'm "in" again. Nothing serious, tho; I'm not even sick this time. Being out in the wet quite a bit, combined with the abominable climate in general down here has played havoc with a pair of lungs that never were any too strong in the first place, and I'm back over here at the base for recuperation purposes.

We're having swell weather now, but this winter would have driven Noah to the woods. The beauty of it is, whenever it rains down in this delightful country a short cold spell always follows. Not a real, honest-to-goodness Northern cold (the ground is rarely frozen), but a chilly, raw cold that is keenly felt by tent-livers, even tho they be (supposedly) hardened soldiers of the U. S. A.

Have landed in a different ward this trip, Ward 13, popularly known thruout the hospital as the "T. B. Hotel" and the "Discharge Ward." Not that every one in the ward is a victim of the Great White Plague, but a fair proportion have contracted it or are threatened. The reason for the second two names is the fact that only about one man in ten ever leaves the ward to go back to his organization. The other nine receive honorable discharges from the service. Three of them left for Ohio today.

I'm sincerely hoping that I may be the one of the ten and go back to the battery after a week or so, but, just between you and myself, I doubt it. The doctor will tell me nothing, so all I can do is just lie around and wait. It sure would hurt to be sent back home, to leave all the fellows, to be out of uniform. Oh, well, maybe I'll get well enough to go back to the battery, after all. Here's hoping!

They're doing their spring plowing down here now, while they're still cleaning snow off the sidewalks back in Ohio. All the work is done by negroes, women and children working as well as the men. It is a common sight hereabouts to see boys and girls of ten years and up out in the fields plowing, hoeing, etc., while the "old man" sprawls comfortably in some sunny corner, lazily bossing the job between naps. I have even seen husky negro women, with bulging biceps and gleaming teeth (sounds somewhat like a hectic description of some wild animal, doesn't it?), working side by side with the men, using axe and saw in the Government pine forests near the camp. Pines are everywhere down here. There are genuine pine forests within a few miles of the camp. By "genuine" I mean *real* woods, not mere parks, miles upon miles of trackless forest, impenetrable swamps, dense thickets where the sun never shines. This store of wood is invaluable to the camp, being used almost exclusively for fuel, and, to a large extent, for lumber.

Take him all the way around, the Alabama negro is absolutely the laziest human being on the planet. Compared to him the maligned Turk is a veritable Edison of energy. His idea of the Perfect Job is one in which almost constant application to the seat of a chair is required. I think his vision of Paradise could be confined to a canvas stool, a couple of vile cheroots and a jug of dynamite, popularly

known as moonshine liquor. (By the way, the latter sure deserves the name of dynamite. A couple of Ohio inebriates tested the properties of a pint of it one night. It was a close call for several weeks, and the doctor says they never will be quite the same men again. The negroes seem to thrive on it, however.) The Alabama black's walk in itself is a work of art, a long, slouching sprawl, in which not a movement is lost and not a single unnecessary (that word sure is lavish with the alphabet) effort is made. This unique mode of locomotion is known as the famous "Alabama stride." It is noticed that Northern visitors acquire it in a remarkably short time. I know we did when we first came down last October.

Got hold of a bunch of movie magazines the other night, but couldn't get any hint of the wonderful plans being formulated for you. Wish you all the success in the world, of course. *Write*, and please oblige with a snapshot or two. They would be appreciated beyond measure.

Address is still Battery A, 136th F. A., Camp Sheridan, Alabama.

Yours truly,
H. K. WELLS.

BOOK REVIEWS

"Film Folk: Close-Ups of the Men, Women and Children Who Make the Movies," by Rob Wagner.

This book is a sort of Los Angeles Canterbury Tales wherein appear the stories, told in the first person, of the handsome film actor whose beauty is fatal to his comfort; of the child wonder; the studio mother; the camera-man, who "shoots the films"; the scenario writer; the "extra" man and woman, whose numbers are as the sands of the sea; the publicity man, who "rings the bells," etc., etc.

All the stories are located in or near Los Angeles, a section more densely populated with makers of "movies" than any other section on earth. The author lives there, he has been in sympathetic contact with these votaries of this new art since its beginning, and his statements are entirely trustworthy.

"Film Folk" is not a series of actual biographies of individuals; the author in each case presents an actor, a director or one of the other characters, for the sake of concreteness and to carry out the story-form, and he contrives to set forth in the course of the book the entire movie-making world. The reader gets a clear idea of how the films are made, and he is immensely entertained with the accounts of the manners and customs of the inhabitants of the vast movie villages—manners and customs unique in many respects.

The style is easy, breezy, and swiftly moving. here are thirty-two illustrations from photographs. Date of publication, March 30. Price, $2.00. The Century Co., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

E. H. Sothern likes to tell this little story on himself:

Some workmen were redecorating his private residence. Thinking to give them a treat, he asked if, after work one evening, they would like to go and see him play Hamlet. They said they didn't mind if they did, and were provided with complimentary tickets. All went on a Saturday night to see their employer's performance. At the end of the week, when Mr. Sothern was glancing over the payroll, he noticed this item against each workman's list:

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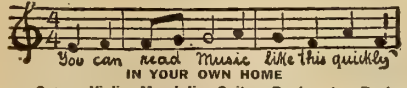


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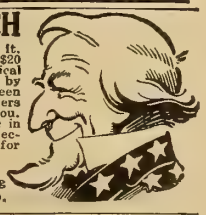
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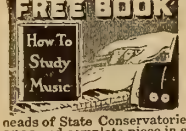
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CANNING THE WIND

A funny story is told about Bob Harron's little brother, who is doing his first Griffith picture. They were all out on location the other day, and surrounded an improvised flag-pole with a drooping flag at the top. Chet Withey, director for Dorothy Gish, said to the lad, "Here, Buddie, run over to the property man and ask him for a can of wind. This flag has got to wave in the breeze; we cant have it flopping sadly like this!" Buddie ran over a big field out to the roadside, where props was guarding things in the truck. Out of breath, he chortled to the astonished property man: "Mr. Withey sent me over for a can of wind. Hurry up about it; they're waiting to shoot this scene!" Props dove down into the wagon to hide his amusement, but rose to the occasion with "Sorry, Bud; it's all my fault, you tell Mr. Withey. I left in such a hurry this morning I forgot to take a single can of wind with me. It's sure too bad, it is."

When Bud came back dejectedly to tell about prop's carelessness, the company went off into gales of merriment, quite sufficient to make the flag flap over them And Buddie wonders still why Miss Gish kist him and said, "Dont you mind them, Buddie," and why Mr. Withey seemed to feel sorry about something and gave him a quarter to buy ice-cream cones when they returned to town.



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Letters to the Editor

Elsie Mae Shepherd, of West Point, Ind., just has to steam up, so here goes:

I simply gotta write to some one, or explode, and as I have seen only sixteen summers and winters, and I have never been blind, either, I am in no state of mind to allow my youthful career (?) to be nipped in the bud by such an occurrence.

The first thing I am going to let off steam on is Miss Theda Bara. She is my favorite by a wider margin than ever struck Wall Street, and whenever I hear any one speaking lightly of her, or giving her the "rub," it affects me in much the same manner a cat is affected when her fur is rubbed the wrong way. She is a REAL woman and a sincere actress. I dont care whether she was born in our good old U. S. or in Jericho. Indeed, we should be proud to know that she is one of our people.

Miss Curtis Pierce is the next on the list. Give me your mitts, Curtis. You're the best thing that has ever hit the "Letters to the Editor" column. Every time you open your mouth, or pick up a pen, you say or write something.

Now, Curtis, you were not the only one that saw "Purity." I got a squint at that effort myself. Thomas Finnerty is right there when he says that is the "only face Audrey Munson ever had and ever will have," and the good Lord knows she does not need any more like it.

Kitty Gordon is another I am right there for. Altho I have seen her but a few times, she has become one of my favorites. Give her the right kind of plays and she is going to make people sit up and take notice.

When it comes to the laugh-getters, Chaplin has got the others looking like preachers at a funeral. Some one said his face was expressionless. That man can show his expressions as no one else can.

I know nothing about Mary Miles Minter, and do not care enough about her to look up her age. She is not of the type that I admire. But dont worry. She will be getting married some day, then watch her 'fess up.

Once and for all, let me hand it to the Superb Theda, and Witty Curtis.

Hope I will be alive when the next issue of the Magazine comes out.

Wilbert G. Eaton, of Las Vegas, Nevada, is going to stir up some answers from among the ladies, or we're mistaken:

Well, here's another nut who is going to do all he can to make the Misses Morton and Bayless stick to their bomb-proofs.

First I want to stick in my word for Mrs. Crawford. I belong to the Bushman Club myself, but have never had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Bushman personally, but Mrs. Crawford is absolutely right about all she says of Bushie. I can positively say that all with whom I have corresponded that HAVE met him were lavish in his praise—not only Mrs. Crawford, but about twenty more of my pen-friends. Mrs. Crawford has stated it better than most of them, however.

Now, as to *facial* expression. The young ladies boast of Wallace Reid. Well, if Wallie has any facial expression I'd like to find it. To me, he seems like a Piute Indian, and the only thing he can do is make love and grimace with those "kissable" lips of his. And dont let those young ladies say a thing more about Kathlyn Williams. Who was it that contributed largely towards the success of "The Spoilers"? Who was the mainstay of "The Ne'er Do Well" and "The Rosary"? KATHLYN WILLIAMS! And, well, when it comes down as far as indigestion, I think the young ladies must be of the John D. Rockefeller class.

Again, I want to say that when it comes to comedy, Charles Chaplin has the rest of the bunch beat a mile, after giving them a head start. I'd liked to have seen Max Linder in such plays as "The Adventurer," "The Vagabond" or "The Floor Walker." It would have been a rank failure. It isn't the slapstick entirely that puts Chaplin's work over—it's the subtle humor and pathos of his characters, and *I'll* say that Chaplin does more real acting than a great many of these be-pompadoured, sport-shirted "kissable-lipped," first-water heroes. I myself would just like to see Chaplin in a drama for once. I think he would make a decided success of it, tho I wouldn't want him to keep it up. We need him in comedy more than we do in anything else. And why doesn't Chaplin go over and stop the German bullets? He doesn't need to. He's doing his bit staying right over here, cheering up and taking the people's mind off the struggle that is going on "Over There" and cheering the soldiers themselves in the training camps and in the Y. M. C. A. theaters in France. If that isn't as much as Max Linder is doing, well—but, when it comes to Billie West, once is enough, and too much. Now for Earle Williams. He and King Baggot are classed by the young ladies as "has-beens." Well, they're not. Far from it. Earle Williams has more followers now than he ever did. Any one that can say he isn't a sterling actor must have a very queer taste for dramatic ability. I suppose Jack Pickford or Paul Willis would be more to their taste—seeing that they are YOUNG, which seems to be the main requirement for a *real* actor. Who could have done "The Christian" better. And King Baggot? Well, any one that had seen "Absinthe" or "The Marble Heart" need have no fear of Baggot's popularity. Of course there isn't one actor or actress on the screen that can stay away for any length of time without losing admirers. Take Anita Stewart, for example. She hasn't been gone very long, BUT you couldn't count on both hands the admirers she's lost. Then there are the Gish Girls and Bobby Harron. They've not been gone very long, nor has Blanche Sweet—but what has happened to their following? All going over to the "steadies," many of them who wouldn't dare take even a short vacation for fear of losing standing with the fans.

But I guess I've said enough to show that I disagree with the young ladies to some extent, altho when it comes to Viola Dana, May Allison, Harold Lockwood, Mae Marsh, Polly Frederick, and Olga Petrova—well, let's shake hands, girls, on that part at least.

We cant all have the same favorites, of course, for then what would become of the other players? But we *must* all stick up for ours, detrimental or not to the others.

And like the girls from Virginia, I'll say the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and the CLASSIC are the best yet, and here's long life to both, and success to OUR favorites in the Hall of Fame.

(*Continued on page* 130)

Eugenia Keleher Responds to Senor Saliva's Criticism of Her Article, "The Movies in Puerto Rico"

Señor Saliva opens his criticism with these words, "If I had been visiting in the States and happened to be in St. Louis during the race riots, would that have been a reason for me to report that in the United States the people live in continual disturbances, that negroes are usually burnt alive and so on? Surely not." I agree with him. Señor Saliva would not be qualified to write upon the people of the United States unless he knew the people of the United States. Neither am I qualified to write upon "The Movies in Puerto Rico" unless I know "The Movies in Puerto Rico." This knowledge is mine. My visit in Puerto Rico lasted from August until the following July, practically a year. During this year I traveled over the entire island, visiting San Juan, Ponce, Cayey, Arecibo, Aibonito, Humacao, Juncos, Bayamon, Manati, Naguabo, Yabucoa, Caguas, etc., etc., cities and towns far too numerous to mention. I have been a guest in the homes and casinos or clubs of the first families of the island. Their unexcelled hospitality shall ever remain a pleasant memory. For these reasons I feel that I know Puerto Rico and her people intimately.

My description of the Moving Picture shows of Puerto Rico is an accurate one of them as they were in 1916, less than two years ago, rather than five or six years ago, as Señor Saliva states. In my opinion, Señor Saliva has been deliberately misleading in his statements. He says, "The majority of the people (in the theater) are whites and not blacks, as is true with the population of the island." Statistics will not uphold his statement in either regard, especially the latter assertion. My original assertion, however, was qualified, reading, "The peons, mostly blacks, sit with their hats on, smoking, talking, laughing, etc."

I quote also, "Naked children are no more common than in the poor districts of the United States." This statement in Señor Saliva's criticism proves him guilty of the sin of which he wrongfully accuses me—that of writing upon a subject which he does not know. Evidently he has never been to the States, but should he come and travel from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Gulf of Mexico to Canada, he would not see one naked child. He may verify this assertion by asking any of his Puerto Rican friends who have been here. On the other hand, a description of the streets of the poorer sections of the small town in Puerto Rico would be absolutely lacking in local color were mention of the naked children omitted.

If there be a law upon the statutes of Puerto Rico forbidding smoking and the keeping on of their hats by men in Moving Picture houses, it was not enforced among the peon spectators up to the last performance I attended.

In conclusion I quote from a letter, written in quaintly attractive English, received from a Puerto Rican friend, upon the subject of my article, thereby proving that Señor Saliva's disapproval of the story is not general: "Received today your Magazine, and was very joyful indeed to see that you have remembered me in such a way. I certainly like your article. Your allusions are just right. Everybody liked it but that part in which you tell about the naked children." (Notice the truth of this is not questioned, and the truth should never offend.)

JULY MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

THE GREAT SCREEN STAR HAS ARRIVED—WE HAVE DISCOVERED HER—NONE CAN COMPARE WITH HER

For years, in fact ever since movies became a recognized fact, our staff of editors has been patiently waiting for the one big screen star—the star who would outshine all others. One night, not long ago, we discovered her. She is beautiful; she is magnetic; she is compelling; she is indeed the very personification of ART itself. This "Wonder Woman" will look at you from the cover of our July Magazine, and you will be enchanted by the sea-blue of her eyes and the dusky sheen of her hair. Inside the Magazine you will find an intimate story about her; she will tell you all about "her devilish ambition." Dont miss the July number—you will want to be one of the first to know the great star.



CHARLIE TRIES TO PARRY THE QUESTIONS OF BOTH OUR INTERVIEWERS

"A DOUBLE EXPOSURE"

Charlie Chaplin has been besieged in his new studio by our Western correspondent, Fritzi Remont, and her energetic comrade, Martha McKelvie. Charlie, the irrepressible, was about all in when they finished with him, as is evidenced by the above picture. In the July Magazine you will find some more equally pathetic pictures. Poor Charlie! Such is the price of fame!

"INTERVIEWING A STAR BEHIND BARS"

is exactly what Herbert Howe did when he went to see Gladys Leslie at the Vitagraph studio. This little girl, with her wonderful smile, has become a fixture in Filmland, and for those of you who wish to know something about her, you will find a delightful story waiting for you in the July Magazine.

"THE DIPLOMATIC DIRECTOR"

This amusing little tale will collect its share of chuckles from the entire household. It is the best story you have read in some time and will keep you in a gale of laughter right down to the very last word. It tells about how a certain well-known director induced a grouchy old millionaire to let his company take pictures on the old gentleman's estate. It took a great deal of tact—but thereon hangs this tale!

"LETTING GEORGE DO IT"

George Fisher fans, step forward! Fritzi Remont has news for you about him in the July Magazine. George's one ambition is to be starred just once on New York's Gay White Way. He wants to read his name in big type in the New York dailies, to play in a drama that will fill the biggest playhouse in town for a year—then he'd be willing to spend the remainder of his days in movies.

"I Dont See How They Do It" will let you in on some of the director's screen secrets. "The Quest of the Holy Yale" is a very humorous tale of a "QUIET" Sunday morning on the Lasky lot. Madame Petrova has written some exquisite East Indian love lyrics and H. H. Van Loan, sponsor for Mr. Biggs, has sent us in a great story which he calls "Aside from the Hula." You will want to take the July Magazine with you when you go on your vacation. Better order now so you wont forget it in the excitement of getting ready.

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Movie Dictionary

COMPILED BY "THE PHOTOPLAY PHILOSOPHER" WHILE VIEWING AND REVIEWING THE MOVIES FOR THE LAST SEVEN YEARS AND JOTTED DOWN IN HIS NOTEBOOK. THE MORAL (AND IMMORAL) LESSONS HE HAS LEARNT FROM THE STAGE AND SCREEN AND FROM THE VARIOUS LOBBIES AND AUDIENCES ARE HERE GIVEN FOR THE FIRST TIME, AND THEY WILL BE CONTINUED EVERY MONTH.

Attention—A cheap but precious commodity, greatly in demand by speakers, commanders, plants, dogs, mothers, wives, sweethearts and movie players. Very rare in theaters where films are shown that feature stars rather than stories, unless the stars are of the first magnitude.

Babies—The coupons on the bonds of matrimony. An expensive, useless luxury—unless they are "cute" enough to get in the pictures.

Crank—The other fellow. One who differs with us in praise of some players and condemnation of others.

Dentist—A pleasant person who works upon the teeth of others in order to obtain work for his own. Never seen in films except in slapstick comedies.

Efficiency—The conqueror of conquerors. A word monopolized and patented by the Huns. A rare virtue among certain players who have been in pictures long enough to know better.

Fate—The friend of the good, the guide of the wise, the tyrant of the foolish, the enemy of the bad. A clever device invented by scenario writers to account for impossible situations.

Greatness—The ability to select a good press-agent.

Housekeeping—An ancient occupation to which woman was once addicted before she learnt her rights. Now practiced only in the films and in small country towns.

Influence—An excellent substitute for efficiency. A good fairy that has made many poor actors great.

Jealousy—A small sentiment which seeks the light, but which condemns itself when it finds it. Never found in the breasts of stars who are outplayed by one of their support.

Knocking—Expressing uncomplimentary opinions. An incurable disease with which all critics are afflicted—they see the fly on the barn door, but not the door. Antonym, **Boosting**; now obsolete except among publicity men.

Kultur—The art of murder in disguise.

Lobster—The edible variety is found off the coast of Maine, in New York Bay and on the Great Blight Way, N. Y. City. The two-legged species is found everywhere. All kinds are green, but when "done," turn a bright red. Some of our screen-girls are dependent on both varieties, for they furnish them with food, furs, cars, flats, diamonds, and occasionally indigestion.

Marriage—A medicine that acts differently on different people: it cures those who love too little and those who love too much. The central point around which all screen plots revolve.

North Pole—A popular summer resort, warranted cool and exclusive.

Nude—See Annette.

Oblivion—The vapor of fame. (For further particulars the reader is respectfully referred to Mary Fuller, Maurice Costello, Florence Lawrence and others.)

Prudery—Coquetry gone to seed. A disease prevalent in legislative bodies and "I am better than thou" societies Cause, a narrow vision; effect, various boards of censorship.

Quality—A virtue in pictures that is too often missing.

Quantity—A vice in pictures that is never missing.

Revelation—The photodrama in which Nazimova gave us a real revelation.

Sympathy—That which we all love to receive, but often withhold from giving. The corner-stone of all dramas, but absent in all comedies.

Taxicab—A public conveyance with a gas-meter attachment that registers miles for feet. Hence, only photo stars can afford to use them.

Triangle—Two women and a man, or two men and a woman, who are constantly trying to reduce their number by one. In marriage one and one make one; in divorce, one from one leaves two; in the triangle, one and two make a much overworked theme for a photodrama

Universal—Of or pertaining to the universe, such as the Universal Film Company, whose films are shown everywhere in the universe except Mars, Venus, Saturn, and a few places on the Earth where lurid melodramas are taboo. See Has Been.

Vamp—See Valeska.

Wits—Lamps that exhaust themselves in giving light to others. Example: our modern comedy-writers, whose arc-light antics cant hold a candle to the natural-born humorists of twenty years ago.

When the World and I Were New

By MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

Once I was a cowboy
And liked to ride the range;
Rounding up the cattle was a common sort of chore.
But now I sit and tinker
With a typewriter's white keys,
And take the firm's dictation
As meekly as you please,
And never smell the sagebrush any more.

And that is why I spend a dime and lonely evenings go
To see the quirts and saddles in a Motion Picture show;
To see the cowboys riding in the way I used to do
When the dew was on the sagebrush and the world
and I were new.

Once I was a Westerner, and knew the Rockies' moods,
Away above the timber-line I fished in unknown streams,
And far from any town or mine
I had a little shack,
Made of logs and hidden
In the spruce and tamarack,
Built for me, my pipe and dog and dreams.

And that is why I sit and
Watch the canyons and the peaks
Here in the darkened theater,
And waterfalls and creeks;
I see an old log shanty, and a hill trail, and I feel—
I dont know why—a little more like living, every reel.

Once I had a sweetheart,
And we whispered at her gate,
A-laughing in the springtime, in the way that lovers
know;
I live now in a hallroom
In a brownstone tenement,
Alone, and tired, and crusty,
And hopeless, and content—
And all these things were very long ago.

But that is why I come here after office work is done,
To see two movie sweethearts play the game that's never won,
And laugh and kiss and linger in the way we used to do,
When the trees were white with moonlight and the world
and I were new.

Camouflage Puzzle

By HARRY J. SMALLEY

The word "camouflage" is, doubtless, familiar to all readers these war-times. It means the art of rendering ground objects invisible to the enemy's aeroplanes. In the following incoherent verse are hidden the letters that compose the surnames of many Motion Picture actors and actresses. Can you find them? The person who finds the most, and tells us where he or she found them, in the neatest manner, will receive a $5.00 bill. Other successful contestants will receive suitable prizes, if their work warrants it. Address "Camouflage Editor, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y."

There was no sill above the door but hay
around there flowed,
Edge-volumed sighs ignoble came, a Mex.
of Tex. I owed.
"Ah! fan a draft!" said I, "O'Neil, and
I draw thru the raw."
Rah! One Roman won six-hundred
games! Great! Rah! Rah! Maw! Maw!
Lo! Table La Hote will soon be spread—
Anna be busy aid,
Extra-wet sponges fried tonight; "Grub!"
Miss Anna neighed!
"For Nero O'Malley!" said I, "no wise
D.R. of rote,"
And I favor tepid bacon, Nelly, from an
Arab oat!"
"Right!" that is the way of trek-law;
roughs law I know, and late,
Run trek-rubber across the veldt to de-
velop law you ate!"
A Church's ramifications needs pianos
red? Nay! Nay!
Red pianos a musician could never sweet
display!
Five pianos I damaged then; a call less
urgent pealed,
And, Sam, Oh! tell us, La Salle wop;
what melts a checkered eeled?
Red, shall I die Roberts a white? He's
been a very trend,
Now kiss 'em—Lo! he hollers: "Not
Lima, honesty's at end!"
Unless you spell it "Boteny," a bad mis-
take you rave!
My own socks knit, do I? Nix! Nit!
Ram's wool is hard to shave!

At Golden Twilight's Fall

By OSCAR H. ROESNER

O memories that surge and sing
And down the heart's high farways wing,
O winds beyond the sunsets blowing,
O thoughts of youth forever going
To some adventure great and high,
To far-off realm and alien sky,
O youth a-gleam with glowing faith
That builds and conquers on mere wraith!
You one and all come back to me
With all your loved intensity,
When at the golden twilight's fall
I seek a Motion Picture hall.
Then flee the day's turmoil and pain,
The sacrifices made in vain,
The old regrets, the world's annoy,
And in their place come love and joy,
Clear sunshine and the April flowers,
The rearing of high dream-hued towers,
The power to do, the faith to dare
And rise triumphant o'er despair—
Yea, memories surge and wild winds wing
With purple thoughts of youth that sing
Of fair untrammeled dreams and far
Beyond the sunset and the star—
When at the golden twilight's fall
I see the movies in some hall.

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RUTH ROLAND, Well-known screen star, says:
"I have found Princess Tokio Preparation invaluable for preserving that smoothness of the skin which is essential in moving pictures. They keep mine as smooth as a baby's and I heartily recommend them."

Lovely **DORIS MITCHEL writes:**
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De Only White Gen'lman dat Ever Kep' his Promise

HE seemed just a small, ragged boy, with a mischievous eye—but to Jim—Jim, the loyal—the adoring—that little white boy was a god—to be adored—to be cherished.

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We watched for his great white head in the crowds—we hung on his every word—we smiled, ready to laugh at his every word. But now he is gone—we love him—yes—he's still the familiar friend—but he has joined the immortals. More than Whitman—than Longfellow—than Poe or Hawthorne or Irving—he stands for America—with the great of the earth—the Homer of this land—a prince of men—a king among dreamers—a child among children.

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A Silhouette and a Time Exposure

By FRITZI REMONT

PETROVA'S style one must admire—her frocks are always chic, *fin de siècle* her attire; but still, I have a *kick*. I love to see that dame emote; to watch her glowing orbs; her corsetière has got my goat; her play my mind absorbs. And *yet*, my restless eye roves on, for I shall surely see (tho many films have come and gone) that same old wrist-watch—*Gee!*

She wears it as a dago goil; her arm is never bare—for even in a ballroom whirl that ticker's ticking there. Her fiancé would plant a kiss upon her ruby lips; she turns her cheek, with eyes a-slant upon her finger-tips. He counts the seconds one by each, his mouth glued to her hand. My Gahd! this acting like a leech must take a fellow's sand.

Or when Friend Husband's going out, she'll rest her plaintive gaze (commingled with her sudden pout) right where that timepiece stays. At breakfast-time a peignoir flows all round her classic shape—but you can *bet*, she always shows the ticker on its tape. I've watched her in a rural scene, a bucket by her side; when up against that cow she'd lean, her wrist-watch mussed its hide.

As organ-grinder's daughter, she will play the tambourine, or prance about in childish glee—but *just you watch the screen!* For smiles may flit and tears may flow, strong passion shake her dome, on this sure bet I'll place my dough, her wrist-watch ne'er stays home!







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What the Movies Are Doing for Men in Prisons

By J. J. J.

The Motion Picture industry, from any angle one might care to view it, has made greater progress during the past fifteen years than any other business in the world, with the possible exception of the automobile industry.

Figuratively speaking, every avenue, alley, jungle and plain on the face of this old earth has been affected by the movies—and beneficially so, too.

It is indeed a poor, scrawny, God-forsaken hamlet that hasn't its Idle Hour or Bijou, or both, where patrons of cheap but popular and elevating amusement may go to while away an hour or two. It would indeed be a difficult search for a village such as the one mentioned above and it would prove equally as difficult to locate a prison where they haven't a movie show at least twice a week.

There was a time not long since when it would have been considered a positive sign of insanity for an inmate to have even dared "think" of a movie within the prison walls. Times have changed, however, for today, with a few possible exceptions, every prison in this country has its movie outfit. One might just as well picture a prison with swinging doors in its walls as to imagine a prison minus its chief source of amusement, the movies.

The writer recalls quite vividly the occasion of the first picture show in the prison where he is unfortunately sojourning. A certain old "lifer," who had been out of the prison just once in nineteen years, and who on that occasion mistook a discarded hay-rake lying by the side of a country pike for a wrecked aeroplane, sat in the center aisle of the chapel, well down in front. The first scene flashed was a woodland path along which a young fellow and his sweetheart were strolling. Awe-stricken, the old "lifer" viewed the scene several seconds; then, leaping to his feet, he shouted, at the very top of his voice: "Good God! it's alive!"

The above illustration applies to about one-third of the men in the prison at that time, which was three and one-half years ago. Since then hundreds and hundreds of plays have been shown. Some of the very best films manufactured have been flashed on the prison screen, including "The Honor System" and "Mothers of France," scenes from both of which earned rounds and rounds of applause from the truly appreciative screen-viewers.

Never in all my life have I heard more applause than was given that scene in "The Honor System" where the Mexican raiders swooped down upon the unprotected border town. The men, carried away by the wonderful riding and falling of the horsemen, went almost wild. They leaped to their seats and shrieked and howled like madmen. The representative from the Fox office in New York, who personally brought the picture to the prison, was dumbfounded. Never, he said, had he witnessed anything that could even begin to approach such a demonstration of real appreciation for art, for, you will admit, after a proper amount of reflection, "The Honor System," viewed from any angle, is Art, with a capital A.

The movies are doing more for the men in prison than any other form of amusement since the late advent of prison reform. The Hearst, Pathé, Universal and several other news weeklies are playing a mighty important part in the lives of men confined in prison. The man in prison will, as a general rule, give little better than a passing notice to a newspaper description of the launching of a new battleship or the mobilization of an army, but when the same events are pictured before him on a screen, he will immediately sit up and take notice, for the average man in prison nowadays is unusually interested in world events, and the weeklies are helping him wonderfully along these lines.

Then there's the photoplay with the strong moral ending. It may come as a surprise to the average man and woman in the outside world to know that this sort of play, little by little, is forcing the man in prison to a point where he is beginning to admit that there is absolutely nothing in a life of crime. In the play he sees the small-town fellow, anxious for sudden wealth, leave a home of comfort and plenty, leave the village bank with its golden opportunities for real advancement, and start for the "big town," where he immediately becomes a resident on one of the many avenues leading to the State penitentiary.

All this he sees in a play, of course; but, nevertheless, what he has seen has started him thinking—thinking along the right lines, which is a mighty good thing, for right thinking is the foundation of a good character, and any great industry, combining both business and amusement, that can materially help to rebuild a man's character is doing a truly wonderful work and is fully entitled to the plaudits of all mankind.

Again I say, the movies, from every possible viewpoint, are the best thing yet for the man in prison. They are educating him, elevating him, inspiring him to a better and cleaner life. You dont have to take my word for it—go and find out for yourself. Meet the man in prison at the gate when he comes out and ask him if the movies have helped change his ideas regarding his future attitude toward society. His answer will solidly confirm all I have said. The man in prison is no longer groping in darkness; he is no longer facing what might be called a "Hazel Dawn." He is rollicking in a vale of Merry (Mary) Sunshine, and the movies should get no little credit for his present condition.





The Sin of Hannibal Zinn

By WALTER EDMAND MAIR

(U. S. Signal Corps, France)

HANNIBAL ZINN was an actor-man of a rather ragged school;
He'd never broken a faro-bank, but often the Golden Rule.
Ever a lusty rover,
He had a carefree way
Of looking round for "clover,"
And a brand-new place to stay.
(This before he enlisted,
And grabbed a gun, two-fisted;
Sailed in a tub that listed—
Heavy with men she listed—
As she glided down the bay.)

Many a landlord loosed a whine concerning Hannibal's debts,
For little he cared for his landlords' bills, and much for the slim soubrets.
Hannibal Zinn *was* clever—
Could move in record time!
Out of the window? Never!
His was a nerve sublime.
(But ah, he was open-handed!
On the very day we landed,
Whatever the bars demanded
He paid, *when* they demanded:
'Tis the custom of the clime.)

When we got where fire was flying, and the air not over-good,
Some of us speculated about Zinn's Teuton blood.
And Zinn? "Plague take ancestors—
"Bring on your Boche!" he'd yell;
"These Kultur-predigesters
Shall drink their fill o' hell!"
(All along of his coming
To where the shells were humming,
And the death-tattoo was drumming—
God, she was *always* drumming!—
As the brass went by pell-mell!)

Now, *Sergeant* Zinn, on a certain morn, when the mud was hid in mist,
Waited with twice ten thousand men, where the white-hot shrapnel hissed,
All on a gray spring morning,
Till orders came, "Advance!"
And the klaxons bawled a warning
To the enemies of France.
(Yee-ow! And the doughboys ambled—
Full twenty thousand rambled!
And *he* with the Death-dice gambled—
Far in the van he gambled—
Hannibal Zinn and Chance!)

There's a plain little cross on a hill in France that marks a mounded spot
Where Sergeant Hannibal Zinn may sleep, rent-free, and reck it not.
For he managed to put nine away
Before Chance caught him blind,
And sent him down with the K-in-A,*
Where never a bill you'll find.
(*Perhaps* he sinned, the rover,
When up to the top and over
He rambled, clean to clover—
Safe and serene, to clover—
And left his debts behind!)

* "Killed in action."

MY CONFESSION

I Have Stolen $1,000,000

I, _____, being of sound mind, do hereby confess to the theft of $1,000,000. I have stolen this money from my wife and babies. I make this confession, first, because I have found a way to make reparation for what I have done; second, as a warning—and a suggestion—to others who may be robbing their families in the same way I robbed mine.

Theft No. 1

Ten years ago an idea came to me which I knew could be turned into big money. I nursed that idea a number of years but never could muster up courage enough to go ahead with it. I kept waiting, waiting, waiting. I found a hundred different excuses for not going ahead. Then someone else got the same idea, as often happens, and proceeded to "put it over," as I knew could be done. That idea was worth $100,000. I could have "cashed in" on it, had I acted. That was the first $100,000 I stole from my wife and babies.

Another $50,000 Stolen

Five years ago I was offered a position at a slightly smaller salary than I had been earning. In addition, I was to receive a stock interest in the concern. I knew the opportunity was good, but as thousands of other men in my position would have felt, I was afraid to take a chance. Something said, "Stay where you are." And yet I knew that I would be unjust to myself if I did not accept this new offer. Now after five years, the stock interest which I was offered is worth $50,000. So I robbed my wife and babies of $50,000 because I lacked confidence in myself—because I wasn't willing to back my better judgment with the faith that knows no defeat.

How I Stole $200,000

Two years ago my cousin went into business for himself in a small town in New York, where expenses were low. He offered to take me into partnership with him if I would consent to draw a nominal salary. I wanted to do it, but my fear of failure downed me. Last year the concern made $30,000 profit. This year the profits will run close to $40,000. In ten years I am confident that I could have made $200,000 as my share of the profits. In this case, too, I robbed my wife and babies of wealth that should rightfully have been theirs. It was my fear, my indecision, my weak, vacillating will power that kept me from doing what I knew in my own heart was the right thing for me to do.

These are only three of many instances which I could cite—opportunities which I firmly believe would have earned me $1,000,000. I feel that I have stolen this money. I feel that my weakness, my indecision, have cost my wife and my babies all the luxuries of life, all the pleasures that money can buy, all the freedom from financial worry that wealth gives. Others may feel that I have not stolen $1,000,000. But my conscience tells me that I have.

I have, however, found a way to make reparation for my past failings.

Making Reparation

Some time ago, I read the story of a man who increased his earnings from $30 a week to $1,000 a week. In this story it was explained how a former failure in life was brought to realize what a big part will power—or the lack of it—played in his life. He decided to cultivate this faculty, believing that it would give him the needed momentum to carry him to success. Heretofore, he said he had always been swayed by the will of others. He finally encountered a book, prepared by Professor Frank Channing Haddock, containing the very rules and exercises by which will power could be developed as easily as the muscles of the body! In three years, this man earned $200,000, and his income is $1,000 a week!

Later, I read another article—about a young man of 23 who jumped from a $20-a-week job to earnings of $15,000 a year and gave credit to his indomitable will developed by Professor Haddock's exercises.

Right then and there I determined to cultivate *my* dormant, sleepy, will power. Almost overnight I began to see things from a new angle. Eagerly I practiced the development of analytical power—I began to guard against errors in thought—I felt myself becoming fearless—I began to acquire a dominating personality. Although I have only touched the possibilities now open before me, I am already paying back what I have stolen. I am at the head of a business which is paying me close to $10,000 a year. But I am only beginning. There is nothing to stop me—I will repay the million I have stolen.

My Suggestion

And now, just a personal word. If my reader feels that he has been depriving himself or his family of money that he could earn—if my reader feels that he lacks this moral courage or "nerve" or whatever name he gives to will power—if he feels that something is holding him back, I can only urge him to obtain these rules and exercises in will training by Professor Haddock. They are now published in book form and can be obtained for free examination on request. If after five days' reading you are not satisfied, return the book and you will owe nothing. Otherwise remit only $3, the small sum asked. This one act may mean the turning point of your life, as it has meant to me. I understand that over 250,000 others have already secured this book, including such men as Judge Ben B. Lindsey; Supreme Court Justice Parker; Wu Ting Fang, ex-U. S. Chinese Ambassador; Lieut.-Gov. McKelvie of Nebraska; Assistant Postmaster-General Britt; General Manager Christeson, of Wells-Fargo Express Co.; E. St. Elmo Lewis; Governor Arthur Capper of Kansas, and thousands of others equally prominent.

To secure the book, simply mail the form below, or a letter, addressing it to the Pelton Publishing Co., 46-J Wilcox Block, Meriden, Conn. If you fail to act now, knowing in your heart that this book is offered on free examination, that you have nothing to lose and all to gain, you are still in the throes of the indecision, inaction and inertia which may cost you $1,000,000 as it did me. Begin to use your will power *now*—and send *this very minute* for the book!

PELTON PUBLISHING CO., 46-J Wilcox Block, Meriden, Conn.: I will examine a copy of "Power of Will" at your risk. I agree to remit $3 or return the book in 5 days.

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Motion Picture Magazine

(Trade-mark Registered)

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Almost a decade ago, when the art of the screen was first pronounced worthy of depicting life's dramas, this Magazine was founded. From the first, it aimed to be the voice of the Silent Drama—the friend of those in front, and of the shadowed players. It has always been ready to encourage all that is good, and eager to wield its power against all that is unworthy. Every word, every picture in this Magazine is printed for you, the reader, hence it is your Magazine, and the official organ of the Motion Picture public.

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JUN -3 1918

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JUNE, 1918

THE GIRL ON THE COVER

In this uncertain world the gods of Fate and Circumstance play a most important part, and one can never tell when the Big Chance will come. It overtook Corinne Griffith at a Mardi Gras festival in New Orleans when she met Rollin S. Sturgeon, of the Vitagraph Company. She confided her ambition to be a screen player to him, and, struck by her personality and screenic possibilities, Mr. Sturgeon offered her a chance in his company. Needless to say, Miss Griffith accepted; nor need we mention the fact that she made good. Today she is one of Vitagraph's most popular stars.

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READ
"My Ideal Man" (page 69), and see if you can afford to miss "My Ideal Girl" in the July issue.

DONT MISS
"My Devilish Ambition," in which the incomparable Nazimova tells of her early struggles and romantic career, in our July number.

25 PAGE



It's a shame to ruin sweaters you have made yourself

You used to expect to have your pretty sweater *ruined* in the laundress' hands. "It's a shame," you said, "to spend all that time knitting and then have to wear a shrunken sweater—it's so hard to wash woolens satisfactorily!"

But *now!* You can wash your sweater yourself right at home—with Lux suds. And it will come out soft—fluffy—not a bit shrunken.

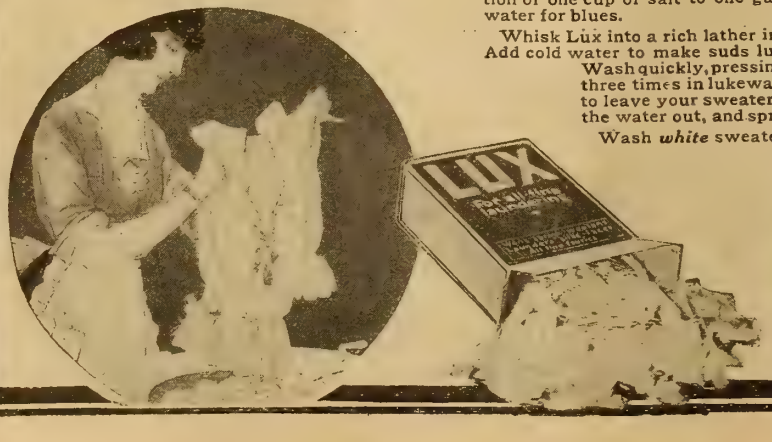
The old way of washing was specially ruinous for woolens. When you rub wool, the tiny overlapping scales of which wool fiber is made, get all tangled and twisted. When alkali touches them, the fibers draw up and tighten. That is why woolens shrunk when you washed them.

But with Lux, there is *no rubbing*—no free alkali. Lux is so pure that it won't injure anything from blankets to sheerest chiffons *if pure water alone won't hurt them.*

Lux comes in delicate satiny flakes. They melt the instant they touch hot water. You dip your daintiest things up and down in the cleansing lather—squeeze the suds through them—and the dirt just drops out of them.

Try Lux today. Your grocer, druggist or department store has Lux. Lever Bros. Co., Dept. **F-4,** Cambridge, Mass.

Even in hard water Lux makes wonderful suds



To wash your colored sweater

To set browns, blacks or pinks; first soak your sweater for a few minutes in a solution of one cup of salt to one gallon of water; half a cup of vinegar to a gallon of water for blues.

Whisk Lux into a rich lather in very hot water—two tablespoonfuls to the gallon. Add cold water to make suds lukewarm. Swish your sweater about in the suds. Wash quickly, pressing the suds through the sweater, but do not rub. Rinse three times in lukewarm water. Dissolve a little Lux in the last rinsing to leave your sweater soft and woolly. Never wring sweaters. Squeeze the water out, and spread on a towel to dry in the shade.

Wash *white* sweaters as above, but in *hot* suds.

LUX

© *Lever Bros. Co., 1918*



BETTY BLYTHE



PAULINE FREDERICK

In the zenith of her career, "Polly" Frederick, whose "Eternal City" and "Bella Donna" of three years ago raised the pictured drama to a higher plane, announces her retirement to private life at the end of the year. Miss Frederick has resolved that her current productions shall not detract from her fame. "La Tosca" will soon be followed by its kindred drama, "Fedora."



© Hartsook

JACK PICKFORD

Mary's plucky little brother expects to fly much truer than on wings of fancy as a birdman for Uncle Sam. It is a welcome surprise to hear that his two latest pictures again show him paired with Louise Huff. In both "Mile-a-Minute Kendall" and "Sandy," Jack Pickford plays the title rôle.



VIOLET MERSEREAU

Universal's ingénue star continues to show how fetching she looks in trousers in "Morgan's Raiders, a romance of the Civil War. Playing old women at seventeen and children at twenty-one are only two of this charming impersonator's accomplishments.



MAE MURRAY

Having literally pirouetted her way into the stellar kingdom and picking Wallace Reid for her first leading-man, Mae Murray is still particular as to screen mates. Ashton Daerholt is her fortunate lover in "The Bride's Awakening," and Kenneth Harlan will be her chosen wooer in "Her Body in Bond."



GLADYS LESLIE

It looks as if Vitagraph had picked a winning team in Gladys Leslie and Edward Earle. Known as "The girl whose smile wont rub off," Miss Leslie is said to possess an abundant share of the magnetic personality that sets a star a-gleaming.



LILLIAN WALKER

The irresistible Lillian adores her latest nickname, "Miss Camouflage," as it's also the title of the picture she has just produced to aid Uncle Sam. It would be almost a national calamity, nevertheless, if Lillian succeeded in camouflaging her shell-crater dimples and her rapid-fire smile.



OLIVE THOMAS

Triangle was in luck when it plucked this "wild olive" from the Follies' *hors-d'œuvre* and served her as one of its main courses. Olive has proved edible, delectable, and delicious from the moment she first appeared in "Madcap Madge." Fortunate Wallace MacDonald will hereafter be her screen lover.



WILLIAM RUSSELL

After four years of the usual rolling-stone career of a leading-man, the demand for an actor who could do something besides acting, raised William Russell to stellar ranks. His Apollo Belvidere form and amazing athletic ability have favored him with rôles far beyond the range of the emasculated matinée idol. At present starring with Charlotte Burton at the head of his own company.



MAHLON HAMILTON

With many of our young leading-men being called to the colors, those who have reached the "discreet age" must fill the breaches in the camera ranks. Mahlon Hamilton, the hero of "The Hidden Hand," can be depended upon to play a finished lover, having earned his service stripes in support of Marguerite Clark, Ethel Barrymore and Olga Petrova.

Nine New Stars



© Apeda

FLORENCE VIDOR



© Lumière

VIRGINIA HARRIS



© Lumière

MIRIAM MILES



© Lumière

JEAN PAIGE



MARY MAC IVOR



© Moody

MLLE. KITTY GALANT.



© Lumière

HELENE CHADWICK



© Apeda

HEDDA NOVA



© Lumière

OLIVE TELL

Two Baby Stars and How It Happened

By HECTOR AMES





© Evans

MARIE OSBORNE

WHAT proud mother or father of a beautiful child does not wonder, when looking at the screen children, just how they happened to get in?

It was because of these thousands of parents who wish to know how the lucky babies get chosen to appear in films that I sought out Baby Marie Osborne.

Perhaps it was a fortunate thing that I arrived a few moments ahead of time, for I was thus given an opportunity of seeing without being seen. Thru the large window—the kind that is typical of Glendale, California—I watched the baby's pretty coupé drive up and stop in front of the house, and Marie and her governess, Mrs. Byam, were helped out by the liveried chauffeur.

At once Baby Marie came running in, romping, skipping, laughing and asking questions of me with child-like veracity.

Nothing would do but I must



see all of "Little Mary Sunshine's" pets—"Dobbins," her pony; "Tiny," the poodle; "Toodles," a collie; her kittens and her canary. She had such a good time showing them off that I almost gave up hopes of acquiring the knowledge I desired.

But at length she sat down and, swinging her dimpled knees back and forth, with a helpful word or two from her governess, told me how she happened to get in pictures.

At one time her father and mother were both on the legitimate stage. Her mother used to do child parts, having studied under the well-known Sadie Sherman. Her father has been on the stage and used to manage productions.

It happened that they came for a vacation to the Pacific Coast, saw the possibilities of the silent drama, and signed a contract to appear in a number of features. In one of these a scene required a small child, and Marie, at the age of three, was given the part. Nothing unusual developed. It was little thought that this was the première of a child star. Another chance was given her, and nobody in the company thought of her as more than atmosphere, excepting one.

Henry King, the genius with children before the camera, saw beyond the scene being played, and his mind visualized a feature with a gifted baby, and he asked to be permitted to take the child and make a feature with her as the star. No one would believe it possible. Much importuning, and even an offer to work for nothing if he failed, could not melt the adamant convictions of the producers that it would be a waste of money.

But in the end persistency and faith in his judgment won over the business caution of the studio heads. He evolved the first play, "Little Mary Sunshine," and the public immediately paid homage to a new star, a child. King entered into the very life of the child. He adored her and she loved him. They were truly pals.

"Shadows and Sunshine," then "Joy and the Dragon," "Twin Kiddies," and other features followed.

Henry King floated to fame on the reputation of his accomplishments with Baby Marie Osborne. There were many misgivings when Baby Marie left that studio to accept another engagement at a greatly increased salary, and King remained behind because of contractual obligations. But William Bertram, a great lover of children,







© Witzel

VIRGINIA CORBIN

and a director of high ability, took up the reins where they had been laid down by King, and "Told at Twilight," "Sunshine and Gold," were produced. "When Baby Forgot," "Captain Kiddo," "Tears and Smiles," "Any Home," "A Little Patriot" and "A Daughter of the West" have followed. Each succeeding feature has shown greater adaptability, increased dramatic ability and expression and a stronger hold upon the film public's favor.

Her contract calls for six more features for Pathé before she forsakes the screen for the troubles and pleasures of the schoolroom. A star in a day and a heart-hold on millions before the age of six is the crowning halo this "Baby Bernhardt" will have to look back upon in after life.

Virginia Corbin is another tiny child who ranks among the famous. Her six years are equally filled with the rise to fame. Virginia was always a beautiful child—shy, almost timid, but the possessor of a wonderful imagination. She used to be always dancing about and making believe—posing as a little princess, or a queen, or even an old witch, and for hours she seemed to forget that she was only a little baby girl.

When this tiny lass came to be three years old everybody started noticing her beauty, and tho she was only a frail little being, her mind was developed far more than one would expect, and when she learnt to talk she never spoke a baby word. She seemed to have a wonderful memory, also, and easily learnt all kinds of songs, stories and poems by heart. This little fairy was blessed with a devoted mother. From the first her mother fully appreciated the little lass' gifts and beauty. When Virginia was still a wee baby her mother dreamt wonderful dreams about her future, and determined to spare no effort to develop her little flower's talent.

Soon after her third birthday, little Virginia was taken ill, and her mother had to leave her beautiful Eastern home and take the tiny girl to California. While she was recovering her strength there the lovely baby began to display a remarkable craving for sad music, for pathetic stories, and revealed the sweet, sympathetic nature that has enabled her to act with such great emotional feeling in "Jack and the Beanstalk" and "Aladdin and His Wonderful Lamp."

Tho interested in all kinds of pictures, Baby Virginia always picked out faces that expressed emotion, laughter, tears or disappointment. She would beg her mother to read aloud to her for hours at a time, and always preferred such stories as "Babes in the Woods." Before this story was half finished the tears would usually start tumbling down her cheeks, and when she heard sad or dramatic music the tears never failed to come in floods, so sensitive were her emotions.

One day an artist came to the beach city where the little lass was staying, and discovered her playing in the sand. At once touched and inspired by the loveliness of her golden hair, blue eyes and flower-like features, he asked permission to make her portrait to use on an art calendar he was making. Soon all the world saw what

(*Continued on page* 121)

Herbert Rawlinson "Comes Thru"

The Career of a Rolling Stone Who Gathered Moss

By L LLIAN MAY

"HERB," as he is called on the Universal City lot and at the Athletic Club in Los Angeles, started to "come thru" at a tender age, and he has done it. He is English, as everybody knows; but that's not what made him so indomitable. He was born that way. He emitted his first bawl on the south coast of England, and almost immediately began his athletic career by learning to swim like a fish, to ride to hounds at an age when most kids are in the nursery. He took time to secure an education in Brighton, England, and at the College of St. Cervan in France, but when his father wanted him to enter Cambridge and study for one of the learned professions, "Rawley" drew the line. He knew what he wanted to do, and joined a company of Shakespearian players. It was an unfortunate experience for a novice, for they were finally stranded. Biding his time, he joined the Naval Reserves, which gave him opportunity to work up his athletics, and he soon won a number of amateur championships.

When he had served his time, he came to Canada, and his first valuable experience was a summer spent in a circus. It was hard work, but it knocked much of the "kidfoolishness" out of him, and when the season ended he hung around the opera house in a small Canadian town until he got a job in a stock company at six dollars a week. Then followed a succession of stock and road companies, after which Herbert Rawlinson invaded New York and played in-and-out of there until there came the call of the screen.

Among his successes are his work in Jack London's "Sea Wolf," "The Law of His Kind," "The Spy," "Damon and Pythias" and many others preceding his phenomenal success in "Come Thru."

And he sure does love his work. Not even friend wife, who is his devoted pal, can inveigle him back to the stage, which is her chosen profession. They have agreed to divide their attention between the kindred arts, both being sincere in their attachment to their chosen sphere. They live in Los Angeles in a cosy bungalow when Mrs. "Rawley" is not on tour. When she is away "Rawley" gives up housekeeping and divides his time between the studio and the Athletic Club.

At the club he is athlete and clubman. The swimming-tank on the sixth floor sees him every day and sometimes twice a day. In the gym he boxes, runs and does the stunts that make him an athlete and an accomplished actor. At the studio he is just actor—businesslike and efficient, but an all-around lovable fellow.



HERBERT RAWLINSON AND ANN LITTLE



"RAWLEY'S" IS CONSIDERABLY MORE THAN A "PERFECT 36"



"RAWLEY'S" WINDY-DAY SMILE



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To make your skin flawless—

The right treatment for skin blemishes

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Just before retiring, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this and leave it on for ten minutes. Then rinse very carefully with clear, hot water; then with cold.

This special treatment, together with the general use of Woodbury's, will make your skin so firm and active that it will resist the frequent cause of blemishes and gradually acquire the freshness and flawlessness which it should have naturally.

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Send for sample cake of soap with booklet of famous treatments and samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder

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If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1306 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

You will find the special treatment for keeping your skin free from blackheads in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap



at the time, and were all shook up at leavin' a high-stake game so sudden. They thought the sheriff was some inconsiderate to call a posse when there was a wang-doodle on. But they pitched the cards and were off. 'The schoolmaster has busted jail!' was the cry.

"Whether it was the poker, or that they liked the schoolmaster, or that they knew M'liss had engineered the escape, or just the hand of God, I aint in a position to state. But anyway, they tracked down and caught, not Mister Charles Gray, but Mr. Jim Peterson. And before they caught him, they winged him. He was, when they got to him, in the same state as 'Bummer' Smith had been a day or more back.



"PETERSON SAW THE SHERIFF POINTING AT HIM AND KNEW HE WAS DONE FOR"

"Immediate Peterson saw the sheriff pointing at him, and he knew he was done for, he began to blab. He told a rotten tale. Funny, it seemed just like the development of the germ I'd had the day I coached them over.

"Layin' there in the mesquite, he told us how he and the Parker woman was servants to 'Bummer's' rich brother back East. How they'd planned to come West and do for 'Bummer,' to whom all the dust was left, an' then set up as 'Bummer's' concealed widow and cop the money. An' then, under the sheriff's piercing eye, Peterson accused Mexican Joe, chalky under his greasy hide, of the murder. Mexican Joe, one too many under his belt, slopped over and confessed. Then Peterson gave up his last chip, an' the sheriff roped Mexican Joe, an' we all took the home trail, while the moon rode up high and cold in the heavens, makin' a mock of us an' our crawkin' doin's.

"We found M'liss in Charles Gray's cabin. She was lookin' awful growed up—an' pale—an' happy—after the fashion of the doll-day, which I dont care a heap about.

"'I'm goin' to keep on learnin' an learnin', Bill dear,' she said, after my tale was spat out, an' I was settin' easy with M'liss perched on my knee; 'an' after that . . . an' then . . . an' . . .'

"'We're going to be *uproariously* happy,' said Charles Gray."

The Answer Man Contest---A Girdle of Question-Marks Around the World

"CAPTURED Jerusalem!" exclaimed the Answer Man, "will you glimpse that cairn of mail? I'm BUSY. I've got to look up a recipe for *chili con carne*, bound the fourth dimension, confuse Confucius with Tagore, tell how many hairs there are on a serpent, and knit a mental sock for Socrates. I've spent a full lifetime storing up ammunition against CURIOSITY, but this contest has knocked me flat against the almanac."

Bear with him, gentle readers, and take notice that the poor old fellow will be put out of his misery on May 25th, when the contest closes. The Answer Man is counting his hard-earned gold, and as soon as he can wade thru the roomful of questions—sensible, foolish, profound and witty—he will separate himself from the $100 offered for the best question under these headings, that he could not answer. The announcement of the winners will probably appear in the July Magazine, or not later than the August issue.

The Answer Man confesses that he has been floored by several dozen questions to which he cannot find the answer. So let there be hope in the camp of the query army. Here are some recent questions and characteristic replies by our venerable but light-hearted philosopher:

Tell me, Answer Man, will Jeff ever grow to be as tall as Mutt?

R. T. H.

Not if Bud Fisher can prevent it. By stunting the child of his fancy he has gathered together a mighty wallet. Any one can do it—'tis called the humor of physical contrast.

DEAR SIR—What is nothing?

H. L. B.

My salary at the week's end; a Pullman sleep in the Grand Central depot; loose change in a hotel; my affection for the Kaiser.

DEAR SIR—Where does a frog go when it croaks?

S. F. W.

Ah, ha! Fishkill, N. Y.

DEAR ANSWER MAN—How long is a dog's tail?

H. H.

Nobody's business—the kyoodle does his own cur-tailing.

DEAR SIR—What is the distance between the start and the finish?

H. S.

A lifetime or the split part of a second; an epoch or an episode; a moment of agony or bliss supreme of fifty years of mental vegetation.

DEAR ANSWER MAN—Who is the best teacher next to Experience?

G. D.

Confidence. Life's battles are won by those who believe in the winning.

Who will bury the last man?

MR. M.

Hopelessness. For when hope is gone the dead alone will bury their dead.

DEAR PHILOSOPHER.—Did Diogenes ever discover his "honest man"?

S. L. P.

Yes, himself—at home in his tub. As Shakespeare says, "Rich honesty dwells like a miser, in a poor house, as your pearl in your foul oyster."

DEAR ANSWER MAN—Do dreams come true?

A. M.

Of course they do. Are they not woven from our own secret fancies, the imagery of our own heart-beats, the reflex of ourselves? No one knows himself who does not weigh his day-dreams.

Why Pity the Poor Busi Sennett Comedies



Marvel Rae is known as the girl with the most beautiful figure on the Motion Picture stage. She is only seventeen years old, was born on a big California ranch and is a typical outdoors girl.



Alice Maison is a comedy-girl every moment. Furs and—well, you have eyes.



Marie Prevost shows no signs of wasting away, in spite of the food regulations.



Marie Prevost believes worn this summer. How neath the leaves, she had apparent to the naked

ness Man When Mack Come to Town?



Mary Thurman, the queen beauty, who has graduated into stellar rôles.



Lovely Phyllis Haven has invented a 1918 bathing-suit. In contemplating the beauties of Miss Haven's sartorial creation, we cannot avoid a feeling of extreme anxiety lest the strings break.



that Garden of Eden styles will be ever, she confided to us that, under- on a little more costume than is eye.



The only safe place for Gonda Durand to practice pitching is in the surf, where she can have the whole Pacific Ocean to miss.

A Day in the Arctic with William Farnum



FRANK M'GLYNN, RICHARD STANTON AND WILLIAM FARNUM. "YOU WILL BURY ME UNDER THE SNOW, WILL YOU, DICK?" DICK REGISTERS GLEE DURING THE CHOKING PROCESS



THIS IS THE REAL THING—THIRTY BELOW ZERO. "BILL" FARNUM'S VIS-À-VIS DOESN'T SEEM TO MIND IT





FARNUM STARTING OUT FOR A HIKE WHERE A PATH HAS BEEN CLEARED

FARNUM MEETS A TINY INHABITANT OF "ARCTIC CITY," PORT HENRY, NEW YORK, WHILE ON LOCATION



"DASH THE LUCK! WHY DIDN'T I BRING ALONG MY SNOW-SHOES?"



FARNUM GUIDING HIS TEAM OF HUSKIES DOWN THE STEEP SNOW TRAIL



PLAYING BALL BETWEEN SCENES



WILLIAM FARNUM AND FRANK M'GLYNN

THE STORY OF MY LIFE

By Earle Williams

The First of a Series of Autobiographies by Famous Screen Stars





"MY OFFICIAL WIFE"

I HAVE always felt that an autobiography was the preface to an obituary. Memoirs have been always associated in my mind with memorials. I fancy they are usually done by crotchety old men and women in the reminiscent stage of life, where everything lies in the past. Altho I have not quite attained senility, I suppose I am a pioneer of the screen, for luck turned me toward the studio before the great rush of prospectors. Indeed, few of the players who entered the ranks with me are still doing service, but those few comrades are virtually all leaders in their respective lines, and they agree with me that fortune smiled on us—"the early birds."

Because the Motion Picture business lives up to its name and is continually in rapid motion, events of three or four years ago are as ancient in film history as the conquests of Alexander the Great in world history. Verily I say I am a Vitagraph veteran, having survived all the hardships and struggles of the pioneer days—six years ago—and remained constantly under the banner of the Eagle. But I assure you that I do not feel in the least like a veteran, nor does the company seem to think I am one of the "old boys," for at the present moment I am playing "An American Live Wire," drawn from the colorful and picturesque O. Henry novel, "Cabbages and Kings."

Having thus established an alibi, I will proceed to admit, as do all autobiographers, that I was born. The time was the '80's. The place was Sacramento, California. I suppose I should say "somewhere in California," as the indefinite seems to be the style these military days. But I am rather proud of the locality, and since I reveal no state secrets in being explicit, I divulge it. My middle name, Rafael, would seem designed to camouflage my exact natal city, however, since it was drawn from the city of Rafael near-by Sacramento. My mother being an Ohioan, my father a Missourian, I ought to be qualified by extraction for the rôle of "An American Live Wire."

My father, Augustus P. Williams, fought thruout the Civil War. Some years after the close of this conflict he had the good fortune to meet Miss Eva M. Paget, of Cincinnati, who became his wife and my mother. During the "real sports" period of youth I lived in Sacramento. Then my parents moved to Oakland, California, where I completed my high-school course and attended Polytechnic College.



ENJOYING HIS DAILY DIVERSION READING LETTERS FROM FRIENDS IN ALL QUARTERS OF THE GLOBE

I think I always had an inclination for the stage, but my mother's brother, who was himself an actor, endeavored to blight my aspirations with tales of pitfalls, hardships and the futility of the profession. He must have been a good actor, because he always depicted the horrors of theatrical life so realistically that I turned several times from the stage door.

Curiously enough, my first self-supporting effort was

in the picture business—the "still," not the motion. I soon became tired of posing young married couples after the conventional manner—bridegroom with waxed flower in buttonhole, sitting stiffly in a chair; bride standing at the side with hand on better half's shoulder, and sometimes a dove perched over them as a symbolic touch to



"THE MISCHIEF-MAKER," WITH EDITH STOREY, ONE OF HIS FIRST PLAYS

the masterpiece. One day, after committing one of these photographic atrocities, I went forth and applied for a job selling nails in a hardware store. It was behind the counter that I received my stage training so far as declamation was concerned. I must have succeeded in my salesman's rôle, for soon after my début I went with a jewelry company. But I couldn't keep away from pictures for some reason or other, and my last two years prior to going on the stage were spent in traveling for a portrait company of Chicago. New Orleans had the pleasure of viewing my first stage performance. My part was so small that had any one batted an eye he might have missed me entirely. The only reason I braved the "pitfalls" of which my uncle had so dramatically informed me was my desire to live on after my money had departed. I went to New Orleans with the intention of enjoying a short visit with my brother. I liked the town so well I determined to stay. As I had but twenty dollars in my pocket and was not inclined to be an object of my brother's charity, I had to find work. I tried several stores, but none seemed greatly impressed with the stirring account of my sales exploits. The Baldwin-Melville stock company was playing in New Orleans at the time, so I decided to broach Mr. Baldwin for a position as utility man. I wrote a letter of recommendation for myself, stating that I had served admirably as an usher and general utility man in an Oakland theater at the age of fourteen. Mr. Percy Meldon, the stage director, passed on me with thumbs up. He said I was physically fit to do small parts, and mentally capable of shifting scenery. He was a sarcastic man with a sense of humor. I think he was right in this instance. The parts I played were chiefly of the "walking thru" variety. I felt a great responsibility, nevertheless. The title of the first drama in which I appeared was "Siberia." On the night of my début I felt as tho I had been sentenced to it. I stayed with the Baldwin-Melville company only a few weeks, as the Audubon stock company at the Academy of Music offered me three dollars a week more to serve as star utility man. After a few months with them I returned to California, and appeared with Melbourne McDowell and Florence Stone in a repertoire of Sardou plays, including "Cleopatra," "Gismonda," "Fedora," "La Tosca" and "Theodora." My next engagement was with James Neill in the People's stock company of Vancouver, B. C.

It was not until I left stock companies and tried the road companies playing one-night stands that I realized the truth of my uncle's dire depictions of the hardships of an actor. I was glad to return to San Francisco and play a Shakespearian repertoire with Ben Greet, followed by an engagement with Henry Miller in a series of his stage successes.



"THE LOVE OF JOHN RUSKIN," PRODUCED SOME YEARS AGO

The following summer I went to New York and managed to convince the hard-hearted managers that I could act. I played the Dauphin in Paul Kester's dramatization of "When Knighthood Was in Flower"; Count Karloff with Phœbe Davis in "'Way Down East." I felt



AS JOHN STORM IN "THE CHRISTIAN"

to do. Danger is always inviting, especially when one is young.

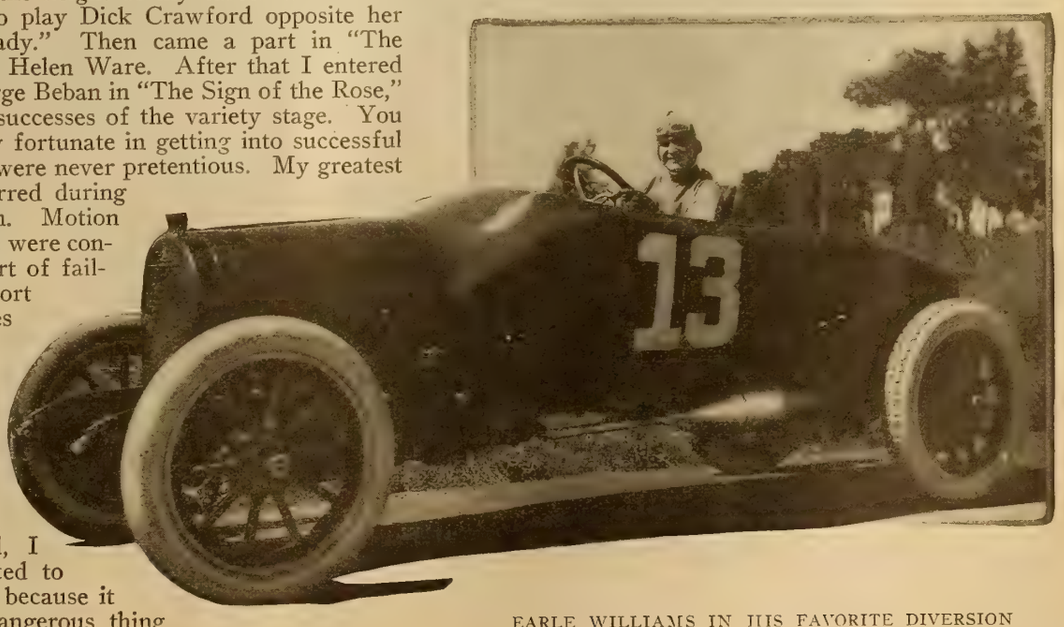
A letter of introduction to Mr. Frederick A. Thomson, a Vitagraph director, admitted me to the portals of the studio in Brooklyn. That was about six years ago, and I have been Vitagraphing ever since, under the supervision of the same man, Albert E. Smith, president of the company. Could my Uncle Paget have lived until the day of pictures, I am sure he would have inveighed less against theatrical work for men. None of the trials and tribulations of an actor, which he recounted, are indigenous to the film industry. A player has a comfortable home-life, regular hours and a healthy place to toil. Once you have signed a contract, there is none

(*Continued on page* 124)



HIS FIRST VITAGRAPH PLAY, "THE THUMB PRINT"

that I had reached the height of my career when Rose Stahl selected me to play Dick Crawford opposite her in "The Chorus Lady." Then came a part in "The Third Degree" with Helen Ware. After that I entered vaudeville with George Beban in "The Sign of the Rose," one of the greatest successes of the variety stage. You see, I was peculiarly fortunate in getting into successful plays, but my parts were never pretentious. My greatest stroke of luck occurred during a summer vacation. Motion Pictures at that time were considered the last resort of failures or the first resort alwamateurs. Charles rrohman even threatened to blacklist players who descended to such depths to make a living. I didn't mind this general prejudice, however. Indeed, I think I was prompted to try them out simply because it was considered a dangerous thing



EARLE WILLIAMS IN HIS FAVORITE DIVERSION

"On With the Dance—Let Joy Be Unconfined!"



BILLIE RHODES HEARS THE CALL OF SPRING AND DANCES WITH ATTENDANT SPRITES



ISADORA DUNCANITES? WRONG! BILLIE RHODES AND HER CLEVER DANSEUSES IN "WALTZING AROUND"

Funny Happenings in the Studio and on Locations

By HAROLD LOCKWOOD

(Beginning MR LOCKWOOD'S Own Department on the Lights and Shades of Studio Life)

MAKING Motion Pictures is a serious business—serious to those of us who take part in it, at least. It furnishes us with constant worry, vexatious problems, anxious days and weeks, some very hard work, and, every now and then, with a good, hearty laugh. I'm not going to tell you about the worries, the problems, the anxieties and the very hard work, because, I dare say, you have your share of all that, too. But the laughs are a different matter entirely.

All the funny things that happen in the making of a Motion Picture are not recorded by the camera. Not by any means! Periodically, a really humorous incident crops up spontaneously, sometimes while we are in the midst of photographing a scene, to furnish us with a leavening influence to the seriousness of the task in hand. It is of these laughs, which I call "side-line" incidents, that I am going to write.

Assuming that the lay reader doesn't know it, there are certain traditional rules that govern the conduct of a company when it is in the studio. One of these unwritten laws is that one company must not borrow "props" from another that happens to be housed under the same studio roof. We always try to adhere strictly to this rule, as in so doing we avoid annoying disputes. If we want a "prop" we go out and rent it. Sometimes, however, it is impossible to rent the required article, and then the property-man is put on his mettle. To make good, "props" will break any rule and then try to get away with it without being noticed.

Not so very long ago, when we were staging "The Avenging Trail," we needed a big iron safe for several of the scenes, and needed it quickly. "I'll get it right away," the property-man told the director, and ten minutes later he was hauling the required "prop" from the elevator, over the stage floor and into the set.

"That's the ticket," the director declared, when he saw it, "only it's white; I want a safe that's painted black."

"Fixing it," yelled the property-man, and he rushed away for paint and brush.

The property-man neglected to say where he had borrowed the safe, and went home that night without returning it.



© De Gaston

HAROLD LOCKWOOD

The next morning, bright and early, the owner of the studio appeared on the stage, which was on the floor above his office. He seemed agitated and was snooping all over the place. Nobody paid very much attention to him because he often came up-stairs Finally he began to mutter things under his breath, causing one of our people to stop and ask him what the trouble was.

"Trouble?" he snapped back in annoyance. "I come into my office this morning, go to get some of my papers, and find my safe gone! Can you beat it—making away with my safe?"

Our man pointed to the "prop" in the set. "Is that it?" he asked.

The studio-owner shook his head. "No," he said; "my safe was white, and this one—wait a minute——" Something familiar in the appearance of the safe caught his eye and caused him to cut short his speech. He walked over to the safe and began to examine it, just as the guilty property-man entered the scene of his crime.

"Sure, I borrowed it, Mr. Hegeman," "props" said to the studio owner, cheerfully, "and as they wanted it a black safe, I painted it. I'll bring it back in a few minutes."

Hegeman looked from the property-man to the safe and back again, and registered blank dismay.

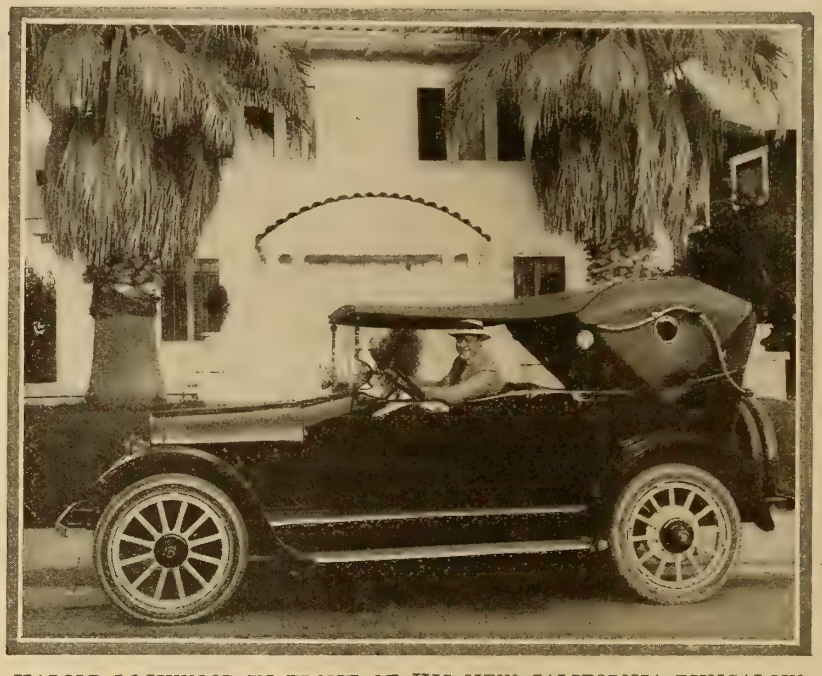
"Well, I'll be ——!" was all he could say.

Hawkers are generally given credit for possessing powers of keen observation, but I doubt if the figure in the following incident can be said to live up to the reputation which the members of his "profession" enjoy.

We were on a location photographing some scenes for "The Square Deceiver," when a peregrinating photographer came along and offered to give us a special rate if each of us would have our picture taken. He did not notice our movie camera set up on the other side of the street, and when we pointed it out to him he bowed his head, smiled sheepishly, picked up his apparatus and went on his way.

Imagine a bunch of Motion Picture actors paying out good money to a hawker at a time when they were taking in good money for having themselves photographed!

If I never before believed in the bewhiskered adage, "Where ignorance is bliss," I confess that I believe in it after what happened when we went to a remote part of Maine to secure background for "Broadway Bill." We expected to stay up in that region for an indefinite length of time, and consequently took along plenty of make-up material, including a large quantity of cold cream, as we knew make-up was not easily procurable at our point of destination. About ten days after our arrival we had occasion to draw upon our reserve supply of cold cream, and, to our surprise, it had practically been exhausted. Investigation brought out the astonishing information that the cook—a foreigner, by the way—believed the preparation was lard, and had used the cold cream for cooking purposes. Then, for the first time, we understood why so much of our food had had such a remarkable taste to it.



HAROLD LOCKWOOD IN FRONT OF HIS NEW CALIFORNIA BUNGALOW

I think the impression commonly prevails that Motion Picture actors are allowed greater freedom in their conduct than workers in offices, stores or factories. How this impression gained currency is a matter I will not attempt to fathom, but I can say, for our organization at least, that every man in it must be on the job, or—— But read this story, and you will see what would have happened to Art Ortego if our first impressions, as I give them, were correct.

Art Ortego was one of the players who was with us when we went to the Maine woods to make the exteriors for "Broadway Bill." Ortego has some reputation as a "wild man," for he was born and bred on the Western plains, and it has been hinted that whenever his "Western feeling" got hold of him, he couldn't resist the desire to "whoop her up" a bit.

The day was a bad one, in a photographic sense, and as no work could be done, most of the members of our troupe were in a big cabin playing a little game of penny ante. Ortego and Tom Bates were absent—they were in a little cabin further up on the hill.

Suddenly the sound of a shot came from the direction of Ortego's cabin, and a moment later Bates came rushing to us in a state of high excitement with the news that Ortego had a loaded gun and was on the rampage. He had already put a bullet thru "Bill" Edwards' alarm-clock, whose silvery tinkles woke him up too early in the morning, and he was threatening to come down and shoot up the whole bunch, Bates said.

Nobody got up, altho several troupers stirred nervously in their seats. "Tell him to cut it out," Mr. Balshofer said to Bates, and he was just about to turn around to resume the game when the air was pierced by a series of shots, accompanied by Ortego's wild whoops. Everybody rose from their seat and several men moved cautiously towards the back door.

"Edwards," Mr. Balshofer called to his assistant, "go to that wild Indian and, if he has had a drink, pay him off and send him back to New York."

"Nothing doing," answered Edwards, emphatically. "Do you think I want to look like a sieve?"

Just as Edwards finished speaking, more pistol-shots rang out with staccato-like briskness, followed by more of Ortego's "whoops." Something had to be done. A hurried conference was called, and they picked on me—why, I dont know—and I was appointed a delegation of one to visit the uproarious gentleman in the cabin up on the hill. Ortego saw me coming and planted himself in the cabin doorway, with his pistol dangling carelessly, but none the less ominously, from his fingers. I spoke to him quietly, but all I got in answer was a series of grunts. The parley went on for fifteen minutes, at least, with some of our people anxiously watching the proceedings from behind trees. Finally Ortego could control himself no longer. A smile flashed over his face and then he cut loose with a wild guffaw. The joke was on us. Ortego was staging the stunt and we didn't see thru it. He had been firing blanks, except for the first shot, with which he had smashed Edwards' clock. That was for dramatic effect.

If ever there was a sheepish bunch of men, it was the crowd that returned from hiding to the cabin to resume the game of penny ante which Ortego had so ungraciously interrupted.

Youth Recaptured

By OSCAR H. ROESNER

Where is dreaming rapture sold?
Only in the booths of youth.
Where are castles built of gold?
Only in the books of truth
That we read, with eyes a-gleam,
In immortal days of dream.

Where are fairy fancies spun
But in hearts forever young?
Where are days all flower and sun
But in years that still are hung
With the mystery and grace
That enshrine youth's wistful face?

Thus I spake in accents sad
Of fain youth's supernal boon;
Little knew my words were mad,
That my soul would sense full soon
All the glories of lost youth—
Pictured on the films, in truth!

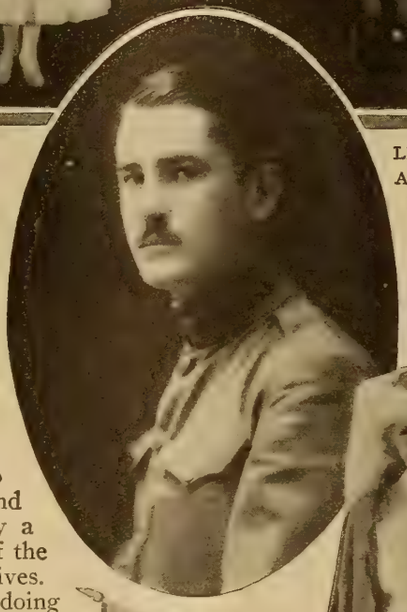
When the Movies Salute the Flag

A Roll-Call of Honor Among the Players

Compiled by EDWIN M. LaROCHE



ANN PENNINGTON HAS BEEN AN ACTIVE AND CHARMING RECRUITER IN NEW YORK



LIEUTENANT EARLE METCALF U. S. A.

THERE has been no fanfare of trumpets as the "heroes" of the screen have taken their places in the khaki ranks. One by one they have been called by the great levelers—the cantonment and the training-ship. They are still being called—and they are ready! Of the multitude of stage and studio women who have given their time and their money to Uncle Sam, hardly a word has been said; yet they, too, if the word comes, are as ready with their lives. Even the babes of Screenland are doing their bit. The following Roll-call of Honor does not pretend to include all of them, but "by these signs ye shall know them."

Earle Metcalf, Lubin's matinée idol for over four years, is now Lieutenant Metcalf, U. S. A., and until recently was stationed at Camp Upton, Yaphank, N. Y., where he was one of the officers in charge of training the new National Army of drafted men.

Among the busiest knitters in the Fox colony is little June Caprice, who has filled in her time between scenes by turning out a heap of socks, wristlets, mufflers and scarfs, which have found their comforting way to the army camps. June "took care" of 1,000 soldier boys last Christmas in Spartanburg, S. C.

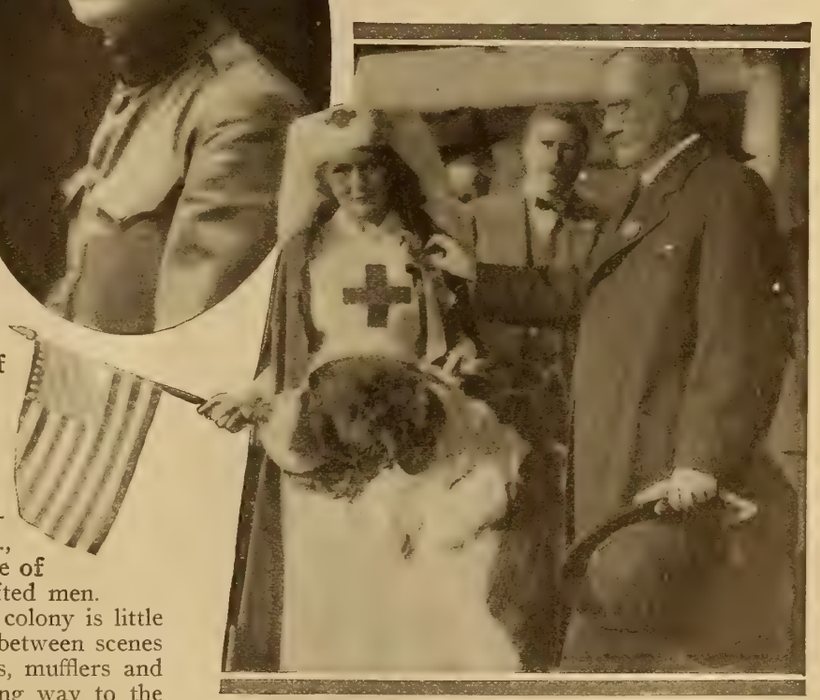
Say fare-thee-well and God-keep-you to Jack Pickford. Altho Jack is not of draft age, he has enlisted in the Aviation Corps, and is already wearing his new uniform.

Fannie Ward was persuaded to buy Liberty Bonds from no less distinguished a bond salesman than President Wilson, who spoke so eloquently to her of democracy's war that she parted with $50,000, and then, to prove that she is a good saleswoman herself, sold a large block to Pathé officials.

Bobby Connelly is a regular "son of a gun"—he has joined the Boy Scouts, bought Liberty Bonds from his savings, and marched in patriotic parades until his little legs refused to hike any farther.

Toto, the Pathé clown, tried to join the French army, but they wouldn't have him. Not to be discouraged, he has appeared in over thirty benefit performances for the Red Cross, Belgian and French Relief, Children's Hospital and Orphanage and various mess funds, raising a large sum of money by his patriotic antics.

Bebe Daniels has organized a knitting club in the Rolin studio, and puts every one, including the men folks, thru the needle



MARY PICKFORD RECEIVING THE INSIGNIA CARRYING WITH IT THE RANK OF GENERAL IN RED CROSS RANKS

manual. Result: several boxes of warm knit-goods for the boys in the trenches.

The unexpected was expected from Douglas Fairbanks, and he did it. Chartering a special train, the cyclonic comedian sped across continent and completed his whirlwind tour by gathering up the receipts for over $1,000,000 worth of Liberty Bonds, and turning them over to the Government officials in San Francisco. It was the most sensational tour since Teddy R. used to hit the big trail. The tireless Doug has also organized the Douglas Fairbanks' Chapter of the Red Cross and given a rodeo in Los Angeles which netted $15,000 for the Red Cross. Doug will probably repeat his cowboy show in San Francisco.

A nurses' class has been formed in Los Angeles, composed of screen stars,





CAPTAIN TOM FORMAN IN HIS CORPORAL'S UNIFORM

WESTERN STARS, INCLUDING ENID BENNETT, OLIVE THOMAS AND SYLVIA BREAMER, IN A RED CROSS NURSES' CLASS

and their work is far advanced. Among the most proficient "sisters of the wounded" are Enid Bennett, Sylvia Breamer and Olive Thomas.

Captain Tom Forman, we congratulate you! Tom enlisted less than a year ago with the rank of corporal in the sixth company Coast Artillery Corps. By perfect conduct as a gentleman, drillmaster and D'Artagnan, the former Motion Picture star has won his captaincy. Now stationed at Camp Kearny, California.

S. Rankin Drew, son of Sidney Drew, and a Vitagraph and Metro favorite, is "Over There" and has become an aviator of the first class in the famous Lafayette Escadrille. His proud father is looking forward to the day when he drops his first Boche flyer and becomes an "ace."

Edna Goodrich is being congratulated upon her war invention, a knitted woolen trench-gauntlet that has two thumb-holes and is reversible, thus giving it twice the ordinary wearing life. The ones that she has sent to France have delighted the pilus.

The history of curious war literature has been given a boost by *C What Happens*, a newspaper edited and published in the trenches by the boys of Company C, 165th U. S. Infantry. Louis Klopsch, who used to write Metro publicity, is the proud editor of the little trench sheet.

Mrs. Sidney Drew is "strong for" her brother, Lieutenant Hartley McVey, who formerly assisted "The Sids" in producing their domestic comedies. McVey has passed the "R. M. A." aviation tests with honors, and is now either awaiting orders to sail or flying "somewhere over there."

Two of the Fox stars have brothers in the United States Army. Harvey Pearson, brother to Virginia, is in the Marine Corps on duty in France. Marque Bara, Theda's brother, is in the Signal Corps and was last reported at Fort Sill, Oklahoma.

The proceeds from the sale of Beverly Bayne's book, "A Soldier in Her Kitchen," have all gone to the Red Cross. Beverly put across a clever as well as patriotic business deal when she bought a large supply of yarn in Chicago last summer, before prices had soared sky-high — this she has been giving to any one who would promise to make it up into needed articles for any branch of the service.



COXSWAIN ARTHUR ALBERTSON, U. S. N.

Our old friend, Arthur Albertson, has fitted into his groove as a coxswain in the U. S. Navy. Arthur is stationed off the coast of Florida, protecting our fleet of busy coastwise ships, and, when not at gun practice, is the neatest little housemaid with his mop and pail. If he does say it himself, the deck of Arthur's U-chaser is kept polished like My Lady's hand-mirror.

Albert E. Smith, the big chief of Vitagraph, is ably represented in the army by seven of his blood kin. Nephew Vincent has just recovered from his wounds and has been made a corporal in the English army; Brother Lieutenant Victor Smith (ex-studio manager in Brooklyn) is an instructor in one of the National Army

camps; another nephew, Sergeant C. H. Smith, has been mentioned in orders for promotion to a lieutenancy; and then there are Corporals George and John Smith, and Privates Jack and Frank—a young army of Smiths, so help king and country!

"Colonel Clifford"—to be correct! Otherwise known as Kathleen Clifford, Paramount serial star. Miss Clifford has a perfect right to her title, being honorary Colonel of the 180th Royal Canadians, the only American woman so honored by a foreign military body. Besides that, Kathleen did her bountiful bit by nursing wounded Allies in that terrible year of 1916 in Belgium.

Marguerite Clark determined to sell $1,000,000 worth of Liberty Bonds in her home town, Cincinnati, but ended up by disposing of $15,000,000 worth of the priceless paper. A procession of 5,000 people escorted her thru the city's streets to her Liberty Bond office.



MARGUERITE CLARK STARTING HER LIBERTY BOND DRIVE



CAPTAIN CECIL DE MILLE AND LIEUTENANT HENRY WOODWARD, OF THE LASKY HOME GUARD

Dick Travers, Essanay leading-man, was one of the first to volunteer. He was well qualified, having studied in a military school in Toronto. Dick was not daunted, altho the war has already cost him three brothers.

Theda Bara invested a generous slice of her enormous salary in Liberty Bonds, and became so carried away at the sight of the coupons that she wrote 500 letters a day to all her correspondents, enclosing her photograph and urging them to subscribe. Theda was no sluggard as a bond saleswoman—$300,000 worth was her record for one day in the Bond booth in front of the Public Library, New York.

The Sidney Drews were bound to get into the war. Besides appearing as the chief attraction at many Bond sales where Sidney was a beau ideal salesman, they have volunteered the use of their town car to make a daily trip laden with magazines and reading matter to the new War Hospital located in Williamsbridge, in the northern outskirts of New York.



WILLIAM S. HART AUTOGRAPHING HIS FAMOUS STETSON WHICH WILL BE SOLD TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER FOR RED CROSS FUNDS

Rudolph Cameron, former Vitagraph leading-man for Anita Stewart, has heard the bugle calling from far-off Miami, Fla., where he has recently joined the U. S. Aviation camp.

"A man without a country" was Nigel Barrie, leading-man for Marguerite Clark. He tried to enlist with the Sammies, but was not eligible, as he is not yet a citizen. Canada also looked upon him coldly, but at last he has succeeded in joining the Canadian Flying Corps, and expects soon to go overseas.

Jane and Katherine Lee sold



PEARL WHITE AND HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY, THE ARTIST, PREPARING ONE OF THEIR PATRIOTIC POSTERS

a Lasky office-boy, and may end it as its first real hero.

Pearl White is forming a Home Guard composed exclusively of women, which some day, tho God forbid it, may become as famous as the Russian Legion of Death. Miss White has every qualification to train the young women under her, as she is a crack rifle and revolver shot, and an expert horsewoman. The use of a New York City armory will be tendered to the fearless Amazon and her troop. She has given largely of her time and energy in stimulating recruiting and making



JANE AND KATHERINE LEE, LIBERTY BOND "SALESMEN"

Liberty Bonds in New York and Brooklyn department stores. They established a sales record in the first Bond drive. Since then they have worn the army khaki, and as "recruiting sergeants" have persuaded many to volunteer.

Kathlyn Williams, true to her training, is a devout believer of first aid to wounded animals on the battlefield. She is an active leader in the Red Star Society which is supplying animal ambulances and veterinary surgeons to ease the pain of our four-footed allies "Over There."



UNIVERSAL CITY CALLED TO THE COLORS—WILLIAM FRANEY, MILT SIMS, FRANCIS MAC DONALD AND LLOYD WHITLOCK

Altho many of them are in training, the honor falls to Lucien Littlefield to become the first Lasky player to be sent to France. Lucien started his career as speeches and in aiding the Government in every possi way. While it may not be generally known, she po

(*Continued on page* 126)

Our Animated Monthly of Movie News and Views

Duetted by FRITZI REMONT and PETER WADE



CHESTER CONKLIN, OF THE MACK SENNETT COMEDIES, BELIEVES IN GOING BACK TO THE SOIL. CHESTER HAS A BIG RANCH ON THE EDGE OF THE DESERT NEAR LOS ANGELES, WHERE HE SPENDS ALL OF HIS TIME BETWEEN CANNING HIS LAUGH-MAKERS



WHEN DOUG FAIRBANKS AND MAY ROBERTS RINEHART RECENTLY MET FOR THE FIRST TIME, PANTOMIME AND FICTION CONCEIVED A JOINT STUNT TO BOOST WAR SAVINGS AND THRIFT STAMPS. DOUG WILL MAKE HIS SHARE OF THEIR CAMPAIGN THRU AN EPISO IN HIS NEXT PICTURE AND MRS. RINEHART WILL FICTIONIZE AND SYNDICATE IT



FROM THE WAY MARY MILES MINTER IS BITING HER PINK TONGUE IN THIS PICTURE, IT IS SAFE TO SAY THAT THE LETTER SHE IS PERUSING WITH SO MUCH INTEREST IS ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE LOVE LETTERS

We wonder if any one has noticed how well Mary Miles Minter is doing under Henry King's direction? Her whole personality seems changed and Mr. King is surely developing her own interesting individuality. We've had too much of that Mary Pickford imitation stuff in Little Mary as well as in June Caprice, and "Beauty and the Rogue" was a delightful surprise, betraying the real abilities of the pretty little Southern girl. Mary enjoys wearing that two-thousand-dollar string of pearls which Mrs. Shelby gave her for Xmas and which will grow longer yearly.

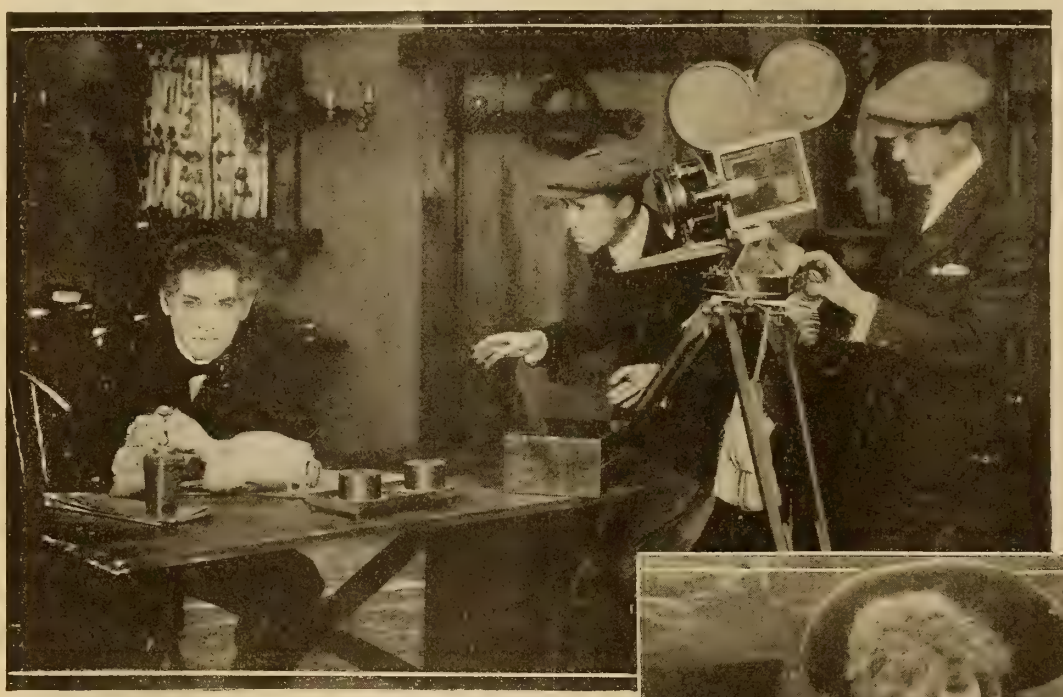
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS was recently arrested for speeding his auto on Colorado Boulevard, Glendale, Cal. The judge recommended that Doug confine his speed to the cinema, and fined him $1 for each mile he was traveling in excess of the speed limit. Fairbanks has been arrested twice; the third time he will be liable to imprisonment, with no alternative of a fine. The authorities are afraid they will have to arrest him, and they dont know what to do as there isn't a jail wall in California which the actor cant [illegible]p.

Nell Shipman and her company have returned from the Mojave Desert. While there they lived and traveled in prairie-schooners. Toward the last of their stay, Miss Shipman was heard to remark, "Oh, I wish those schooners were filled with something fizzy!" for the water supply was running shy. The recent sandstorm blew over some sets which they had taken along, but Little Nell says that, outside of a trifling mishap like that, they thoroly enjoyed camping in wagons and being lulled to sleep by the honking of a few hundred lonesome coyotes.

It isn't too late to rehearse the nuptial details of Enid Bennett and Fred Niblo, who were married with all due pomp at the Protestant Episcopal Christ Church in Los Angeles two months



A PANORAMA OF A REMARKABLE "SET" USED IN TRIANGLE'S "SMOKE," REPRESENTING A SWIMMING-POOL DINNER PARTY



FRANK KEENAN AND DIRECTOR ERNEST C. WARDE AT WORK ON "THE BELLS," PATHÉPLAY, TAKEN FROM THE MOST DRAMATIC PIECE IN ALL OF SIR HENRY IRVING'S REPERTOIRE

ago. The young folks met in Australia and the marriage was delayed because Mr. Niblo was forced to finish his theatrical engagement in the East and Miss Bennett was doing a picture here. Fred Niblo's first wife was a sister of George M. Cohan. Mr. Niblo is leaving the stage for the screen in order to housekeep and act in Los Angeles. Enid was beautiful in heavy cream satin and real orange-blossoms, and Mr. Thomas Ince gave her away. J. Gardner Sullivan, Mrs. Thomas Ince and John Lynch, together with members of the bride's family, constituted the small wedding party. No time for a honeymoon save over Sunday, as the bride was in the thick of a new feature.

As soon as Hayakawa's contract expires he will be head of his own company, and is even now collaborating with a well-known writer over his first independent production. Hayakawa is a clever writer himself, as well as translator of Shakespearian and other dramas into his native language. His uncle is the idol of the Japanese stage, and it was he who first thought of sending Sessue to "Dose United States" to study American drama.

Dorothy Dalton is one girl who fits well into any sort of gathering, whether it is an afternoon bridge or a round-up at the rifle range. She's wild about tennis and says she always has more things to do than time to do them, for she daily practices voice culture and could make a success in concert work even if she left Ince productions. Funny that she and the other dimpled girl, Lillian Walker, both saw daylight and dimples in Windy City first, isn't it? Perhaps they have a recipe for them in Chi, tho Dot Dalton says not

We never see Charles Clary with a pal. He seems to wan-



RHEA MITCHELL CARRIES A KNITTING-BAG AROUND ON THE POMMEL OF HER SADDLE, WHILE DOING A WESTERN PICTURE WITH BRYANT WASHBURN. EVIDENTLY BRYANT ISN'T A VERY ADEPT PUPIL IN THE ART, JUDGING BY HIS PAINFUL EXPRESSION



BETWEEN MEGAPHONIC DIRECTIONS THE DINERS DID FANCY DIVES INTO THE TANK FROM THEIR FLOATING STAGE



THE WEST COAST "GRIZZLIES" BID FAIR TO BE AS FAMOUS AS WERE TEDDY'S IMMORTAL ROUGH RIDERS. HERE WE HAVE A MEETING OF REAL CELEBRITIES ON THE LASKY LOT. FROM LEFT TO RIGHT CAPTAINS PETER KYNE, R. I. BENTLEY AND C. T. T. GREGORY ARE HOLDING A PEACEFUL CONFAB WITH MARY PICKFORD, CECIL DE MILLE AND H. AUSTIN ADAMS, THE WRITER

der thru life attended by cigarets or peanuts and a cane. Last Sunday he was standing in the Pacific Electric station, awaiting a beach train. He does wear the nobbiest ties, and it seems a shame there isn't some one with him to tell him so. He has recovered from that recent pneumonia spell. Is Charles a woman-hater? At least he isn't hated in return, for he received a beautiful frosted cake from Halifax, Nova Scotia, while in the hospital. The nurse stood by with bated breath, fearing that he might say majestically. "Oh, you go to Halifax!" But Mr. Clary meekly gave orders for the cutting of the dainty, which arrived unbroken in a close-fitting tin holder.

The other day, Jane Novak playfully poured two handsful of sand and pebbles down Bill Hart's back. He protested and asked her to DESIST. Jane continued. She was threatened, but nothing could stop the girlie from teasing. As words availed nothing, Mr. Hart picked up what he calls the "Malted Milk Tablet" and put her into a huge packing-box which stood on a near-by truck, and nailed the slats down on top, with Jane kicking wildly inside. He said, "Now, will you be good?" Jane would NOT. He turned the box over several times as if it were quite empty, and repeated his question. NO, Sassy Jane would certainly NOT be good. Bill Hart said: "Well, you'll stay there until you can promise to be good, that's all there is to it." He brought her a saucer of water and said: "Drink this, Kitty." Jane's little paw came up quickly thru the slats and tossed the water over Mr. Hart. He arrived next with a bunch of alfalfa and said: "You stubborn little mule, you



WITH HOWARD HICKMAN PAYING THE PRICE AND PARALTA MANAGER ROBERT BRUNTON TRYING A SAMPLE, BESSIE BARRISCALE IS DISPOSING OF MONTE KATTERJOHN'S BIRTHDAY CAKE AT HER RED CROSS SALE

just eat this—see!" Jane's obstinacy held out for an hour, then she decided she was about cured and promised very meekly to be GOOD. She's about decided that W. S. Hart means a thing when he says it.

Crane Wilbur is playing a stock engagement at the Bishop Theater in Oakland, so was unable to appear in person at the first showing of "The Finger of Justice," as promised by the management. Los Angeles is strong for having stars present in person; we never give a tea, or a benefit, or an Ad Club dinner or a first night, without showing off a lion of the celluloid. The Kinema Theater has a Red Cross tearoom on the mezzanine and stars appear there each afternoon as well as at the Alvarado Street rooms. Mary Pickford is guest of honor this week at the Ad Club dinner. She promised to arrive on time, even if she had to do it in make-up.



RALPH INCE TALKING OVER A SCENE WITH MADAME PETROVA IN "TEMPERED STEEL," THE FOURTH PETROVA PICTURE WHICH MR. INCE IS NOW DIRECTING



THIS SNAP ILLUSTRATES BEYOND POWER OF WORDS THE STRESS OF WORK IN A MOTION PICTURE STUDIO. THE INFORMAL GUEST OF MORPHEUS IS MAE MARSH, TRYING TO CATCH FORTY WINKS BETWEEN SCENES AFTER AN ALL-NIGHT SESSION BEFORE THE CAMERA

The Million Dollar Theater in Los Angeles has an innovation in ushers. The eight girls are all one size and wear white trousers and cadet coats of the "shad-belly" variety. Their hair is pushed out of sight into military caps ornamented with those funny little pastry brushes which make the girlies resemble circus ponies. Of course, they can run up and down aisles more quickly than if hampered with skirts, and they create quite an excitement among the tourists, too. This theater has our biggest Motion Picture orchestra, numbering thirty-five pieces, augmented by a Unit organ of three manuals.

Do you recall the twenty-one mongrels that served as "extras" in Charlie Chaplin's initial production for the National Exhibitors? Charlie loved them all; he's the most impartial dog-fancier you ever saw dole out dog biscuits, and every one of those scraggly canines has a new name given by the little comedian. Just when they were all getting nicely acquainted, he was reminded of City Ordinance Umpty-ump which allows but one dozen dawgs to a man. What to do with the other nine lives began to bother Charles—he cant decide which of the twenty-one shall stay to cheer him and which shall enter the sossidge-grinder. Here's a mighty good chance for some one to get purps which may later prove famous. Just think of saying five years hence, "This is my dog Peepsie—Charlie Chaplin gave him name and fame."

The trial of Marie Edwards for the murder of Senator Lyon has engrossed the film people as well as private citizens. No less a star than Theda Bara visited Miss Edwards for the purpose of studying her from a psychological standpoint. Miss Bara is greatly interested in all the mysteries of life, delves in the psychic and occult, and has a mighty warm heart and sense of justice to boot. She has promised this girl a lift in life in case she is acquitted. Cecil De Mille attended several sessions of the trial getting local color for a new production. He stated that he'd learnt more about the tragic side of life from his study of an unfortunate woman, his watching of the jurors' faces, and district attorney's conduct of the case, than he could have gleaned in years of reading.

Society Note—Pre-views are the latest social craze among distinguished studio folk. At the "dress rehearsal" of "The Whispering Chorus" in the Iris Theater, Hollywood, smart evening-gowns were worn by all the Laskyites, including Kathlyn Williams, the play's star, who "came to see herself as others see her." Wally Reid and Elliott Dexter sat sandwich fashion with saucy Constance Talmadge as the "chicken" between them.



METRO STARS AND DIRECTORS SHOWER GEORGE D. BAKER (WHO RECENTLY DIRECTED NAZIMOVA IN "REVELATION") WITH PRESENTS AS HE LEAVES FOR CALIFORNIA TO TAKE UP HIS DUTIES AS MANAGER OF PRODUCTIONS OF METRO'S WEST COAST STUDIOS. THOSE WISHING MR. BAKER BON VOYAGE ARE FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN, BEVERLY BAYNE, MAY ALLISON, HENRY KOLKER, JOSEPH KILGOUR, ALBERT CAPELLANI, ADELLA BARKER, SYLVIA JACOBS, WILL DAVIS, "EDDIE" SHULTER AND DAVE THOMPSON

"My Ideal Man"

A Jury of Twelve Stars Renders Its Verdict for Mere Man



DORIS KENYON



© Hartsook

MAE MURRAY

"IN looks my ideal man should be big and blond as the Norsemen—the legendary ones that live today in Wagner's operas. In disposition he must be patient. I want to feel that he has a temper if he were not strong-willed and held it in leash. Endow him with a strong sense of humor, above all things. His manners should be old-fashioned, but not too polished, because I want them to be sincere, not the modern society manners that have become mere mechanics. His habits should be those of a healthy, normal man, and, above all, he should have a deep understanding of the 'eternal feminine,' except when they are hysterical.

"MAE MURRAY."

"Here are my seven rigid commandments to my ideal man:

"1. He must be thoroly human; he must not be too bad, but, more important, he must not be too good—except to me.

"2. He must have a flexible temperament—be never monotonous, always interesting. He must be capable of intensive enjoyment and equally apt at serious concentration.

"3. He must be in harmony with the spirit of the times, yet be not particularly susceptible to fads nor an extremist concerning any custom or fashion.

"4. He must be a good judge of human nature; must be able to discern between sincerity and sham, competence and bluff.

"5. He must be tasteful concerning clothes—both his and mine; must admire my latest gown, and the color of my hair and eyes in certain lights.

"6. He must 'keep me guessing'—the sort of a man whose actions in a given situation can always be anticipated is uninteresting.

"7. He may admire other women in a café *if*, at the conclusion of such observation, he turns to me and says, 'She's pretty, but not half so wonderful as you.'

"CORINNE GRIFFITH."

"My ideal man? Oh, dear, how difficult he is to describe! Handsome? Of course! But handsome is as handsome



© Lumière

CORINNE GRIFFITH

does. By which I mean to convey the idea that if he hasn't the mentality to back up a good-looking face, he couldn't really be ideal. Some men may be very plain of face and ungainly of figure and yet be splendid in appearance withal. I played with a man once who was absolutely faultless in appearance. He had the face and figure of an Apollo, and his wardrobe would have driven Beau Brummel to despair. But his skull was as hard as his heart. He was ignorant, illiterate, vain and cruel.

"My ideal man is one whose heart is good, whose mind is clean and active, and who is always a gentleman.

"Mark Twain found his ideal gentleman in a most obscure place. Many a girl, possibly I, may do likewise. Who knows?

"DORIS KENYON."

"I dont suppose there's a woman living who has not at one time in her life known, or seen, or read about, at least one man who came up to her ideal. Once, just once, in my life has it been my good fortune to meet one man that I could conscientiously regard as ideal. His first great, dominating quality was brains. As one knew him better, it became character—character founded upon years of struggle. He was, I recall, kindness itself. I never knew him to lose his temper or utter an unkind word. Children and animals loved him. He was at home dining or dancing in a crowded ballroom or riding out across the plains upon his horse. He could sail a boat, drive a car, write a song, build a camp-fire, eat broiled chicken or mulligan stew with equal relish. He could enjoy a musical-comedy or gaze out across the hills at a beautiful sunset, appreciating either because it meant living.

"There was in him something of the poet, something of the soldier; he could be gentle or severe, tho his severity never took form in words or looks—it simply caused him to act with decision where decision was needed. Above all, he was human—human to the core. He knew life in the terms of life and enjoyed it to the full in its finest sense. He saw beyond the hollow sophistries of life and read the truth with an unerring eye; he found 'sermons in stones . . . and good in everything.'

"He loved Nature and looked thru Nature, 'up to Nature's God.' He was compassionate, honorable and strong. Did I mention his looks?



© Hartsook

ANN LITTLE



MARGARITA FISCHER

I do not think so, because rather would I remember not *how* he looked, but *what* he looked—a self-made, human personality, the correct definition of the word *Man*.

"ANN LITTLE."

"We see plenty of make-believe heroes on the screen. They are invariably handsome, graceful, clever, reserved and demigods. My hero is not like that. Not at all! He is plain rather than handsome, but his clothes fit him well and are made by the best tailors. His eyes are not maddening in their mystery, but they are kind and have a crinkly smile in them that children love, and his mouth is clean and firm. He is not so clever that everybody talks about it, but he knows just the right thing to say when I am tired or cross or out of sorts. And he knows just the right time to hold my hand—and maybe to give it just the tiniest squeeze.



LOUISE HUFF

He does not utter impassioned words of love; but he knows how to order a good dinner in a tone that waiters respect.

"He does not tell me that I am the only girl he ever



© Lumière

AGNES AYRES

loved; but when he is with me he pays no attention whatever to any other girl present, no matter how attractive she is.

"MARGARITA FISCHER."

"Sometimes we see the handsome, long-eyelashed hero bursting in upon the scene just as the brutal villain is about to choke the suffering young lady into insensibility. 'Ah, a real hero, a real modern knight!' But no, that's only on the stage and in the movies. The kind of ideal men I mean are all around the United States, and in France and England in real life.



MAE MARSH

"Perhaps before the war, our young men *were* forgetting some of the chivalrous ideals of their grandfathers. But now they're not, God bless 'em! By the thousands they are answering the call of Joan of Arc.

"These boys aren't the only gentlemen in the world, either.

"My ideal man doesn't necessarily have to have dark hair or light hair. He needn't be tall and handsome, or he needn't have a college education and a lot of money; but he must be clean-minded and honest, and ambitious and a gentleman! He must be patriotic in these days, and he doesn't have to have on a uniform to win my heart.

"LOUISE HUFF."

"I have no particular specifications for an ideal man. Why, I could even love a fat man! Really, I dont mind what his dimensions are, except that he must be the sort I have to look up to. As for the trimmings of the ideal man, I am very fond of curly hair and brown eyes. I cant think of any man who seems to fit my imaginative picture—none except the dummies you see in the clothing-store windows. I think they are most handsome, tho not exactly the intellectual type I admire. I also like the Arrow Collar men—about size fifteen. My ideal in pictures is, of course, Edward Earle, since he plays 'hubby' to my 'wifey' in Vitagraph comedies. Off screen, Mr. Earle would never do. He smokes and I sneeze. Besides, he seems to be a sort of communistic ideal man, judging from the pack of mail I see him gather up at the studio every morning.

"I dont know what I'd do with my ideal if I ever found him. He would be so perfect, I think I would feel uncomfortable in associating with him.

"AGNES AYRES."

"Tall—taller than I. He must be slim and dark and have a quick manner and be not at all bookish or 'high-brow.' Very masculine I see my ideal man, removed from the vanities of dress and speech which belong only to women. He must not be more than ordinarily careful of his appearance, and he simply must not use talcum after shaving, nor ever have his nails polished. I am sure he will wear dark clothes and no jewelry



© Evans

LOUISE GLAUM

except gold cuff-links which I shall give him. He will kiss me good-by every morning, and when we meet at night he will ask what I have been doing all day long. But never will my ideal man show the slightest interest

in the way the house is run. He will not even know that we have a kitchen, and if he should set foot in it my affection would freeze. He must have an occupation which absorbs him, but not too much to take me out in the evening, and never, never must he bring guests to dine with us unexpectedly. True, I have not met my ideal man, but I am looking, and I have large, observant eyes.

"MAE MARSH."



VIRGINIA PEARSON

"A woman gives to her ideal man all the attributes of a god and then she falls in love with a devil. Therefore, a clever woman should never define precisely her ideal man. If she does, she is sure to marry the opposite. Inconsistency, thou art the woman's jewel! I prefer to allow the cleverest of men to state my conception of an ideal man. He is presented in the words of Oscar Wilde:

"'The Ideal Man should talk to us as if we were goddesses, and treat us as if we were children. He should refuse all our serious requests, and gratify every one of our whims. He should encourage us to have caprices, and forbid us to have missions. He should always say much more than he means, and always mean much more than he says.

"'He should never run down other pretty women. That would show he had no taste, or make one suspect that he had too much.

"'If we ask him a question about anything, he should give us an answer about ourselves. He should invariably praise us for whatever qualities he knows we haven't got.

"'He should persistently compromise us in public, and treat us with absolute respect when we are alone. And yet he should be always ready to have a perfectly terrible scene whenever we want one, and to become miserable at a moment's notice. And when, after that, one has seen him for really the last time, and he has refused to take back the little things he has given one, and promised never to communicate with one again, or to write one any foolish letters, he should be perfectly broken-hearted and telegraph to one all day long and send one little notes every half-hour by a private hansom, and dine quite alone at the club, so that every one should know how unhappy he was. And after a whole dreadful week, he may be given a third last parting, in the evening, and then, if his conduct has been quite irreproachable, and one has behaved really badly to him, he should be allowed to admit that he has been entirely in the wrong, and when he has admitted that, it becomes a woman's duty to forgive, and one can do it all over again from the beginning.'

"But I add, as does Mrs. Allonby, that one should never surrender to the ideal man, unless one wishes to grow tired of him.

"LOUISE GLAUM."



MARY MC ALISTER



© Campbell

MADGE EVANS

"My ideal man must have intellect and magnetism; above all else, clean-mindedness, and must be clean-cut

(*Continued on page* 122)

A Philopena Star

Emily Stevens Leads a Life of Twin Radiance on Stage and Screen

By LILLIAN MONTANYE

WHEN we heard that Emily Stevens had deserted the screen for the stage, we couldn't believe 'twas true. "I'll go ask her," I said; "that's one way to find out." But it transpired that the gifted lady was not at all anxious to be interviewed. Of course, every one knows that she is the daughter of Robert Stevens and Emma Maddern, both of whom are prominent in the history of the American stage, and a cousin of the great actress, Minnie Maddern Fiske. That is prestige enough—what more could an interviewer say? But the public is never satisfied with what it knows—it wants to know just a little bit more.

It was under the wing of Mrs. Fiske that Miss Stevens made her entrance to the speaking stage, and it was not long until the critics and the public were taking notice. Season after season she added to her triumphs in such Broadway successes as "Septimus," "Today," "The Garden of Paradise" and "The Unchastened Woman."



EMILY STEVENS IN HER DRESSING-ROOM



MISS STEVENS IN "DAYBREAK"



READY FOR THE STREET



EMILY STEVENS AND AUGUSTUS PHILLIPS



EMILY STEVENS AND JULIAN L'ESTRANGE IN "DAYBREAK"

Hand in hand with her stage successes has gone her triumph in Motion Picture work. Picture fans the world over have thrilled, laughed and wept with her in "The Soul of a Woman," "The Slacker," "The Wheel of the Law," and many other screen plays. Following "Daybreak," in which she was so compelling and so poignantly real, came the announcement that she had deserted—"for good and all." Had she, or had she not?—that was the question. But to get the opportunity to put the question—that was another story.

However, it came, as most things do that we want badly enough, and in a new and modern Broadway theater, in a new and entirely modern play, we found Emily Stevens setting the fashion for "The Madonna of the Future." It was almost curtain-rising time when I was admitted to her dressing-room. It was a daintily cosy place with all the comforts of home, including a bulldog

(*Continued on page* 120)

A Little Make-up Relished by the



© Evans

MARY THURMAN

Mary Thurman, who has become internationally famous as a beauty in the Mack-Sennett comedies.





© De Gaston

GEORGE E.

This mean-looking gipsy, with the hair hanging best-groomed men,



© Carpenter

MONROE SALISBURY

This picture of sorrowful-looking Allesandro, in "Ramona," is just Monroe Salisbury, the Bluebird star, in one of his characterizations, the best piece of acting he has ever done.



74
GE

Now and Then Is Best of 'Em





ALFRED WHITMAN, IN "THE SEA GULL"

The Indian brave, looking down on his papoose, is not an Indian at all, but Alfred Whitman, the Vitagraph leading-man.



PERIOLAT © Hartsook

down over his face, is one of the screen's George Periolat.





© Witzel

CHARLES RAY

How many would pick this bold bandit to be Charles Ray, Ince's "Wonder Boy"? This is how he looked several years ago in "Thieves of the Desert."



MARGARITA FISCHER

Who would think that this old lady with prayer-book is Margarita Fischer, the American star? Well, so it is!





© Witzel

MURDOCK MC QUARRIE

This old shoemaker, looking out from the window of his shop, is only Murdock MacQuarrie, so dont be alarmed.



HERBERT RAWLINSON

Not one of you, I venture, would pick this noble red man to be our smiling young friend, Herbert Rawlinson, would you?





JACK WARREN KERRIGAN

This old man holding on to the loaf of bread is none other than our esteemed young friend, J. Warren Kerrigan, the Paralta star.



ELLA HALL

This quaint old lady fixing her bonnet is only nineteen years old. Can it be possible? Certainly, for Ella Hall, Universal star, is responsible for the characterization.







WM. GARWOOD, IN "BREAK, BREAK, BREAK"

This tottering old man, taking a glimpse of the sea, is handsome Billy Garwood. You'd never guess it, would you?

Recollections of "Girls You Know"

As Posed, Penciled and "Shot"

By JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG



DOROTHY WALLACE AS "THE ART BUG"



DOROTHY WALLACE, "THE ART BUG," IN ACTION



MARTHA MANSFIELD AS "THE SPOILED CHILD"



MARY ARTHUR AS "THE ARTIST'S MODEL"



PEGGY HOPKINS AS "THE BRIDE"



PEGGY ADAMS, WHO PORTRAYS "THE MAN-EATER"



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG, THE DISTINGUISHED ILLUSTRATOR, HAS LAID ASIDE HIS PENCIL TO ESSAY THE DIRECTOR'S MEGAPHONE. HIS ONE-REEL PHOTO-SKETCHES, WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY HIMSELF FOR THE EDISON COMPANY, DEPICT THE GRACE, CHARM, FOIBLES AND FRAILTIES OF "GIRLS YOU KNOW," THE LIKABLE TYPES THAT HAVE POURED A FORTUNE FROM HIS ARTIST'S PEN



MR. FLAGG'S LEADING-WOMEN WERE ALL SELECTED FROM HIS MODELS—THE MOST FAMOUS IN NEW YORK. WITH NO EXPERIENCE BUT CLEVER IDEAS AND NO ACTRESSES OF NOTE IN HIS CASTS, THE VERSATILE ILLUSTRATOR HAS SUCCEEDED IN UPSETTING MOVIE TRADITIONS BY SCORING A SERIES OF DECIDED SCREENIC HITS. MR. FLAGG HAS GIVEN HIS SERVICES UNRESERVEDLY TO UNCLE SAM AND HAS DRAWN SEVENTEEN SPIRITED AND PATRIOTIC POSTERS FOR GOVERNMENT USE

Ye Posters of Annette



By
ZAIDA PACKARD
EDWARDS



Daughter of the Gods! Thy mind was sette,
Annette! Annette!
To conquer weakness nor to frette,
Until each obstacle was mette.
Thy triumph, dear, is one safe bette!
Annette! Annette!

Daughter of the Gods! Thou mermaid wette!
Annette! Annette!
Sinews like thine, we'd all begette—
No loss of time in thy toilette,
Thy posters, dear, are one joylette!
Annette! Annette!

Daughter of the Gods! We'll ne'er forgette!
Annette! Annette!
Staid fathers rubbered! Some are yette!
TIME hath put out a sign "To Lette!"
So much, dear, for thy posterette!
Annette! Annette!

Daughter of the Gods! Famed Neptune's pette!
Annette! Annette!
Laughing, whispering wives are mette—
To conquer or to die, they're sette;
Thy *posters,* dear, we'll ne'er regrette!
Annette! Annette!

Daughter of the Gods! We're in thy debtte!
Annette! Annette!
For old and young to gaze were mette;
Some *moss-grown* ones were heard to frette;
But *live* ones *thee* will ne'er forgette!
Annette! Annette!



Their Trea in Home



This is Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Thew and their eleven-months-old daughter, Dorothy. George Beban is getting in practice for his next photoplay, as little Miss Thew is the baby in his pictures, and Papa Thew often writes Mr. Beban's screen stories. "Jules of the Strong Heart" is from the pen of Mr. Thew.



Bob White, the picturesque son of George Beban, is an actor in his own right.



The two priceless possessions of Bryant Washburn, Pathé star: Mrs. Bryant Washburn and Bryant Washburn 3d.



© Walter

Mildred Manning and her two-year-old pride, Augustus Phillips, Jr. His mother calls him "Sunny Boy," so he must be merely "registering" sorrow.



Marguerite Snow tries to "show off" her daughter, Julie Snow Cruze, to George M. Cohan; but Julie is more interested in the photographer than in the famous actor, author and producer.

sure Trove land



Perhaps the proudest man in Hollywood is Wallace Reid. The reason? William Wallace Reid, Jr., his eight-months-old son—and surely we dont have to tell you that the pretty lady is Mrs. Wally, or Dorothy Davenport, whichever you prefer.



Let us introduce you to Patricia Ziegfeld, who had the excellent taste to pick Billie Burke as a mother and Florenz Ziegfeld for a father.



Bob White again.



This beautiful child had the good fortune to be adopted by Mary Miles Minter



Alice Joyce and daughter, Alice Mary Moore. This picture was taken fully a year ago, but we thought it so "homey" we couldn't resist passing it on to you.



And here are Lottie Pickford and her ten-months-old daughter, Mary Pickford Rupp, named after her famous auntie.

And So They Were
It Might

(A Moving Picture

If there wasn't already a Mr. Louise Huff and a Mrs. Louise and Jack—would surely be thinking they were delightful boy-and-girl courtships that fall to they now make love to each other at the drop in the pictures. You see, it happens like this:



1—Louise first met Jack by the side of Nature's wrist-watch—
("His Majesty, Bunker Bean"),



5—Then they fixed up Louise
("Bunker



2—And that evening they strolled in the garden where—
("What Money Cant Buy"),



3—Jack proposed—
("Seventeen"),



4—Next day, he came to ask her father, Theodore Roberts, and Louise stuck
around just to give him courage—
("The Varmint"),

Married; or, As Have Been

Romance in Nine Scenes)

Jack Pickford, these two Paramount stars— married in reality. They have pursued the their lot in Paramount pictures so often that of the hat and nobody's jealous, because it's all



like a regular bride— Bean"),



6—And so they were married— ("Bunker Bean"),



7—And sat thru a tiresome wedding breakfast— ("Bunker Bean"),



8—Picturing future breakfasts like this— ("What Money Cant Buy").



9—And now she comes to the office to tell Jack about a perfectly good little old this year's hat that she just perfectly has to have— ("Bunker Bean"),
Which is a good place to drop the CURTAIN.

Taking the Shell Off Dad



DOESN'T *look* as if he needed it, does he? But he *did* need it three minutes ago before the youngsters got him in tow. Sat there in his armchair with cigar and paper and guessed he just didn't *want* to see any pictures.

But that's all changed now. Dad has found out that a *Paramount* or *Artcraft* feature is mighty well worth the effort of getting there, with its foremost stars, superb directing and clean treatment.

Dad's was a bad case, too.

Stubborn!

But, arrived at the theatre, he was quick to see the tremendous difference between what *he remembered* of motion pictures—it's quite a while since he went—and the *Paramount* and *Artcraft* photoplays of to-day.

"*Somebody* seems to have got the right idea," he admitted cheerfully half way through the performance, and the family soon let him know *which* somebody that was, and how Paramount and Artcraft had come mighty near taking all the guesswork out of motion pictures.

Go to it, children of America and wives young and staying young! *Take the shells off all the Dads!*

The wiser they are the more they will enjoy
—the *foremost* stars,
—the *superb* directing,
—the *clean* motion pictures
—of *Paramount!* of *Artcraft!*

Paramount and Artcraft Motion Pictures

Three Ways to Know

how to be sure of seeing Paramount and Artcraft Motion Pictures

one By seeing these trade-marks or names in the advertisements of your local theatres.

two By seeing these trade-marks or names on the front of the theatre or in the lobby.

three By seeing these trade-marks or names flashed on the screen inside the theatre.

TRADE MARK Paramount Pictures

TRADE MARK ARTCRAFT PICTURES

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR *Pres.* JESSE L. LASKY *Vice Pres.* CECIL B. DE MILLE *Director General*
NEW YORK

"FOREMOST STARS. SUPERBLY DIRECTED, IN CLEAN MOTION PICTURES"







The Interviewer at Work

With George Larkin the Victim

By PEGGY LINCKS

NEW YORK is often referred to as the cosmopolitan center of the world—the inevitable abiding place of young and fluttering hopes, of dim and idealistic dreams, and materialistic reality. On one short block may be found the eager, expectant newcomer, the gay and frivolous youth, the staid and blasé New Yorker, the person with awakened, disillusioned eyes—yet loath to quit the spot. Such is the spell of New York! It is compelling, yet crushing; idealistic, yet materialistic; holding all, like so many puppets, in the hollow of its hand.

The Hotel Claridge may be called the Mecca of the theatrical world. Certain it is that any one who is some one within the glare of the spotlight or the range of the movie camera may be found there at some time during the day. I had never realized this so forcefully as when on a certain afternoon I sat in the lobby, waiting for friends to arrive for tea.

As I settled back in my chair, a very small and very breathless person drew up beside me, looked around for a second, with an inquiring yet utterly detached air, and sat down opposite me. I peered at her cautiously from under my hat-brim—she seemed vaguely familiar, and yet I couldn't quite place her. Suddenly she turned her head with a funny little jerk, and then I recalled that she was Hazel Simpson Naylor, whom I had seen a few nights before on the "opening night" of a Broadway production. She tapped the floor impatiently with her foot, looked at her wrist-watch and fidgeted uneasily. "Some one's late," I laughed inwardly. "Not a very good waiter. Um—maybe she's going to interview some one. Great! Here's where I see how it's done." I glanced at my own timepiece and saw that another three-quarters of an hour must elapse before I had to keep my appointment. I interestedly prepared to watch developments.



GRACE DAVISON AND GEORGE LARKIN

Presently a page came thru the lobby calling out "Mr. George Larkin—Mr. George Larkin," in that humdrum monotone peculiar to all page boys. Like a magnet, the page held my glance, and my eyes followed him as he wended his way in and out among the

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When Fan Meets Favorite

"ISN'T he handsome! We must get his photograph for our collection, Tissie. Who do you s'pose he is?"—This from a furred, Mary Garden-scented ornament to my right. "That boy's a genuine actor. Who is he?"—This from a well-haberdashed person to my left.

To make the query unanimous, I murmured: "Who is he?"

The boy whose identity confused the occupants of the tenth trench in a New York theater was enacting a part in "For Valor," a Triangle play. For the first time I understood the curiosity of film fans as to the age, complexion, matrimonial status, favorite flower, size of hat-band, color of pajamas and other intimate data relating to screen players. Heretofore, I had regarded the species known as "admirers" in the same category as the small boy inspecting a zoo for the first time or taking apart his Ingersoll for diagnosis. Nevertheless, I plead guilty to having regularly—tho surreptitiously—scanned the Answers and Queries departments of the Motion Picture magazines, and now commenced wondering what fictitious name or initials I would sign to one of these interrogations.

"Mais non," thought I. "I shall be my own sleuth and, without aid of Answer Man, Pinkerton or X-ray, get a life close-up of this particular player."

Patiently I surveyed for the second time a reel of slapstick comedy and a rather indelicate treatise elucidating the methods of hatching eggs without a hen. These finished, the cast of "For Valor" flashed before me, and my eyes played hop-scotch from characters to players until I ascertained my query.

His name?—Richard Barthelmess. Altho forewarned that the illusions of Filmland are fragile, easily dissolved by curiosity, I determined to learn something of the flesh-and-blood personality of this interesting shadow, who, for all I knew, might be an exile from the plumbers' union or a Tommy trained for tea-rooms. Barthelmess seemed rather astonished when I asked for an appointment, and frankly averred that he had never in his life been the victim of an interviewer's cross-examination. His fears were allayed, however, when I explained that I was an amateur prosecutor, and he consented to the ordeal. We had lunch at the New York club of Psi Upsilon fraternity, of which Barthelmess became a member while attending Trinity College. He is much older than he appears on the screen and matured beyond the twenty-second milestone he has just reached. I expected to find him an exuberant youth with a great deal of interest centered in himself, for he has had the dizzying sensation of shooting from obscurity to the satellite neighborhood of stardom in one year. On the contrary, he had no opinions whatsoever on the common topic of successful youth—self. Indeed, he was a most discomforting vic-





A TYPICAL PRODUCT OF THE AMERICAN UNIVERSITY—DEMOCRATIC IN HIS INTERESTS AND FRIENDSHIPS

HE IS GOING TO BE A STAR IN SPITE OF HIMSELF, BECAUSE HE HAS GOOD LOOKS AND ALL THE REST



DICK HOLDS THE CENTER OF ATTENTION IN A SCENE OF "THE VALENTINE GIRL," STARRING MARGUERITE CLARK



THE BOY WHOSE IDENTITY CONFUSED THE OCCUPANTS OF THE TENTH TRENCH IN A CERTAIN NEW YORK THEATER WAS DICK BARTHELMESS, ENACTING A PART IN "FOR VALOR"

"The Meanest Man in the Movies"

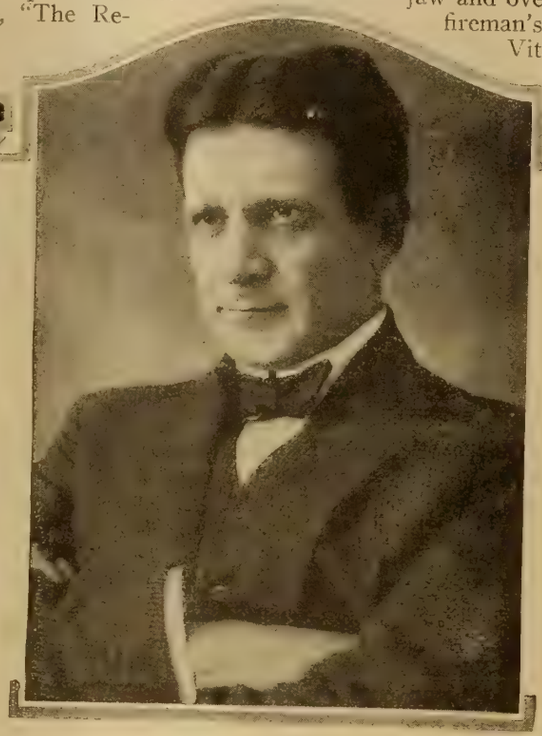
Ask Ned Finley—Says So Himself

By MARION HENRY

I HAD been on Ned Finley's trail for a long time and finally cornered him on the day he returned from the South, where he had produced his first self-starring picture, "The Return of O'Garry."

So I started in. "Say, Ned, how does it feel to be so blamed mean?—for you certainly do look the part as well as act it when you start on a rampage."

"Oh, I manage it," said Ned. "You know, 'most anybody can be nice, but you've got *some work* ahead of you to make everybody in the audience honestly hate you. The villains generally have the best acting parts in the story. They make the situations for the hero-boys, and make them stand out. If you want to see a leading-man lose his goat, just put one of these milk-fed villains in the cast. I have been treated mighty rough by some of these red-blooded heroes, but I'd rather get a punch on the jaw from a regular fellow than a slap on the wrist from one of these cute Willy Boy leading-men.



© Stacy

"Take Harry Morey, for instance. He thinks no more of slamming me off the roof of a three-story house than he does of lighting a cigaret. Do you remember 'The Girl Who Might Have Been'? Harry and I had a terrible fight on the edge of the roof; when he got me near the edge—bing! I got it on the jaw and over I went. The boys caught me in a fireman's life-net, but had I missed that net Vitagraph would have had to pay for a beautiful new lawn.

"Another of those athletic heroes is Evart Overton. Holy smoke! what a punch he has! In 'A Man's Sacrifice,' Edith Storey and I fought for one hundred and sixty feet—we were about all in (let me tell you it's a man's job, fighting with Edie). I had her across a table and would have finished the job of choking her to death in about fifteen feet more, when this Overton boy smashes in the window, gets his arm around my neck and chokes me so darned hard I haven't breathed right since. I was at a Brooklyn theater to see this picture one night. When the mob threw me over the cliff and broke my neck, a lady sitting beside me said, 'Thank God, the dirty dog is dead!' And she said it right out loud, too.

"During the run of the serial, 'The Goddess,' I killed or maimed a millionaire in every episode, and once my gang almost lynched Earle Williams—we had the rope around his neck and was ready to string him up, when my wife (Eulalie Jensen) rushed in and stopped it. Then I got even by beating her something ter-



"THE ROOKIE." NED FINLEY AND EVART OVERTON



"THE BOTTOM OF THE WELL," FEATURING NED FINLEY

rible! I (with Frank Currier, one of the millionaires) was drowned at the finish, and I heard admirers say one evening, 'Such a death is much too easy for that dirty brute!' By the way, that drowning was funny. Director Ralph Ince had us out in a sail-boat at Bay Shore. Frank and I were locked in a death-grip as we went overboard, but the water was not very deep and I couldn't stay sunk long enough to drown. The director got a big piece of lead and told me to hold on to it. He also told me, 'For the Lord's sake, Ned, if you do come up, dont come up laughing, for that grin of yours has spoiled enough film already.' But I stayed down, and so did Currier, for he was holding to my hair.

"Did you see my picture, 'O'Garry of the Royal Mounted'? Rankin Drew kicked me over a cliff eighty-five feet high to a lake thirty feet deep, and I cant swim a lick! And cold! Gee! I get a chill when I think of it! My boys were just outside the camera lines with a boat, and I thought they'd never come; and when we trimmed the picture we cut out all I was saying, for fear the censors might be lip-readers. I've quit doing these crazy stunts, and am only telling you about them because the only time I get to be a hero is when I tell my own stories.

"I've been making a study of human nature these many years, and what success I have made in my character work is from association with all kinds and classes of people. I've hobnobbed with the country's best-known financiers and captains of industry; also I've been pals with the lowest types of dope-fiends. I've been everywhere there is to go; been a tramp nearly all my life—not exactly the box-car variety, but tramp nevertheless. I've been around the world seven times; have gone abroad in the cabin de luxe, and peeled potatoes on the same boat, to get back to America. I've lived the whole route from doughnuts to terrapin and from park benches to the Waldorf.



"THE BOTTOM OF THE WELL." DANNY HAYES, NED FINLEY



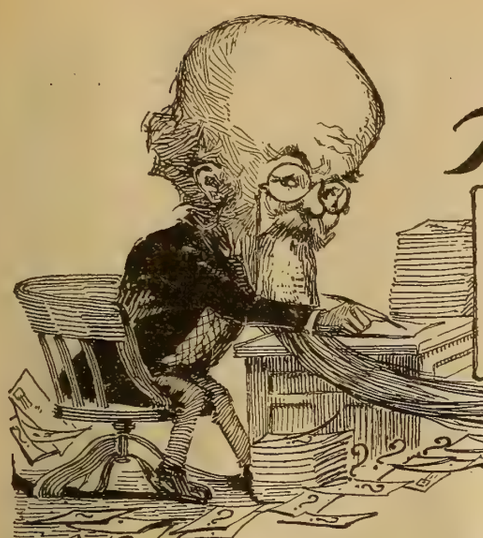
"THE HUNTED WOMAN." NED FINLEY, VIRGINIA PEARSON, DENTON VANE, RANKIN DREW

"THE MAKING OVER OF GEOFFREY MANNING." NED FINLEY AND HARRY MOREY

"There's a bakery on 8th Avenue, near 38th Street, where a bunch of us broken actors used to eat (when we had the price)—got a big slab of coffee-cake and coffee for a nickel. One day I measured the cake, and, as near as I could figure, I had eaten enough to pave Broadway from the Battery to 135th Street, including curbs. But I always kept a good front. It was sure some joke to have seen me on Broadway in the old days with an English walking-suit on, twirling my stick and with a cigar-butt that had been working two weeks. It's a good thing the wind never disarranged my coat-tails or I'd sure have been arrested.

"You know, there was no picture work to help thru the summer then, but there was Coney Island. I was

(*Continued on page* 119)



The Answer Man

This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies, or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them—this is the only movie encyclopædia in existence.

GENTLE reader, come hither, and I will conduct thee on a pleasant journey. Let us commune together with Wit, Wisdom, Mirth and Nonsense as our companions. Leave Care behind, ye who enter here, and doing thus you will not find her when you make your exit. This way, please. Step right in, for the show is about to begin.

CURIOSITY.—You dont know how much I appreciate those Southern candies—very thoughtful of you. Let me hear from you again. William Shay is with Brenon.

SLATTS.—Thanks for sending the picture. Will always be glad to hear from you. Yes, I am a cocoa fiend, but not necessarily a cocoa nut. Clara Williams in "Carmen of the Klondike."

MARGOT.—I was delighted to receive your very interesting letter. It was like a story. Maurice Costello isn't doing much these days. I am sorry your answers were delayed. Thanks.

FANNY B.—Are you at Vassar now? Why aren't you in France doing your bit? Yes, I thank you. Francis Bushman and Beverly Bayne's next picture will be "Breaking into Eden."

BUDDIE.—So you are only seven, are you?—"We Are Seven." I hope you will write to me when you are 77. Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery. I have many flatterers, therefore, but no real rivals. Elsie Janis is the greatest flatterer in the world.

O'MEGA H.—You might write Pearl White; you cant tell what she will do. Remember, movie lunch rooms, if you are careless about observing meatless days now, every day will be Tuesday by-and-by.

SEEDY C. D.—Well, I couldn't very well name all the Hart plays right here. If you send a stamped, addressed envelope I will be glad to give them to you when I get time. The first theater erected in North America was opened at Williamsburg, Va., in 1716.

D. W. K.—You think such stars as Vedah Bertram, Florence LaBadie, Arthur Johnson and John Bunny, all of whom have passed away, should be mentioned in the Hall of Fame Contest. I do too, and they are surely eligible under the rules. Write direct to the Pathé Co., 1 Congress St., Jersey City, N. J.

QUEER LILL.—So you think Sally Crute is too old to wear her hair down her back in curls. Why, only last month I saw Melba play Marguerite in "Faust," and she is about sixty. Non-professional, but separated. But remember that the world is full of beauty, as other worlds above; and if we did our duty, it might be full of love.

MANON, TEXAS.—Yep, the Motion Pictures are busily engaged composing a fitting reply to the latest German peace terms by showing the various war industries—Kaiser Bill, watch your step! I believe Blanche Sweet has every intention of coming back. It was the same old Florence Turner who played the lead in "My Old Dutch." That was when she was in England. You say I keep you alarmed—you mean informed. You better say that.

EMIL E.—Why didn't you look me up when you were on Duffield Street? They dont charge any admission fee or war tax to see me. Laurette Taylor is the wife of Hartley Manners.

POOR BUTTERFLY.—My little Japanese girl, you dont know how very interesting your letter was. You write very well indeed. Now as to Sessue Hayakawa, I really dont know what caste in Japan he came from. Perhaps he will see this and let me know so that I can answer you.

I WILL NOT.—Beatriz Michelena was Kate and William Pike was John in "The Unwritten Law." I must say your fable of the Persecuted Genius is a wonder. Wish I could publish it, but it is rather long.

JACK LE F.—I dont know how to advise you about getting in a company. There isn't much chance. You say on your first trip to Europe your ship was fired at in the middle of the day and had a torpedo pass under you, scraping your keel, and sinking an English ship within a hundred yards of you. That must have been as thrilling as witnessing a Universal "meller." Better stay in the navy.

A. E. P.—Grace Darmond is with Vitagraph out West. I will be glad to exchange your Canadian stamps for U. S. stamps, provided you send enough to allow for the exchanging. Otherwise I will send you what I get for them. Glad to hear you escaped that smash-up.

MRS. CHARLES L. H.—Josie Sedgwick had the lead in "The Eagle's Nest." Yes, Elsie Ferguson is her real name. You would like to see Mary Pickford in "Pollyanna." Because she is always glad?

HAPPIE.—So you want a soldier boy to write to. Good! I have several on my list and I will send their names to you and yours to them.

BESSIE OF THE BARRACKS.—The quotation "You may fire when ready, Gridley," was taken from Dewey. That reminds me—one night in Berlin, Napoleon was playing a game of baccarat. He had in front of him a pile of golden Napoleons, twenty-franc pieces, and taking them by the handful, was throwing them on the table, paying little attention to the game. All of a sudden he remarked to General Rapp, who was sitting next to him: "I am sure, General, that the Prussians like these little Napoleons a good deal." The intelligent courtier at once replied: "Much more than the great one, sire!"

NORMA B. R.—Patsy DeForest was Fanny (also funny) in "An Alabaster Box." Annette Kellermann is Mrs. James R. Sullivan in private life.

HENRIETTA PLUMMER, 535 Hubert Ave., Springfield, O., would like to write to some of our boys in the camps. Heap much thanks, Henrietta.

PEGGY.—William Shay was William in "The Soul of Broadway." I write the inquiries for only two publications, this one and the Classic. Yes, Winifred Kingston in "Ben Blair." Yes, George Chesebro was John in "Broadway Arizona." No, I am neither Edwin M. LaRoche, Robert Shores nor Henry Albert Phillips. You may have three more guesses and then you go to the foot of the class.

The Answer Man

ALFRED M.—Well, I'm glad you were so prosperous. Fortune, men say, doth give too much to many, but yet she never gave enough to any. However much we have, we would always like a little more. I often think how much I could do with 50c. more per week. Tom Moore in "Who's Guilty?" Dorothy Bernard in "A Man of Sorrow." You like my department and the Letters to the Editor best.

RAY B.—Paul Willis was Blackie in "Trouble Buster." No, but Max Linder is coming back with Essanay.

BERTHA H.—I'm sorry your questions weren't answered. You know there is a long line waiting now who probably wont be answered this month. You are crowding in on me now. Carlyle Blackwell and Gypsy Abbott in "The Key to Yesterday" and Warren Kerrigan and Lois Wilson in "The Gay Lord Waring." No, to your puzzle question. Your letter was great.

RUDWIG M.—It was this way: for more than ten years, anti-tuberculosis societies have been using a double Red Cross as an emblem to indicate the fight against consumption. It was first adopted in Berlin in 1902. Marc Robbins was Lorry in the Fox "Tale of Two Cities."

SILVER SPURS.—Hello! Niles Welch—yes, he is playing for Metro. We expect to have a chat with him sooner or later. There was a reason. I didn't say I would send you a picture. He who is most slow in making a promise, is the most faithful in the performance of it.

BEVERLY M.—Pearl White is playing in "The House of Hate." Paul Panzer was Neil in "The Apple Tree Girl." Joyce Fair was Margaret. No, there was never a Charlie Chaplin before the present one. He is the only Charlie Chaplin in captivity. He's a rare specimen.

CONSTANT READER.—But you should sign your name and address. Such disobedience! Aida Horton was the child in "Bobby's Secret." Patsy DeForest was Fanny the slave-girl.

JANE NOVAK ADMIRER.—Well, you are always on the job. I should like to see you in your evening dress. Is it as bad as the trail of the lonesome spine? You might write Keystone. Lillian Cook was Denis in "The Submarine Eye."

NORMA DE PEARL.—I agree with you in seeking for peace and the love of all nations. Humanity is greater than nationality. Ralph Kellard in that Pathé. Yes, Bert Lytell was Michael. Mahlon Hamilton opposite Marguerite Clark in "Molly Make Believe."

FLOSSIE, HARRISBURG.—So you like the narrow skirts this season? Beware—displays are dangerous! Tsuru Aoki and Margaret Loomis in "The Call of the East." Oh yes, I must have my buttermilk these warm spring mornings. There is nothing like planting an army of lactic acid bacilli under your belt.

GORDON A.—When I said "I never heard of him" I wasn't referring to Jack Holt then, I was answering another question. However, you were the second to call my attention to it.

SERGEANT WILLIAM L.—No, Fred Stone has not played in pictures as yet.

CHARLES S.—You just bet I take my exercise every morning. And I like to juggle a medicine ball every now and then. It gives me a ravenous appetite and makes me feel like a two-year-old. Regina Quinn was the girl in "The Pride of New York." Why dont you join one of the correspondence clubs? See list below.

LITTLE MISS CANADA.—No, Niles Welch did not play opposite Marguerite Clark in "The Valentine Girl." Richard Barthelmess did. Eugene Pallette was the good-looking fellow in that play. Charles Clary in "The Rosary." J. W. Johnson in "The Man on the Box." Say there, there's something wrong with your terminal facilities. Well, I am old. (In years, but not in health, strength and endurance.)

E. J. C.—No, Earle Williams did not play opposite Mildred Manning in "Glorious Betsy" about eight or nine years ago. It's all wrong. Gilbert Rooney was Horace in "Parentage."

EDITH K.—Louise Lovely and Lon Chaney in "The Gilded Spider." Edna Flugrath and Lewis Gilbert in "The Heart of a Child." You want me to tell you who was the wickedest man in history, and ask if it was Nero. No, it was Moses, for he broke all the ten commandments at once.

LOUISE Q.—You must not get cold feet when you write to me. I didn't know I affected people that way. Everybody write; the more the merrier. The more letters I have to answer the happier I am. I would soon die of old age if I were deprived of this pleasure. Paul Willis was Jack.

MARY E. B.—Guess you mean A. D. Sears who was Francis in "The Girl of the Timber Claims." I'm glad you do. To know what you like is the beginning of wisdom—and of old age.

DE WITT P.—Put the name that you wish to appear at the top of the letter. Earle Williams, Miriam Miles, Mabel Trunnelle and Denton Vane in "The Grell Mystery."

BETTY II.—Yes, I am very kind. The charm permitted to the aged; it is the coquetry of white hair. Kathryn Adams was the Italian in "The Woman and the Beast."

ABBERVILLE, S. C.—Are you trying to get me peeved? You ask if Pearl White is married? Dont you know that's not according to Hoyle? Virginia Pearson has a big heart, hasn't she? Is Creighton Hale a blond? You are patting the fur the wrong way there, son. Yes.

REJECTED GLOOCOOS.—Thanks for adding me to your list of favorites. I'm glad to be there, but I'm more glad to be worthy of it in your estimation. Mary Fuller isn't playing now. She isn't on the map, but we'll discover her soon. Thanks for sending me the picture of yourself in uniform. I'm so tickled to get pictures of soldier boys in uniform.

SYLVIA C.—William Desmond is with Triangle, and Ben Wilson is with Universal. Carlyle Blackwell is with World, and Olive Thomas is the wife of Jack Pickford. We will have a chat with Dorothy Dalton soon.

ALYEE W.—Emerson says: "Aim high." General Jackson says: "Aim low." How's your aim in life? You want a chat with Henry Gsell. You just bet I love candy; it helps sweeten the disposition.

CHERRY.—Why dont you leave a little space between the lines? Well, that's not our fault. The Editor would gladly print a picture of Tom Moore, provided he would go and have some taken. Tom Moore—Hartsook is paging you!

DAN, 88.—Welcome back. So you've been to school, have you? That's the place for every youngster. No, I dont remember the day it rained all night.

QUEEN LILL.—Sorry. Everything that is mine, even to my life, I may give, but the secret of my friend is not mine. Virginia Valli and Rodney LaRock in "Vernon the Bountiful." You say Helen Gardner was in your room in school. Then that schoolroom was doubly honored.

LA-DY.—Oh yes, I have heard of your town. You say they take in the sidewalks and close up the town at eleven o'clock. That's late. You say you have raved over Crane Wilbur, been in love with Harold Lockwood, admired, worshiped and wondered at Earle Williams, enthused over many others, but words fail you when you saw Harry Morey in "Womanhood." It was certainly a manly piece of work. Dont know what this stands for? Yes to your second. No, I dont expect to be drafted.

WINIFRED P., TORONTO.—But dont be afraid of making enemies. Alas for him who has none! Mlle. Evelyn and M. Arturo in "The Jockey of Death." Little Lorna Volare was the girl in "Secret of the Storm Country."

W. L. H.—Let us no longer cheat our conscience by talking of filthy lucre. Money may always be a beautiful thing. It is we who make it filthy. I'm not sure, but I expect mother. Coralie wasn't cast. Emily Stevens is the niece of Minnie Maddern Fiske. Why, that's simplified spelling, to be sure. Yes, those little carelessnesses will creep in.

With Hoops of Steel

This story was written from the Paralta Film—Scenario by TOM J. GERAGHTY

By DOROTHY DONNELL

I MIGHT as well come plumb out and say right at the beginning that I aint no Shakespeare, nor yet no Eleanor Glyn. When it comes to handling a branding-iron or a six-shooter, I aint so worse, maybe, but a pen—shucks! It's all right for the ladies to smear up nice, clean white paper with one of 'em, but they aren't man-size weapons. Howsomever, I dont mind makin' an A No. 1 brand fool out of myself when it's for a pal.

They was three of us those days that swallowed likker in Pirate Pete's booze-parlor in Las Plumas—me and Nick and Emerson Mead. The first two I mentioned was just the ordinary garden variety of cow-punchers, but Mead was different—he was so straight he bent backwards. Corns on his conscience, that man had! An' for all o' that, he weren't a sissy, either—wore a sixteen-and-a-half collar, and toted a considerable active gun. He knowed all about Homer an' a guy named Milton an' all the fifty-seven varieties of book-larnin', but it hadn't spiled him an' made him top-heavy like it does some.



"MEAD HANDED OVER HIS GUN WITH A BOW"

Well, as I was saying, me and Nick and him was pals. It began that day Garcia and Will Whittaker sort o' missed their way and wandered into Mead's corral with a Fillmore branding-iron. Whittaker's father was the head of the Fillmore Cattle Corporation, and they loved Mead for running his ranch independent in jest the same tender way a rattler loves the fellow who steps on its tail. So Will, with the old greaser who was a sort o' scullery maid to do Whittaker's dirty work, fixes it to accuse him of cattle-stealing. A healthy skunk, with all his accomplishments in working order, is a respectable citizen beside a cattle-thief, an' they figured if they could get steers with their brand on 'em found in Mead's corral, the atmosphere of this part o' the country wouldn't be healthy for him to breathe.

But Emerson Mead, A.B., Ph.D., an' so on, had another degree they aint wise to, and that was P. D. Q. They never reckoned that a man who tipped his hat to a woman could have anything under it, so when he come on 'em signing their names to his cattle they pulled out their artillery expecting to scare him into Kingdom Come.

"I didn't hear you gentlemen knock," Mead says, pleasant-like, "but I see you were goin' to leave your calling-cards," he says. And with that, still smiling and calm as a May morning, he outs with his fists and knocks the gun out of Will Whittaker's hand. I tell you, gents, it was as pretty a little scrimmage as you'd pay four bucks to see. I know, because me and Nick strolled up just as it was getting under way.

"Want any help, pard?" Nick asks, casual-like. "I aint especially busy this mornin'."

"No, thanks," Mead calls out, cheerfully—whack, whack! "You might stick around and see the Mex dont pull a knife, tho."

So we stuck around, and say, that's just what happened. A greaser has got the code of a coyote, an' this one was slick. It was shaving a minute with a safety razor, but we got it away from him afore he nicked Mead, and tied him up, biting and squealing like a mad pinto. By this time Will had had enough, too—he being in the minority.

"What'll we do with these sons-of-guns?" I says. "Killin's a lot too good for 'em."

Mead ripped Whittaker's gun open, emptied the cartridges into his own pocket, and tossed it to him. His hair was mussed some from the scrimmage, but he didn't even raise his nice, soft, rah-rah boy voice.

"Git!" he says, gently, "while the gitting's good. And if ever I come acrost you on the wrong side of the fence again, I'm afraid," he says, amiably, "I might lose my temper next time."

That was the first Nick and me knew about Emerson Mead, but not the last, by a d—n sight. We shook hands then and there in a circle, and he says some poetry stuff about "ties that bind like hoops of steel," and afterwards we rode up to his ranch-house and drank a dozen or so to the bargain.

Las Palmas got wind of the trouble atween the Fillmore outfit and Mead, only they got the story

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Emerson Mead	Henry Walthall
Marguerite Delarue	Mary Charleson
Jim Harlin	William DeVaull
Col Whittaker	Jos J Dowling
Pierre Delarue	Howard Crampton
Albert Wellesley	Roy Laidlaw
Paul Delarue	Jack Standing, Jr.
Will Whittaker	Clifford Alexander
Amada Garcia	Anna Mae Walthall

as straight as a coiled rattler, being as how Colonel Whittaker was the one to tell it; and feeling runs high against the rancher. One night, in Pirate Pete's, Nick and me heard Albert Wellesley shootin' off his mouth against our new pard, an' ambles over.

"I dont like your conversation especial," Nick tells



"HE COULDN'T EVEN BE ARRESTED IN PEACE"

him, meaning-like; "an' your face dont please me, either. It needs altering some."

Albert turns pale. He was a prinkin', washed-out critter who wore perfumery on his handkercher and was sweet on pretty Marguerite Delarue, the daughter of the storekeeper. He had about as much backbone as a dishrag, and why the Fillmore Corporation chose him for their financial agent I cant guess.

"Of course," he sputters, venomous, "you can bully me into silence, but I very much doubt if you can bully a man out of jail!"

"Who's in jail?" I asks him, pertending not to get his drift. "Any o' your friends? Aint that too bad!"

"Nobody's in jail," answered Albert, trembling with rage, as he backs out of the saloon, firing one word at us from the doorway, "*yet*——"

Maybe that had ought to have wised us up to what was coming, but we weren't no Sherlock Holmes—only poor, innocent cow-punchers. So when old Colonel Whittaker comes foaming into town next afternoon, bellering that his son Will has been found shot dead on the mesa, we didn't smell no skunk any more than the rest of 'em.

The town hadn't had a murder for several weeks, and it was considerable worked up over this'n. In Las Palmas they hang a man first and try him afterwards, and after we'd listened to a few of the remarks passed by the citizens' meeting, we departed, unostentatious, and headed for Mead's ranch.

"Seen a spirit, boys, or are you *looking* for spirits?" asks Emerson, tossing off an imaginary glass, as we tumbled off our pintos onto his front porch.

"No; we're tryin' to prevent a friend o' our'n from becoming a spirit!" Nick answers; and in a few well-chosen words he tells him what's happened and what's going to happen.

"If you've got prejudices against capital punishment, and dont want the chief rôle in a funeral, you'd better light out till the excitement cools down," he finishes.

Mead didn't turn a hair. He stood a moment thinking visible; then he put his gun-belt on, with a sigh.

"How annoying!" he drawls. "I was planning to go over my fences today, but they'll have to wait."

And, by the living jingo, if he didn't get onto his horse and head straight back to town! None of our argyments had any effect, and we follows him into the town hall, where they were holding the Vigilantes' meeting, planning to give him a nice funeral, anyway.

The town folks was kind of took aback to see the man they'd just decided to hang walk in amongst 'em, behind the business end of a gun.

"Gentlemen," Mead says, cool as a cucumber, "I understand you want me for the murder of Will Whittaker. Is that correct?"

"You bet it is!" hollers a Fillmore supporter.

"Well," says Mead, "if there's been a murder, there's a corpse somewhere, I suppose. Now, I dont mind hanging, if Will Whittaker is dead, because, tho I didn't do



"WHAT HE SAID TO HER IS NO AFFAIR O' MINE"



MEAD IS INFORMED THAT THE CHILD IS STOLEN

was almost bashful about it, so to speak. Besides, there was something new to think about. Pierre Delarue stuck a placard in the window of his store, announcing that he had a new shipment of gents' hardware in, and that his daughter Marguerite was going to marry Albert Wellesley, and black-eye beans was selling at thirty cents a pound.

Delarue's gal was little and dark and pretty as the picters they put on insurance calendars. She was the sort that gets a man thinkin' of a cottage with honeysuckle over the door and a perambulator, maybe, on the stoop. You'd know, to look at her, she could cook and sew and all them woman-things, and she was always smiling, showing two little dimples at the corners of her mouth. Say! it seemed a shame for her to be marrying that shifty-eyed, mouse-haired runt, like a plump little pigeon pairing off with a rat.

We was feeling sore about it, like men do when a pretty woman picks out another man, and was passing sneering remarks about the future bridegroom while we saddled up and rode out to Mead's ranch next morning.

"Hullo, boys!" he shouts cheerfully. "Any more murders this morning?"

"No; but there's a man in Las Palmas who'd be better off for a little killin'!" Nick says gloomily. "Albert Wellesley is going to marry the Delarue gal——"

I said Emerson Mead was a big man, didn't I? But it, I'm in hearty sympathy with whoever did. But it would make me peevish to be hung without satisfactory proof of his death."

And so saying, he backs out of the hall, the entire meeting following cautious-like. Outside he meets the sheriff with his posse, coming back from a visit to his ranch. Whilst the sheriff stands off the crowd, Mead hands over his gun with a bow. "See you soon, boys," he says to us, shaking hands. "So long!"

And off he goes to the jail. Of course, me and Nick wasn't going to stand for that, being as how we were pals of his; so an hour later, when the Vigilantes had scattered for chow, we just dropped a lariat over the wall into the prison yard and h'isted him up. He climbed down, hand over hand, got on his horse, and we all rode off to his ranch, where, for a near-corpse, he got away with as large a dinner as I ever see.

"Do you know, boys," he says, "I didn't like that jail much. It's not a comfortable place, and its conveniences are decidedly elementary——" Oh, he could juggle the dictionary, buh-lieve me! "On the whole, I think I wont go back there. You might tell them that if there's any more murders they want me for, they have my present address, I believe. I'd prefer to be hung from my own house, anyway—it would be so much more homelike than in a perfectly strange jail!"

It peeved Las Palmas some to have him escape from their jail so easy, but they didn't show any great enthusiasm for riding out to Mead's ranch and getting him. They



"THE BUNCH OF FEMALE WOMEN GATHERED ROUND HER"

maybe I forgot to mention his jaw and chin. They was about all you saw of his face when he got mad, like now.

"Oh, he is, is he?" he rasped. "I think you're mistaken, boys."

"Like h—ll, we are!" I says. "Every one in Las Palmas is talking about it."

"Still," says Emerson Mead, calmly, "I think you are mistaken, because I intend to marry Marguerite Delarue myself."

Well, what d'you know about that? 'Course, we'd seen him leaning over the counter talking to the girl—most o' the boys had worn their elbows thin that way, but we hadn't a notion he'd been lassoed——

"Mebbe you forgot to mention it to the lady," Nick says, sarcastic-like. "You'd always ought to make a note on your cuff about them little things!"

Mead brought his hand down on Nick's shoulder and like to have knocked him off his feet. "By Jove, you're right, partner!" he exclaimed; "but I'll do it now——"

And the blankety-blank fool takes a running leap into his saddle and off he goes to Las Palmas.

"This is gettin' monotonous," Nick says to me, as we followed. "He seems to think we got nothin' to do except get him out o' one kind o' trouble or another. If any one sees him in Las Palmas he'll go to jail again, and if they dont he'll get sentenced to matrimony for life, which is pretty near as bad."

The first was what happened. This time the sheriff thought he'd make sure of his prisoner by takin' him into Red Bend, where they've got a jail that locks up. Nick and me come pretty near not gettin' him off. I aint had as much practice holding up trains as some, but we done it with the help o' a gang of Mead's punchers, and seen him safe home again.

"For God's sake, stick around home for a few days, anyhow," Nick says, pleading. "Eliza crossin' the ice had a restful trip compared to the life we've led the last week. If Wellesley develops acute symptoms of gettin' married, we'll say 'Boo!' to him and scare him into the next county."

Mead looked melancholy.

"I think," he mused, "it would be well to find out the truth about the Whittaker affair. I base my assumption of Will Whittaker's being still alive on a trifling incident that occurred the day he was supposed to have been killed——"

Wait a shake, till I get my breath! This job of writing is harder than taming a bunch of green ponies.

"As I was riding toward my humble domicile," continues Mead, "I passed a prairie-schooner driven by a Mexican. Before I realized it, I was covered by a rifle stuck thru the canvas of the wagon, and relieved of the package of bank-notes I was bringing to pay off my men. An annoying incident, very—perhaps I mentioned it to you?"

He knew d—n well he hadn't, the close-mouthed son-of-a-gun!

"No," Nick says, savage-like. "Your memory's gettin' poor, friend. You didn't speak of that, neither."



"I THOUGHT I RECOGNIZED THAT GUN AS WILL WHITTAKER'S!"

"Well, it was hardly worth mentioning, of course," Mead answers, gently, "except that I thought I recognized *that gun as Will Whittaker's*. The hand holding it wore a ring like one I noticed on his finger when I found him in my corral."

And on'y the next day a rancher rode into town with the news Will Whittaker's body had been found by a search party, positively identified by his clothes, and buried two hours ago on the mesa. When Mead heard of it he looked thoughtful.

"What would you fellows do for a pal?" he asked us, an' we says, "Anything."

We all shook hands on it, making the hoop of steel, like he called it again. And then he told us what we was to do.

It wasn't so hard finding the grave on the mesa—you can see a fly a mile away on a clear day. There was a pistol stickin' in the soft earth on top—Will Whittaker's right enough. That would have satisfied most men, but not Emerson Mead. He just measured the mound with his eye, and says he: "Tommy"—that's my monaker—"take the spade and find out just how much of this earth's been moved."

That was easy. The mesa was packed as hard as a brick, except where they'd spaded it up. Mead knelt down, took a tape-measure—in a silver holder, Lord!—out of his pocket and measured the length of the grave—a bare five-foot-three it was.

"Come along, boys," says he, smiling kind o' queer-like; "let's go find the sheriff. If Will Whittaker is in that grave, he's shrunk a foot!" says he.

But shucks! it was no use. He couldn't even be arrested in peace. No sooner than we'd got to the sheriff's office, in runs a cow-puncher crying out that Pierre Delarue's little boy, Paul, was lost on the mountain. Aint it queer how folks like to make the worst o' things?

"He's probably fell over a precipice by now, or been et by a mountain-lion!" he says, sort of hopeful-like. "His sister is 'most crazy, crying and carrying on——"

Emerson Mead didn't wait to hear any more. He got up and buckled on the gun he'd just laid on the sheriff's table.

"You'll excuse me, I'm sure," he says, bowing. "Some other time—delighted! But I haven't time to be tried today."

And with that he walks straight out of the office! One of the posse raised his gun, but the sheriff shook his head. "Let him go," he says, slowly. "I feel sure he will come back again—when he has time."

I said first off that I wasn't no Shakespeare, and when it comes to love-making, that's too much to expect of a cow-puncher. Besides, naturally, Nick and me didn't go into the house with Mead. What he said to her is no affair of mine, nor yours either, when you come right down to it; but she wasn't crying when they come out together, and her cheeks was as fresh as wild roses.

There was a bunch of female women standing round the yard, cackling like a lot of hens. When they see her

they all gathered round, begging her to be calm and trust in the Lord, and telling her Paul was probably safe, if he hadn't been killed by this time, the poor child, and of course the rattlers were terrible thick on the mountain, and maybe an eagle had carried him off; but she must bear up and hope for the best, and other comforting things. Mead, he buckled on Nick's cartridge-belt, hauled me off my horse and pumped both of our hands.

"Wish me luck, boys!" he says. So we wished him luck, and off he rides with Marguerite Delarue.

Nope, I'm only a cow-puncher, and I cant tell you what happened to the two of them up there on the mountain-side, with all the world sort of far away below and the sky sort of close to above. Maybe some of you can help me by remembering the hour you've got tucked away in your own heart when you seemed nearer Heaven than you ever were before or afterward. I think maybe they didn't say much, just looked into each other's faces, and perhaps touched each other's hands and rode on in the gold light.



"THEM LEVEL-HEADED FELLERS BLOW UP SUDDEN"

But all I know is, when they came back the light was still shining in their faces and the child was crowing and laughing in the man's big arms. There's something queer about seeing a man and woman and a child together; it makes a fellow kind of homesick-like. Me and Nick was waiting for them in front of the Delarue house, but when we seen them coming we turned our pintos' heads and ambled away. The pesky sunlight was in my eyes or something, so I come near riding plumb into the sheriff.

"I'm looking for your running-mate, Mead," he says. "I've got good news for him."

"I reckon he's already *had* good news," Nick grins, "but Wellesley may not think so. There's been a new deal, sheriff; hearts is trumps, and Emerson Mead is sure gambling that he's got the winning hand."

"Plague take the man!" roared the sheriff. "Hasn't he got any respect for the law? I suppose he's forgotten he's under arrest for a very serious crime?"

"Way it looked last time I saw him," admitted Nick, "he *had*."

The sheriff scratched his head. "Well," says he, "seeing there warn't any murder, except a greaser who died of sunstroke and the Fillmore people drest up in Will Whittaker's clothes, so to get rid of Mead, I dont suppose he's under arrest any longer. You might tell him so—if he should happen to ask!"

He turned his horse's head, and paused. "Young Whittaker's gone to Frisco. It was his girl gave the whole story away—a wild Mexican girl with a tongue like a snake-lash. I reckon there was more'n one reason why being dead sort of appealed to him——"

We rode on together, Nick and me. "It's queer," I says, "after all we done for him, and then a little upstart of a gal only has to smile and show two dinky dimples, and he plumb forgets we're in the world."

"It's life," Nick says, with a sigh. "We fire-eaters is as steady as mules with the wimmen; them level-headed fellers blow up sudden. Hoops of steel! Humph!"



The World's Drama

By CLARENCE E. FLYNN

The world's a screen. Across it flit the shadows
Of all the multitudes that come and go.
They move in dusty lanes, o'er sunny meadows,
And where the hand of toil moves to and fro.

There is the mourner and the long procession;
There is the maid with joy of which to sing;
There is the warrior, with his blood-possession;
There is the shade of some forgotten king.

Soon is each gone. Soon yonder in the distance
Each comes, amid the mists to disappear,
Where dying light falls on his face or glistens
For one brief moment on his helm or spear.

Yet as each goes another is approaching,
A multitude is shadowed on ahead;
So moves the line, forevermore encroaching
Upon the borders of the silent dead.

Thus goes the drama, each his fond part playing,
For what he plays to him is all in all—
Striving, pursuing, loving, toiling, praying,
Until the darkness overshadows all.

"The Motion Picture Hall of Fame"

The Most Talked About Event in Screenland's History for 1918

THE progress of the Motion Picture Hall of Fame Contest, which we announced at the beginning of the year, is very much like that of a well-developed serial picture—the longer it runs, the keener the interest grows. There is now no doubt that this most remarkable expression of public opinion, with the novel rewards and conditions of the contest, has struck its full stride. The startling fact that the leading portrait painters of America will be engaged to paint life-size oil portraits of the twelve greatest players in Motion Pictures, and that these portraits will make a triumphal tour of the leading picture theaters of the United States, after which they will be sent to Washington as a permanent exhibition, has set every one to talking. The thousands of letters that accompany the voting coupons are eloquent testimony of what our readers think of "The Motion Picture Hall of Fame."

What the Players Think of It

A prominent player, well known for the brains that he has put into his art, writes us in part as follows: "In line with every so-called boosting contest, on first thought, my judgment was that 'The Motion Picture Hall of Fame' was simply another scheme to center prominence upon your publication. But after analyzing the absolutely fair conditions of your contest and the safeguards that you have placed around it, I feel that I must confess to you in writing that it appeals to me strongly. You are attempting to do something big for the picture players as well as for the profession. Motion Pictures must be constantly seeking higher and higher altitudes of fact and fancy. You are flying high. Your aim to help make Motion Pictures a worthy and dignified art as expressed thru its players is to be highly commended. Your idea of establishing a 'Motion Picture Hall of Fame' is not only novel, but worthy of the creative genius of your Editors. I realize what the successful conclusion of this contest will mean for my profession and will use my constant and best endeavors to help you."

Easy Rules for "The Twelve Immortals"

The rules of the Motion Picture Hall of Fame Contest have been made extremely simple: Twelve players of either sex may be voted for on the ballot printed elsewhere in this issue. In selecting them, we request our readers to take into consideration the following qualities: Beauty, Portrayal and Popularity of the players. The twelve players receiving the greatest number of votes at the conclusion of the contest will be entitled to have their portraits painted for "The Motion Picture Hall of Fame," which will be placed on exhibition as previously stated. For the benefit of our readers who live in small cities and towns, we can announce that a miniature "Hall of Fame" will be reproduced in the pages of the Motion Picture Magazine and that the winners' portraits will be presented to them in all the fullness of color and detail of the original paintings.

As the Big Vote Rolls In

Our readers can rest assured that "The Motion Picture Hall of Fame" at its conclusion will be truly representative of the world's twelve greatest screen players, living or dead. Just as water seeks its level, the stars must follow their courses. It is interesting to note that during the past month no changes have taken place among the leading twelve. While nearly half a million votes have been received and counted, the present twelve immortals still head the list. It is significant to note, however, how closely pressed they are by at least another dozen stars whose world-wide popularity makes them dangerous competitors. All in all, the vote is extremely well distributed, and hardly any familiar name is missing from the list of favorites. As the contest progresses we will announce several novel and interesting means of increasing its interest and value. We are confident that our readers are behind us in the endeavor to make this the worthiest, best and most interesting contest that has ever been conducted in behalf of the shadow stage. You will find a good deal of interest in deciding just who your twelve favorites are when you fill in your coupon and send it to us at the earliest possible moment. Here are the votes of the players who have received 4,000 votes or more up to March 25:

Mary Pickford	85,672
Marguerite Clark	65,573
Douglas Fairbanks	60,428
Harold Lockwood	59,433
William S. Hart	58,864
Wallace Reid	50,340
Pearl White	47,218
Anita Stewart	39,227
Francis X Bushman	31,326
Theda Bara	31,298
Mary Miles Minter	30,702
Earle Williams	29,795
Clara Kimball Young	28,077
William Farnum	27,768
Pauline Frederick	26,441
Norma Talmadge	25,839
Charlie Chaplin	25,668
Vivian Martin	25,474
Billie Burke	20,784
Ethel Clayton	19,922
Beverly Bayne	19,705
Warren Kerrigan	19,105
Jack Pickford	18,508
Alice Joyce	18,374
Henry B. Walthall	17,697
Geraldine Farrar	17,389
Alice Brady	16,861
George Walsh	14,192
Mae Marsh	13,885
Violet Mersereau	13,727
Bessie Love	13,517
Dustin Farnum	13,484
Mae Murray	13,415
Charles Ray	12,959
Carlyle Blackwell	12,615
Bryant Washburn	12,442
Olga Petrova	12,228
June Caprice	12,127
May Allison	11,859
Louise Huff	11,476
Dorothy Dalton	11,337
Mollie King	11,208
Antonio Moreno	10,493
Owen Moore	10,156
Olive Thomas	9,896
Sessue Hayakawa	9,790
Bessie Barriscale	9,334
Viola Dana	9,244
Creighton Hale	9,222
House Peters	9,001
Crane Wilbur	8,565
William Desmond	8,495
Tom Forman	8,326
Robert Warwick	8,274
Earle Foxe	7,996
Blanche Sweet	7,987
Edith Storey	7,946
William Russell	7,820
Jackie Saunders	7,791
Fannie Ward	7,691
Harry Morey	7,682
Ruth Roland	7,606
Helen Holmes	7,483
Ethel Barrymore	7,472
George Beban	7,467
Thomas Meighan	7,445
Mary Anderson	7,423
Stuart Holmes	7,334
Lillian Gish	7,236
Madge Evans	7,077
Grace Cunard	6,938
Gladys Brockwell	6,900
Ann Pennington	6,890
Irene Castle	6,889
William Duncan	6,746
Peggy Hyland	6,710
Montagu Love	6,686
Ralph Kellard	6,567
Tom Moore	6,492
Kathlyn Williams	6,462
Marie Osborne	6,401
Virginia Pearson	6,384
Eugene O'Brien	6,209
Louise Glaum	6,190
Ben Wilson	6,110
Dorothy Gish	5,925
Mary Fuller	5,886
Harry Hilliard	5,881
Ann Little	5,853
Irving Cummings	5,847
Mahlon Hamilton	5,775
Conway Tearle	5,724
Theodore Roberts	5,710
Vola Vale	5,699
Edward Langford	5,649
Maxine Elliott	5,648
Niles Welch	5,642
Shirley Mason	5,636
Frank Keenan	5,622
Mary Maurice	5,584
Dorothy Phillips	5,580
Marie Walcamp	5,573
Jewel Carmen	5,514
Doris Kenyon	5,065
Herbert Rawlinson	5,017
Julian Eltinge	4,498
Henry Gsell	4,411
Lillian Walker	4,409

Madame Mode en Trotteur

By D'IRWIN NEMEROV, of Russek, Fifth Avenue, New York



Like a French voice in a conversation about the table, the unique and delicate loveliness of Miss Mae Murray will never be lost in any crowd, be it ever so great, in this cape dress of treco



No background could destroy the effective silhouet or the transcendent beauty of Miss Ruth Clifford in this graceful velveteen bolero with draped girdle and triple peplum, touched with shepherd plaid.



A far distant focus of Miss Molly Malone's blue eyes suggests nothing near r than the East, with its tinkling temple bells—therefore, this little shopping suit of gray gabardine, with ornamental belt of Chinese embroidery, is doubly suitable.



JACK MULHALL DOES EXCELLENT WORK IN "WILD YOUTH" (BLACKTON-PARAMOUNT)



"AN AMERICAN LIVE WIRE" GIVES EARLE WILLIAMS A CHANCE TO PLAY AN O. HENRY HERO



YOU WILL LIKE "THE BELOVED TRAITOR" (GOLDWYN) BECAUSE IT IS MAE MARSH

Across the

A Department of Photoplay Review

"CARMEN OF THE KLONDIKE"

MONTE M. KATTERJOHN calls this his best play and a perfect example of direct continuity. To our minds it is a perfect example of hack writing. Given: the Alaskan gold-rush, a hero, a villain and a heroine, what would happen? The veriest amateur would pot-boil a plot something like this. The villain tries to foil the hero in order to get the girl and the gold, which process is reversed in the end. Precisely "Carmen of the Klondike's" working plot. Katterjohn has added keen-insighted motivation which helps materially, but the whole thing is a tasteless meal which lacks the salt of originality, except for an occasional flavoring of thrilling physical clashes. Clara Williams' main idea seems to be that she must look pretty, in spite of the fact that the style of the nineties is not now generally becoming; and so while the other unimportant females of the cast are drest with a fidelity to period, Clara as star of the piece compromises with the style. She succeeds in looking pretty and is charming from all points of view, but not at all in the spirit of the period. I hope that we are going to see more of Edward Coxen. He is the one really great figure of the play and deserves press-agenting as a star, which he is in reality if not so billed. H. S. N

"THE DESIRED WOMAN" (VITAGRAPH)

The moving finger writes and having writ moves on, nor all your piety nor wit shall lure it back to cancel half a line, nor all your tears wash out a word of it. At last we have a play that realizes this inexorable truth and a company willing to perpetuate it. Here we have real people living real lives and not obtaining sugary consolation of satisfied desires solely for the sake of the final close-up. Harry Morey takes the part of a successful New York broker. While resting in the country he falls in love with a genuine girl, but on his return to the city old influences are too much for him and he marries a girl of wealth and social position, altho he realizes at the time that he loves Dolly, the country girl. Domestic shipwreck follows when his wife sails away with the man she had always loved and his little son, whom he had worshipped, dies. Money means nothing to him now, and after making restitution to people whom he had hurt in business he wanders back to the country. There he meets Dolly once more, and for one moment hope flares in his breast—perhaps after all — "But the moving finger



"BLUE BLAZES RAWDEN" IS A CUSTOM-MADE VEHICLE FOR W. S. HART



MARY PICKFORD HAS GONE TO A DIFFERENT WELL FOR "AMARILLY OF CLOTHES-LINE ALLEY" (ARTCRAFT)



ENID BENNETT MAKES A DELIGHTFUL COMÉDIENNE IN "NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY" (PARAMOUNT)

Silversheet

Conducted by Hazel Simpson Naylor

writes and having writ—moves on." Five years have elapsed and a real love has come to Dolly. Sadly she tells him so, and he shoulders his burden of life as an assistant to an itinerant evangelist. An interesting story well told. At all times Harry Morey is a commanding figure, and is well assisted by Jean Paige and Florence Deshon. H. S. N.

"THE SONG OF SONGS" (ARTCRAFT)

Basically this new Elsie Ferguson opera of the shadows is Sudermann's novel. In its transition stage it was a play by Edward Sheldon, all of which neither adds nor takes away from its place in the photographic drama. It is not a pink play for pale people. One must be robust in order to rebound from its somewhat fatalistic drawing of the hardships of life for a young girl. Because of the Ferguson art it is a masterpiece of screen literature—without her, it would be just another young girl's life shot to pieces. H. S. N.



"ONE MORE AMERICAN," STARRING GEO. BEBAN, IS A PHOTOPLAY THAT REACHES THE HEART

"REVELATION" (METRO)

A great star in a great story, well told and even better acted. Nazimova shines in this story of the regeneration of a temperish little pagan who casts aside her love, her jewels, her luxuries; in fact, all that has meant life to her, in order that she may be redeemed and live the Christian life. In time she is rewarded by being the means of saving her lover on the battlefield and eventually signing the for-better-for-worse pledge. For pure vivacity of characterization Nazimova surpasses every other screen star. As the little pagan Parisienne, who loves with a ferocity that out-Carmens Carmen, the Nazimova personality leaps from the silver-sheet. The play is taken from Mabel Wagnall's story, "The Rosebush of a Thousand Years." H. S. N.

"THE BELOVED TRAITOR" (GOLDWYN)

There is nothing startlingly new in this story of a fisher lad who becomes a sculptor and forgets his country sweetheart in the joys of wine, woman and song, which are the proofs of his worldly success in the city. We have seen the same thing happen time and time again on the silversheet, but when Mae Marsh is the idealistic little fisher girl who goes to the city and braves all the wild city folk what are threatening her boy-lover's art—well, that's different. For the simple reason that



"HUCK AND TOM" IS FURTHER ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER—JACK PICKFORD

Mae Marsh is Mae Marsh you will like this Goldwyn product, altho as a photoplay it is not worthy of her talents. H. S. N.

"BLUE BLAZES RAWDEN" (ARTCRAFT)

One celluloidic thing is as inevitable as fates and taxes—that William S. Hart starts each new picture career as a bad man and ends it by being completely reformed. Like the excess tax it is an excess reformation. We know he is going to reform, so we always make allowances for his deviltries as the picture progresses. What a relief it would be if Hart started out good for a change and ended up on the rocks, or going to the dogs, or out-and-out bad. If the censors dont like this human (altho shocking) relief, a trailer could follow to the effect that Hart isn't such a bad fellow after all, really! "Blue Blazes Rawden" is a custom-made vehicle for the big Westerner. He directs himself, and J. G. Hawks, who tailored so many Hart plays in his Triangle days, has cast him in a new setting, the great Canadian Northwest lumber country. E. M. L.



"THE SONG OF SONGS" (ARTCRAFT) IS A MASTERPIECE OF SCREEN LITERATURE BECAUSE OF THE FERGUSON ART

"NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY" (PARAMOUNT)

Enid Bennett romps thru this delightful Ince production as cheerfully and mischievously as a child on her first vacation. Slightly thin in plot, which is concerned with the adventures of a young girl, who just shocks the puritanical inhabitants of a community, this is nevertheless worth while seeing. Miss Bennett is very charming as the heroine, who is not really naughty, as the title might imply, but merely mischievously full of pep. The story, which is by C. Gardner Sullivan, is very light reading, but is so excellently built as to make a comedy which affords pleasant amusement thruout. Enid Bennett is creditably assisted by Gloria Hope, her sister, Marjorie Bennett, and Earl Rodney. H. S. N.

"THE FLOOR BELOW" (GOLDWYN)

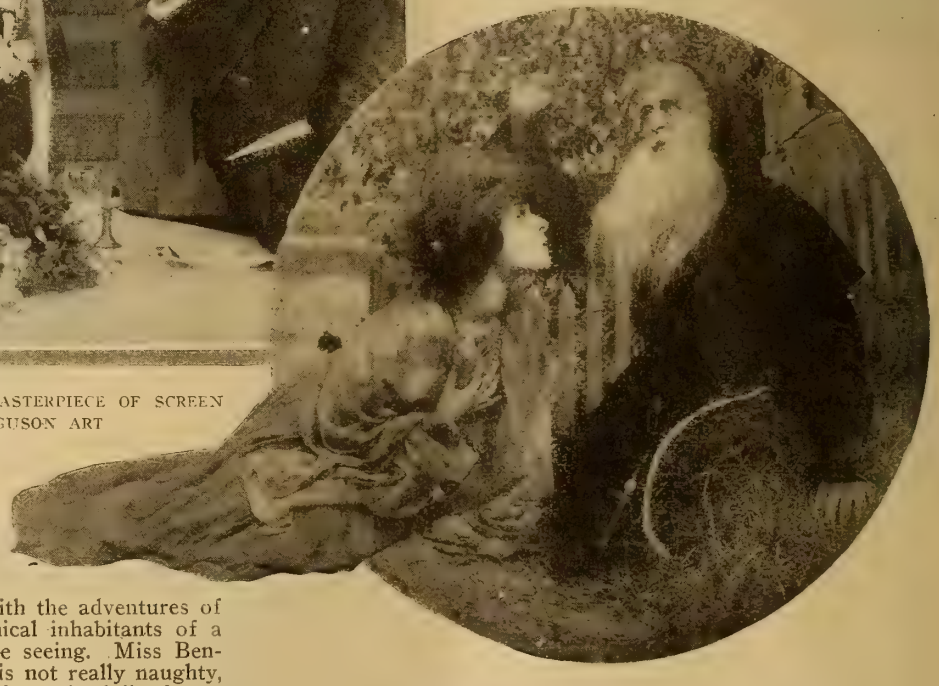
"The Floor Below" is disappointing in only one thing, and that is the personalities of the supporting cast. But Mabel Normand is the star, a fact which lends zest and joy and enthusiasm to an otherwise pallid production. Mabel Normand is joy personified; a radiant girl with an art all her own, she is to the ordinary run of screen stars what the frosting is to the cake, the champagne to the dinner, love to the home. The plot of the piece? Well, it's there; but why bother? It is sufficient to give us Mabel and thus serves its purpose. Tom Moore also is on hand. H. S. N.

"HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS" (WORLD)

Accept this picture for what it is—pure fiction woven around an imaginary kingdom—the usual prince, his American friend and princess, and you will be rewarded by being thoroly entertained. Carlyle Blackwell, as the George Barr McCutcheony hero, makes Doug Fairbanks look to his laurels, the same as he did Walthall in "The Burglar." Blackwell is showing an astonishing versatility in a wide diversity of parts. George Honey, or "Bert" Honey as he is billed, also deserves especial notice. He made an excellent foil for Blackwell as his college chum and the prince, whose kingdom Blackwell takes when Honey decides he prefers love in a cottage. All in all, here is a quick-moving, excellently-acted and well-directed farce. H. S. N.

"AN AMERICAN LIVE WIRE" (VITAGRAPH)

A reviewer's life is just one durned thing after another. Here am I, a violent Earle Williams' admirer, forced to criticize his latest sauntering in the land of shadows—impartially. Truth compels me to admit that if this is a live wire, some one must have forgotten to turn on the current. The play dawdles along as comfortably as one drifts in a canoe on a moonlight night. One positively feels the languor of the tropics to which Mr. Williams goes as consul to forget a girl. Perhaps the best touch in the whole play is where the girl—cruising on a yacht near the country in which Williams is consul, but unable to come ashore, launches a message to him in a bottle. Eventually this reaches Willard Geddie—Williams. He, believing the girl guilty of throwing him over, casts it back in its watery grave unread, immediately repents and swims out after the bottle, being almost overcome, but failing to rescue it, a delightful bit of human motivation. In the beginning, Mr. Williams throws himself into the part with a spontaneity which is good to see, but as the reels go on, he is hampered by the scenario, which fails to bring out the punch of the basic O. Henry story, and Mr. Williams ends by being merely a walking



NAZIMOVA DEMONSTRATES WHAT IT MEANS TO BE TRULY GREAT ON THE SCREEN IN "REVELATION" (METRO)

delegate of celluloid, while Grace Darmond's photograph is flashed in now and then, a patiently waiting Venus. Miss Darmond is one of the most beautiful girls on the screen and a perfect supplement to Mr. Williams. It's high time some one came along with another "Christian" or "Hawk" for Earle Williams' talents. H. S. N.

"AMARILLY OF CLOTHES-LINE ALLEY" (ARTCRAFT)

Sure, and ye never saw the likes of Mary Pickford as Amarilly, the little Irish girl whose grandmother scrubbed, whose mother scrubbed, and, bedad, *liked* to scrub. Mary Pickford has gone to an entirely different well of characterization for Amarilly and drawn up as full a pitcher of success as in the renowned "Stella Maris." At last we have the joy of a different ending. The story of a poor girl who, altho offered all the advantages of a fine education and a wealthy marriage, has the good sense to realize that she will be a deal sight happier in her own middle class

married to the Irish lad she loves. One of the happiest bits from a director's ingenious brain is the final close-up of the happy Irish family off for a Sunday's outing in the motor-cycle sidecar. H. S. N.

"MY FOUR YEARS IN GERMANY"

This is the picturization of Ambassador Gerard's book, "My Four Years in Germany," and a photoplay of current history which every patriot should see. With dramatic vividness, the facts leading up to our declaration of war with Germany are disclosed. It is a great work, because it will reach the hearts of the people. It will be a potent factor in combating German propaganda and will expunge from the minds of all the slightest



HARRY MOREY IS A COMMANDING FIGURE IN "THE DESIRED WOMAN" (VITAGRAPH)

doubt but that we were *forced* into the war. The cast is interesting and presents correct photographic copies of the real German officials. Halbert Brown is weirdly like Ambassador Gerard. H. S. N.

"WILD YOUTH" (BLACKTON PRODUCTION)

With a novel by Sir Gilbert Parker as backbone, J. Stuart Blackton as director, and a star like Theodore Roberts, it is inevitable that the resultant production should spell success. Here we have a story of youth—old age and youth. A helpless, timid, little girl is left an orphan, and, being quite incapable of battling the world alone, marries a rich, old rancher, who covets her youth, but assures her of a fatherly devotion. Of course the child discovers his real nature and sickens with loathing of him. At the pyschological moment, she meets Orlando Quise, a romantic lad, and their love is a natural result. The old husband becomes a fiend of jealousy and subjects the little wife to every torture. Eventually a Chinese servant murders him. It is in keeping with the habit of plots that Orlando should be accused of the murder, but in the end the Chinese confesses and the girl and boy live happily ever after. There is only one element that should have been heightened, and that is the suspense Theodore Roberts gives a compelling portrayal as the brutal, old man. Jack Mulhall is charming as the romantic youth, but Louise Huff, while pretty at all times, struggles thru a weepy part, expressing thruout only two emotions, sadness and sentimentality. James Cruze does an excellent bit of characterization as the Chinaman. H. S. N.

"HUCK AND TOM" (PARAMOUNT)

It took a long while to discover that the rich humor of the immortal Mark Twain was screenable, and as every one the world over has visioned his own peculiar Tom Sawyer, the chance has now come to see his living, breathing self, living again his delicious epic of boyhood right in his own quaint home town on the Mississippi. Jack Pickford makes a very presentable and boyish Tom Sawyer, and Robert Gordon's Huck Finn is equally as good, if not better. In fact, the entire cast of our dearly beloved characters—Aunt Polly, Becky Thatcher, Injun Joe and Muff Potter—are most strikingly portrayed. "Huck and Tom" is more pretentious as a drama than Jack Pickford's first offering, "Tom Sawyer." There is less rambling episode and more of a cohesive plot. For such a thrilling boy story, it appears to me that the dramatic crises were put over a bit casually. The scenes where Huck and Tom see Injun Joe murder the doctor in the graveyard and Injun Joe's trial are graphic and forceful, but the action loses tension in these never-to-be-forgotten episodes where Huck and Tom spy upon Injun Joe when he discovers the treasure in the haunted house and later when Tom confronts Injun Joe in the cave. But, bless us, these are simply directorial faults—the glamor of youth, the love of adventure, the big dream days of boyhood and all the quaint and lovable people of Mark Twain's pen stand forth from the printed page in all their vivid imagery of life. E. M. L.

"ONE MORE AMERICAN" (PARAMOUNT)

"Dago" George has out-Bebaned himself in his latest production. There is no thin tale here, interlarded with Bebanic grotesqueness. "One More American" is a scenic version of William C. DeMille's stage play, "The Law of the Land," and is exquisitely rendered from every angle of the shadow stage The story of how Luigi Riccardo, the stage manager and orator of an East Side marionet theater, counts the days when Maria, his wife, and Tessa, his child, will come over from Italy to join him, and how at Ellis Island they are turned back thru the machinations of a ward boss, who desires to "break" Luigi, is simple, direct, appealing and full of fine human touches. Beban displays a master hand in this handling of grief and paternal love. The major crisis where he meets his beloved ones on "the



CARLYLE BLACKWELL PROVES HIMSELF NOT ONLY A CLEVER COMEDIAN BUT AN EXCELLENT DIRECTOR IN "HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS" (WORLD)

island," lavishes his stored caresses upon them, and then discovers that the doctor intends to send them back to Italy, is a fine bit of pathos. Beban never rose to higher ranks of pure emotionalism than when he literally throws himself against the wire screen that separates him from his dear ones and tries to tear the heart-breaking barrier down. A strong and sincere bit of acting, and after that the plot thickens until the bursting point brings a happy ending. "One More American" is a photoplay which sinks deeply into the heart. The comedy relief as portrayed by Helen Eddy and Raymond Hatton is very amusing. The settings on the Italian East Side are highly picturesque and true to life. The best that Beban has given us, and one of the strongest genre plays of a season that is remarkable for strong types. E. M. L.

The Muses of Movie-Land

By HAZEL M. HUTCHINSON



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THALIA (COMEDY)—MABEL NORMAND

Youth in a merry mood; sparkling wit; coquetry; smiles and jests; brilliant repartee; she is all these—the Muse of Comedy.



© Underwood & Underwood

MELPOMENE (TRAGEDY)—NANCE O'NEIL

Vivid; tragic; commanding; an inspiration to screen and stage; she rises before us a perfect personification of the Tragic Muse.



CALLIOPE (ELOQUENCE)—MARY PICKFORD

A magnetic personality; a charming screen presence, and a winsome face that is a veritable Mercury of the emotions—she is truly the Spirit of Eloquence



POLYHYMNIA (RELIGIOUS SERVICE)—OLGA PETROVA

A sublime sweetness; eyes that are windows to the soul; an ethereal fragileness, and a saintly expression that proclaims her the Spirit of Religious Service.



© Witzel

URANIA (ASTRONOMY)—LOIS WEBER

Gifted with wisdom and foresight, she has long been a guiding star.



TERPSICHORE (DANCING)—IRENE CASTLE

Grace, and the poetry of motion; life in its gayest mood; youth in its holiday attire; a laughing, winsome sprite, this is Terpsichore the Spirit of the Dance



© Hartsook

EUTERPE (MUSIC)—GERALDINE FARRAR

When Farrar plays upon the screen, it is like some rare musician at the harp; each produces a beautiful melody, subtle, sweet, and alluring.



© Davies

ERATO (LOVE POEMS)—RUTH ROLAND

"Her every love-scene is a poem," some one has most aptly said.



© White

CLIO (HISTORY)—BEVERLY BAYNE

Inseparably connected with the history of Motion Pictures, her fame has grown along with the industry, until today they are synonyms for popularity.



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Who's Who in Starland

PAULINE FREDERICK—Born in Boston, Mass. Blue eyes, brown hair, 5 feet 4 inches, weighs 130 pounds. Married to Willard Mack. First stage appearance was in farce, "Roger Brothers at Harvard." Appeared in musical-comedy, "It Happened in Nordland," and burlesque of "The Music Master." Appeared in "A Princess of Kensington," "The Girl in White," "The Little Gray Lady," "Toodles," "When Knights Were Bold," "Samson," "The Fourth Estate," "At Versailles," "Joseph and His Brethren" and "Innocent." Engaged by Famous Players in 1914 to film "Eternal City" abroad. Has since appeared in "Zaza," "Bella Donna," "Lydia Gilmore," "The Slave Market," "Ashes of Embers," "The Woman in the Case," "The Hungry Heart," and her latest are Tolstoi's "Resurrection," and "La Tosca."

FREDERICK



CHARLES RAY—Born in Jacksonville, Ill., 1891. Brown hair and brown eyes, 6 feet 1 inch, weighs 170 pounds. Married. Has been in musical-comedy, dramatic stock, and vaudeville. Wrote a sketch with Chester Conklin, which they played in vaudeville for a month. First screen work done with the New York Motion Picture Company under Thomas Ince. Now playing for Paramount under Ince's direction. Pictures to be remembered are "Peggy," "The Deserter," "Honor Thy Name," "Home," "Son of His Father," "His Mother's Boy." Best work done in "The Coward."

RAY



HAYAKAWA



SESSUE HAYAKAWA—Born in Tokio, Japan, June 10, 1889. Accompanied Madame Yacco and her company to this country. Studied art and drama in University of Chicago. Returned to Japan and appeared in Japanese versions of Ibsen and Shakespeare. Returned to America and appeared on Pacific Coast at head of Japanese company. Screen career began with New York Motion Picture Co., then went to Lasky. Pictures of note are "The Typhoon," "The Wrath of the Gods," "Alien Souls," "Honorable Friend," "Each to His Kind" and "The Bottle Imp." Best work done in "The Cheat," with Fannie Ward. Black eyes and black hair, is 5 feet 7 inches tall, weighs 157 pounds. Married to Tsuru Aoki, a Lasky player.

ANTONIO MORENO—Born in Madrid, Spain, September 26, 1888. Brown hair, brown eyes, olive complexion, 5 feet 10 inches tall, weighs 168 pounds. Spent two years at Williston Seminary, Northampton, Mass.; interested in college theatricals and played opposite a stock star in Northampton while on a summer vacation. Has played with Mrs. Leslie Carter, Tyrone Power, Constance Collier, Wilton Lackaye and William Hawtrey in such successes as "Thais," "C. O. D." and "The Man from Cook's." Has played with Biograph and Reliance, but his best work has been with Vitagraph opposite Edith Storey. Some of his successes have been "Kennedy Square," "The Price of Folly," "The Song of the Ghetto" and "The Island of Regeneration." Recently joined Pathé; co-starred with Irene Castle. Is now being featured with Pearl White in "The House of Hate."

MORENO



CLAYTON



ETHEL CLAYTON—Born in Champaign, Ill., November 8, 1889. Red gold hair, blue eyes, 5 feet 5½ inches tall, weighs 130 pounds. Widow of Joseph Kaufman. Played a year in stock, was the model in "The Devil," with Wallace Eddinger in "The Making of Bobby Burnett." Last stage appearance in "The Brute." Joined Lubin Company; was in the first three-reel production ever made, "The House Next Door." Joined World two years ago. Some of her pictures are "The Lion and the Mouse," "The Fortune Hunter," "Husband and Wife" and "The Dormant Power." Best work done in "The Great Divide," with House Peters.

TALMADGE



JOYCE



ALICE JOYCE—Born in Kansas City, Mo. Dark hair, hazel eyes, olive complexion, 5 feet 6 inches tall, weighs 120 pounds. Married to Tom Moore. Was a telephone operator in the Gramercy Exchange, New York City, then an artist's model for Henry Hutt, Harrison Fisher and Coles Phillips. Joined Kalem Company in 1910, her first picture being "The Engineer's Sweetheart" and "When Fate Decrees," written for the star by Mary Pickford. Best loved in Kalem Indian rôles. Joined Vitagraph on May 29, 1916. Some of her best pictures are "Womanhood," "The Glory of the Nation" and "Within the Law." "The Song of the Soul" is her latest. She has one child, Alice Mary Moore.

NORMA TALMADGE—Born in Niagara Falls, N. Y., May 2, 1895. Brown hair and eyes, olive complexion, 5 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 105 pounds. Married to Joseph M. Schenk, General Manager of the Marcus Loew Circuit and affiliated theaters. No stage experience. Has played with Vitagraph, Fine Arts, and now heads her own company, The Norma Talmadge Film Co. Some of her best pictures have been "The Battle Cry of Peace," "The Social Secretary," "The Moth," "Panthea," "The Secret of the Storm Country," "Poppy," "Ghosts of Yesterday," and her latest picture is "By Right of Purchase."

WALTHALL



HENRY WALTHALL—Born in Selma, Ala., March 16, 1878. Brown hair, brown eyes, 5 feet 7 inches tall, weighs 135 pounds. Married. In 1901, joined the Murray Hill Stock Co. in New York, then played in stock in Providence, R. I. Featured in "Under Southern Skies." Also played with Henry Miller and Margaret Anglin in "The Great Divide." Began screen career in 1906; played with Biograph, Pathé, Reliance, Balboa, Griffith, Fine Arts, Essanay, and now heading his own company, releasing thru Paralta. Starred in "The Avenging Conscience," "Home, Sweet Home," "Judith of Bethulia" and "The Raven." Featured with Edna Mayo in the Essanay serial, "The Strange Case of Mary Page." His best work was done in "The Birth of a Nation."

IRENE CASTLE



IRENE CASTLE—Born in New Rochelle, N. Y., 1893, weighs 135 pounds, light-brown hair, blue-gray eyes, is 5 feet 8 inches tall. At eighteen married Vernon Castle, an English chorus man. Studied dancing abroad with Vernon, appearing on stage and in ballrooms both abroad and in America. Also gave lessons. Later Castles opened their own dancing pavilions, notably Castles in the Air and Castles by the Sea. Appeared together in "Watch Your Step" and a short time in "The Century Girl." Mrs. Castle's first screen appearance was in "The Whirl of Life" (Cort), but she made her first big bid for screen prominence as "Patria" in the International serial of that name. Appeared this season on the stage in "Miss 1917." Now starring in pictures for Pathé, including "Sylvia of the Secret Service," "The Girl from Bohemia" and "Stranded in Arcady." Her latest picture is "The Hillcrest Mystery."



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GREEN ROOM JOTTINGS

Marshall Neilan, who has been such a successful director of Pickfordisms, is now directing Yankee Doodle George M. Cohan in "Hit the Trail Holliday."

It must keep **Tom Moore** broke these days. Goldwyn announces him first as supporting Mae Marsh, then Mabel Normand, and now it's Madge Kennedy. No scandal, girls; just as leading-man.

The title of the next **Petrova** picture has been changed from "The Great Star" to "Tempered Steel."

Dorothy Dalton is one of the most recent war godmothers. A company at Camp Kearny has been adopted by her, and she has ordered one hundred and ninety-four soldiers supplied with one million cigarets.

Mabel Trunnelle—'member? she of Edison fame—has an important part in Mary MacLaren's first Universal picture.

And here is a choice bit. **Edwin August**—he of the wandering disposition—is playing opposite Carmel Myers in the latter's newest picture, "My Parisian Sweetheart," directed by Joseph de Grasse.

"The Light of Western Stars," by Zane Grey, is singularly appropriate for **Dustin Farnum.**

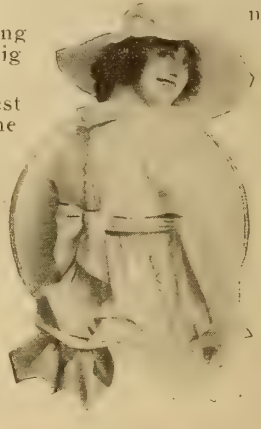
Alice Joyce is at work on "The Strength of the Weak" and will next portray an O. Henry heroine in "Find the Woman."

Mr. and **Mrs. Sidney Drew** are on the speaking stage in "Keep Her Smiling" and are attracting big crowds.

"The Wolf-faced Man" is the name of the latest Pathé serial of which **George Larkin** will be the leading-man.

Edith Storey broke twenty out of twenty-five clay birds at her first attempt at trap-shooting. As a result, she is now anxious to join a gun-club.

Written around the higher thought plane that gets many girls all mixed up with the idea that a sardine sandwich and an esoteric conversation with people who would rather talk about work than accomplish it is more essential than a good dinner in a real home with real people, **Margarita Fischer's** next play, "A Square Deal," sounds like a hummer.



MARGARITA FISCHER

Viola Dana and her hubby-director, John Collins, will return from the Coast upon the completion of "The Night Riders." Their contract with Metro calls for work in the East during six months of the year.

We will have **Lottie Briscoe** with us again in "The House of Mirth," produced by Metro.

Raymond McKee's latest screenic adventures occur in "Fit to Fight," a Government moral hygiene picture which was produced on Metro's stages.

A recent visitor to the **Douglas Fairbanks** lot at the Lasky studio, where Doug was producing his next photoplay to follow "Headin' South," inquired as to the nature of the photoplay. Frowning down at his immaculate evening clothes, Douglas remarked, "I'm doing a costume picture."

Having put the final O. K. on "Sealed Lips," **Earle Williams** and **Grace Darmond** will next start to film "The Girl in His House," by Harold MacGrath.

Jack Pickford has enlisted in the Naval Reserves.

According to report, a concave Motion Picture screen has been invented by a Chicago man to prevent distortion, no matter from what angle the pictures are viewed. It has worked a hardship on **President Wilson** to be compelled to sit in a stage-box while viewing screen presentations. Perhaps this new screen will offset one of the handicaps of being President.

The only heart that **D. W. Griffith's** great new picture, "Hearts of the World," will not touch is the heart of the Kaiser—and it will break his.

And now what do you think there is a scarcity of? Leading-men? Yep—all in the army. **Mary Pickford** is still hunting one for her forthcoming picture, "How Could You, Jean?"

The cutting of the tie that bound **Louise Glaum** to Harry Edwards was performed by Judge York in Los Angeles, Cal. It was shown that after only a year and seven months of married bliss Harry disappeared from his happy home. **Gladys Brockwell** also obtained a divorce from her hubby, Robert S. Broadwell. Both screenic vampires testified that they couldn't keep their husbands' attentions.

The saddest news of the month is the death of young **William Courtleigh, Jr.,** at the Hanover Hospital, Philadelphia, of pleuro-pneumonia. He was only twenty-six years old and already well known as an actor on the stage and screen.

And sure now it is **Eileen Percy** who denies the rumor that she is married to Otto Busch or anybody else. And **Anita Stewart** called us up the other day and denied her marriage to Rudolph Cameron. Poor li'l' Cupid—nobody wants him!

Sylvia Breamer and **Thomas Meighan** are taking the leading rôles in J. Stuart Blackton's production of Mrs. Humphrey Ward's "Missing."

May Allison has started work on her second production as an individual star for Metro. It is a comedy by May Tully, called for the present "The Candy Girl."

Monte Katterjohn was examined by his draft board but rejected on account of physical disability.

The third sad successful operation of the month is that of James Young and Clara Kimball Young. At last the law has granted **Jimmy** a divorce.

Violet Mersereau has abandoned Universal. Her next affiliation is as yet unannounced.

As soon as the final scene is snapped of "The Greater Call," the **Mary Miles Minter** picture whose working title is "The Church-window Angel," Alan Forrest will leave for Government service in the Aviation Division.

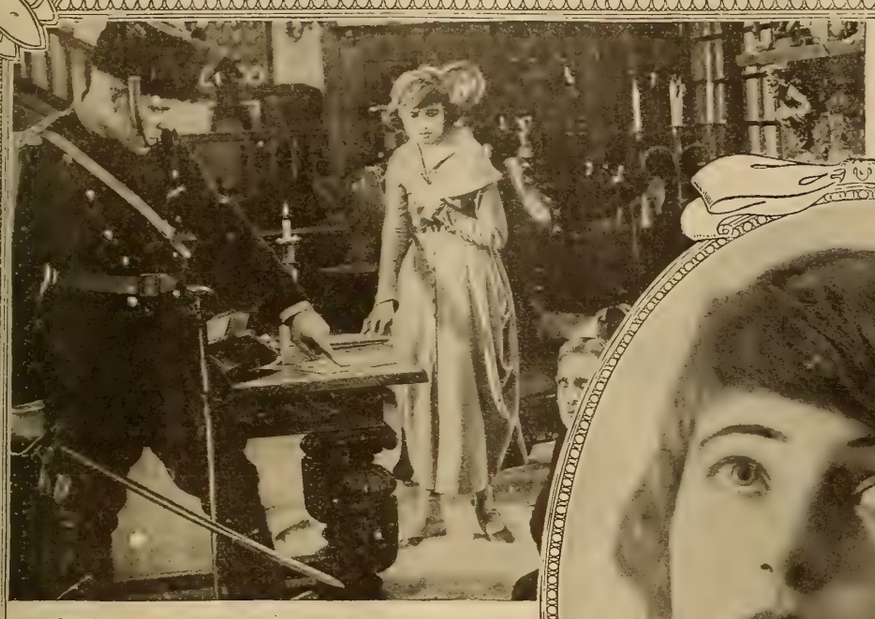
Essanay will no longer produce pictures under a strict release date policy, but will hunt for a big story, then select a cast to suit. This means fewer but greater pictures.

The sob squad will just have to dry their eyes. Universal City is again working full blast. Douglas Gerrard is directing **Franklyn Farnum** and **Priscilla Dean** in "His Arcadian Wife." Ida May Park is performing a like duty for **Mary MacLaren** in "The Honorable Billy"; Joe de Grasse has started a production starring **Carmel Myers; Robert Leonard** and **Mae Murray** are working on "Danger—Go Slow."

When **Marjorie Rambeau** broke her leg recently she also broke a Motion Picture contract. The popular star of the footlights' "Eyes of Youth" was to have begun a feature film this month.

Lois Meredith, the little Irish girl featured opposite Arthur Guy Empey in Vitagraph's "Over the Top," detests long skirts. She had to wear a trained gown in the picture and protested. "Sure, and I feel uncomfortable in dresses that drag on the floor," she said, "and, anyway, how can one go 'Over the Top' in long skirts?"

Wilfred Lucas is now a Balboa player.



CORINNE GRIFFITH
in big feature scene in
"Who Goes There?"
Vitagraph Photoplay by
Robt. W. Chambers



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Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 15, 1917.

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Corinne Griffith



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LITTLE WHISPERINGS FROM EVERYWHERE IN PLAYERDOM

Among the skidding accidents recorded during the Los Angeles rainy season the most serious was that of **Joe Rock** (Vitagraph), who wrapped himself and his car around a telegraph pole—destroying the pole and auto—but escaping himself with but a few cuts and bruises.

"The Clutch of Circumstance" is gripping **Corinne Griffith's** attention at the present moment. Yep, in the Vitagraph yard.

Pathé has procured "Common Clay" for **Fannie Ward's** next screen vehicle.

It is rumored that **Pathé** will discontinue releasing the Russian Art films.

Edna Goodrich has been anatomically subdivided by beauty enthusiasts who have raved over her eyes, nose, teeth, hair, eyelashes and so on, but now comes Hubert St. Ange, the Parisian bootiere, who says Edna's foot duplicates that of Catherine de Medici—No. 2, triple A.

In spite of the fact that **William Russell's** new Newfoundland pup, Prince Daniel, for whom he paid $500, has already chewed up enough studio properties to have paid for him all over again, Mr. Russell sternly resists all demands that his new pet be chained. Prince Daniel isn't concerned with the high cost of living. He eats two pounds of beef a day and howls for more.

Harry O. Hoyt, who has six hundred screen stories to his credit, is the author of "The Beloved Blackmailer," in which World will star **Carlyle Blackwell** and **Evelyn Greeley.**

The long-distance record for traveling to get one scene is held by **Barbara Castleton** and **Montagu Love.** Travers Vale, director, found that there was one scene in "The Swami" which could only be made in St. Augustine, Fla. Eighty-four hours elapsed from the time they left the New York studio until their return.

Kitty Gordon has started a new World picture called "Tinsel." **Muriel Ostriche, Frank Mayo** and **Anthony Merlo** will assist in the shimmering production.

William Worthington, who is directing the next Bryant Washburn picture, a story of the Borderland, has the distinction of being the father of an infant son who has been before the lens more often than his father, whose specialty is handling the other side of the camera.



KITTY GORDON

Eugene O'Brien has been taking a two weeks' vacation at the Lake Placid Club, New York. As soon as Norma Talmadge returns from a hasty trip to California to see her mother and sister Constance they will start work on "De Luxe Annie."

"The Ordeal of Rosetta" is keeping **Alice Brady** busy these days, also Crawford Kent, Ormi Hawley, Maud Gordon, Henry Leoni and Hazel Washburn.

Whether or not it is due to a sense of the eternal fitness of things in the mind of **Constance Talmadge** one cannot say, but having put on "A Pair of Silk Stockings" the Select star next proposes to put on "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots."

Thomas H. Ince may have his new studio any moment. It is understood that his plant at Culver City is rapidly nearing completion, and as soon as the rainy season is over it is expected that he will tuck Bill Hart, Dorothy Dalton and Charles Ray in his pocket and the rest of his aggregation under his arm and depart for his new home.

Gertrude Atherton's famous novel, "Patience Sparhawk," has been captured for the screen as a special vehicle for **Madame Olga Petrova.** Ralph Ince will direct.

Richard Willis was our guest at luncheon the other day. He departed like Santa Claus with two of our Editor's landscape paintings under his arm, which he said he was going to exhibit on the Coast to show the Westerners what real art is.

Theda Bara announces that she does not believe in marriage for screen stars "One cannot serve two masters and when a player goes home after a nerve-racking day of hard work in the studio—tired and cross—she isn't any kind of a comfort to a husband. After the day is over I am a nervous wreck myself and dont want to talk to anybody."

Peggy Hyland is in Charleston, S. C., having scenes taken for her second Fox picture which is known tentatively as "Peg of the Pirates."

Instead of employing individual maids at the Goldwyn studio **Mae Marsh, Madge Kennedy** and **Mabel Normand** now use one jointly. The difference in salary they contribute to various war relief organizations.

H. M. Horkheimer has discovered a beautiful girl whom he is turning into a Moving Picture star. He has fastened the name of Mona Lisa onto her fair young personality. Shades of Leonardo da Vinci!

Rob Wagner, the magazine writer, is assisting **Charlie Chaplin** in the construction and direction of the comedian's new comedies. Rob likes the work, but doesn't appreciate Charlie's calling him up at three in the morning and asking him if he has any ideas.

Nazimova has christened her second Metro photoplay "Fate Decides."

John Emerson is slowly but surely recovering from a serious operation. The other day Jesse Lasky prepared a pleasant surprise for him by installing a projection machine, screen and operator in the hospital where, to the delight of the invalid, he ran off "The Blue Bird."

Mary Miles Minter celebrated her sixteenth birthday on April 1st. For the first time she feels safe in telling her right age, for she can now laugh at the Gerry Society goblins who prosecuted her during the early days of her career as a child actress.

Everybody enjoyed **Mabel Normand's** return to the screen in "Dodging a Million," but many of the critics made a word-note about her inclining toward plumpness, or as one of them puts it, Miss Normand's figure expressed "avoirdupois insinuations." Miss Normand promptly wrote a note to each one, thanking him for calling her attention to a fact she had not realized before. Now Miss Normand is becoming slimmer every day. Who says the critics aren't appreciated?

Place—Triangle press-agent's office. **Roy Stewart** holding press-agent at point of revolver as he shakes a newspaper clipping in said press-agent's face. "You have published a slanderous tale to the effect that I furnished my audiences a thrill in 'The Boss of Lazy Y.'" "Well, what of it?" shivered the P. A. "Villain!" thundered Roy, "the only thing I ever furnished was a suite of rooms."

Emmy Wehlen is the next star scheduled to make the acquaintance of the California film colony.

"Merely Players," a scenario written by Mrs. L. Case Russell, has been purchased by the World Film Corporation for a **Kitty Gordon** feature. Mrs. Russell also wrote "The Light Within" for Madame Petrova.

Harry S. Northrup, popular villain, returns to the screen as Jack Duncan in support of Bert Lytell in his first Metro picture, "The Trail to Yesterday."

Virginia Pearson is busying herself in writing a book which will recount her experiences while on the stage and during her screen career. It is said that everything will be true. It ought to be interesting.

Harold Lockwood and the rest of the Yorke-Metro aggregation have gone to Hollywood and are at work on "Send Me Your Name."

It is said that Lasky has signed **Taylor Holmes,** who recently left the Essanay forces after a wonderfully successful screen career there.

A telegram from **Bessie Love** states that on May 1st, with the completion of "Carolyn of the Corners" for Pathé, her contract expires. Before signing any of the contracts already offered she may form her own producing company.



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Edith Storey

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Conducted by HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

Staff Contributor; Lecturer and Instructor in Photoplay Writing in the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences; also in the Y. M. C. A. of New York; Author of "The Photodrama" and "The Feature Photoplay," and many Current Plays on the Screen, etc.

A COMPLETE PHOTOPLAY SYNOPSIS

NOTE—More than half the inquiries STILL received by this Department ask HOW and in WHAT FORM Photoplay material is submitted and sold NOW in this year 1918. The following Photoplay SYNOPSIS is a fac-simile copy of a play which I sold. Furthermore, the form and style are identical with the plays I am writing and selling TODAY. This play was bought by the World Film Corporation and produced by that Company in 1917, Alice Brady taking the part of the *widow.* Hence this is the SALABLE FORM. This is the sixth instalment of the serial publication of this Synopsis.

A SELF-MADE WIDOW

By Henry Albert Phillips

SYNOPSIS—(*Continued*)

Part II—To the Depths of the Sea—(*Continued*)

* * * * * Sylvia is a changed woman. She proceeds to a mourning store and buys an elaborate outfit for a widow, with the money that remains She is triumphant and majestic as she hastens to the wharf. She secretly places the coat with the note still pinned to it near where she found it and boards the river-boat with a solemnity that attracts all eyes. Incidentally she forgets all about the affair only insofar as it concerns the development of her own little Blue Bank Romance.

A women's Committee has just come for the showing up of Sylvia when she sails in. The Committee is awed to silence. Its attitude changes and she freezes them with her dignity. She then produces her marriage certificate and throws herself weeping into the arms of Mrs. Tootle, who scowls at them. Then the more bold of the women ask timidly where the husband might be, to which Sylvia replies, with a sigh: "HE COMMITTED SUICIDE WITHIN A FEW HOURS OF OUR MARRIAGE."

Part III—To the Ends of the Earth

Butts and the family attorney are informed of the sad news of Fitzhugh's untimely death, and they hasten down to the city. The coat and the handwriting are identified unqualifiedly, and these facts, coupled with the information that at the spot of the drowning the victims never reappear at the surface, Fitzhugh is pronounced officially dead, and Butts returns and closes the mansion and the household assumes mourning.

Lydia, too, out of respect, assumes deep mourning, and Fitzhugh is forgiven, altho the girl hardly feels complimented in the possible fact that Fitzhugh committed suicide rather than marry her.

Sylvia in Blue Bank has become the REAL heroine of her own weird Romances. She carries her grief and widowhood with an air and grace that none can dispute and has put her disbelievers to rout and confusion. Mrs. Tootle enjoys the triumph with her and luxuriates in the fragments of the facts that she manages to catch thru her ear-trumpet.

But the unusual character of Sylvia's Romance has been too good to coop up within the narrow precincts of Blue Bank. An enterprising reporter gets hold of the spicy bit and it is forthwith printed and copied thruout the entire country's press: "YOUNG MILLIONAIRE COMMITS SUICIDE AN HOUR AFTER MARRYING A BEAUTIFUL STRANGER." Then follows an account of the whole affair just as Sylvia retails it.

It is but natural that the mention of this event, coupled with the name of Fitzhugh Castleton, should come to the attention of the Castleton family attorney. With Butts he decides that it is his immediate duty to go down to Blue Bank and investigate it

(*To be continued in our next*)

BOUQUETS AND BRICK-BATS

I've got an attack of the Why's-its?

In the first sneeze I'll ask WHY'S-IT that everybody *outside* of Motion Pictures who are dislocating something in their efforts to find something inside of Motion Pictures, with few exceptions, sigh that Screen Plays could be only a little *worse* if they tried?

In the second spasm I'll query WHY'S-IT that the Motion Picture people who are *inside* seem almost to have forgotten that there is such a thing as the Public, the Perfect Story and the Piper who MUST be paid?

Are you a Foto-Fan, who wouldn't peach on your old pal, the Movie, if it stole your last dime, or lured your servant girl from you, or made a cowboy of your only che-ild? I'm not going to ask you to commit yourself by uttering a single word—just THINK. But say—honest, now—isn't it SELDOM that you see an all-around good Photoplay?

Haven't I the right to choke out a WHY'S-IT?

But, I hear the goats say, on every hand are *improvements!* Opera alone can vie with the palatial grandeur of the new Rivoli Theater. The luxury, the lightings, the color schemes, the orchestra of fifty pieces, posters actually painted by well-paid artists, incidental music!

But this is all *glamor.* The house was built for Motion Pictures, the people come to see Motion Pictures.

And what is a Motion Picture? Why, it is the New or Screen Drama, which we know better as *The Photodrama.*

And what is Photodrama? Oh, it is a STORY of LIFE, interesting, logical and true to Human Nature, made real, convincing and appealing because it conforms to the constructive laws of *Drama,* which involve Plot, Technique and Craftsmanship.

All we have to do is to tell the Children of the World a STORY—a story they KNOW—a story they may have lived in the Flesh or cherished in their Dreams, or one they have feared in their Apprehension.

That is all Photodrama is. You cannot say it is anything less.

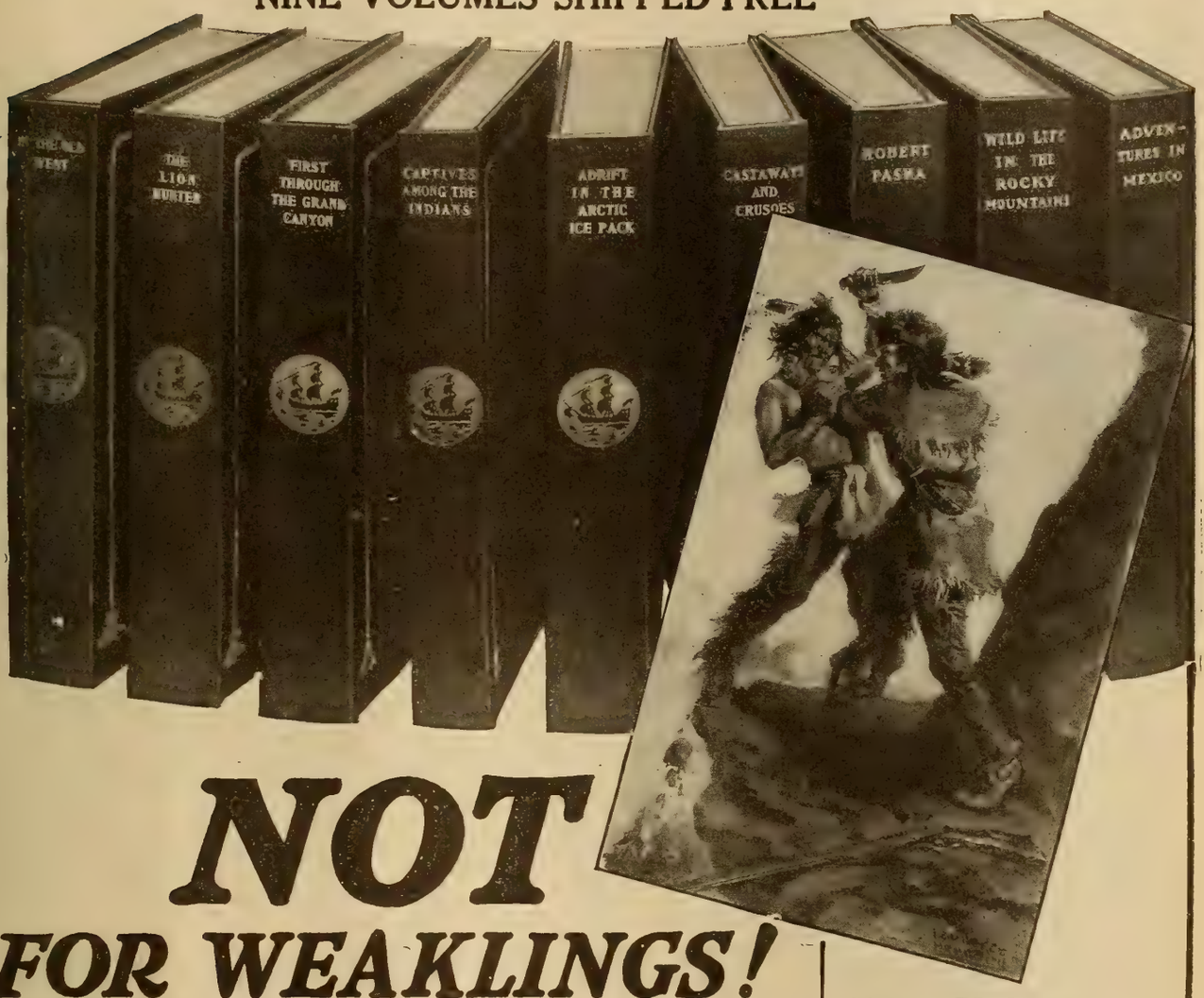
For almost a year I have been in the welter of the making of the Motion Picture. I wish I could give you but an inkling of the vast sums wasted annually in this field, *to no purpose.*

For instance, one Company that has arrived at a critical stage in its production by losing a Big Man at the head of that department, replaces him by a newspaper man. What on earth should a newspaper man know about making Picture-plays? Another Company recently placed a magazine editor at the head of the Scenario Department! Editing magazines or newspapers is a long, long way from the making of Photodrama.

Another Company has engaged the services annually of a world-known painter to scrutinize, arrange and pass on their sets and locations! Their Pictures are the pink of interior decoration, but one I saw a few weeks ago was the punk of Photodrama.

Let each of them tell you the woes they have with their Stars, who receive salaries that railroad magnates never got half of in quantity. There are Stars that would shine to greater advantage in the antithesis of heaven. I know of one who gets $20,000 per picture. The Company contracted for eight pictures in a year. She insists on changing all stories to suit herself and claiming part authorship at least. She stays away from the studio when she wants to do so. The work she has done has been atrocious—all posing, little story.

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With this country entering its second year in the "World War" it is doubtful if the song which will be known as the "Hit of the War," has as yet made its appearance. While it is true that such War Songs as "Over There" and "Liberty Bell" have made some impression, have Our Boys adopted another "It's A Long Way To Tipperary," which has been the great favorite with the "English Tommies"? Inasmuch as several Commanders of our training cantonments have requested boys in the service to write such a song, it appears to be still wanting.

Have you an idea which you think might be used as the subject for a Patriotic or War Song? If so, you may secure some valuable information and assistance by writing for a **Free Copy** of our new booklet entitled **"SONG WRITERS' MANUAL AND GUIDE."** We revise song-poems, compose and arrange music, secure copyright and facilitate free publication or outright sale.

Poems submitted examined **FREE.**

KNICKERBOCKER STUDIOS 85 Gaiety Bldg., N. Y. C.

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page* 93)

ANNA C. S.—I cannot tell you what love is, because I never had the disease. The love germ has been caught but never analyzed. It attacks the heart thru the lips. Kate Bruce was the lady in "The Woman's Awakening." Charles Gerrard was Lawrence. I agree with you about getting letters from the players.

BLUE EYES.—You say you are 15, and you want to act in pictures. You are sure you would succeed if only given a chance. They do say that confidence is half the battle. You have won half the battle. Theda Bara has finished "Salome." Gladys Brockwell is out West. *A rivederci.*

F. B. MC.—Yes, the colored pictures, "Our Navy," were quite good, all things considered, but far from perfect. Jane Novak played opposite William Hart. June Caprice is making "A Camouflage Kiss." Sounds suspicious.

RAYMOND T.—"Revelation," with Nazimova, was formerly "The Rosebush of a Thousand Years." Glad to hear from your sister, too. George M. Cohan will play "Hit-the-Trail Holliday" for Famous Players.

DORA W.—You saw my answers and you thought you would write. Come on in; welcome to our city! Let me know when and where you are going on your vacation. No, indeed; I wont cut my whiskers when I go to the seashore, even if the wind does blow thru them. Charlotte Walker in "Just a Woman."

NUT NO. 13.—Fannie really is that old. Yes, this is great weather to sit in the park. I usually walk thru mornings. But aren't you afraid of the squirrels? Sonia Markova is no longer with Fox. "Breaking into Eden" is the next Bushman and Bayne picture.

REJECTED GLOOGOO.—So you missed Abe 99 in the last issue. So did I. Theda Bara and Stuart Holmes in "East Lynne." Winifred Kingston in "Call of the North." No, I never saw one. A ghost is usually the result of a disordered nervous system, or a vivid imagination, assisted by a little credulity, and mixed with a dose of mental anxiety.

JOYFUL.—Creighton Hale and Dorothy Hemming in "Snow White." Lionel Braham and Alice Washburn also Rupert Julian plays the part of the Kaiser in "The Kaiser, Beast of Berlin."

L. M. T.—The Allies began the use of poison gas late in the summer of 1915 when the Allied armies decided to make reprisals on Germany for the use of gas bombs. The use of asphyxiating gas is a violation of the rules of war, but reprisals to a violation are not a violation of the rules of war. General Wood is a major-general in the U. S. Army.

CORINNE.—You ask me what I really think of Olive Thomas. Well, when one asks me my opinion, I always tell the truth, but the truth should not be spoken at all times. Right now I will tell the truth. I think Olive Thomas is a very capable actress. And I think Jack Pickford makes a very fitting husband for her.

AUGUSTUS T.—I actually fear your trenchant pen. In your hands it is a sword that cuts deep. Why did you write me?

BOBBY.—Wellington Playter was Big Jim in "Polly of the Circus." Harold Lockwood, Carmel Myers and Paul Willis in "The Haunted Pajamas."

MRS. N. M.—You say you are gray and have six children. Congratulations, mother. In love with the movies? Congratulations again. And Fairbanks is one of your favorites. William Hart has been in pictures about five years, not married, and is about 33 years old, more or less.

MARIE H. F.—Quite witty today, eh? You say, how can you stop walking in your sleep? I dont know, unless you go to bed with carfare in your pockets. "The House of Glass" has not been released. Max Linder is coming back to Essanay. Norma Talmadge in "De Luxe Annie."

E. M. K.—Marguerite Clayton in Paralta. Ruth Everdale in "Souls in Pawn." As Aunt Eliza says, "God, who having repented of having created man, never repented of having created woman." You bet I will take care of myself. Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye.

MERRY LIPS.—I didn't get your shorthand. Can read the Isaac now only. Used to be able to read the Gregg and Underhill once. Dont try to use big words. Remember this, "Words are like leaves, and when they most abound, much fruit of sense is rarely found."

PHYLLIS.—Dorothy Abril in "The Hostage." Harrison Ford in "Molly Entangled." Camouflage isn't always successful. We have more respect for gray hairs than for a wig.

M. M. M.; MISS DEC; DOROTHY N.; ANXIOUS ELSIE; VIRGIL; MAE G.; M. N. A., OHIO; MARION M.; MILDRED S.; BERNICE D.; MOLLY KING.—Sorry, but your questions answered elsewhere.

THE CENTURY CO., N Y.—Thanks for your book, "Film Folk," by Rob Wagner, which you have just published. Its 356 pages are chuck full of wit, wisdom, mirth and interesting information, not to mention the many pictures of Mary Pickford, Mary Garden and other stars. I recommend it to my readers, and the price, $2.00, is not a cent too much for it.

RUBY T., GUELPH.—You will see a chat with lots of pictures of Roland Bottomley soon. Thanks, I accept almost anything.

HILO, HAWAII.—I'd sing "Hula-Hula" to you any time. You ask me if I use a slang book when I write my department. I never use slang. No, I didn't have to pay any coal bills this winter. You know, in my hall-room, where the walls are close together, I didn't need much coal. But I had to burn the old pipe a lot.

DIANA, N. Z.—Parisian *chic* is not all *chez Paquin,* but there is some class to the Classic's fashions. Glad you find Nemerov's designs so fetching. And you think I am as handsome as Wallace Reid? Oh, Diana! You say I am far from the eyes, but not from the heart, which statement is, I trust, nearer the truth than is the other one.

BERNICE G., ST. JOHN.—Your letter was a jewel in an 18-carat mounting. Marion Davies played the lead in "Runaway Romany."

PATRICIA, VANCOUVER.—I cant very well give you the names of all the plays Marguerite Clark has played in—it would take up too much room.

STELLA L.—All right, but dont address me "Dear Madam." It grates on my nerves and I'll be a wreck in less than five years if you insist on keeping this up. The next time I am thus accused—well, let the accuser beware! L. C. Shumway was the Lieutenant in "Saved from the Harem."

OLIVE M. W.—I'm glad you're satisfied. He is well paid that is well satisfied. When you come across the sea I will be glad to see you. Farrar's "Carmen" picture was a financial and artistic success, even if some people did not admire her interpretation of the famous cigaret girl.

MRS. VERONICA D.—When you send a stamped, addressed envelope, be sure it contains a U. S. stamp, for otherwise it is of no use to me. If you put a Canadian stamp on your envelope to be mailed from the United States, you will get a card to send on 3 cents. Jack Livingston was Brian in "A Son of Erin." I'm sorry you were put to this trouble.

GEORGIA M.—I dont know where you could get a copy of that song. Ask your music store. Marie Doro is playing on the stage now. But I dont agree with you. There is but one failure, and that is not to be true to the best one knows.

FRANK GILLESPIE, 18 WYNYARD ROAD, MT. EDEN, AUCKLAND, N. Z., is anxious to correspond with a "U. S. Girl."

LAVINIA OF ELORINE.—One always has time enough if one will apply it well. Those who wish for a thirty-four hour day would probably accomplish no more than in a twenty-four hour day. Horace Hollacher was little Yacop in "Hulda from Holland." No, thanks, you dont need to send the rum. There are enough "rummies" around now.

LIKI, NEW ZEALAND.—You say you dont enjoy the "Stage Plays" and "Big Moments" departments, but you know that other readers do. The servant isn't cast. E. K. Lincoln and Edna Hunter in "Jimmy Dale."

GYTHA H., GISBORNE.—If this is your first letter, I will have to say something, but you ask very few questions. No, Mary Pickford never ran away from home to get married.

NORAH H.—A clean play sometimes seems dirty to a patron whose mind needs censoring. Norah, have pity on me. You want the name of all of Mary Pickford's leading-men. That might make a good contest, to see who could guess the most, giving the name of the plays. Harvey Clarke in "Innocence." George Fisher in "Environment." Lowell Sherman was Wilfred in "Always in the Way."

AMO, WINNIPEG.—You will see that Warren Kerrigan picture in the near future. I believe he has fully recovered. You think Wallace Reid is quite the tailor-made man. You know how to use a typewriter, all right, and you can have a job as my secretary any time you want it.

MARY G., MONTREAL.—So you are just starting out in life. Well, I hope that you meet Fortune at every turn of the road and that you may never meet her daughter, Miss Fortune. Yes, Louise Glaum in "Love and Justice." George Chesebro played opposite Olive Thomas in "Broadway Arizona." Edward Coxen was Harry in "Beware of Strangers." Charles French was the man in "The Hater of Men." You had the title turned round.

JOAN.—You refer to Richard Tucker in "Think It Over." Violet Palmer was the child. Juanita Hansen the heroine in "Secret of the Submarine." Nance O'Neil and Alfred Hickman in "Greed." That's right, you must keep busy. It is the idle man that quickens hatred and contention, as it is the setting hen, not the scratching one, that hatches out the eggs.

RITA, 16.—Thanks for the postal. No child in the cast in "Helen's Awakening." Jack Mulhall was Jack. Lois Wilson with Paralta.

VALERIE, MELBOURNE.—No, that was taken in California. At this writing, Tom Forman is still a captain in California. In this country, and I guess in yours too, bigotry is a kind of rheumatism which twists a man's soul into all sorts of deformities.

FRENCH-AMERICAN.—The Kings and Queens Contest closes in the June Classic.

BEATRICE C.—You say you are going crazy to be an actress. If you keep on going that way you'll arrive some time and then you'll be really crazy. I'm sorry, but you're on the wrong road. You'll wake up some day.

ABE, 100.—Melba made her début in the Theater de la Monnaie, Brussels. I heard her last winter, and her voice is still fresh. You never heard me laugh, did you? Listen. (Did you hear it? I have a cold.) A hoarse laugh indicates brutality of character, says Levater. But how about the horse laugh? Yes, Carl Ullman. You ask what relation is the door-mat to the door-step. My friend here says step farther.

NORAH H.—You here again, Norah? Hope you ask me something easy this time. Marshall Neilan in "Madam Butterfly." Robert Frazer was John in "The Dawn of Love."

THE VAGABOND, SYDNEY.—Three fat letters from her. Good grief! You say you like old things—me, for instance. Yes, I know. Do you mean Robert Burns? Julian L'Estrange was Barondi in "Bella Donna." Well, your letter full of sad expressions was very touchy. You have my sympathy.

M. HAMS, MT. MORGAN.—No, I am not Robert Shores. Neither is he I. I admire your stationery very much. Why not make some up for me, Ham?

MATATOKI.—A habit of sneering marks the egotist, or the fool, or the knave—or all three. So never do it. Try sneezing. Norma Nichols was the girl in "The Ne'er Do Well." David Powell you refer to.

HAROLD LOCKJAW.—I'm glad you know yourself. He who reigns within himself and rules passions, desires and fears, is more than a king, even if he is saddled with the lockjaw. Glad to see you Harold Lockwood was born in 1887. Hollywood is only a suburb of Los Angeles. Dorothy Kelly was born in Philadelphia in 1894. I believe Olive Thomas is one of the Harrison Fisher girls. You ask if your writing portrays any acting abilities. Not so you would notice it. You had better consult a graphologist. Try Fritzi Remont, who is clever at it.

MOREEN M.—Hope is the dream of those who are awake. Pinch yourself Charlotte is her only name and she is the great skater.

ALICE K., YOKOHAMA.—No trouble at all. Glad to hear from far-off Japan. Claire Mersereau is not playing now Yes, Alice Joyce was splendid in "Womanhood," as she is in nearly everything she does.

MICHAEL S., NEW HAMBURG.—It is said a man's first love is always his most perfect. This is because he has no other loves to compare with it. Some first loves dont last, tho. Every one thinks his last love the best. Reliance produced "Macbeth." Jane Novak and Hobart Henley in "Graft." That was Irving Cummings in "The Whip," and it was one dandy play.

AKAWSON.—Some people think that they need sympathy when all they need is flattery. Mae Marsh and Robert Harron in "Intolerance." The name Olive is probably derived from the old Spanish name Oliva, and it is likely that it came from the olive tree or fruit

VERNON STEELE ADMIRER.—So you want a chat with Vernon Steele.

A MOVIE FAN.—I believe Edmund Breese will come back to pictures. Yes, our boys at the front are trying to outdo Douglas Fairbanks at the real thing in acrobatic stunts.



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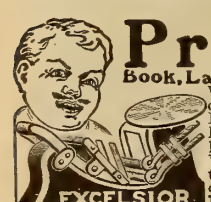
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OPPIPIA.—Sheridan being asked what wine he liked best, replied "The wine of other people." The same here when you ask what candy I like. That's double exposure you refer to.

WILBUR J. A.; IVY W.; GULLY & CO.; M. VASCUE; JOSEPH C. H.; MISS R. B.; HELEN F.; OLD FAKER; GLADYS E. S. and INQUISITIVE, 16.—Your letters were very interesting. Au revoir. Call again. Better luck next time.

GLADYS H.—You dont want much. You give the names of about fifty players and then ask me for their addresses. Why is this thus? I cant puzzle you out. William Hinckley was Lord Litterly in "The Amazons." J. W. Johnston was John in "The Moment Before." Irving Cummings in "The World's Great Snare." You are a nice girl, Gladys, but your stations are few and far between. Some call me Rip Van Winkle, some Diogenes and some Socrates, but I'm only the poor old Answer Man.

FRANK S. W.—Thomas Ince releases his pictures thru Paramount. You must have the right title first. Roland Lee in "The Little Reformer." Bessie Love and not Mary Pickford. You have the same disease as dear little Gladys above has.

FLO'S FRIEND.—Doubt whether we will carry a picture of the late Florence La Badie. While there are a good many thousand Americans enlisted in the Canadian Army, no exact figures are obtainable. It is quite impossible to compare the soldiers of the different armies. Our boys will, in all probability, measure up to those of the other allies.

H. B. C., CALIFORNIA.—Owen Moore is not a soldier boy—yet. Yes, it is a mighty fine thing of Mary Pickford to adopt the 600 Sammies as she has. I dont believe in knocking everybody who gets up in the world. Detestation of the high is the involuntary homage of the low.

J. P. P. OF NASHVILLE.—"Tom Sawyer" was taken in California. Mae Marsh and Henry Walthall in that play. No, I'm not able to answer all the questions I get in a month in one issue. Some remain over for the next. Oh my, yes, all the cartoons resemble me.

LOYDE C.—Your letter was full of ragtime.

GEORGE H. K.—You should put your name at the top of the letter. Shakespeare never repeats. In that respect he differs from John Drew. But pensions paid to Civil War veterans are not intended to descend forever to members of the soldier's family. They are paid to the veteran, his wife in case he is dead, and to his dependent children under 16 years of age.

ROBERT F.—Always try to help your friend, since he needs you. What do we live for if not to make life less difficult for one another? Mrs. Patrick Campbell has lost a son in the war.

JIJJIE.—Yours was a great letter. But if we dont flatter ourselves, the flattery of others could do us no harm. I liked Miriam Cooper very much in "Woman and the Law." Yes, we will have a picture of Miriam Walcamp.

DONALD W. LE.—Sorry you are so ill, old chap. Yes, there is nothing like friends when you are sick. Some men are so forgetful, tho, that they even fail to remember the poor in wealth as well as the poor in health.

GLENN.—Glad to know you. Inquisitive people are the funnels of conversation; they do not take in anything for their own use, but merely to pass it to another. I'm sorry I cant here give you the birth dates you desire. William, not Dustin, Farnum in "The Nigger."

KILEMA.—You must be thinking of Cæsar who, when asked why he divorced his wife, said, "I would have the chastity of my wife clear even of suspicion!" Of course I believe in divorce, provided both are willing. Ruth Roland is back in pictures now. Blanche Sweet hasn't signed up as yet. Miriam Cooper with Fox. Charles Chaplin, Los Angeles, Cal., will reach him.

ICHABOD.—You refer to Count Friedrich Munster, Hanoverian Envoy at St. Petersburg (now Petrograd), who said, "Russian civilization is merely artificial, and the Russian Constitution is absolutism tempered by assassination." Adda Gleason was in "Ramona." Monroe Salisbury was the half-breed.

THE VAGABOND.—Thanks for the snapshots. Of course I like the Australian girls. Why not? Your letter is so very witty. It made me chuckle and chortle with glee. Happiness is always where we find it, but seldom where we go to see it.

MAMIE E.—I know Mrs. Castle is very busy just now. Ethel Clayton is taking a relaxation trip at present.

FRED C. T.—Get in touch with any of the following clubs. I am sure you'll find lots of people to write you: Pansy Correspondence Club, Queena Kaliba, Box 227, Corning, N. Y.; Scroll Club, Mrs. Grace Kramer, 3009 N. Vandeventer Ave., St. Louis, Mo., and the Bushman Club, Mrs. Alice R. Allen, 3011 Abell Ave., Baltimore, Md.

ROY L.; F. & G. W.; ALONA; RALPH C. B.; ED S.; IRVING A.; DUCKIE; HARRY B. C.; BIRDY L.; L. R., CAL.; JOHN B. S.; BARBARA M.; WM. M.; RUTH T.; LEONE F.; MRS. FRED S.; S. W.; P. J. P.; CHARLES L. B.; WINIFRED H.—Your questions have been answered elsewhere. Nuff said. You are now among the "also-rans."

C. L. H.—Yes, do so. Goldsmith had a very simple style. Words resemble sunbeams—the more they are condensed, the deeper they burn. There is nothing like reading to improve your literary ability, and there's nothing better than "The Vicar of Wakefield."

ANNA M.; E. G.; VICTORIA; THEODORE P.; MISS LYONS; FRANCES H.; ALFRED H.; MAY A. V.; MARY E.; EVA M.; and MRS. A. W.—See other answers.

THEODORE W. J.—There are the Strand, Rivoli, and Rialto, the three large picture houses on Broadway. Each has a wonderful orchestra. I understand that pictures will not be shown at the Metropolitan Opera House.

BETTY B.—Tom Moore in that play. Earle Williams and Edith Storey in "The Vengeance of Durand." Statistics show that in less than a quarter of a century the Germans have increased in numbers to such an extent that there are three against one Frenchman. The birth-rate in France has been steadily decreasing for some years past, so that large families are rare.

RUTH S.—Maud George was the girl in "Babette." Sorry, but I cant tell you who Loretti was in "The Auction Block." The name of the woman who played Julie in George L. Fox's production of the burlesque on "Richelieu" was Lillie Eldridge, daughter of "Aunt" Louisa Eldridge.

NETTIE B.; STELLA C.; JOHN P.; GLADYS B.; HELEN M.; RHEA B. N.; RUTH; VIOLET T.; ALPHONSE P.; GRACE M., and BUNA J.—Same old story—same old story.

JOSEPH G.—No, I dont know that one. You dont care for some of my jokes? Why, man, that cant be. I'll bet you haven't a funny-bone in your body. Divorces are of two kinds—with and without publicity. Altho much more expensive, the latter is much more popular.

R. H.—Why, I'm always in good humor—that is, when I get letters like yours. Mary Pickford has been in pictures for the last seven years. You can reach Ethel Clayton, care of T. E. Letendre, 1209 Times Bldg., New York.

Pig Murphy.—A most dignified name you have. No, I cant read your character from your writing, and I hope I cant from your signature. You write well, however.

Syzygy.—Never had a picture of Ruth Remick in the Magazine. So you miss Olga 17 in this department. We all miss Miss Olga; but since she is a private secretary now, she is too important and austere to bother with the poor old Answer Man. Harold Goodwin in "The Sawdust Ring." Oh, yes, I have just filled my income tax—a blank sheet. If wisdom were riches, thinkest thou I would be a perfect Crœsus?

Gladys H.—By my halidom, you dont want much—only the names of about fifty players and their addresses. I'll see you next Tuesday.

M. A. A.—You say the April issue was a hummer—I say this one is a humdinger. *N'est ce pas?* The latest addition to our family is a young collie, titled "Corot" by his artist master and "Love Bud" by his mistress "Shep" has not been found—lost, strayed or stolen—or all three. Thanks for asking.

Frank S. W.—Thomas Ince releases his pictures thru Paramount. You must have the correct title or I cant look up the cast for you. Rowland Lee in "The Little Reformer"; William Hinckley was Lord Litterly in "The Amazons," and J. W. Johnson was John in "The Moment Before." Seems to me your stations are few and far between.

Vernon Steele Admirer.—So you want a chat with Vernon Steele. Interviewers, please take notice; likewise Vernon's publicity man.

Grace R. F.—Oh, so you think I am an ugly, good-natured man. Well, I dont know or care just what you think of me, but I doubt if you are a friend. It is not my English that I polish, but my ideas; but I sometimes give them a dull, antique finish.

(*Continued on page* 130)

"The Meanest Man in the Movies"

(*Continued from page* 90)

in the San Francisco earthquake show in Dreamland one summer, but I was one of the stars. Four of us got $15 a week and about sixty more got $10. Never had to do more than fifteen or sixteen shows a day, twenty-five on Sundays and holidays and a bally-hoo parade around the park between shows. Coney was a life-saver for many a tramper.

"It's not such a long time ago that I was broke in Philadelphia. My credit was good at the old Hotel Continental, but I hadn't a cent. One day I heard the boss of a milk route firing a driver. I butted in, got the job and was told to report at the barn at 3:30 A. M. I borrowed a dime from the night clerk for carfare and sat up till time to go to work. As a milkman I was a howling success; got a raise each of the four weeks I was there Then I had to quit and come to New York for rehearsal for 'Paid in Full.' When we played Philadelphia I called my old boss on the 'phone, told him there was a pair of seats at the box-office for him, but didn't tell him who I was. When I came on the stage that night,



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that Dutchman came near falling out of his seat when he saw his old driver playing the best part ever written.

"No, no more stage for me, as long as they will keep me busy in pictures. When I left the Vitagraph (by request) last year, I was going to revolutionize vaudeville, but vaudeville refused to be revolutionized, and I was blamed glad to get back in pictures.

"In my picture career I have died a great many times, some horrible and some peaceful deaths. In the old one-, two- and three-reel days it was a cinch to die two, three and even four times a month, but with these days of big features I'm in luck to pass away six times a year. Yes, I guess the features are here to stay, but I'd like to bet some money the exhibitors would like to see the old days of short pictures."

A Philopena Star

(*Continued from page 73*)

who was so ugly that he was positively attractive and who was of the investigating turn of mind that kept the player-folk just outside Miss Stevens' open door in a constant turmoil of apprehension as to his intentions. But when I settled down upon the chintz-covered divan, he settled down, too, and kept a watchful eye on me while I contemplated the gorgeous vision before me.

"I never met a real live Madonna before," I said, "but all the pictured ones I have seen had straight hair, big, soulful eyes and a sweetly martyred expression."

"But they," said Miss Stevens, "were the old-fashioned kind. "I am a Madonna of the Future."

"I see," I said, assembling in my mind's-eye the colorful picture of golden hair piled high, the deepest of deep blue eyes, the pinkest of cheeks, and the long, clinging gown of royal purple with trimmings of gold braid and heavy gold tassels.

"Do you like this," I asked, "better than working before the camera?"

She looked at me reflectively. "This," she said, "*is* me, ungrammatically speaking, and is inseparable from me. I was born to it. Needless to say that I love to act, whether before the camera or on the stage. It is second nature to me, just as making hats or dresses is to any one else. I'll never forget my first appearance, tho," she said, reminiscently. "It was with my cousin, Mrs. Fiske, in 'Becky Sharp.' I was a maid, and I had just one line to say, but I was as frightened as tho I had to make a curtain speech. But that was the end of stage-fright for me, and it was not so long until I had graduated to Becky herself."

"Mrs. Fiske must have been a great inspiration to you," I ventured.

"Inspiration? She was more than that. She was education. I not only worked and studied under her personal direction, but I lived with her eight years. It was an invaluable training, and I owe much to my celebrated cousin. She is a truly wonderful person, and she was never greater than she is at the present moment.

"That is one big reason I am so in love with the profession I was born to. One keeps right on growing in all directions. The real artist does not grow old, because the years only bring greater perfection. Many clever people appear on the stage for a season or two—they are here today and tomorrow they are gone. But the real artists survive. Their power does not grow less with the years, but greater, and there is no class of people who are so universally loved and so kindly remembered as these great souls who go on thru the years striving to cheer and help the multitude. My ambition is not and has never been to be a star of today, but a star of all the tomorrows."

"What about Motion Pictures?" I said. "Do you feel the same way about them, and do you like the work—and of course you expect to go back?"

"What a lot of questions and suppositions," she laughed. "Yes, I feel much the same way about the photoplay. It is a great art, but it is comparatively young, and every art must have the mellowing influence of time to bring it to its perfection. Lots of wonderfully clever people are putting their best effort to the directing and producing of pictures now, and in time the unworthy productions will be weeded out and the truly artistic will predominate because the great class of people whom pictures reach are becoming educated to appreciate the best and will demand it.

"About the work, it is very much the same; that is, the *spirit* is the same. I like it in some ways as well as the stage, and in some ways I dont, but *vice versa*. I've certainly had a chance to show my versatility. Which do I like best, comedy or tragedy? I like whatever I'm doing best. And, as for favorite rôles, I always like the one I'm doing better than any I've done before! I liked 'The Slacker' especially well, because it was timely and because I knew the audience was with me, and that's always inspirational."

"What about 'Daybreak'?" I wanted to know.

"Well, of course that was unusual. Mr. Capellani adapted it from Jane Cowl's play by that name; he also directed it, and at the same time that Miss Cowl was making of it a big Broadway success, we were filming it. My part was so sad and harrowing I used often to wonder why the play was given such a misleading name. One usually thinks of daybreak as something rose-hued and hopeful. But no! I lead an empty, loveless existence with a drunken, abusive husband, suffering neglect, suspicion, and finally leaving my home for several months and keeping the existence of my child a secret because I do not want it brought up under the evil influence of my husband. Then he is injured—is finally regenerated. I come to him with his little son—the sun of happiness has risen. 'Daybreak' at last! It certainly gave me a wonderful opportunity to run the entire gamut of human emotion.

"As to going back to pictures, how do I know what I will do? That is another charm of the profession. One never knows what is coming next. This play is going well, so, logically, I shall stay with it to the end of the season. But I shall of course go back to pictures, tho I would like to have just a little vacation. In fact," she said, "I may as well tell you that plans are being made for my appearance in a screen version of Edith Wharton's novel, 'The House of Mirth.' Mr. Capellani will adapt and direct this play also, and he thinks it will be very well suited to me."

We were standing near the stage entrance now, and the last strains of the overture were dying away. The stage lights flared up, and, with a wave of the hand, "The Madonna of the Future" crossed the magic portal. I lingered a moment, and her voice came back to me. "Talk, talk, talk, and we get nowhere," she was saying. Was she referring to our interview? I wondered for a fleeting instant. But of course not. She was speaking her lines, and, as for our interview, I had found out what I wanted to know. She was coming back.

Two Baby Stars

(*Continued from page 42*)

a wonderful child God had made. So patient and natural was she when posing that many offers came from other artists, and she could have been a model to this day had not her mother wisely seen far greater glory ahead.

Not long after another offer came from a director in a near-by Motion Picture studio, who had also watched the child at play on the beach. The baby was wanted to play a big part in a regular three-reel emotional drama opposite a sure-enough man star! This time her mother gave her consent, and so successful was little Virginia's "make-believe" and expression in this original feature that her director at once predicted a career of the utmost brilliance for her. Mrs. Corbin was overjoyed to find that her judgment of her little daughter's talents had not been misplaced.

Offers from other studios now began to pour in, and soon Baby Virginia found herself playing the emotional lead in a Universal picture under the direction of "Mother" Lulu Warrenton.

Mother Warrenton at once discovered in Virginia a naturalness and emotional ability seldom found in a child of little experience, and took great care to draw her talents out. In fact, the success of her first work at Universal City was so great that she was next cast for a "Big U Special" and featured with Flora Parker and Carter DeHaven under the able direction of Allan Holubar. After that Mr. Holubar claimed her as his own star and wrote and produced one-, two- and three-reel plays for Baby Virginia.

By this time the little fairy had won the hearts of children, both young and grown tall, in all parts of the country, and her reputation as an actress of unusual naturalness and ability was firmly established. In spite of her fame she remained just the same simple, care-free, sympathetic child. Often she would tell her mother, just before saying her prayers at night, that she could not understand why people made so much fuss about her work at the studio, because she didn't do anything at all except play that she was the little girl of the story and do what the director told her to do. Of course, little Virginia didn't know how impossible it was for other children to do at all, what to her was second nature.

About this time along came an invitation to work at another studio that promised to provide a bigger opportunity for the baby's talents to express themselves, so little Virginia now began work "supporting" Harold Lockwood. As usual, a surprise was in store for the director, and Mr. Balshofer was not long in pronouncing the clever child a "knockout."

By the time her work at the Yorke-Metro studio was finished, William Fox was forming the plans for the production of "Jack and the Beanstalk," and soon Virginia Corbin was the name that was placed opposite The Little Princess on the casting sheet. Mr. Fox, recognizing Virginia's talent, personally signed her up on a long-term contract.

It will interest many to find out, however, that in spite of the fact that Virginia Corbin has already climbed to the next to the topmost rung in the ladder of success, this four-and-one-half-year-old child is still today an unassuming, modest and very refined little girl, individual but never stubborn, affectionate and vivacious, keenly interested in everything beautiful, and a lively playmate for any child of her age and refinement.

Patter from the Pacific

By HARRY HARDING

Mary Pickford has started out on her trip in behalf of the Third Liberty Loan of Uncle Sam. She completed "How Could You, Jean?" before she left under the direction of William D. Taylor. Leave it to Mary to distribute those Liberty Bonds. With a few more like her they would be sold out the first day.

Theda Bara has at last completed her latest film spectacle for William Fox. It's "Salome," and it is said that her costumes will be more startling than in "Cleopatra." This must refer to the well-known "veils."

Charles Ray has just completed a new film for the Paramount program that deals with patriotism. Charlie plays the rôle of a wealthy youth who tries to enlist, but is turned down by the examining board. His friends think it is his father's influence that is keeping him home, and they look upon him as a coward. There is a great twist to the end of the story which should prove the most popular picture the youthful star has appeared in for some time.

Jessie Boothe, of the Paralta scenario forces, states that there is an alarming scarcity of real, worth-while, original photoplay stories and is encouraging new writers to submit their scripts to her with the hope of finding some new angle or ideas in them. In the last three hundred scripts that she read at the studio not one of them was found available for production by the various Paralta companies.

Goldwyn is expected to send six companies to the Coast as soon as a suitable studio can be found to locate in. 'Tis said that our friend, Mabel Normand, will be among the Goldwynites to come our way, also dear little Mae Marsh.

Alfred Whitman returned from Truckee, Cal., this week, where he was filming the exterior scenes of his latest Vitagraph feature, "A Son of Kazan," under the direction of Dave Smith, brother of the Vitagraph president. Al likes his new story and thinks that they have secured some original stuff in the taking of the scenes.

Frank Keenan has just finished a comedy-drama for Pathé entitled "More Trouble." This will be the first time that the noted star has appeared in anything like this, and it is being awaited with a great deal of expectation. I saw the picture run off, and it should prove a big winner for Keenan. He is supported by a cast of highly capable people, including Roberta Wilson, Al Ray, Helen Dunbar, Jack Gilbert, Ida Lewis, Aggie Herring and Clyde Benson.

Gloria Hope, who has been with Thomas H. Ince for the past year, has joined the Universal forces and is now leading-woman for Franklyn Farnum. Gloria is best known for her work in the two A. H. Woods productions made by Ince in which she was featured, namely, "Free and Equal" and "The Guilty Man."

William Russell's second feature at the head of his own company for the Mutual program will be called "Up Romance Road," from the pen of Stephen Fox. Henry King, who produced Russell's first feature, "Hearts or Diamonds," will direct the popular star in his second vehicle also.

Fay Tincher has left our sunny clime for a hurried visit to New York on business. Fay says that she doesn't expect to be gone over two weeks, so we shall have her back with us again directly.

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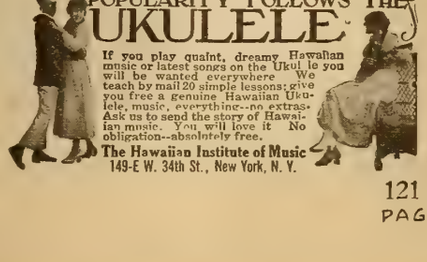
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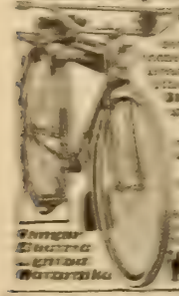


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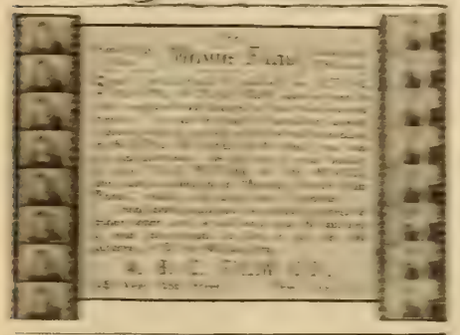
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"My Ideal Man"

(Continued from page 7.)

and with gumption. He should possess a companionable personality of compact of all I know and have a happy blend of the entertaining world and neighbors as comrades, and lastly, he must be capable to confide with [illegible]. I like a man who is progressive and ambitious, who gets out his own problems, but would consult a lady friend and who has a well-rounded character. He must be well educated [illegible] and capable of his every [illegible]. Possibly someone is interested. Christmas, a girl gets the usual combination of ideal love and money, but the permanent is very small.

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The Interviewer at Work

(Continued from page 15)

crowd. As he reached the 'phone booths a medium height, good-looking chap stepped from one and called 'Here!' I gasped—it was Mr. George Larkin—he of the thrills!

The page piloted him thru the crowd, straight to Hazel Simpson Naylor, and left him. George laughed and held out his hand, suggesting tea as a stimulant for an interview. "Oh, gee!" I congratulated myself, as I pulled the brim of my bonnet down lower over my freckled nose, "here's where I see how interviewers extract the life-blood of interest from their unsuspecting victims, leaving nothing but a skeleton behind."

Mr. Larkin and Miss Naylor strolled into the tea-room; I followed and secured the table next them. We were all occupied a few moments with the business of ordering, and that over, the interviewer inquired, "And now what are you going to do?"

George Larkin laughed. "Now? A serial for Pathe—a Western serial called 'The Wolf-faced Man,' starring alone."

"And so you are going West?"

"Yes, I'm anxious to get to the old stamping-grounds."

George—I call him "George" because he is too boyish to be called Mr. Larkin—settled himself more comfortably. "Producing conditions are lots better out West. If the war continues, everybody will soon be out there.

"This new serial is a story whose action takes place in the eighteenth century. I'll have to let my hair grow on the way out, and by the time I reach the Coast I'll look like a freak. Oh, I dont know what is doing, but I'm on my way."

"I start Friday, you know," he added.

The girl looked at him incredulously. "Friday!" she gasped. "Evidently you're not superstitious."

"If I were, I'd be afraid to work," chuckled George. "However, I wont walk underneath an elevated when a train is passing. If I do, I always meet with a disappointment.

"When I was in Jacksonville," continued George, "I was hurt a number of times on Saturdays. After a while I wouldn't do any stunts on Saturday. Then Monday became my Jonah day, and eventually I got hurt every day in the week. You know, I broke my ankle just a little while ago."

"You must have lots of fun getting all smashed up," she smiled, sympathetically.

"I assure you, once you lose your nerve you're a goner."

"How long have you been in pictures, anyway?"

George laughed. "Say, you're going to find out my age in a minute. Eleven years now."

"Really, is it as long as that?"

"Is that a credit or a discredit?" George counter-questioned.

"I should say it is a credit. But tell me something about yourself. Dont you dare say you dont like to talk about yourself—'most every one likes to."

George considered the situation carefully a second. "Something about myself?" he repeated. "I had rather an amusing experience recently. We were taking a street scene and I was dressed in a running suit. Several women passed in a car, and as they came abreast of me one remarked loud enough for me to hear, 'It's a wonder he wouldn't put on more clothes in the street.' Just as tho it were my fault.

"Doing thrillers is no cinch! Recently we took several scenes in Princeton, N. J., where Grace Davison, a plucky little girl and I hung onto the side of an aeroplane. We had to do it twice and I was about all in when we finished.

"I always say a little prayer beforehand whenever I have something particularly nerve-racking to do. Also, I have a silver cross given to me by a dear old priest in St. Augustine, which I carry around in my pocket for luck. He always says a prayer for me every morning, so that helps.

"You know, I've been an orphan for eighteen years," George continued.

"Oh, really," murmured the girl sympathetically. "Where were you born?"

"Do you know, it's a funny thing but I dont know where I was born; either in Boston or New York. My father and mother were both killed in a railroad accident. They were with a circus, you know. But I dont care where I was born as long as I'm an American. Do you always see people before you write things?" George asked, suddenly coming back to the tea-table.

"Yes," answered Miss Naylor, emphatically; "I dont believe in digging up things from the morgue."

"Morgue?" George looked at her quizzically.

"A morgue is where all the news of the players is filed in our office," she explained.

"So that's a morgue, hey? That reminds me of the time I was doing 'The Bridge of Sighs' for Edison. An expert diver was engaged—you know the part where the woman is supposed to commit suicide in the Thames. Well, we had erected a set in the studio and the diver was to dive off the prop bridge onto a mattress. The next scene on the screen would show her in real water, giving the impression that she had really jumped into the water from the bridge. I dont know what happened, but the diver broke three toes when she landed on the mattress. Then we made the leading-lady do the act herself. She was scared to death, but I showed her how and just before we finished work for the day she made the jump nicely. The next day on my way to the studio I met Searle Dawley, Marguerite Clark's director, you know. He was all fussed up. 'Gee, George,' he groaned 'I'm up a tree. That diver will be laid up for four weeks and Miss Sinclair cant swim.' 'Why, I'll do it for you,' I told him. So Searle got me a wig. Fortunately the leading-lady had worn one, and I did the act. It was in the Harlem River and I held onto an old scow in midstream, waiting for the signal from the director, who was hidden from view behind a pier on a float. A United States patrol boat came along while I clung desperately to the old scow, my golden locks falling dejectedly in the water, and several sailors were about to jump overboard to save me, when the camera-man yelled, 'For God's sake, dont get in the way! We're takin' a picture!'"

"How did you happen to go into pictures, Mr. Larkin?"

"Why, I was in vaudeville, and I met a chap on Forty-second Street who told me to go up and see Ed Porter. I did, and Ed said I was just the type he needed for his picture. I'll never forget it. The picture was called 'The Animated Snowball,' an old Edison, and was taken in Greenwich, Conn. I gained five pounds

(Continued on page 127)



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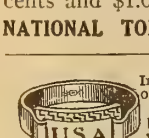


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"The Story of My Life"

(*Continued from page 57*)

of that worry as to whether or not your play will be a failure. If it isn't so successful as you wish, you can go right on trying to make good without having to canvass managers' offices for the opportunity.

I wonder how many fans of today remember the first picture in which I played. It was "The Thumb Print." Harry Morey, one of my brother Vitagraph veterans, appeared in the same cast. As Jack Plympton, I married Harry's wife, played by Helen Gardner, while Harry was in New York, supposedly dead. It was a most tragic affair all around.

Soon after "The Thumb Print," I played with Rita Bori and Edith Storey in "The Mischief-Maker." Our stock company was small at that time, but it contained some excellent players, including Maurice Costello, Helen Gardner, Edith Storey, Leo Delaney, Florence Turner, William Dunn, Harry Morey and Charles Kent. The last three named are still playing under the Vitagraph banner, as I am.

My favorite screen rôles have been in "The Christian," "The Love of John Ruskin," "The Juggernaut," "The Maelstrom," "Arsene Lupin," "Apartment 29," "The Hawk," "The Grell Mystery," and the one upon which I am now working, "An American Live Wire."

As on the stage, I have been fortunate in securing parts in splendid plays by the best authors. I have long desired to appear in an O. Henry story, because the author is, to my mind, the greatest representative of America in the Hall of Literary Fame.

My chief diversion, aside from my studio work, is in reading. Unlike the majority of screen players, I have no bizarre collections or curious hobbies. My library is my favorite place of retreat. In it I find such boon companions as Balzac, Dumas, Ouida, F. Marion Crawford, Eugene Sue, H. G. Wells, O. Henry and Poe. I should not neglect to mention the "Letters of Lord Chesterfield to His Son." This little volume was given to me years ago by my mother, and it has always been a sort of handbook for me.

My favorite dissipation is motoring and attending the opera. Travel has also been one of my means of enjoying life, altho, of late, I have not indulged in it to a great extent. During my career on the stage, I visited about every city in the United States and many in Europe.

While I was born in the State where cameras are thick as orange-blossoms, my film labors have been confined almost exclusively to the East. With the decision to film the O. Henry tale, however, I returned with my company to my native State and am enjoying the sensation of being literally back to the place where I started.

I have always regarded my screen work much as any other man regards his business or profession. I have studied constantly for improvement, and one certainly needs to do so in order to keep pace with the marathon progress of this industry. Outside the studio, I endeavor to relax and forget that I have anything to do with pictures. This is not always easy, for people will persist in talking shop to an actor. That seems odd to me, for if a lawyer were to talk about legal affairs at a social function he would be considered a hopeless bore. I feel much the same about an actor. Nevertheless, the public seems to have an inexhaustible curiosity about him and his pursuits.

I do not like society. I speak now of the sort which occupies the society editor of newspapers, not of society in the broad sense. Once or twice a week I go to my club, but most of my time is spent at home with a book or in taking motor hikes with a friend or two.

The greatest privilege given to a screen player is the accumulation of friends in all parts of the world. Being one of the first of the players whose names were advertised on the curtain, I naturally have received many letters from fans during the past several years. I answer all of these, and many a pleasant evening I have spent with my secretary going over the letters and making replies. It is my belief that you come to know people better and make closer friends of them by correspondence than by meeting them personally. A man usually expresses himself more frankly in writing than in conversation—gets down to fundamental topics of life rather than the trite, every-day twaddle that takes up time and leaves no thought. I suppose you might call it my chief hobby. It is a valuable source of information for an actor. Thru it he becomes intimately acquainted with people of all types, comes to know their every-day problems, their difficulties and their aspirations. You would be surprised how close a man on the screen may come to a spectator in the theater. An actual bond of friendship may be formed, and the fan may entrust the player with confidences which he would not place in some one of his own town. I appreciate this. I believe a player must always maintain a lively sympathy for humanity in general to succeed in an art which aims to reflect humanity. But, apart from this, I am a natural psychologist. When I was selling goods for the jewelry company and the portrait house, I was always endeavoring to "get a line on my man," as they say, before approaching him with a sales proposition. The study of people is one of endless interest to me. If you have followed my autobiography this far, I know your hobby is the same as mine. If I have given you some tip toward earning success for yourself, then I am glad I wrote it. If I haven't—well, then I apologize for taking up so much of your time and ask you to lay the blame where it belongs, on the Editors of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

Fifth Street, Los Angeles, was set agog a few days ago when two streaks in white clothes and pith helmets dashed down the street, disappeared behind swinging doors of the Alexandria bar, and were heard loudly calling for stimulants. Upon closer investigation, they proved to be Sessue Hayakawa and Jack Holt. Between chattering teeth, they offered the information that all scenario writers ought to be shot at sunrise, the decision being based on the fact that for Hayakawa's forthcoming production the scenario writer decided that they should fall out of the canoe in what was supposed to be a tropical stream, and have a mortal combat in the water. The only stream available in the vicinity of Los Angeles was the San Gabriel River, which is kept alive by the melting snows in the neighboring mountains. Messrs. Holt and Hayakawa went out in the middle of the stream, fell overboard and fought on top and beneath the ripples until they were both nearly frozen. Then followed the leap into Holt's racer, and the line-up at the bar, there to imbibe the necessary warmth.

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, of THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, published MONTHLY at 175 DUFFIELD STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y., for APRIL 1, 1918. State of NEW YORK, County of KINGS. Before me, a NOTARY PUBLIC in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared EUGENE V. BREWSTER, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the PRESIDENT and BUSINESS MANAGER of THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, THE M. P. PUBLISHING CO., 175 DUFFIELD STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.; Editor, EUGENE V. BREWSTER, 175 DUFFIELD STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.; Managing Editor, EUGENE V. BREWSTER, 175 DUFFIELD STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.; Business Managers, EUGENE V. BREWSTER, 175 DUFFIELD STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y. 2. That the owners are (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock): EUGENE V. BREWSTER, 175 DUFFIELD STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.; EDWIN M. LA ROCHE, 2257 84TH STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.; ALBERT E. SMITH, E. 15TH STREET and LOCUST AVENUE, BROOKLYN, N. Y.; ELIZABETH M. HEINEMANN, 175 DUFFIELD STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.; J. STUART BLACKTON, LOS ANGELES, CALIF.; FRANK J. MARION, 235 W. 23RD STREET, NEW YORK; GASTON MELIES, 326 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security-holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are (If there are none, so state): NONE. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only). EUGENE V. BREWSTER (Signature of editor, publisher, business manager, or owner). Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of MARCH, 1918. GOTTFRIED J. KOHLHEPP (My commission expires MARCH 31, 1918).

When Fan Meets Favorite

(*Continued from page 87*)

productions for the Drama Club, as well as appearing in them."

This information did not come so fluently as I have written it. Indeed, most of it was extracted by methods verging on the third degree.

"I dont want to be a brass band for myself," he replied, with the curious half-smile of his, when I urged him to reveal his life's history for publication. "It seems foolish for a man to babble about loving animals and books and athletic sports. 'Most every man does love them, but only picture players seem to boast of the commonplace. Yes, I ride, swim, play tennis and golf, and read as much as time permits, just as do all fellows who want to make good in life. Most of my friends are in other professions, and I enjoy associating with them because they give me an insight into the problems and conduct of men whom I will later present on the screen. If I confined my interest to the theater, my work would reflect the make-believe, and I want it to reflect life."

In the library of his studio apartment in New York, where he lives with his mother, Dick has a splendid collection of volumes. He has made a special study of the development of English literature, ranging from Richardson and Fielding to Wells, and he has also delved into the works of French authors. The characters of Dickens and Thackeray have been his constant companions, as testified to by the thumbed volumes of "Pendennis" and "David Copperfield." Just now he is interested in natural sciences and the contemporary drama. But he is by no means a moth of the student lamp—simply a well-rounded, versatile fellow and a typical product of the American university, democratic in his interests and friendships. I suspect, too, that he has a strong sense of humor, for when I asked him if he were ambitious to become a star, he replied, "Not a star—an actor."

Life close-ups of film players may sometimes be disappointing, but not in the case of such fellows as Dick Barthelmess. He is of that thorobred type whose good looks and personality are reinforced by a trained mind. For that reason he is going to be a star, in spite of himself—elected by the will of the people who see him.

Viola Dana Entertains Friends With—A Joke

A number of women friends of Viola Dana, dainty little Metro star, were delighted the other day to receive neatly engraved invitations to a dinner party, to be given Miss Dana, so the cards read, at the Café des Enfants. A note enclosed with each invitation gave the address of the café and explained that it had just been opened in Los Angeles.

The guests arrived promptly, several of them in limousines. The cars drew up before a white-fronted building. In the window a man in a white coat and cap was cooking wheat cakes and "sinkers." Inside, the surprised women found Miss Dana, her face alight with mischief.

"Viola, dear!" one of the guests exclaimed, "there must be some mistake. Your card said 'Café des Enfants.'"

"Yes," replied Miss Dana, grinning. "Café des Enfants is French for 'Restaurant of the Children'—therefore Childs'."

After she had enjoyed her little joke, Miss Dana took the party around the corner to the Alexandria Hotel, where she had arranged a spread.

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When the Movies Salute the Flag

(*Continued from page 64*)

specially for Howard Chandler Christy's famous poster "Did You Think I'd Stay at Home?"

When the first drive for naval recruiting started, Pearl startled Broadway by fearlessly riding on a steel girder from the ground to the top floor of a giant skyscraper then being built on 42d Street, distributing recruiting literature and speaking from above their heads to a crowd that stopped all traffic on the famous Knickerbocker corner.

It is Miss White's burning desire to go to France and drive an ambulance.

"The only time I ever regretted being a woman," she says, "was when application after application from me was turned down by the War Department."

Norma Talmadge is taking a devout interest in the war and has organized a circle of Red Cross workers who meet at her home to prepare bandages, study dietetics, and make up comfort kits for our boys.

Roland Bottomley is, or soon will be, a commissioned officer in the English Army. After three months of intensive training in the Officers' Training Corps in Toronto, the former Pathé star was sent to England, whence he hopes to join his two brothers who are now at the front "somewhere in France."

To show that he was a long-headed cut-up Charlie Chaplin invested $100,000 in Liberty Bonds. The monotony of sea life in the dread reaches of the North Sea will be spotted with some bright moments, as Charlie has donated copies of his films to one whole division of His Majesty's dreadnoughts. The rental fee for the pictures is turned over to Lady Beatty's fund for wounded soldiers and sailors.

A pal of Tom Powers has a letter from the actor-aviator, in training at an American camp for airmen, in which Tom reveals that he has almost finished his tests and is soon to be ordered "Over There." "Remember," writes scrappy Tom, "how I pulled Barney Randall's nose in the fight scene of 'The Auction Block'? If I dont pull a few German noses before I get back, I've got another guess coming."

Little Mary McAlister holds the recruiting record for the U. S. Army. For her inspiring work she has been made a sergeant in the regular army with the right to wear a sergeant's uniform and chevrons. Attired in full war regalia, and wearing a big automatic pistol swinging at her side, "Baby Mary" is a familiar and beloved sight in the Chicago recruiting offices, where over 1,000 volunteers have succumbed to "The Little Sergeant." (See February Magazine cover.)

Mary Miles Minter, Gail Kane, Juliette Day and William Russell pooled their subscription to the Second Liberty Loan to the tune of $75,000. Every other American Company player subscribed in proportion to his salary. Mary is spending her evenings in Red Cross training and is ready to sacrifice her screen career to go to the front when the call comes for her.

We have all heard something about the celebrated Lasky Home Guard, so here is its remarkable record of achievement. Shoot! Cecil B. De Mille, director-general of the Lasky studio, is captain of the Home Guard, which comprises an infantry company of 125 men, a band of thirty pieces, a signal unit of four, and two machine gun sections of six members each. The equipment consists of: Remington rifles; a portable wireless outfit with a licensed operator; a complete field telephone outfit; a field ambulance of the latest approved design; two portable light plants used to operate searchlights.

There are enough automobiles owned by the company and the members of the guard to transport the full detachment, which can be mobilized and armed in one hour after the sounding of the alarm The two machine guns are automatics, and the rifles are fitted with bayonets

Henry Woodward, a former member of the Philippine constabulary, is the chief drill-master and ranks as first lieutenant in the organization. Several evenings of the week are given over to a non-commissioned officers' school, this being run in conjunction with the non-commissioned officers' drill.

The Home Guard consists entirely of men who are not eligible for the first draft or men having families dependent upon them. Every able-bodied unmarried man in the studio has enlisted either in the Naval Reserve or the Coast Artillery Federal Reserve.

Company 17 of the Coast Artillery Federal Reserve is commanded by Captain Theodore Duncan, of the Lasky Company, and Walter Long, another Laskyite, as second lieutenant. This organization was called to the colors on August 5, 1917, and is practically a Lasky unit in its entirety.

It is fully expected that the Home Guard will be used for duty in and around Los Angeles in the event of the National Guard being taken out of the State on active service, and it was the intention of the Lasky Company in organizing the Home Guard to so thoroly school its employees in military tactics and in the handling of arms that they would be eligible for rapid promotion in the event of their being officially called to the National colors. The Lasky Home Guard in its entirety was recently sworn into the service of the State of California.

Last spring Mary Pickford presented the Lasky Home Guard with a beautiful American flag, the presentation taking place at the Lasky ranch, where the entire organization participated in a drill, review, flag presentation and skirmish.

"When the Movies Salute the Flag" can sound taps with no better bugler than Mary Pickford. Her work has been inexhaustible and has quite astonished her friends. In addition to acting as godmother to six hundred soldiers in the Artillery Corps and one hundred and forty-four in the Aviation Corps, "Tireless Mary" has started a unique fund for the Red Cross. She requests a day's pay from each contributor and in return writes a personal letter of thanks. Other Pickfordian activities are Christmas-tree parties for the benefit of French war orphans; personal appearances at dozens of benefits for war charities; a whirlwind tour of California as a personal saleswoman for Liberty Bonds, culminating with a mass meeting at the Auditorium at which over $2,000,000 was pledged.

"Little Mary's" one hundred and forty-four aviators recently tendered her a ball in their regimental mess hall in San Diego, where she was entertained with a luncheon, exhibition flights, and was presented with a regulation aviator's helmet bearing a silver star with the colors of the service. Mary's very latest war activity is the superintendence of the studio salvage department of the Red Cross, and she receives everything from the old tin cans to diamond rings.

(*Continued from page* 123)

in three days—I never had a chance to eat so much in all my life. Here I was getting eats gratis, as well as free transportation both ways. I declared right then and there 'Pictures for mine!'"

"What were you doing in vaudeville?"

George laughed his rollicking laugh. "Started out being an acrobatic actor and ended by being a dramatic one. I played with a toe-dancer at one time in a sketch called 'The Outlaw.' The dancer was about thirty-eight and looked eighteen. She used to pad her cheeks with cotton to make them look smooth and plump. Oh, Lord, it was funny to see all the stage Johnnies come around to the stage door expecting to see a young girl."

"Oh, what an exciting life it must be!"

"I'll say so," answered George, "and a busy one. I used to be an instructor of boxing at the Y. M. C. A. on Washington Heights. Had a class of firemen and policemen when I was only a young boy—all lots older than I. I'd throw out my chest and make believe I was the real thing."

He stopped, turned a trifle in his chair, and continued: "Do you know, I hate to meet strangers. I'm bashful, or backward, or something."

"And?" she prodded.

"You have no mercy, have you? Well, I used to play with deaf mutes on a basket-ball team, and I wasn't allowed to talk. It was awfully hard to learn their signals. They'd grunt and groan when in joy or despair. I never did know whether they were laughing at me or with me. We played all professional teams and won the championship of Jersey. Do you know anything about basket-ball?" George asked abruptly.

"Oh, yes, I used to play at college, but I gave it up as a bad job."

"Are you fond of athletics?" queried George. It looked to me as if the interviewer was about to be interviewed.

"Oh, yes, I used to be, but I haven't time now. In fact, I haven't time for anything but to go round interviewing actors and actresses," twinkled the girl mischievously. "That might be classed as indoor sports."

George laughed. "Oh, yeh—Bolsheviki."

"You know, I traveled all over Europe with my parents," he continued, "with the circus. I thought looping the loop on the bicycle the greatest act in the show and my one ambition was to be the daredevil in a circus. Circus folks aren't looked up to nowadays as being people worth while, but I found them to have the biggest hearts of any." His dark eyes clouded, and he caught his under-lip for just a second with his strong, white teeth.

"Do you still have that roving spirit, Mr. Larkin?" she inquired.

George stirred restlessly. "Well, I admit I would like to have a home somewhere. I am sick and tired of these hotels. I want at least a place I can send things to which I collect from time to time. I'm crazy about dogs, but I had to give them all up. If I could only have a nice home somewhere, I could have them all again. I also love to go roving thru the woods or to take a party in my car and go camping in the mountains."

"The natural sort of high life," agreed Miss Naylor, looking at her wrist-watch. They rose with one accord and sauntered slowly from the tea-room.

I watched them depart from my vantage point. I looked over at the empty table. George Larkin! Well, the care-free tone of his voice and buoyant laugh seemed to echo thru the room like the splash of water in a mountain rill.



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"He must not eat dill pickles or wear spats.

"Have gold front teeth.

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"Change an automobile-tire without swearing.

"Be bored to death by all females except me.

"Drink nothing but water.

"Here's hoping from

"POLLY MORAN."

How Players Got Their Names—By PETER WADE

WHEN Maxine Elliott was just Jessie McDermott and was about to enter upon a career, her manager, Augustin Daly, wanted a name for her, and "Dessie"—as she was familiarly called—remembered a little girl with whom she went to school up in Maine and upon whom she always looked with envy because this little girl bore the unique name of Maxine. "I'll borrow it," she thought, and, to balance Maxine, Mr. Daly gave her the name Elliott.

And would you believe it? The distinguished Barrymores—Ethel, John, Lionel and all of 'em—are not really Barrymores at all. It is just a made-up name. Once upon a time one Maurice Blythe juggled his imagination until he evolved Barrymore—which has become one of the most resplendent names on the American stage and screen.

Wilton Lackaye, of "Trilby" fame, was born William Lackay. He changed the common William to romantic Wilton, added an "e" to Lackay—and there you are!

Lillian Russell, star of "Wildfire," on stage and screen, owned to the name Helen Leonard until she began her theatrical career. A very good name, too, and plenty nice enough for a star; but the fair Helen or her manager or somebody evidently didn't think so.

It took something besides juggling to make "Thomas Fitzgerald" into "Creighton Hale"—it took real talent. It's like one of those stunts Creighton (or Thomas) does in his serial work. "It cant be did"—yet he did it.

Wally Van's real name is Charles Wallace Van Nostrand Sounds like Holland Dutch. But when he went to college it didn't take his classmates long to clip the big-sounding name to Wally Van. When he broke into the movies he became equally well known as "Cutey" because of his success in the "Cutey" series.

Anna Nilsson's name is her own—but *why* does she have "Q" for a middle letter? It couldn't possibly stand for anything. But it does. It stands for Quirentia—we *think* that's spelled right. If that Q must be there we are glad it stands for something.

"What is so rare as a day in June?" That's what fifty girl admirers of Vinnie Burns had in mind when they appeared to her one day at the Lubin studio with fifty American beauty roses. "To our favorite, June Daye," read the inscription. Miss Burns was so favorably impressed with the idea that she immediately announced a change of name.

Two of our best-known movie heroes are in the way of becoming real heroes "Over There." But we know that Richard Travers, born Tibbs, and Robert Warwick, whose real name is Bien—will not be less brave because they are fighting under assumed names.

Not so long ago a little girl named Blanche Alexander walked straight from stageland into the alluring lights and shadows of the silent drama. She was very young, with deep sea-gray eyes, hair with a goldy sheen, and a personality that started her on the way to making history in filmdom. In the process of flitting from stage to screen she also changed her name. Maybe "Alexander" longed for other names to conquer. Have you guessed? We dont like triteness, and puns are in bad taste, but just this once: "What could be more appropriate?" and "Isn't Blanche Sweet?"



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Letters to the Editor

(*Continued from page* 14)

"A Real Movie Fan" from New Jersey doesn't want her name in print (wonder of wonders!), but she has some rather good opinions; so here's her effusion:

I have been reading your estimable Magazine regularly for the past four years from cover to cover, and I now feel that you, too, have reached the "perihelion of YOUR artistic powers."

I am naturally of a peaceful disposition and not easily disturbed. However, O Editor, a letter in your April number has aroused my slumbering emotions; and I needs must get it off my chest, so here goes:

A self-styled "Nut" has chosen to speak of Earle Williams as "having seen his better days!" OLD! Ye gods!!

Let us digress a little—I feel that any ardent and sincere movie fan (not those who fall in love with every new matinée idol, but those who truly admire REAL acting) will agree with me that George Beban, Charles Clary, Sidney Drew, Dustin and William Farnum, William Hart, Marc MacDermott, Harry Morey and Henry Walthall are just now reaping the fruits of their "artistic powers"; and all of these men are older than Earle Williams! I say with confidence that Henry Walthall, William Farnum and William Hart stand pre-eminent on three unique pinnacles to which many aspire but do not reach.

These three men will delight our hearts for many years more in the future; and I have a most profound and sincere admiration for the splendid portrayals they permit us to witness. And some one would speak of Earle, the stately, aristocratic, gentlemanly Earle Williams as ancient! Never while I have a breath within me could I leave such a challenge unanswered.

I will not undertake to refute the arguments about Mr. Bushman, as I believe them to be absolutely unfounded; as the points mentioned are due to the fault of the director, and not Francis X.

I thank you!!

SONG OF THE CUSTARD PIE

By John J. Jordan

If I cringe before your gaze, sir,
Do not frown and pass me by;
I was born with yellow in me,
I'm only a custard pie.
I've been ridiculed and laughed at,
Men point me out with scorn;
They tell me I'm a softy,
A nonentity forlorn.
And yet my days are happy
In this, Life's maddening race;
Tho somewhat lacking in crust, sir,
I meet men *face* to *face*.
With a suddeness quite startling
Before their eyes I stand,
The booster of men's salaries
Thruout all Movieland.
I'm the pal of George and Billy,
I work hand and hand with Hank,
Make friends for deah old Cholley
In a monster national bank.
I'm the idol of all kiddies,
With them I stand ace high,
So, sir, treat me with kindness,
Yours sincerely, CUSTARD PIE.

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page* 119)

FLO'S FRIEND.—Oh, I like almonds, anyway. The peach is the evolution of the almond. As a fruit, the peach is nothing but the almond with a college education; as a nut, the almond is a sweet-girl-graduate peach pit without the meat. Billie Burke was named after her father, who was a noted comedian and clown. I do not think we will print a picture of the late Florence LaBadie.

PEGGY; B. B.; HELEN M.; MYRTLE A.; J. J. J.; J. M.; MARTHA L.—There'll come a time some day.

MARTHA W.—Well, yes, Norma Talmadge is married, but Eugene O'Brien is not. Blue photographs light gray; lemon yellow and pink photograph white; red, yellow and black reproduce the same by artificial light.

MARIE F.—Hope you are better now. You mustn't slop over like that just because you are out of sorts. Boil within, dont boil over. David Belasco was born in San Francisco in 1859.

ROBERTA D.—Arline Pretty in "In Again, Out Again."

DAN 88.—Measles, eh! Hope you are all well now. You say if Clara Kimball Young doesn't stop taking on flesh you will shift your affections to Fannie Ward. That's always the way. Just so, a man ceases to love his wife the minute she begins to grow fat, and she has ceased to love him long ago before he has begun to grow bald. Tit for tat.

CUBAN GIRL.—Yes, Frances Nelson was the star in "Family Cupboard." A picture of Grace Darmond soon. No, the subscription price has gone up. You ask if I have a sweetheart. No, but I'm looking for one, and it's perfectly all right for you to come in and see me. I have several chaperones here, for, you see, I'm very handsome, and the Editor says he cant afford to lose me.

OLD JEWEL.—You refer to Constance Talmadge.

ELLSWORTH P.—You say my comebacks are shocking. How do you like my half-backs? Well, the originality of a great actor is his impressionistic, subjective and truly personal manner of seeing or of feeling.

G. R. C.—Yes, that was the May 1913 issue with Warren Kerrigan's diary. The new super-Zeppelins carry their own fog, an inexhaustible supply of which is always to be had at the German Foreign Office.

LUTHER L. T.—I believe Peggy Bloom got lost in the shuffle. You want to know all the players who come from Texas. Sorry, laddie, but it would take too much time to look them all up. You write a mighty interesting letter, old chap, just the same.

BERRY B.—Keep up the good work. Embargoes seem to apply to everything but critics. Conway Tearle opposite Mary Pickford in "Stella Maris." The chief aim of most photoplayers is to make money, but often their aim is poor.

AN ENGLISH LIEUTENANT writes from the front of how glad he was to see a copy of the May Magazine and read the interesting chat with "Sergeant Empey On the Firing Line." The "Tommies" are eager to get a peep at the Magazine as soon as they can exchange with our boys.

SQUATZ.—Humph! Perhaps some time there will be a kickless day. Anita Stewart has not returned to pictures as yet, but since the courts have said she must, I suppose she soon will. Some music I dont care for. As Constance Talmadge says, "Jazz was invented by a musician who attempted to play his Chinese laundry ticket by mistake," and that's the kind I dont like.

JANE NOVAK ADMIRER.—Ruth Stonehouse has no children. Yes, we had a picture of Vivian Prescott in November, 1912. Regina Quinn and William Bailey in "The Pride of New York." Golda Madden in "Flying Colors." H. E. Herbert was Philip in "The Man Without a Country." Daisy Robinson was the girl.

MRS. D. W., TULSA.—Armand Cortez was Tony in "Angel Factory." Bernard Randall as English Eddie in "Within the Law." Mary Miles Minter's pictures are released thru Mutual, not Metro.

ANITA M.—You want a chat with Anita King, and you shall have it. So you are quite satisfied? Then you have come to a standstill. Discontent is the mother of progress.

VERA NUTTI.—Hello! Didn't like Geraldine Farrar in "The Devil Stone"? Too ordinary? And you say there wasn't enough kissing. Dear me! Since Wally is such a wonderful kisser, you expected to see more. Vera!

LOP, BLACKSTONE.—Ruth Roland is in California just now. Nitrogenous food is not fattening. Charlie Chaplin wonders if there are any calories in onion odors. I think there must be.

SYBIL I. B.—We haven't had an interview with Carol Holloway or William Duncan, but they are due. I wouldn't say that about that player. You know it requires more nerve for some people to be decent than for others to be saints.

MELVA.—Why dont you come back?

C. C. C.—From your description, I should say you are a very charming young lady. You dont believe I have whiskers? Yes, I have, and they are there for good. I should like to hear you sing. Most singers never reach below the throat. A song from a full heart is real art.

ELSIE M. K.—Please dont scold me. I often cook my own breakfast. Yes, George Walsh is married to Seena Owen. Virginia Valli in "The Golden Idiot." Edward Cecil was with Fox last; now Mena. Ethel Grandin in "Crimson Stain."

VAN, REILY, OHIO.—You cant hurt some men unless you hit them on the pocketbook. Fritzi Ridgeway was Evelyn in "The Learning of Jim Benton."

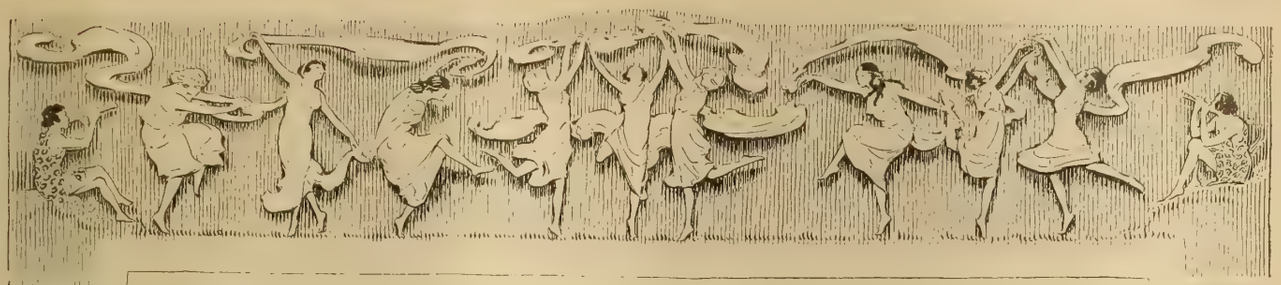
DR. ESTHER M. T.—Your letter meant a lot to me. I should like to clasp your hand any time you are in New York.

EUGENE J. C.—Paul Willis in "Trouble Buster." Alfred Hickman and Nance O'Neil in "Fall of the Romanoffs." The art pictures of our Gallery are conceded to be the greatest achievement of art photography and exquisite finish. Every one worthy of a frame in your home, or a gift to a friend.

MISS CUMBERLAND.—Well, an ordinary candle-light is very distinct in the picture, altho a powerful alcohol flame wont show at all unless ordinary salt is dropped in it to give it color. Nigel Barrie was Brooks in "Bab's Diary."

LOTTIE S. B.—Lottie, my poor, dear, neglected child, if you knew how many letters were ahead of you, you wouldn't accuse me of all these things. Yes, your verse was quite appropriate for last winter—"There's beauty in the thunder's roll, and in the ocean's roar," but I'd rather hear a ton of coal, that hits the basement floor. Better luck next winter.

ERNESTINE W.—Thanks; I showed your letter to the Editor. Gladys Brockwell and Colin Chase in "Conscience." Mabel Trunnelle and Marc MacDermott in "A Maid of Honor."



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Your Magazine may be late! But what of it?

Coöperation is the link that is holding the hearts and minds of the American people together in this time of heartache and worry. We, the American people, are quickly reaching the place where petty annoyances and grievances are pushed aside for the Greater Object.

Now that summer is here, every State in the Union is busy shipping out its products. Added to that, each State is busy transporting its men and supplies to the various training camps. With this additional burden, the railroads have become congested and many things delayed.

We are doing our best to get your MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE to you on time. We *may* not succeed. The government may be using your railroad line in an emergency call, and your Magazine may be temporarily sidetracked. What if it is a few days late? The reading matter will be just as good and the pictures will be just as new when you do get it. If your Magazine doesn't come just when it should, dont find fault. Coöperate! It is the spirit of the times.



The Exhibitors' Verdict

What the Picture-Theater Managers Say of the Plays and Players

Does a play draw the crowds? Does it please the public? These are vital questions to determine a play's success or failure, and the exhibitor is the only person who can answer them impartially.

So thru the courtesy of *Motography*, a leading trade journal which makes weekly canvasses of exhibitors and publishes the results in a department called "What the Picture Did for Me," we are enabled to give our readers this interesting inside information.

ARTCRAFT

Amarilly of Clothesline Alley, with Mary Pickford—"We held them out for two and a half hours with this."—Adelphi Theater, Chicago.

Amarilly of Clothesline Alley, with Mary Pickford—"A fine picture but Mary is losing out here."—Columbia Theater, Provo, Utah.

Amarilly of Clothesline Alley, with Mary Pickford—"A great picture but only fair business."—Rivoli Theater, Saugus, Mass.

The Whispering Chorus, with Kathlyn Williams—"A good production but so gruesome that it was not liked."—Adelphi Theater, Chicago.

The Whispering Chorus, with Kathlyn Williams—"A pretty fair story but there is nothing to base your advertising on." Majestic Theater, Camden, S. C.

A Modern Musketeer, with Douglas Fairbanks—"A one-hundred-per-cent picture. The best of them all. Book it quick."—Colonial Theater, Orange, Cal.

Reaching for the Moon, with Douglas Fairbanks—"Not Fairbanks' best but very good. Liked by the majority. Good drawing power."—Bell Theater, Chicago.

Barbary Sheep, with Elsie Ferguson—"A good picture of its kind but the kind does not entertain the majority. The story is good and Miss Ferguson makes good."—Iris Theater, Belle Fourche, S. D.

Rose of the World, with Elsie Ferguson—"A good picture. Some night battle scenes that stood out well."—Star Theater, Decorah, Ia.

The Devil Stone, with Geraldine Farrar—"This was liked the best of any of the Farrar pictures. Surely an all-star cast."—Star Theater, Decorah, Ia.

Wolves of the Rail, with William S. Hart—"Drew a capacity house and is some picture. Everybody was well satisfied. Hart is very popular here."—Gayety Theater, Payson, Utah.

Stella Maris, with Mary Pickford—"A very good production. Mary in a dual rôle. Drew an average crowd and pleased them very much."—Gayety Theater, Payson, Utah.

The Little American, with Mary Pickford—"Easily one of this famous star's best. Went over big to capacity business."—Dreamland Theater, Chester, S. C.

The Pride of the Clan, with Mary Pickford—"Very good. Star well liked."—Ruby Theater, Ruby, Mont.

Wild and Woolly, with Douglas Fairbanks—"Fine. Western people like Western stuff."—Ruby Theater, Ruby, Mont.

BLUEBIRD

The Red, Red Heart, with Monroe Salisbury—"Did bigger business than with most specials. Bluebirds have a following all their own."—Rivoli Theater, Saugus, Mass.

Fires of Rebellion, with Dorothy Phillips—"This is one of the best five-reel features I ever had."—Wonderland Theater, Wonderland, Ia.

A Kentucky Cinderella, with Ruth Clifford—"A fine subject, but the leaders and titles were in poor condition. Picture pleased the patrons."—Wonderland Theater, Buckeye, Ia.

The Little Orphan, with Ella Hall—"Ella always pleases. This drew good business."—Wonderland Theater, Buckeye, Ia.

A Doll's House, with Dorothy Phillips—"Good. It is pleasing to hear your patrons say as they go out. 'It was great.'"—Wonderland Theater, Buckeye, Ia.

Bringing Home Father, with Franklyn Farnum—"A dandy. Did big business."—Wonderland Theater, Buckeye, Ia.

Southern Justice, with Myrtle Gonzalez—"Fair. Did only small business because of bad weather."—Wonderland Theater, Buckeye, Ia.

Hands Down, with Monroe Salisbury—"A great picture. The star is surely coming to the front. He is wonderful. Book all of his pictures."—Colonial Theater, Orange, Cal.

FOX

Du Barry, with Theda Bara (Fox Standard)—"A good picture of its kind but my people dont want costume plays."—Dreamland Theater, Chester, S. C.

Mutt and Jeff Comedies—"Going great. Run in connection with a serial."—Lyric Theater, Platte Center, Neb.

Western Blood, with Tom Mix—"A very clever, clean-cut comedy-drama. Mix does some very clever work. The picture went over exceptionally well with us and I believe it will make good either in a neighborhood house or one playing to a transient patronage."—Acme Theater, Chicago.

A Daughter of France, with Virginia Pearson—"After the censor board got thru with this, it was a question whether it was a scenic or a drama. About the only things left of the original were the titles and the finish. It is a crime to let a censor board destroy a picture in this manner. It would have been better if Fox had held this up rather than release it so cut up."—Boston Theater, Chicago.

Rough and Ready, with William Farnum—"As usual, Bill is still fighting. This picture was well received. Patrons were pleased and business good."—Alcazar Theater, Chicago.

The Pride of New York, with George Walsh—"This is the greatest program

(Continued on page 8)

What a Star's Mail Brings

DEAR MISS VANCE—The chief editor of the Kino, the Foreign Motion Picture magazine in Japan, request you would be so very benign as to bestow some kinds of your latest photographs on me to be able to publish your beautiful portraits and your name on this magazine.

To insert a composition about the foreign famous actress in this magazine is under the greatest demand of our readers, accordingly I determined to write about you this time to let them know so much as Mary Pickford in America to all



JANE VANCE

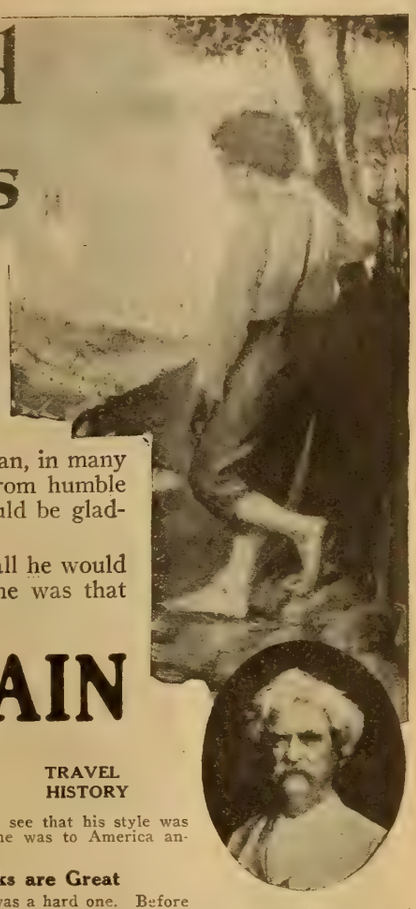
the people who live in Japan either Japanese or Foreigner, either lover of Motion Picture or not, to all to them since it is a human being.

Therefore be pleased for the sake of the magazine, help me and give me your stories about the silent drama if you had leisure to write, and let me make a finest magazine as the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is, having so many portraits you had given me, which need not blush even when it is sent to your country.

Altho it appears there are many mistakes in this letter, even in this very phrase and still more so many points out of polite, please forgive me for the sake of Japanese who usually speak only Japanese Language.

Yours most truly, R. K. YASUDA.

He walked with Kings



He could not know, standing there in his bare feet and his rough clothes, with his little schooling, that kings would do him honor when he died, and that all men who read would mourn a friend.

He could not dream that one day his work would stand in Chinese, in Russian, in many languages he could not read — and from humble doorman to proudest emperor, all would be gladdened at his coming.

He could not know that through it all he would remain as simple, as democratic, as he was that day as a boy on the Mississippi.

MARK TWAIN

25 VOLUMES

NOVELS	HUMOR	TRAVEL
SHORT STORIES	ESSAYS	HISTORY

He made us laugh, so that we had no time to see that his style was sublime, that he was biblical in simplicity, that he was to America another Lincoln in spirit.

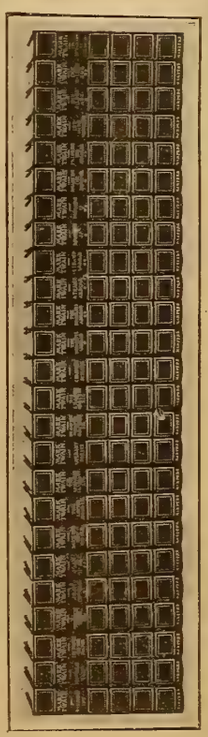
He Was a Great Man; So His Works are Great

The road ahead of that boy on the river bank was a hard one. Before "Mark Twain," a distinguished, white-haired man, and the King of England walked and talked together, his path was set with troubles that would have broken a weaker spirit. It was a truly American story—a small beginning—little schooling—hard work—disaster—good humor—and final, shining, astounding success.

He fought with poverty, he fought with disaster, he lost those dearest to him. But he won. Because he was of high and brave intellect, because he had humor as deep and as true as the human heart, and because he had struggled with life, he was a great man. So his works are great.

The Great American

He was *American*. He had the idealism of America—the humor, the kindliness, the reaching toward a bigger thing, the simplicity. In his work we find all things, from the ridiculous in "Huckleberry Finn" to the sublime of "Joan of Arc,"—the most spiritual book that was ever written in the English language, of serene and lovely beauty as lofty as Joan herself. A man who could write two such books as "Huckleberry Finn" and "Joan of Arc," was sublime in power. His youth and his laughter are eternal; his genius will never die.



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M.P. 7-18

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"The Motion Picture Hall of Fame"

Over 2,500,000 Votes Cast in the Great Contest

THE old saying that "All the world loves a lover" needs revision to "All the world loves a screen lover." The princely incomes of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, sums undreamt of in the theatrical profession three years ago, are due neither to their extraordinary management nor to their extraordinary ability. The grip that they have taken upon popular affection has become a sure road to their success. The playgoer is the supreme court that pronounces the final verdict beyond which there is no appeal. It is acknowledged that certain players have had more experience and playing ability than others who have far outdistanced them in public esteem. Playgoers' affections will not be controlled by merely a technical appraisal. Where the element of human appeal enters, the strict rules of dramatic technique are often blown to the winds. A dozen or more enterprising companies have tried to manufacture another Mary Pickford, but wherein they failed is the fact that personality and appeal cannot be deliberately manufactured any more than the breath of life can be breathed into a Frankenstein.

What the Hall of Fame Means

Realizing what a hold the personal appeal of many Motion Picture players has upon their friends in the audience, the Motion Picture Magazine decided to give a definite voice to this appeal by instituting what is known as "The Motion Picture Hall of Fame." We request that our constantly increasing army of readers co-operate with us to make this contest and its results the finest, strongest and most worthiest expression of public sentiment that has ever appeared in print in connection with the silent stage. In selecting the players who appeal to you the most, and in voting for them on the coupon printed elsewhere, we request that our readers take into consideration the following qualities: Beauty, Portrayal and Popularity of the players. At the end of the contest the twelve players receiving the greatest number of votes, irrespective of sex, will be known as "The Motion Picture Hall of Fame." The most distinguished portrait painters in the United States will be selected to paint life-size portraits of these twelve players and these paintings will be placed upon exhibition in the lobbies and foyers of the leading Motion Picture theaters in the larger cities of the country. After this exhibition of "The Motion Picture Hall of Fame" the portraits will be sent to Washington, formally presented to the United States Government and will be hung in one of the National Art Galleries, there to constitute a permanent exhibition for the Motion Picture art as exemplified by its twelve greatest players.

For the benefit of our readers who live in small cities and towns we announce that a miniature Hall of Fame will be reproduced in the pages of the Motion Picture Magazine and that the winners' portraits will be presented to them in all the fullness of color and detail of the original paintings.

A Veritable Mountain of Votes

There can be no surer proof of what the public thinks of the Motion Picture Hall of Fame Contest than by the number of ballots already recorded. On April 25th over 2,500,000 votes had already been cast. At the present rate of progression, we have no doubt but that over 10,000,000 votes will be cast before the close of the contest. Surely no artists in any profession have ever received such an expression of public approval. It is interesting to note that the same twelve immortals are leading the roll of players as did so last month in the popular vote. It is also interesting to note how closely they are pressed by such stars as William Farnum, Clara Kimball Young, Pauline Frederick and Norma Talmadge. In fact, when the first five are subtracted from the list the race among the next twenty resolves itself into a very close and exciting affair. Our readers must be congratulated upon their discrimination, insomuch as in the list printed below practically every star in the Motion Picture heavens has been recognized. Nor, for that matter, can any unknown player be found occupying a place of prominence. For unusual bravery in the army

recognition comes instantly with promotion and "distinguished service" medals. For the distinguished players of the screen quite as commensurate an honor is deserved. Do not neglect the duty that you owe them. "The Motion Picture Hall of Fame" must smash its way thru to a glorious and worthy result. Here are the votes of the players who have received 7,000 votes or more up to April 25th:

Mary Pickford	96,455
Marguerite Clark	76,230
Douglas Fairbanks	70,011
Harold Lockwood	67,974
Wm. S. Hart	67,431
Wallace Reid	57,946
Pearl White	53,598
Anita Stewart	42,555
Francis X. Bushman	34,611
Theda Bara	34,608
Mary Miles Minter	33,991
Earle Williams	33,128
William Farnum	31,313
Clara Kimball Young	31,288
Pauline Frederick	29,735
Norma Talmadge	29,306
Charlie Chaplin	28,974
Vivian Martin	28,698
Billie Burke	24,017
Ethel Clayton	23,125
Beverly Bayne	22,877
Warren Kerrigan	22,351
Jack Pickford	21,799
Alice Joyce	21,644
Henry B. Walthall	20,823
Geraldine Farrar	20,555
Alice Brady	20,012
George Walsh	17,304
Violet Mersereau	16,813
Dustin Farnum	16,738
Bessie Love	16,668
Mae Marsh	16,622
Mae Murray	16,480
Charles Ray	16,186
Carlyle Blackwell	15,785
Bryant Washburn	15,576
Olga Petrova	15,424
June Caprice	15,243
May Allison	15,038
Louise Huff	14,610
Dorothy Dalton	14,467
Mollie King	14,283
Antonio Moreno	13,737
Owen Moore	13,276
Olive Thomas	13,109
Sessue Hayakawa	12,931
Bessie Barriscale	12,439
Viola Dana	12,421
Creighton Hale	12,318
House Peters	12,074
Crane Wilbur	11,658
William Desmond	11,640
Tom Forman	11,386
Robert Warwick	11,335
Edith Storey	11,069
Blanche Sweet	11,060
Earle Foxe	11,032
William Russell	10,920
Jackie Saunders	10,823
Harry Morey	10,765
Fannie Ward	10,755
Ruth Roland	10,663
Ethel Barrymore	10,527
George Beban	10,527
Thomas Meighan	10,520
Helen Holmes	10,517
Mary Anderson	10,468
Stuart Holmes	10,362
Lillian Gish	10,321
Madge Evans	10,129
Irene Castle	9,979
Grace Cunard	9,978
Gladys Brockwell	9,961
Ann Pennington	9,937
William Duncan	9,848
Peggy Hyland	9,776
Montagu Love	9,751
Tom Moore	9,622
Ralph Kellard	9,606
Kathlyn Williams	9,517
Marie Osborne	9,434
Virginia Pearson	9,423
Eugene O'Brien	9,332
June Elvidge	9,274
Louise Glaum	9,226
Ben Wilson	9,156
Dorothy Gish	8,974
Irving Cummings	8,925
Mary Fuller	8,917
Harry Hilliard	8,912
Ann Little	8,900
Mahlon Hamilton	8,824
Conway Tearle	8,816
Theodore Roberts	8,752
Vola Vale	8,723
Niles Welch	8,713
Shirley Mason	8,681
Maxine Elliott	8,669
Frank Keenan	8,668
Edward Langford	8,667
Mary Maurice	8,618
Dorothy Phillips	8,612
Marie Walcamp	8,610
Jewel Carmen	8,570
Herbert Rawlinson	8,082
Doris Kenyon	8,074
Elsie Ferguson	7,566
Julian Eltinge	7,543
Lillian Walker	7,451
Henry Gsell	7,430
Virginia Lee Corbin	7,392
Florence LaBadie	7,386
Marie Doro	7,380
Eileen Percy	7,368
Mabel Normand	7,361
Roy Stewart	7,352
Jack Holt	7,251
Billie Rhodes	7,217
Carol Holloway	7,216
Enid Bennett	7,193
Carmel Myers	7,167
Monroe Salisbury	7,156
Hazel Dawn	7,097
Marguerite Courtot	7,071
Elliott Dexter	7,052

SLAVONIC? NO, JUST PLAIN VEGETARIAN. EDITH STOREY CONFESSES TO BUDDING INTERVIEWER WHO BELIEVED HER RUSSIAN

A budding magazine writer, seeking to interview Edith Storey, Metro star, was ushered with some ceremony into her dressing-room at Metro's West Coast studios in Hollywood while she was making up for her stellar rôle in "Treasure." The young man was plainly nervous. After the introduction he blurted out:

"Er, Miss Storey, how do you like America?"

The star elevated her brows, registering astonishment. Consulting his notebook, the scribe went on:

"Tell me about the revolution. Did you find it hard learning English? What did you think of the Statue of Liberty? Did you see any submarines on the way over, and if so, were you frightened?"

Miss Storey gazed at the young man, speechless. The silence could be heard.

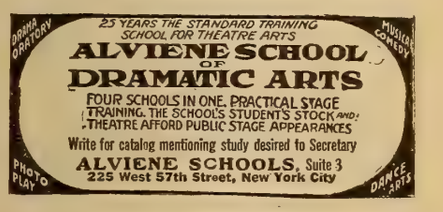
"Why, I saw you in 'The Legion of Death,' and I was sure you were Russian," the youth apologized, adjusting his tortoise-rimmed glasses.

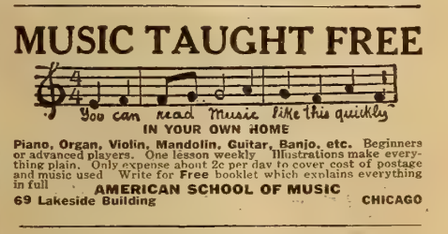
"Oh," returned Miss Storey, suppressing a smile, "I'm so sorry I cant oblige you, but I'm an American girl, born and raised in New York City. I never saw Trotzky nor any revolutions. I think the United States is the finest country in the world. Anything else?"

"Then you're not Slavonic?" the scribe inquired, chagrined.

"No, I'm a vegetarian," was Miss Storey's rejoinder, as the interviewer fled, leaving his notes behind him.













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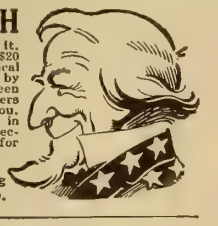
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The Exhibitors' Verdict (*Continued from page* 4)

picture I ever played during my ten years in the business. Star at his best. Capacity all day."—Dreamland Theater, Chester, S. C.

Heart's Revenge, with Sonia Markova—"Drew a large crowd and was well liked by all. The title drew more of the crowd than the star."—Gayety Theater, Payson, Utah.

Tom and Jerry Mix, with Tom Mix—"A good comedy. Mix is getting more popular here every time we show him."—Gayety Theater, Payson, Utah.

Hungry Lions in a Hospital (Fox-Sunshine)—"One of the funniest two-reel comedies we have shown. One continuous roar from start to finish."—Garfield Theater, Chicago.

GOLDWYN

Our Little Wife, with Madge Kennedy—"Madge Kennedy is a favorite here and the picture went over well."—Star Theater, Decorah, Ia.

The Splendid Sinner, with Mary Garden—"This cost less but was liked much better than *Thais.* It is a modern story and that is what counts with movie fans, who care not for art when they want to be amused. A good picture. Do not be afraid of it."—Garfield Theater, Chicago.

The Danger Game, with Madge Kennedy—"A very good picture."—Adelphi Theater, Chicago.

Fields of Honor, with Mae Marsh—"A fair play to poor business."—Majestic Theater, Camden, S. D.

JEWEL

The Kaiser, the Beast of Berlin, with Rupert Julian—"The most timely war picture of today. This shows just what the American people have in mind for the kaiser. It is positively the greatest picture pertaining to the war I have run so far. I believe it will go further toward waking up dormant America than any picture we have had yet. Carl Laemmle certainly made a strike in giving Rupert Julian this rôle. He is perfect in every detail. The play certainly arouses patriotism for it shows the Beast of Berlin as he is and it puts before the people the big question, 'What are you going to do to help your country?' During the two weeks this ran at the Rose theater, we heard many remarks from young men saying that they intended to enlist that very day. The government ought to urge every citizen to see this play. Thanks are certainly due to Carl Laemmle and Rupert Julian. From the boxoffice angle, this play gave the Rose the second best week of business in its history."—Rose Theater, Chicago.

The Kaiser, the Beast of Berlin, with Rupert Julian—"Oh, boy, what a picture! We are still counting the receipts. Smashed every record."—Rivoli Theater, Saugus, Mass.

Come Thru, with Herbert Rawlinson—"A seven-reel production that holds to the end. We will repeat it."—Star Theater, Decorah, Ia.

Sirens of the Sea, with Louise Lovely—"A beautiful production but it didn't pull."—Star Theater, Decorah, Ia.

Sirens of the Sea, with Louise Lovely—"The beautiful scenery is all that saved this picture. Good business."—Dixie Theater, McMinnville, Tenn.

KLEINE

A Pair of Sixes, with Taylor Holmes (Essanay)—"A great picture."—Adelphi Theater, Chicago.

Uneasy Money, with Taylor Holmes (Essanay-Kleine)—"Drew a big house and my patrons thought it the best of Taylor Holmes' plays so far."—Palace Theater, Harvard, Ill.

Brown of Harvard, with Tom Moore (Selig)—"A good picture. A well acted college story. Liked by all."—Bell Theater, Chicago.

The Killjoy, with Mary McAllister (Essanay)—"A nice clean little story. Nothing to rave about but good for an off-night."—Bell Theater, Chicago.

METRO

The Legion of Death, with Edith Storey—"Big business. Was really surprised with only one day's billing."—Rivoli Theater, Saugus, Mass.

The Claim, with Edith Storey—"As good as the star's previous work. Drew fairly well. Had no complaints from patrons on picture."—Garfield Theater, Chicago.

Under Suspicion, with Bushman and Bayne—"Just a little above the average."—Dreamland Theater, Chester, S. C.

Under Suspicion with Bushman and Bayne—"Serve as good entertainment. Personally I would like to see one picture in which Bushman got licked and did not rescue the girl in every scene. Too much hero stuff."—Iris Theater, Belle Fourche, S. D.

Red, White and Blue Blood, with Bushman and Bayne—"A very good picture but these stars have been in better."—Ruby, Mont.

Social Hypocrites, with Mae Allison—"A good picture."—Adelphi Theater, Chicago.

Blue Jeans, with Viola Dana—"Broke our house record."—Adelphi Theater, Chicago.

Sleeping Memory, with Emily Stevens—"Very good. Drew good business."—Dixie Theater, McMinnville, Tenn.

Lest We Forget, with Rita Jolivet—"Very good business and picture."—Adelphi Theater, Chicago.

Eyes of Mystery, with Edith Storey—"A good mystery story with action which at times becomes too melodramatic for the more critical patrons."—Iris Theater, Belle Fourche, S. D.

Draft 258, with Mabel Taliaferro—"The best story on the war yet shown. While it is not spectacular or in the big special class, it will do much good in opening the eyes of the public. I urge you to show it. I regret that I did not when it was first released."—Iris Theater, Belle Fourche, S. D.

Black Fear, with Grace Elliston—"Very good but dope pictures do not go here."—Dixie Theater, McMinnville, Tenn.

Outwitted, with Emily Stevens—"Miss Stevens draws here. Picture very good."—Dixie Theater, McMinnville, Tenn.

The Adopted Son, with Bushman and Bayne—"A fine picture. Went big here. Photography excellent."—Dixie Theater, McMinnville, Tenn.

Under Handicap, with Harold Lockwood—"Very pleasing picture. Lockwood is a sure winner here."—Dixie Theater, McMinnville, Tenn.

Paradise Garden, with Harold Lockwood—"Patrons were well pleased as usual with Lockwood."—Dixie Theater, McMinnville, Tenn.

Broadway Bill, with Harold Lockwood—"To regain his popularity here, this star must get better stories. This one is not much."—Majestic Theater, Camden, S. C.

MUTUAL

A Game of Wits, with Gail Kane (American-Mutual)—"This is a good pic-

(*Continued on page* 10)

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The Exhibitors' Verdict (*Continued from page 8*)

ture, the best we have seen this star in, but we could not get any posters or other advertising matter from our exchange and consequently had a light attendance." Grand Theater, Marion, N. C.

Beauty and the Rogue, with Mary Miles Minter (American-Mutual)—"Played this picture for a Red Cross benefit. Crowds were so large that I was forced to open both of my theaters and played the same picture in both houses at the same time. Never did I show a picture that gave more universal satisfaction to my patrons."—Palace Theater, Harvard, Ill.

The Dazzling Miss Davison, with Marjorie Rambeau—"Star, picture and subject, average. Business below average."—Bijou Theater, Alpena, Mich.

The Unforeseen, with Olive Tell—"Star good. Picture and subject poor. Business about average."—Bijou Theater, Alpena, Mich.

Ann's Finish, with Margarita Fisher—"One of the best pictures I have ever shown. Cant be beat. The star is popular."—Mystic Theater, Marmarth, N. D.

Annie for Spite, with Mary Miles Minter (American-Mutual)—"A good picture. Mary draws well."—Lyric Theater, Platte Center, Neb.

New York Luck, with William Russell (American-Mutual)—"In this, Russell seems to be copying Fairbanks and almost but not quite succeeds. Story fair. Picture gets by."—Bell Theater, Chicago.

A Bit of Kindling, with Jackie Saunders (Horkheimer-Mutual)—"The picture fits the star admirably well. She is always a bright spot in our program."—Lyric Theater, Platte Center, Neb.

Billie Rhodes Comedies, with Billie Rhodes, five reels.—Star Theater, Decorah, Ia.

Miss Trixie of the Follies, with Billie Rhodes (Strand-Mutual)—"Great."—Lyric Theater, Platte Center, Neb.

Lone Star, with William Russell (American-Mutual)—"An old picture but good. The star draws well and Russell pictures for us have always been good stories. The film of this is pretty old."—Lyric Theater, Platte Center, Neb.

Whose Wife, with Gail Kane (American-Mutual)—"Picture O. K. Star doesn't draw."—Lyric Theater, Platte Center, Neb.

Shortie Hamilton Series—"Shorty is getting to be liked better."—Lyric Theater, Platte Center, Neb.

Charlie Chaplin Series—"These no not draw here."—Lyric Theater, Platte Center, Neb.

The Frame-up, with William Russell (American-Mutual)—"Full of action. Went over big. Business good."—Lyric Theater, Platte Center, Neb

PARALTA

A Man's Man, with J. Warren Kerrigan—"We never played a much better picture, and the price is right. Good for more than one day."—Star Theater, Decorah, Ia.

Madame Who? with Bessie Barriscale "My patrons like Bessie and we played to a big house."—Palace Theater, Harvard, Ill.

The Turn of a Card, with J. Warren Kerrigan—"Seven reels, a bit too long. A good picture and it pleased the audience. Contains a few laughs. Star seems popular."—Charles H. Ryan, 2844 Madison street, Chicago.

Humdrum Brown, with Henry B. Walthall—"Good."—Adelphi Theater, Chicago.

PARAMOUNT

The Family Skeleton, with Charles Ray—"I did not see this myself but from reports it was not as good as some of his former pictures. Good business."—Gayety Theater, Payson, Utah.

Meatless Days and Sleepless Nights, with Victor Moore—"About like all the rest of his comedies. The subtitles help it out quite a bit. It is a fair comedy."—Gayety Theater, Payson, Utah.

The Fair Barbarian, with Vivian Martin—"Another knockout. Our music had all the effects and actually kept them laughing thruout the five reels."—Star Theater, Decorah, Ia.

The Judgment House (Blackton-Paramount)—"A good picture but it failed to draw business."—Star Theater, Decorah, Ia.

Mrs. Dane's Defense, with Pauline Frederick—"An average picture but this star fails to draw any more."—Star Theater, Decorah, Ia.

The Ghost House, with Jack Pickford and Louise Huff—"While not quite up to the stars' standard, this held pretty well." Dreamland Theater, Chester, S. C.

The Thing We Love, with Wallace Reid—"Only fair. Did not draw. Just an average picture."—Garfield Theater, Chicago.

One More American, with George Beban—"Very good. The best this star has done excepting *The Alien.* Beban does not draw, however, and most of our patrons do not like his work. I don't know why. Personally I think him a great character actor and I enjoy his films."—Garfield Theater, Chicago.

Taming Target Center, with Polly Moran (Sennett-Paramount)—"A Western burlesque comedy that went over O. K. Not quite as many laughs as the usual Sennett but there are a few thrills. Turpin is rising fast as a comedian. His work is natural."—Garfield Theater, Chicago.

Sunshine Nan, with Ann Pennington—"This was not liked by all. Ann appears as a tomboy. She does no dancing, which disappointed some. This drew only average business."—Garfield Theater, Chicago.

Bab's Burglar, with Marguerite Clark—"A splendid picture. Patrons were pleased. The star is very popular here."—Mystic Theater, Marmarth, N. D.

Bab's Matinee Idol, with Marguerite Clark—"Excellent. These are the kind of pictures my people want to see."—Mystic Theater, Marmarth, N. D.

PATHÉ

The Inner Voice, with Ivan Mozukin—"Film A No. 1. Lighting good. Did not please the audience. Foreign pictures do not take here." — Auditorium Theater, Lockwood, Mo.

Over the Hill, with Gladys Hulette—"A good average picture that will please most any audience."—Star Theater, Decorah, Ia.

Loaded Dice, with Frank Keenan—"Too bad to make pictures of this kind. Too gruesome in spots for any audience. I heard nothing but complaints."—Star Theater, Decorah, Ia.

Round-up at Pendleton—"Drew large crowds. Was well liked by all."—Palace Theater, Harvard, Ill.

The Great Adventure, with Bessie Love—"The star is only third class. Picture a poor box-office attraction. Not much of a story but it contains bits of comedy that pleased the children. Bessie Love will be better liked in time."—Garfield Theater, Chicago.

Letters to the Editor

Mildred C. Warren, of Brookline, Mass., has some new favorites to boost:

I think a word of praise should be passed along the line for little Ann Pennington. It doesn't seem to me that she gets all the credit due her. Here, at least, is a little girl who *does not* imitate anybody, and I hope she never will. She is so original and has such a fascinating way with her. I wish she would make pictures more often, and I am sure there are other fans who agree with me. And Tom Moore, why does he always have to support some one? It is about time that he was supported.

For heaven's sake, leave Francis X. alone! I dont love, adore or worship him. (William Hart is the only one that I lavish affection on), but I think he ought to be given a leg to stand on. Surely there are a lot worse than Francis running around loose, so "leave him be." Madge Kennedy, like little Ann, is a great asset to the films. Here is another little lady who is original. I saw her last night in "Our Little Wife." It was fine. Walter Hiers is a little bit of all right as a comedian; would like to see him where he had more to do.

Speaking of ladies, Harold Lockwood is sadly in need of one. The one who played opposite him in "Broadway Bill" was not half as nice as May Allison. In fact, Harold has lost half his charm since he lost May.

As for William Hart, long may he reign! It's refreshing to see such a fine personality on the screen and to know that there is such a fine man in this li'l' ole world. All you have to do is just look at him to know he is the real thing. Here's to yuh, William! Give us more William Harts, Madge Kennedys, Ann Penningtons, Tom Moores and Walter Hiers and this will be a pretty good old world after all.

Dorothy Cargle, of Junction City, Kan., writes this in the hope that Evelyn Bayless and Mary Morton will come out of their bomb-proof for the next month's MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, and this shot will land home:

TO THE MISSES BAYLESS AND MORTON —My dears, you did not need to mention you were in your teens, for only extreme youth could be so extremely cruel. I am not a Bushman fan, nor am I a Chaplin fan, but rather a Chaplin admirer. Understand, not a Chaplin comedy-admirer, but a Chaplin admirer. I admire him with the same admiration I accord all geniuses. For who but a genius could raise the much despised slapstick from the gutter and make for it a place in the hall of fame as a fine art? Perhaps you *dont* like it (the comedy); I dont either, but there are millions who *do*.

I have been in villages, towns and cities, but the result of a Chaplin picture has always been the same. There is a hilarity and happy-go-lucky atmosphere about a Chaplin crowd that defines it from all other crowds. And if they enjoy it, isn't he worth while? You say five-year-olds might enjoy it. Then why stop it? Or dont five-year-olds figure in your scheme of things?

Let me tell you a Chaplin incident. It happened in one of the larger cities.

(*Continued on page* 12)

The August Magazine

The August MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, in its unrivaled supremacy, brings to its readers the ultra-chic news of screen stars and screen. Your favorites, in all their loveliness, will gaze upon you from our gallery, the best stories from forthcoming screen plays will be told in that artistic and enchanting style our writers display, and the chats will bring you in close touch with your "special" star. The August number will be refreshing, invigorating. Dont miss it! You'll need it to help you take your mind off the hot weather.

EXTRA! ANITA IS BACK!

That, in itself, is news enough to satisfy a lot of folks. Who in the world isn't an Anita Stewart fan? Who hasn't watched the developments of the Vitagraph lawsuit impatiently and wished they'd forget about it—anything to bring Anita back? Who hasn't gone to see some greatly advertised picture, with a greatly publicized star—and wished it were Anita? Anita Stewart's followers are legion—and faithful—and she appreciates it more than you may realize. Anita is back — and Vitagraph's happy; Anita's happy; you're happy; we're happy —so there you are!

THEDA BARA'S NEWEST VENTURE

The other day a well-known man on Broadway remarked, "Theda Bara is the personification of all the famous enchantresses in history; she's trying them all out. She practiced on any good play first, and now she's giving us the real, celebrated vampires—Camille, DuBarry, Cleopatra; I wonder what next?" The poor man! He didn't know Miss Bara was doing "Salome" at that very moment in her Western studio. The play is now completed; we have some wonderful pictures of it, and our Gladys Hall has storyized the Bara version of "Salome" for your benefit. When you lay aside the August Magazine you will realize that Theda Bara can play everything —just everything!

A SALTY SKETCH OF EDWARD EARLE

Those who knew Edward Earle was an artist, stand up! Not one? Well, every one's forgiven; you see, it's not generally known. Eddie just likes to make sketches of his studio companions when they're working hard and then present them with his impression when they leave the set. And he hasn't lost a friend! We have secured some of these impressions for you, and when you see them in the August Magazine you wont be able to keep back a grin when you think that Eddie's the power that enables his screen friends to see themselves as others see them—off the screen.

PETROVA'S EAST INDIAN LOVE LYRICS

It's a peculiar thing, but nearly every screen player of prominence can do something else worth while — and do it well; either sing, or play, or draw, or write. Now comes Mme. Petrova with exquisite East Indian Love Lyrics—verses written by a master pen—lines alive with the passion, the charm, and the mystery of the East. It will surprise you, when you read these verses in the August number, to discover a person who can do two things at the same time and do them well. It's bound to discourage those who believe in the old proverb.

Motion Picture Magazine, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

TAKE THAT, MR. HOHENZOLLERN

By Charlie Murray

(Mack Sennett Comedian)

When I sat on mother's knee
And listened to her say
All the wondrous things that happened
In that dear old by-gone day,

She told of bears and fairies,
A-hidin' in the wood,
And a-eatin' all the kiddies
Who'd forgotten to be good.

She spoke of Jack the Giant Killer,
Cock Robin, Riding Hood,
Of Cinderella, Jack and Jill,
And the Babes in the Wood.

So many little lullabys—
They sang me off to sleep
With the many songs of Rover,
Who roamed off with Bo-Peep.

One story she forgot to tell,
'Twas one she never heard—
About a mighty monarch
With a helmet and a bird.

He conceived a world of nations
All bowing at his throne,
That reached from New York City
To the cathedrals in Rome.



CHARLIE MURRAY HAVING A FRIGHTFUL STRUGGLE WITH HIS MUSE. HE IS TRYING TO FIND SOMETHING TO RHYME WITH "PHYSOSTEGIA"

He massed a mighty army
Of a million thousand men;
His slaughter was uncanny—
So murderous was he then

That mothers, children, fathers
Fell down before his crew;
He put his faith in heaven
And a God he never knew.

If he calls war religion,
I am off of him—that's all,
And I'll pin my faith and teachings
In the departed Ingersoll.

How can a man or set of men
Believe themselves so much,
And say, "I own all of the land
My royal tootsies touch"?—

That the world was made in Germany,
And for Germans all alone?—
They will find the Allied nations
With a mortgage on their home.

And when this war is finished,
And the truth in Germans dwell,
They will find their Kaiser living
With Von Hindenburg—in hell!

Letters to the Editor

(*Continued from page* 11)

There was a crowd of girls and boys following thru the streets a man impersonating Chaplin to advertise a Chaplin picture. When he had finished his round and went into the theater, nearly all the crowd got tickets and went in. One little fellow with his bundle of "extras" stayed on the outside and looked in, his soul in his eyes. I finally asked him if he was going in. "Nope; t'day's Mikey's day." "Mikey's day?" I questioned. "Yeh. Yu see Mikey sold da papers last Friday, en I went in, en I sell da papers t'day, fer it's Mikey's turn."

It developed that he and Mikey were pals, and on "Chaplin days" they took turns selling the other's papers so one could go to the show, and from his looks and what he told me "Chaplin days" were the one and only bit of luxury or sunshine that came into his and Mikey's lives.

Another time a little chap was in front of a theater displaying Chaplin lithographs. He was taking in every detail of each one in turn. I asked him if he liked Charlie Chaplin, and I wish I could tell you, as he told me in his wistful, eager way, all the wonderful things he had stored in his memory of Chaplin's doings, and how his eyes shone as he told me and ended with, "Some day I'm goin' in one of them shows an' see him act." "Why, haven't you ever seen him act?" I said. "Oh, no! I jes' see his pictures out here and what the fellers tell me 'bout 'im." The expression on his face when I gave him a ticket would have been a revelation to an emotional actress. His joy was so great and deep it was sorrow.

There are thousands like these, and think how Chaplin is able to reach them—the very class that needs his comedy the most. For who on this wide earth need comedy and slapstick more than our big cities' newsboys? I can never see a little, half-starved, half-clothed newsboy on a cold day, with his thin, shivering legs and misfit shoes and his blue hands clutching his "extradishuns" but my heart doesn't fail me, and I wonder, "God, hast Thou forsaken us?"

Read what Edna Purviance or any one who knows says of Mr. Chaplin's patriotism to England and how he spends his money. It's nothing short of sacrilege to ask why doesn't he go to stop a bullet, in the face of all he is doing to lighten the load of mankind, not only in this country and England, but South America, Japan and others, in this time of international depression. What have you done or what can you do to compare with what Mr. Chaplin has done and is doing? The work he is doing is a blessing; he provides blessings with the money he derives from it. So what more on God's earth can one man do?

Ethel P. Rodriguez, of Plainfield, N. J., stands right up in our meeting-house to praise Pearl White:

I know I have already had my say in the Motion Picture Magazine, but just once more I plead for a little attention, please, as I mean this for a letter of defense rather than criticism.

Mr. Thomas Finnerty's letters have always been a pleasure for me to read, but his latest, which appeared in the April Magazine, in which he passed such sneering remarks about Pearl White's serial, "The Fatal Ring," highly offended me. I'd be very appreciative if some one would inform me why people who do not care for exciting melodrama will persist in going to see serials only to poke fun at this type of picture. It seems very unfair to me, and they ought to be ashamed of themselves, forever picking on the poor continued stories!

Mr. Finnerty was both unkind and unjust in his criticism of that great success, "The Fatal Ring," and I'm here to say it was one of the best serials ever produced. I know the difference between a good and bad serial when I see it, too. No educated or intelligent person would have cared to follow "The Fatal Ring" up from week to week, and the audiences would not have been so intensely interested and responsive as they were if it had been as offensive as Mr. Finnerty's description of it. Another thing, our leading movie house, one of Proctor's theaters, mostly always presents its programs with the coöperation of our local Motion Picture Problem Committee, and no film that is in the least way offensive is allowed to be screened here, so it is a significant fact that all of the Pathé Pearl White serials are shown in Plainfield.

Here is the answer to that question, "Why do people who would be shocked by the thought of reading dime novels go to the movies each week to see serials?" Because they dont find it necessary to bother with trash. They can get all the thrills and excitement in a much more refined way by going to see one of those interest-compelling Pearl White serials. Goodness knows I myself am hoping for the day when they will wish those continued-next-week stories on some other actress and give "My Pearl" a permanent vacation from them. Pearl White is another one of those few screen artists who are clever and talented as well as beautiful, because, tho Pathé serials are unexcelled, when we stop and think, it has been the Pearl White Pathé serials only that have made the biggest hits for the French company. I guess it's a case of Pearl being the attraction more than anything else.

A little more in defense of the players from the unjust and cruel criticism of some thoughtless people. Mary Morton and Evelyn Bayless must have written that letter for the main purpose of hurting the feelings of almost all of our popular players.

I'm not a Francis X. Bushman admirer, but when it comes to saying he is not an actor—that's stretching it some. Any one who has seen the Metro film, "Romeo and Juliet," would not doubt that Mr. Bushman is an actor of quite some ability.

As for Earle Williams being a has-been, that's laughable. Do we call Mary Pickford a has-been just because she is an old-timer like Bushman and Williams?

However, to say Vivian Martin is an imitator of Marguerite Clark is worse. I have seen both Misses Clark and Martin, and each has her own individual style of acting. Personally, I dont care for ingénues, but Vivian *does* fascinate me, and her quaint little frown is one of her own charming little expressions.

When it comes to saying Charlie Chaplin is poor and his comedies are silly, that's the last straw. Any one who criticizes the "only Charlie" is decidedly behind the times and better not attend the movies if they cant tell a genuine artist when they see him. "Lonesome Luke," also, is the only next best to Chaplin.

To pass such severe personal remarks about an actress just because she's not pretty, as "J. M.," Perry, N. Y., did in his letter, was decidedly cruel and should not

(*Continued on page* 109)

STAGE PLAYS THAT ARE WORTH WHILE

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these speaking plays appear in their vicinity.)

By "JUNIUS"

Eltinge.—"Business Before Pleasure." A roaring farce in Jewish dialect, with the original Abe and Mawruss of "Potash and Perlmutter" fame. These wonderful Jews go into the movie business and certainly make things hum.

Empire.—"The Off Chance." Ethel Barrymore at her best in a delightful comedy of English society life.

Park.—"Seven Days' Leave." Thrilling, gripping war melodrama appealing to the army and navy. H. Cooper Cliffe, of photoplay fame, is the head of the Secret Service and does finely, and so do William J. Kelly and Evelyn Varden.

Cort—"Flo-Flo." Glorified burlesque has at last come to Broadway. Sprinkle some catchy music between the gags, ad a flashing chorus, season well with bold, if not risqué, situations, flavor with dazzling costumes and you have "Flo-Flo" ready to serve.

Playhouse—"The Little Teacher." A charming play, full of human interest, and played by a company every one of which makes a hit. Mary Ryan is superb.

Princess—"Oh, Lady! Lady!!" Manhattan's latest chic musical-comedy, presented at the home of smart successes. Daintiness, wit, a well-balanced, all-star cast and catchy music are the outstanding charm of this offering *intime.*

Belasco—"Polly With a Past." A capital farce-comedy that will delight everybody. The biggest hit of the season.

Republic.—"Parlor, Bedroom and Bath." A roaring farce of the class of "Fair and Warmer," "Twin Beds," and "Up Stairs and Down," and about as funny and racy as any of them.

Winter Garden.—"Sinbad." Al Jolson, king of black-face comedians, is the whole show, which is in two acts and fourteen scenes—mostly music, song, dance, style and pretty girls. Depicted are "The Far East," "Hindu Snake Dance," trick dogs, and "The Palace of Sinbad." Something sure to please everybody.

Broadhurst.—"Maytime." One of the daintiest and most tuneful musical-comedies produced in some time. It has a real plot, following the life of a young couple from youth to old age.

Cohan & Harris—"A Tailor-Made Man." An altogether captivating comedy full of laughs, built around a young tailor who became great thru reading the book of an unsuccessful author and who then hires the latter to work for him.

Morosco—"Lombardi, Ltd." An amusing comedy starring Leo Carillo, who is great. A clever play, cleverly acted.

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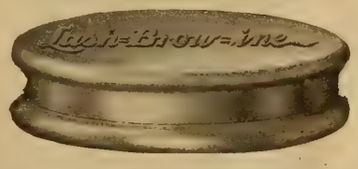
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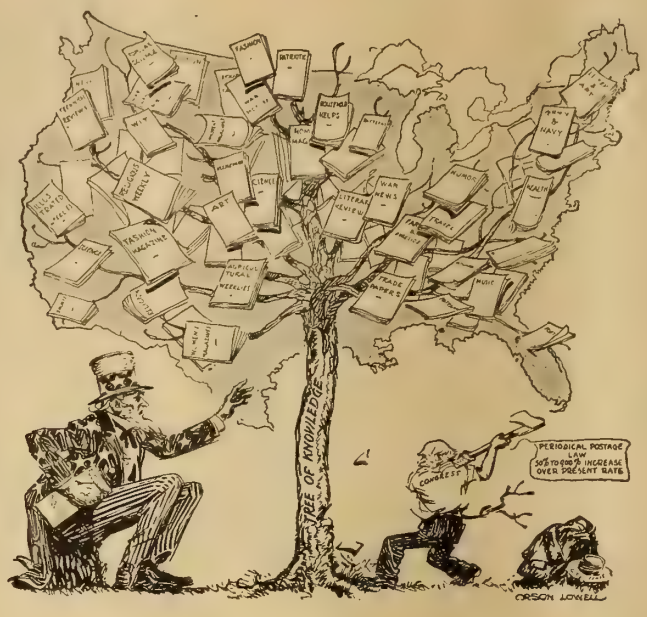
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WILL YOU SANCTION THIS?

BY REX BEACH

PRESIDENT AUTHORS' LEAGUE

CONGRESS—or a sufficient majority of it—has voted to destroy magazine reading.

It has accomplished this by passing a simple law re-establishing a postal "zone" system for all publications—a zone system and postal principle that was abolished by President Lincoln in 1863, and by establishing through a complicated system postal rates that mean increases of from 50 to 900 per cent postage increases to all periodical readers.

By this "zone" system American readers of periodicals—home, educational, scientific, business, or religious—are to be penalized by enormous postage increases on the weekly or monthly papers they read, and the greater their accidental remoteness from the city of publication the greater is the penalty that is placed upon them.

Magazines have been a slow growth. In the process of their development and evolution it has happened that publishing is chiefly concentrated in the East. This large magazine increase in postage, therefore, discriminates unfairly but with great force against the entire West—beginning even with western New York and Ohio and increasing rapidly until such States as Washington, Oregon, New Mexico, and California are to pay *nine times the amount of postage* formerly paid on the advertising pages alone of their magazine. What this increase means in cost to readers is incalculable.

It means that hundreds of thousands of readers will be compelled to give up their periodicals owing to the terrific increase in their postage cost.

And the tragedy of this 50 to 900 per cent magazine increase postage law lies in the fact that this loss of readers will come from classes and from sections of our nation where widespread reading should be most encouraged—from people in remote sections where life is a bitter struggle on the margin of subsistence—where the habit of reading is just forming and the little weekly or monthly budget for magazines has but so very recently become recognized as an important item in family life. The terrific magazine postage increase will wipe these out. *That* is the real tragedy to this nation.

I could do no better than quote the fine words of a Western woman, Miss Arminda Wood, president of the Woman's Club of Racine, Wis.:

"The many splendid magazines published today," she wrote in an appeal to Eastern women from the women of the West, "are a means of education to many a home where other opportunities are lacking. And many of these homes are remote from publishing centers—many even remote from city life. It is the magazine combined with rural delivery that has brought to the door of the countrywoman material which helps her solve problems needing advice more easily obtained by her city sister. Through this medium she has known current events, has guided her children by the educational influences offered, and has been able to keep herself in harmony with the world from which she was separated. Periodicals and newspapers are as essential as food to the country home.

"Then again the attractive magazines in every city home means keeping together the family circle. To make the magazine prohibitive by excess postal rates would be to take away from mothers one of the means whereby they have battled against outside attractions.

"Now just because a woman lives in a Western State remote from publishing centers—and of course home interests affect the woman most—is she to be made to pay a penalty in order to bring opportunities to her door? To enforce the 50 to 900 per cent periodical postage law would be causing mental starvation to many who have only this means of keeping abreast of the times.

"Every thinking Eastern woman should put her full strength into a drive which will give her Western sister the same advantages which she enjoys."

And to this may be added the splendid report of the United States Postal Commission appointed in 1844 to determine the functions and purposes of the Post Office in relation to the people of our nation. The function of the Post Office was, it said:

"To render the citizen, how far soever from the seat of Government, worthy, by proper knowledge and intelligence, of his important privileges as a sovereign constituent of the Government; to diffuse throughout all parts of the land enlightenment, social improvement, and national affinities, elevating our people in the scale of civilization and bringing them together in patriotic affection."

This was the purpose of the Post Office.

This 50 to 900 per cent postage increase on magazines is not a war tax. Publishers were already taxed by excess profits and income taxes. It is not a war tax; Postmaster General Burleson has so stated in his annual report when he declared it is permanent postal legislation—unless repealed through your protests to Congress and Congressmen. Will you write—telegraph—or urge the passage of resolutions of protest against this destructive law?

WILL YOU HELP?

Write to your Congressman, protest against this destructive law, and demand its repeal.

Get your club or association to adopt resolutions demanding its repeal.

Will you enroll to help repeal this law that penalizes periodical readers with heavy penalties?

If so, send your name and address—and a copy of any resolutions adopted—to

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Motion Picture Magazine

(*Trade-mark Registered*)

Vol. XV JULY, 1918 No. 6

Entered at the Brooklyn, N. Y., Post Office as second-class matter
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Almost a decade ago, when the art of the screen was first pronounced worthy of depicting life's dramas, this Magazine was founded. From the first, it aimed to be the voice of the Silent Drama—the friend of those in front, and of the shadowed players. It has always been ready to encourage all that is good, and eager to wield its power against all that is unworthy. Every word, every picture in this Magazine is printed for you, the reader; hence it is your Magazine, and the official organ of the Motion Picture public.

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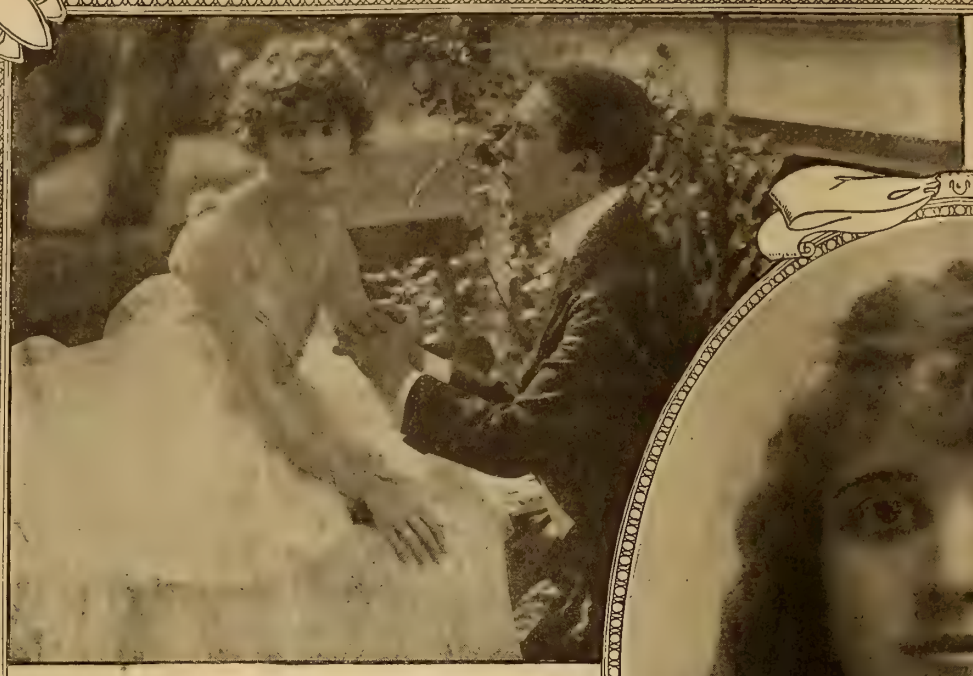
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in big feature scene in
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Famous Players Photoplay



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Louise Huff

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In every epoch of the theatrical world since history began there has always been one woman who is fondly remembered because of her wonderful talent. With the advent of Motion Pictures, the public and the critics, as well as our Editorial Staff, have been eagerly looking for one artist who would embody everything that the art of the silent drama should have. The search is over. In Alla Nazimova we have beauty, we have a depth of emotionalism never depicted before, and we have art with such little touches of finesse that she unconsciously stands alone. An artiste in every sense of the word, Nazimova is to the screen what Bernhardt was to the stage.

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READ
"My Ideal Girl" (page 31) and see if you can afford to miss its continuation in the August issue.

DONT MISS
The first chat with Anita Stewart since her absence from the screen and her past and future plans, in our August Magazine.

Mary Pickford Art Panel
with samples, 10c



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Adds a pearly clearness
Stays on unusually long

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Mary Pickford Art Panel

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GALLERY OF PHOTOPLAYERS



CLARA HORTON

Here is another infant prodigy who is growing up and is not spoiling in the process. Once well known as the "Eclair Kiddie," Clara recently played a delightful ingénue to Jack Pickford's "Tom Sawyer."



GEORGE WALSH

Like Gladstone Dowie, who had never been kist, coy George Walsh has never been interviewed, altho the knights of the pen pursue him daily. After a protracted illness, George is back on the firing-line again, acrobatically eloquent in his latest, "Brave and Bold."



© Campbell

MADGE EVANS

Little "Primrose Madge" continues to shine quite as brightly as many a full-grown star with a program pedigree. "Primrose Madge" has gained and retained the love of every player in the World studio, and there is not the teeniest bit of professional jealousy when Madge "hogs the camera."



MARGARITA FISCHER

There is nothing in being superstitious, for "The American Beauty" is just now producing her thirteenth picture for the thirteenth studio she has posed for. The tireless Margarita is at present showing a penchant for comedy in "Ann's Finish" and in her coming frolic, "A Primitive Woman."



© Hoover Art Studios L. A.

GEORGE BEBAN

If Beban laid no other claim on playgoers' affections, his masterful as well as exquisite work in his current production, "One More American," has earned him the right to be forever "set apart as worthy." It is a matter of moment to know that George Beban is now contemplating the formation of his own producing company.



NIGEL BARRIE

Altho recently called to the colors, the distinct impress that Mr. Barrie stamped upon his screen characterizations will not soon wear off. His ability to handle light rôles convincingly won him the position of leading-man for Marguerite Clark in her "Bab" series, and recently he ably supported Clara Kimball Young in "The Marionettes."



© Sarony

ELSIE FERGUSON

A happy and unapparent blending of poise, personality and screen presence has made Miss Ferguson's art a delight to picture connoisseurs, nor has she lowered the traditions of the stage in her types of plays and portrayals. Her filmization of Ibsen's "Doll's House" is anticipated with lively interest.



MIRIAM COOPER

One would hardly expect a screen star to be retiring, but Miriam Cooper had to be actually pleaded with to play the name part in "The Woman and the Law." There is an air of secrecy about Miss Cooper's forthcoming production, but it is a war story with a strong patriotic motive.



GRACE DARMOND

Not since he lost Anita Stewart has Earle Williams had such a perfect screen mate as this radiant blonde from Toronto via Chicago. Their current success, "The Seal of Silence," will be followed by "The Girl in His House," in which Miss Darmond plays the title rôle.



© Hoover Art Studios L. A.

MARJORIE DAW

Piquant Marjorie is one of the few infant class graduates who has kept right on acting during the "all nose and elbows" age, and who has developed into a regular leading-lady, altho still a sub-déb in years. The regularity of her appearances opposite Douglas Fairbanks has emphasized her growing popularity.



WALLACE REID

Admirers of "Wally" Reid will be overjoyed to hear that he has at last overcome the witch's curse of playing matinée idol rôles and is about to essay sprightly comedy. In "Believe Me, Xantippe," from the stage success, Wally will lead Ann Little thru the risible complications.



PAULINE STARKE

Pauline Starke isn't even billed as the "beautiful wonder-girl from the West"—and that's what makes her distinctive. She must have a way with her, for after less than six months of "atmosphere," she was booked as a feature star in Broadway filmdom in "Until They Get Me." Miss Starke's newest celluloid adventure is "The Mossback," with William V. Mong.

"My Ideal Girl"

A Search by Screen Idealists for the Perfect Woman



WALLACE MACDONALD



BRYANT WASHBURN



WILLIAM DESMOND

"THE typical, up-to-date American girl is my choice, and from observation and experience, I think that New York is her habitat. In my mind, the strictly Manhattan variety cannot be surpassed. You know the sort as well as I do. You can see her any morning or afternoon on Fifth Avenue, shopping or walking. She is trim and stylish, with clear eyes and complexion, and approving eyes follow her. She is the daughter of the American business man, and inherits his intelligence and self-reliance. Swimming, golf and tennis are among her accomplishments. She likes dancing and does it gracefully; loves the theater and opera. She looks equally well in a sport costume or on a ballroom floor. She is self-poised on every occasion. She is the sort of girl who goes in with a vim for the Liberty Loan and war relief work, and is able to understand and discuss the questions of the moment. She is the type that smiles back at you from the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE covers, that has been the heroine of hundreds of best sellers. She deserves the honors. You cant blame the foreign nobility for angling about in the matrimonial market when they have seen her. I really dont understand why so many of the most attractive girls in the world seem to have chosen old Manhattan as the best place to thrive in, or why it should be conducive to feminine pulchritude. There's that indefinable charm about the New York girl which seems to be a distinctly local product. In my opinion, she is ideal, which means, in itself, that she couldn't be improved upon.

"WALLACE MACDONALD."

"First of all, as I want a nice home and kiddies and everything that goes to make life really bearable even for the person engaged in the creation of wholesome young men before the camera, 'My Ideal Woman' has got to love children or she isn't ideal to me. Then she must have a whole-hearted laugh that children —and father, too—all like. That laugh is one of the strong points with me. She is not too dark and not too light —just a soft brown mixture of the two, and she does her hair in cute little ways that surprise us every once in a while. Her nose is just a trifle 'pug,' and the eyes that shine out from each side of it must have the laughter of her throat in them. She loves the good things of life to a reasonable extent and she loves the home almost to an unreasonable extent. She wears clothes so that they seem to belong to her, and she never is to come down to breakfast with anything but the happiness of healthy living 'registered' in her face. In fact, she is just a good-looking, wholesome girl, and finds every hour of the day full of some sort of interesting thing to do. I know she can be found, for I've got her already—referring in the above to Mrs. Bryant Washburn, herself.

"BRYANT WASHBURN."

"I like an old-fashioned girl—not the clinging, peach-stone variety, but the steady, dependable sort that seems almost to have vanished these progressive times. It seems to be the fashion nowadays for most girls to hide their charms under a sort of camouflage. Give me the natural, modest girl, with a twinkling eye, a warm heart and a

ready wit; one with a deft hand that she can turn to anything even as old-fashioned as housekeeping. The girl who is skilled in the art of home-making seems to be the best helpmate. She need not be handsome enough to qualify for the Sunday supplement. I like a capable woman rather than a fashion-plate, and would rather have a wife with a good disposition than a father-in-law on the Stock Exchange. And yet my ideal girl is pleasing personally because she has charms that never fade, and hers never will, if the face is an index to character. Of course, being an Irishman, I have my own idea of feminine beauty. I like the deep blue eye and dark hair, and the peach-bloom complexion that goes with them. My ideal girl may have all the good looks she wants to, but they are only secondary. First of all, she must have home and fireside talents.

"WILLIAM DESMOND."

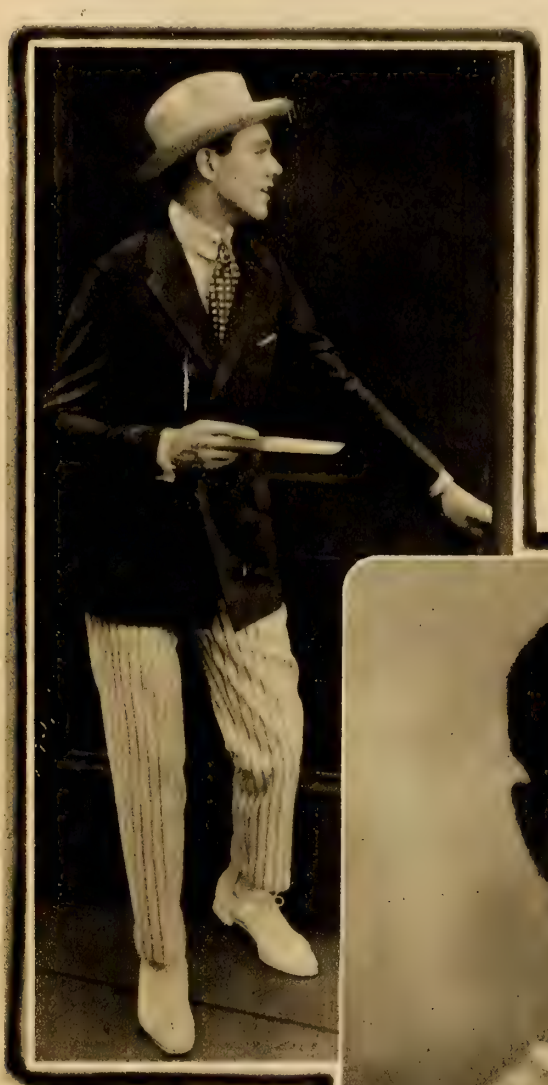
"About fifteen years ago this ideal woman of mine had silvery white hair and carried peppermints in her knitting-bag. A few years later, she wore pigtails—the Dutch cut not having come into vogue; and still later she became a too blonde young person in a certain circus. All three have since blended in my memory and the 'ideal' who has since taken their place is a sort of composite picture of them all. She is kind—this new ideal—like the white-haired one; she is sweet and a good playmate, like the pigtailed one; and she has all the feminine allure that the too blonde young person of the circus possessed. This is a very 'sketchy' portrait, I'll admit, and 'subject to change without notice,' but is, to date, the best word picture I can give of my 'ideal' woman.

"CHARLES RAY."

"The natural tendency of the masculine mind is to picture the ideal. When I dream of a flower I always picture a great, beautiful red rose, of a peculiar richness and sweetness, which grew in our yard when I was a boy in Spain.

"My ideal of a woman is equally realistic but more difficult to describe. She is strong of body, active-minded, intuitive, and intensely human. Her voice is important. You will know when you hear her clear, rich tones that she speaks the truth, boldly and fearlessly, regardless of the consequence because she is incapable of petty deception.

"I have no objection to her having independence of mind, interest in political activities, and even a desire



CHARLES RAY



ANTONIO MORENO



WALLACE REID

to participate to a certain extent in the turmoil of business and life.

"The first quality of the mind of my ideal woman is brilliance. I expect her to be an inspiration as well as a comrade. The truly feminine mind has the power to leap over the crowd of facts which a man must piece together in logical sequence in order to arrive at a conclusion. A brilliant woman seems to snatch the truth from the air.

"The most important intellectual tribute of my ideal woman is her humanity. She is more of a social being than man. She bridges the gaps for him in collecting and holding the friends without which no man's life is complete.

"ANTONIO MORENO."



WILLIAM S. HART



EDWARD EARLE



HAROLD LLOYD

"Accomplished, beautiful, clever, daring, educated, and—to continue our alphabetical sequence—facetious, good, happy and impossible would be my 'ideal' woman. She never by any chance would read French novels or cheat the conductor of her fare—and she could cook. Yes, indeed, she could make waffles that would delight the soul and her muffins would be joy and delight forever. Moreover, she would never, never phone me during business hours, and she would always believe absolutely everything I told her. Her hair should be smooth and glossy while playing tennis and her nose never shiny.

"She would be able to play the piano like Hofman, yet not above enjoying a musical-comedy. She wouldn't care much for cigarets. In short, if she were in the marriage market, from continued observance of the average American business man, I am morally certain that I should have to compete with several million of him, more or less, for her favor.

"WALLACE REID."

"'Health first' having always been my creed, I reckon the ideal girl, if she exists, for me would be the breeziest, sunniest and wholesomest outdoor girl that ever rode a broncho. She might have a heap o' freckles and perhaps a few calloused spots on her hands from paddlin' a canoe, but she'd be a mighty good pal. I thought I'd met her once. It was a right smart while ago, and to sort of make sure I was right, I invited her and her mother on a campin' trip in the Yosemite Mountains. When the day came for startin' they appeared on the scene with seven trunks and two French maids. Well, we went on that trip, but when we came back we weren't exactly what you'd call pals, her bein' stiff as a poker from ridin' and her mother havin' to go to a sanitarium from the terrible shock of sleepin' in a tent!

"WILLIAM S. HART."

"This is the most dangerous subject ever tackled by a man.

"Haig, Pershing, Foch and other great generals refuse to be specific as to localities and troops, on the ground that such information would endanger life. I refuse to be specific for the same reason.

"I suppose the ideal woman would be a composition of Good Queen Bess, Madame de Stael and Annette Kellermann, with a touch or two—but not too much—of Lady Duff Gordon.

"She should be chic, but not chick.

"She should be clever and well-read, but refrain from

(*Continued on page* 113)

Enlarged pores

How to make your skin fine in texture

Dip your washcloth in very warm water and hold it to your face. Now take a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, dip it in water and rub *the cake itself* over your skin. Leave the slight coating of soap on for a few minutes until the skin feels drawn and dry. Then dampen the skin and rub the soap in gently with an upward and outward motion. Rinse the face thoroughly, first in tepid water, then in cold. Whenever possible, rub the face with a *piece of ice*. Always dry carefully.

Use this treatment persistently. You can feel the difference the very first time you use it. Within ten days your skin will show a marked improvement—a promise of that greater smoothness and finer texture that the *steady* use of Woodbury's always brings.



Skin blemishes

How to get rid of them

Just before retiring, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap and then dry your face. Now dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this soap cream and leave it on for ten minutes. Then rinse very carefully with clear, hot water; then with cold.

Use Woodbury's regularly in your daily toilet. This will make your skin so firm and active that it will resist the frequent cause of blemishes and keep your complexion free from them.

Your skin is what *you* make it

Your skin, too, can be clear and radiant. If your skin is *not* fresh and clear, if it has been gradually growing coarser, it is because you have not been giving it the proper care for its needs.

Your skin is being renewed every day. As old skin dies, new forms to take its place. Begin at once to give this new skin the proper treatment to keep it clear and lovely. You will be surprised to see how quickly it improves.

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Send for sample cake of soap with booklet of famous treatments and samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder

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A Eulogy to "Little Mary"

With mollifying gestures to K. C. B.

By ARTHUR C. BROOKS

Mary Pickford,
"Somewhere in Los Angeles,"
Cal.
My dear "Little Mary":
Some years ago, ten
Or twelve, perhaps,
When I was a mewling,
Irrelevant, useless
School-lad, you first
Broke into pictures.
Say, Mary, I fell
Like a German "Ace" with
A bullet thru his gas-tank
For you.
I used to haunt the
Scenic Temple
Every Friday night.
Gee, Mary, didn't I love you!
Oh, gosh!
The pictures were rotten
(Mechanically, that is;
Remember how they flic-kik-ered?),
But I didn't mind as long as you
Graced them.
Then you stopped appearing,
I think, for months.
(You once returned to
The "legit" for a time, yes?)
But I kept going to the movies,
Hoping.
And one night you came back again,
Prettier still.
Gee! I just skipped from cloud to cloud,
Cloud to cloud.
And my eyes shone.
And I breathed like a horse with
Heaves.
Then two matronly ladies,
Probably from Somerville, Mass.,
Complimented you, and one said it was
Too bad that that was your last
Picture . . . .
That you had been run down and
Killed by an automobile!
Gee, Mary, somebody turned out the light!
I was broken, cruelly, and stabbed to
The heart.
For centuries and centuries I groped
In Stygian byways, it seemed,
A recluse from inane, incomprehending
People, boobs!

* * * * * * * * * * *

Then you came back again.
And I knew the old hen was a liar!
Well, that's about all, Mary.
I'm glad it didn't happen.
(And I guess you are, too.)
But some time afterwards
A maundering, tactless imbecile
Told me that you were married.
O-o-o-o-o, Mary!
Oh, sweet Death!
That's all, Mary.
Just a little appreciation
Of the immeasurable service
You are doing the people.
You are helping to polish
The pewter of their lives.
Well, so long, Mary.
Thanks!





"Sunshine May"

By ROBERTA COURTLAND

ONCE upon a time, as all really-for-true fairy stories should begin, a pretty girl with blue eyes and yellow curls stood high on the topmost peak of Whispering Mountain, her lovely head thrown back, her sweet voice soaring, like a lark's, in a high, wordless song of joy that, like the bird's, was filled with the joy of life and love. Never, in all her life, had the black wings of sorrow even brushed her happy, carefree heart. She knew nothing of life save that it was good, and that she was happy.

Six months later, with her blue eyes dark with unshed tears, her once-radiant little face strained and haggard with a sorrow that was almost too much for slim shoulders, this same girl whispered half-aloud, as if talking to the dear, familiar things around her—the old oak where "Squeegee," the squirrel, who was her very good friend, had his home; the swaying dogwood trees where the first blooms of springtime always welcomed her; the little brook which mirrored the tall, lacey ferns; Blue-Bird Gap, a tiny speck of smoke on the horizon: "I'm going away, away to win fame and fortune! Oh, it breaks my heart to leave you, but I'll come back some time; and when I do——" she turned away and hurried down the mountain, with hardly a glance behind her.

The girl, of course, was May Allison. And now that her adored father had passed away, she and her mother, alone in the world, had decided to go to New York and try for an operatic career for the girl, whose lovely voice had hitherto been heard only by her loved ones.

"Mother wanted to help me to gain a career, and she has done more than any one in all the world could have done for me," is the proud saying of her young daughter now-a-days.

For two years the girl worked hard and earnestly towards the operatic career which had seemed almost easy, back among the pines and hills of her Georgia home. There she had imagined the rocks and trees and flowers as people gathered in an enthusiastic audience to receive the new prima donna with an ovation. But the hard work was too much for the never very robust girl, and after two years she broke down from it.

And then she discovered the movies—or, rather, the movies discovered her. And there she has been ever since: first with Fox in "A Fool There Was," in which she furnished a bit of golden-haired relief from the turgid, morbid emotionalism of one of the first real

"vampire" plays; then with Famous Players, in "David Harum"; and then to American, where she co-starred with—er—a very well-known young leading-man—three guesses who? Harold Lockwood. Right the first time. Then to Yorke-Metro, opposite the same young man.

But, having conquered the world of co-starring, she yearned for newer and larger fields. So she cut herself adrift from her handsome film-partner, and spent eight long months in vocal study. Meanwhile there were so many screen-admirers clamoring for her return that, when Metro offered her an individual starring contract, she capitulated and returned once more to the silversheet.

One afternoon, as we sat in the cozy little sitting-room of her apartment up-town, I asked her, lazily:

"Do you realize, Mistress



MAY ALLISON IN "SOCIAL HYPOCRITES"



MAY ALLISON AND CAPELLANI, WHO DIRECTED "SOCIAL HYPOCRITES"

May, that this is about the 'steenth time I've interviewed you?"

"It ought to be easy by now," she answered, heartlessly.

"Oh, should it?" I snapped, sitting up straight in a cozy chair that was wickedly tempting. "Well, if it's any comfort to you, you may know that it gets harder every time I do it. When the Editor tells me I have to interview you, it spoils my whole day for me."

She looked at me, eyes wide in mock sympathy.

"Well, it's true," I snapped, refusing to be appeased. "There isn't one single, solitary thing about you that I haven't told again and again and again—except about what happens to the flowers in your gardens down home, and the fruit and vegetables. May I tell them that?"

She hesitated a moment, doubtfully.

"Well, if you think they would be interested," she assented reluctantly. "But it seems bad taste and—and—all that. Do as you like, tho."

So, with that little bit of permission, I'm going to say that the beautiful plantation in Georgia raises a wonderful crop of the finest vegetables and fruit, while the Allison gardens are the show-places of north Georgia. Of course, the tenants who look after the plantation cant use all of this, nor does May allow it to be sold. Instead, there are three charitable institutions in Atlanta—a children's home, for the friendless and destitute; an orphan home and a hospital, all for children—whose tables are supplied, thruout the summer, with fruit and vegetables from the Allison plantation. The County Farm — the Poorhouse, as it is sometimes called—also shares this bounty.

(*Continued on page* 110)

The Quest of the Holy Yale

By MAYM KELSO

IF you have tears, prepare to shed them, for this is the tale of a quiet Sunday on the Lasky lot. The peace, calm and good-will in evidence on that day was in full working order and the Director-General (Cecil B. De Mille) had determined to "iris in" on a day's strenuous work until the ink in the trusty fountain-pen called for a "fade out."



FRED KLEY WAS "TUBBING," BUT PROMISED TO COME RIGHT OVER WITH ALL THE KEYS HE COULD MUSTER

"C. B." started the day aright, like all good citizens should. He had gone to church—that is, he had gone to hear Billy Sunday. Now, "C. B." was to write an opinion of the reverend gentleman for a newspaper, and, full of his subject, he hastened to the studio to put in reading shape this aforementioned opinion. Much has been written concerning Billy Sunday, but "C. B." had quite a few words that were left in the dictionary unused by the "hack" writers on the subject. "C. B." would write an oration that would cause the war papers of President Wilson to fade from the memory of man. While traveling in his motor from the tabernacle, he polished up his personal halo until he tingled and glowed with the righteousness of his intent.



"C. B." WAS HALF IN THE TUNNEL

All was still on the lot, ceased the hammering of the carpenters, eliminated was the odor of paint—a gentle breeze stirred the diffusing curtains to a plaintive whisper; it all impressed "C. B.," moved him deeply, lifted his mind to loftier heights. He reached his office, thrust his hands in his pocket for his keys, searched everywhere—no keys! Ah, yes, he remembered—they were on his office-desk. A bit annoyed, he sought a telephone; his private secretary should fetch hers, answer per wire; his secretary had gone on a hunting-trip. Now, what could a woman hunt on Sunday? Words of Billy's sermon flashed in his memory—"patience," "fortitude," "where there is a will there is a way." Blessed Billy! "C. B." phoned to Fred Kley: "Come right over; bring all the keys you can muster." Mrs. Fred said Fred was "tubbing," but would be right over after drying himself.

Now, Fred Kley (production manager) needs a paragraph right here that you may feel in personal touch with that gentleman. We suspect him of having a subterranean bathroom under his office to which he retires every hour, for if ever a chap suggests "just-from-a-bandbox" appearance, Fred Kley is the man. We have never been able to use him in pictures, for he would cause an "hilation," so shiny and sleek is he—his blond hair with never a hair disturbed, and his Palm Beach clothes fit—oh, how they fit! Ingénue leading-women sigh every time he wafts by.

"C. B." explained the situation: work was to be done, "oodles" of important work, and the press of a mighty newspaper waited for no man—that was the first job to be done.

Woe and then more woe; in fact, a "close-up" of much woe, for not a key but was taking a Sunday off; and "C. B." and Kley "registered" downright despair. A shout from "C. B.": "There is a loose board in the floor; get a boy—a small boy, to get under the building; get a saw; get an ax; get a boy!" Kley dashed to the street. Hollywood is rich with an ever-increasing crop of boys, and Sunday-school was just over. Boys were in sight—the kind that are busy thinking up mischief for Monday while ridding themselves of the sanctimonious air worn with their Sunday-clothes.

"Want to earn a dollar?" asked Kley of a thin cherub. Kley caught the youngster in time to preserve the immaculate appearance of his silk shirt-front, as the boy was about to do a fall on Kley's manly bosom.

"*Is* it a part? Ought to be worth more on Sunday."

"You unravel the plot—do trench work—dont need make-up. Come on."

"C. B." had gathered two men for "atmosphere" work in the meantime, and when Kley and the boy entered, the men were busy with pick and shovel preparing a tunnel under the building. The geography of the room was explained to the boy; he was handed a saw; handed the dollar, with the promise of another one from "C. B." when he opened the door. Boy disappeared from sight, head first, thrusting the saw ahead of him.

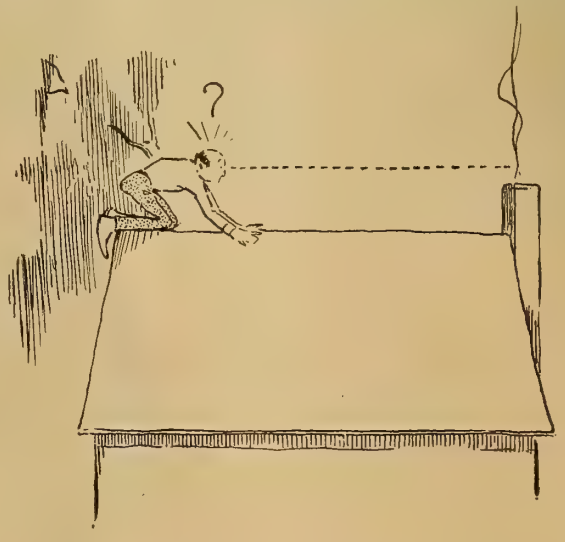
"C. B." and Kley knelt at the mouth of the tunnel, and dulcet tones soothed the boy every time his head took a bump; surely the tones of our best "vamp" never were as alluring as "C. B." urged the youth to a deed of desperate valor.

"Say, I got that loose board in the eye," came in muffled tones from the depths.

"Saw it off; saw others off and out." "C. B." was half in the tunnel.

"Something heavy on it," came back.

"C. B." paused and thought. "Dont saw!" he shrieked. The leg of a grand piano had been put on that loose board so as not to disturb him when certain muses of intellect held him company. Death lurked below, perhaps, if that boy, flat on his back, sawed a way to an open door—flat, squashy death—and "C. B." gulped and then said something—not in Billy Sunday's sermon!

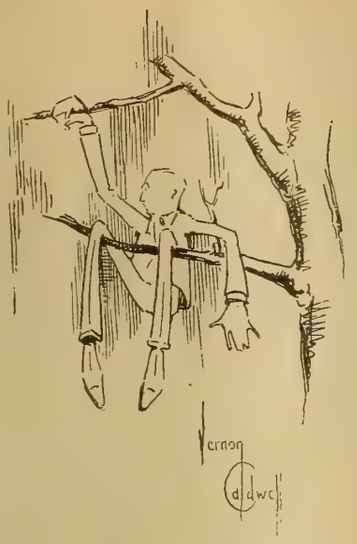


"C. B." COULD SMELL BURNING CLOTHES, BUT NOT YET THE ODOR OF HUMAN FLESH

The boy had turned in his burrow and now came forth like a mole, blinking and dirty (wonderful what dirt a boy collects!), and minus the saw.

Was "C. B." stumped? Nary a stump! He called for a ladder, as he gently massaged the egg-sized lump over the boy's eye.

"There is a huge open fireplace—a wide, generous chimney"—he slipped the boy another dollar, and the entire cast adjourned to the roof location.



FREDDIE WAS ALL MUSSED UP IN A PEPPER-TREE AND LOOKED DISPLEASED

Now, this roof is one of picturesque gables, topping windows of great height, and its slope is sharp, as needs be for good effect where the building is but one story high. How they reached the peak of the gable, deponent sayeth not; but their determination and efforts were still in the full flush of youthful endeavor. Astride the gable, they all "hunched" along to the chimney. Passers-by gave but scant notice—"crazy picture stunt" was the comment, and "C. B." was left to his fate.

The boy was game; his name was Wilfred, called "Bill" for short; and "C. B." lowered him into that "wide, generous chimney" slowly, while a beautiful smile of encouragement illuminated his countenance. Down, down Bill went, and then "C. B." cast off, and Bill descended swiftly—oh, so swiftly!—and *stuck!*

"What's the matter?" queried "C. B." as he and Kley looked for the boy far below.

"Gee! I'm stuck, and my other eye is on the blink; and, say, what kind of a bughouse do you keep down here?"—for several bats, wasps, bumblebees and other winged beasts soared up.

It was too much! "C. B." grabbed Freddie Kley and broke into gales of laughter. Now, the sharp peak of a gable roof, with bugs of known stinging proclivities seeking to make your acquaintance, is "no fit place" for mirth, so a retreat was commenced. The "atmosphere" men had made hasty exit down the ladder, and "C. B." and Kley, arms about one another's shoulders, started for the same exit. They dared not loosen their hold on one another to be able once more to get astride of the peak, so, like two acrobats doing a daring stunt, they slipped their feet along.

"Hope the kid isn't being stung too often," remarked "C. B." "We must get a rope and get him out." He dared a backward glance at the chimney.



"C. B." BACKED UP THE GABLE LIKE A CRAB

Horrors! A thin streak of smoke was coming out of the chimney. "Fred!" (hoarse whisper effect)—"Fred, he went down so fast, friction has set him afire. Hurry—ring for the fire department; keep your head!" and "C. B." let his arm slide from Kley's shoulder. Freddie kept his head all right, but lost his feet, and—oh, ah me!—slid down, struck the gutter of the roof—and "went over!" "C. B." was astride of the gable now, and, being a man of quick thought and action, he looked at the chimney. Yes, smoke in increasing volume was escaping. He could smell burning clothes, but not yet the odor of burning human flesh. The boy might soon become a charred mass! But—Fred Kley was Fred Kley, and still held the possibility of being a live issue; so Fred won the lofty thought on that perilous height, and "C. B." swung his feet towards the gutter and slid. Ah! his heels held firm, and he let himself down on his side and, without faltering, looked over, prepared for the worst. Like the nursery-rhyme man in the "bramble bush" sat Freddie in the midst of pepper-tree boughs but yesterday trimmed from the trees in front of the studio. Yes, "fearless Freddie finding furrows" was what met "C. B.'s" gaze. Freddie was all mussed up and looked displeased. As he was finding lame spots, he looked up. His eyes met those of the Big Chief. "I'm all here, I think." Freddie rose slowly, then shook himself erect. Should he ring for the fire department first or send for the studio Red Cross brigade—which, which, indeed, first? "Keep your head, Fred," came "C. B.'s" voice. "I'll go back to the chimney." Fred commenced to limp to a door leading to the lot and "C. B." commenced his journey to that "wide, generous chimney." His foot-gear was slippery glass by this time, his fingers could find no hold on the smooth shingles; how in the world had he ever made it before? Steady smoke now came from the chimney, and "C. B.," his face ablaze with determination, braced his hands against that roof-gutter and backed up that gable like a crab! Ah, 'twas an inspiring sight!



OH, YES; BILL, THE BOY, WAS "ROPED OUT"

Fearless Freddie, with a mighty effort, was putting his head above the ladder-top as "C. B.'s" feet came into view from the other side of the gable. Freddie thought he was seeing things, but "C. B." was now master of himself and the situation, as he once more got astride that gable.

"Dont attempt it, Fred," and he motioned Fred away as he hunched along. "C. B." bravely drew himself up and looked into that chimney—that "wide and generous" one! "Say, got a cigaret—that's all that keeps these d—— bugs away"; and, sure enough, our Wilfred, with free arms, had found and used his cigarets to keep the bugs away.

Why continue the tale? The paper got a phoned-in article—a short, concise opinion, all on the lot being advised to see and hear Billy Sunday. There was absolutely no heart nor religion in it.

The secretary bagged freckles and sunburn; Freddie ordered new clothes; and, whisper—we speak in subdued tones in dark corners "of the Sunday when 'C. B.' heard Billy Sunday."

Oh, yes; Bill, the boy, was "roped out." He was a sight for sore eyes—mostly soot and very little suit. Wilfred demanded his two dollars and walked off with them and a limp. We opine his father took the small fortune away in exchange for a right smart Sunday paddling.

"Letting George Do It"

By FRITZI REMONT

"YOU look so astonished," came the agreeable voice. George Fisher walked slowly down the wide steps from the huge cave set in a new Paralta production. "It's the black hair, isn't it?"

The Indefatigable Western Writer parried Eve-illy, "Where did you get it?"

"Oh, just plain burnt cork and brilliantine, but you've been accustomed to the old chestnut, and I look like a stranger with the new shade and this precious little nose-tickler."

The I. W. W. stopped to inspect Bessie Barriscale's new leading-man more carefully. It was quite a futurist work of art which arrested her attention, from the curly coal-black locks to the long, up-curling, heavily beaded lashes, with accentuation in the shape of an especially well-designed mustache, underscored in carmine. That bit of sunset red relieved the study in black and white, for the Tuxedo, patent-leather pumps, black tie and regulation soft shirt were uncompromisingly severe.

"I think it is a sin to color hair like yours," replied the Indefatigable Western Writer. "Do you leave that mixture on over night?"

"No; I wish I could, but, you see, I'm working in two pictures, which require entirely different make-up. I left the studio this morning at ten A.M. and was back for this set at eight. Working under the lights night after night has given me eye-trouble lately. Besides, this constant washing of the hair in California alkali-water is causing me to study hair-tonic advertisements with avidity, in every spare moment."

"What are you doing now? Please tell me something about your engagement with Paralta," returned the I.W.W., while she searched for an elusive fountain-pen.



GEORGE LOOKED STATUESQUE IN HIS TIGER-SKIN

"I've been here almost three months, and, believe me, I was very glad to leave quiet little Santa Barbara. Besides, so many of my old friends at the 'Flying U' have come to Los Angeles, and mother has come out to live with me, so that I am enjoying home comforts for the first time in many years. I'm under a two-year contract, you see."

An inspiration exploded in the I. W. W.'s dome with a terrific detonation. "Let me put in a little of that dutiful son stuff. It always makes a hit with the public. Besides, all the girls will argue that a dutiful son may be metamorphosed into a domestic spouse, and you'll receive letters and requests for photographs which will alarm the studio."



© D. Gaston

GEORGE FISHER

"But I couldn't possibly deal with such a contingency. I'm so far behind in my correspondence now that it seems almost impossible to catch up. I must admit, tho, that I look eagerly for the morning's mail, for one misses the applause of the stock company experiences, and those letters of approval are very precious to a photoplayer. I have just ordered a thousand card-size photographs for ordinary use, and dozens of the larger ones. It takes a lot of time to answer letters and mail pictures." George Fisher paused to follow the erratic flow of ink. "You call that shorthand, dont you? Sort of worries a man to see verbal bacteria like those floating over a page."

"Fear not these scrolls," urged the I. W. W. comfortingly. "I was merely going to add a pathetic paragraph all about your working more than half the night, all day, and then arriving home for dinner, only to find mother weary. You bid her rest on the divan while you prepare the evening meal. She says, 'There never was a son like you, George,' as you bring in fluffy biscuits, fried chicken and ambrosial coffee."

Mr. Fisher registered genuine alarm. "Please dont do that. I've seen enough press-agent stuff to make me hate every concocted story, and I dont want you to put in a thing which is not positively true. Besides, I cant cook a thing but ham and aigs."

"Of course, that settles it. One cant cook ham AND all the time.



MARY MILES MINTER AND GEORGE FISHER



© D Gaston

AN INFORMAL LIKENESS OF THE BARRISCALE HERO

Reminds me of that old story about the Stammering Steve who learnt to speak 'Peter Piper' perfectly, only to discover later on that it was a very inappropriate remark to work into an ordinary conversation." An air of disappointment seemed to enshroud the Indefatigable Western Writer.

"Oh, I dont know. I cook that combination every single morning about three A.M. In fact, the other flat-dwellers have come to the conclusion that I earn a fabulous salary, judging by the amount of pork product and hen-fruit which is delivered at our apartment bi-weekly. You know, one can become accustomed to noises and sleep like a lamb right thru a thunder-storm, and mother dear has arrived at the stage when not even a fried-ham smell disturbs her placid slumbers. It's the other people in the house who make comments about my cooking." Mr. Fisher's face brightened as he added, seriously: "But I *can* make good cawfee now; even mother admits it."

"And do you mean to tell me you can go right to sleep after a meal cooked at cock-crowing time?" It was the *Inquisitive* Western Writer who queried this time.

"Sleep like a bale of alfalfa," nodded George, emphatically. There seems to be no doubt that if George does a thing it is done right.

"But you have not told me yet where you learnt to act." The I. W. W. looked a combination of reproachfulness and inquisitorial alertness.

"Like many others, I started in stock-company work. I was at the Schubert Theater, in Milwaukee, for two years, and——"

The I. W. W. interrupted enthusiastically: "Oh, then, it was something besides Schlitz that made Milwaukee famous. I always did think that story was a fake."

"Modesty forbids me to answer the soft impeachment," came dramatically from George. "But, as I was saying when rudely interrupted, I went on the road a while, then back to stock-company work in South Bend,

(*Continued on page* 123)

Scenarioizing a Great Play

How "The Yellow Ticket" Was Prepared for the Screen

By TARLETON WINCHESTER

"JUST let me see a good scenario, and then I'm sure I could write one." How many times a day the Motion Picture man hears that! Novelists, dramatists, short-story writers, people who are neither but want to be, all say the same thing.

Every day it becomes more generally realized that telling a story in terms of the Motion Picture is very different from doing so on the legitimate stage or in the published book or magazine, and specialists are being developed to meet the demand for the proper presentation of a great idea in pictures.

Having been asked by the editors of this Magazine to lay before its many readers an example of the perfect scenario—that is, a scenario as nearly perfect as one could well be at this stage of the art's development—I have, after some consideration, selected Tom Cushing's adaptation of the A. H. Woods stage play, "The Yellow Ticket," by Michael Morton, which, owing to the strength of the story and the excellence of its presentation, ran for two seasons at the Eltinge Theater, New York, and was equally successful on the road.

Since in addition to its star production "The Yellow Ticket" has also been published as a novel, it offers more opportunity for comparison between the three branches of literature—represented by the stage, the screen and the printed page—than is usually the case.

Also, Mr. Cushing is a playwright of experience, who has worked in close collaboration with David Belasco on a number of his dramatic productions and who also made his mark with the higher type of musical play thru his authorship of "Sari," which introduced Mizi Hajos as a star of the American stage. He first entered the scenario field about a year ago at the earnest solicitation of William Parke, his friend and former associate.

The scenario of "The Yellow Ticket" has additional interest, since its presentation on the screen in June will enable you to read each scene and then analyze how it "looks on the screen."



HERE WAS HER CHANCE—A FIGHTING CHANCE. BUT WHY NOT TAKE IT? WHY NOT ASSUME THE IDENTITY OF MARYA VARENKA?

As the scenario is a matter of some three hundred and fifty scenes, I have told in paragraphs what happens in those which are merely leading up to the big points, thus saving space and making the article somewhat easier to read without detracting from its interest.

We will now proceed to the main title and the cast as you will see it on the screen:

"THE YELLOW TICKET"

From the A. H. Woods Dramatic Success

Produced by Astra Scenario by Tom Cushing
Directed by William Parke

IMPORTANT CHARACTERS

Anna Mirrel	Fannie Ward
Isaac Mirrel	Dan Mason
Julian Rolfe	Milton Sills
Baron Stephan Andrey	Warner Oland
Count Rostov	A. Kalisz
John Seaton	J. H. Gilmour
Margery Seaton	Helene Chadwick
Petrov Paviak	Leon Bary
Marya Varenka	Anna Lehr

Cast further including: Nicholas Dunaew, Charlie Jackson, Edward Elkus and Richard Thornton.

Then a brief introduction of the story:

"THE YELLOW TICKET"

Russia—the Russia of the Czars as it was before the Revolution—tumbled under the tyranny of an organization which was feared alike by peasant and tradesman—by students and the more broad-minded of the nobles, but above all by the Jews. This organization was the Okhrana, or the Secret Police. At its head was a pitiless tyrant—Baron Andrey. He directed the energies of the thousands of secret agents, who spied everywhere thruout the vast dominions of the Czar for his master's benefit—but in serving his master he did not forget himself, and many there were who said truthfully that he put himself before his master.

Two of Baron Andrey's most willing tools were his nephew, Count Rostov, whose ambition was to succeed his uncle as the head of the Okhrana, and Paviak, a conscienceless, unprincipled dog, who served the Baron in every way.

Irritated by the opposition of the Jews to his edicts, Baron Andrey planned to stir up the peasants against this race, and in furtherance of his plans sent Paviak forth to plot a massacre of the Jews by the Moujiks.

In the small town of Tasepevka, near St. Petersburg, as the capitol of Russia was known in those days, lived Isaac Mirrel, with his wife and daughter. He was a small storekeeper, and when his business called him to St. Petersburg there was bustling and hubbub in the little home until his clothes were packed and he was sent on his way.

An evil chance led Paviak to descend on Tasepevka to carry out the plans of the Baron, and these plans come to a full fruition of rioting and slaughter just as Anna Mirrel, Isaac's daughter, received a telegram stating that her father had been injured in St. Petersburg and was being cared for by Marya Varenka, who had taken him to her rooms when she saw the Baron's sleigh knock the old man down in the street.

The news of her husband's injury and the excitement of the rioting was too much for Anna's mother, and her death resulted. Others among the Jews, who felt the heavy hand of the Moujiks, counted her lucky to be out of the world, and Anna, left alone, sought means to go to her father.

And now to the scenes in sequence:

SCENE (interior Police Bureau)—Paviak talking to inspector. Delighted at happenings of night before. Anna shown in roughly by two mocking officials. Crosses to inspector.

SPOKEN TITLE—"I've come for a passport. My father is injured. He is in St. Petersburg. He wants me."

Inspector shakes head, waves her to one side. Anna shows him telegram. He glances at it, but it makes small impression on him. Paviak, attracted by girl, steps forward. Anna, not noticing him, begs inspector to heed her. She holds out her hands pleadingly.

SPOKEN TITLE—"He may be dying! He is alone and he wants me."

Inspector, unmoved, turns away. Paviak, with a sinister smile, leans over, whispers to the inspector. Latter listens. Paviak finishes. Inspector says with a half-leer:

SPOKEN TITLE—"There is but one way for a Jewess to go to St. Petersburg—the yellow ticket."

Two men, enjoying themselves, watch Anna's expression.

SCENE—Close-up of Anna. Paying slight attention to what they are saying, and not realizing their meaning, she cries out that she will do anything to reach her father.

SCENE—Foreground Anna, Inspector Paviak. Latter turns away, leaving Anna with inspector. Inspector from his desk pulls out the yellow card and begins to make it out. Anna is grateful to him. Her mind, however, is on her father. As inspector prepares it and Anna gives her name, he looks up and says slowly:

SPOKEN TITLE—"You had better read it thru."

Continuing foreground, Anna takes it.

SCENE—Close-up of Anna. As she reads the title her eyes grow wide.

INSERT (*foreground of card*)—No. 78943: Know all men by these contents, that Anna Mirrel, of the town of Tasepevka, of the State of Kiev, is granted privilege of residence in any part of the Czar's dominions as a woman of the streets.

SCENE—Foreground. Anna angrily refuses the card. Then thinks of father and realizes these men know no mercy to one of her race. Half opens telegram. A moment of agonized debating

goes on in her mind. Then picks up card and agrees, with a mute nod of her head, to go on with it.

SCENE—Full set. As Anna leaves, a young police officer jollies her about the ticket and tries to kiss her. She breaks away from him in terror and exits.

SCENE (the outer office)—On rude benches Jews are seated in miserable groups, waiting to see the inspector. Anna appears from the inner office, the young officer behind her. He gives her a kiss. As she struggles, he says:

SPOKEN TITLE—"You have the yellow ticket! You have no right to object."

He turns back into the inner room. The Jews draw back from Anna in horror. Anna, with a sudden choking of emotion, starts to tear up the ticket, in a revulsion of feeling, but, as she thinks of her father, alone and at death's door, she swallows her pride and rushes from the office.

FADE-OUT.



MARYA VARENKA'S QUICK MIND PLANNED REVENGE UPON THE BARON

Anna finally reaches St. Petersburg and her father's bedside, shortly before Marya Varenka, the good samaritan who took him in, returns to her home, and learns that her young sister has been taken away by the Okhrana. From a fellow revolutionist, who followed the police, Marya learns that to save herself from Baron Andrey the little girl had committed suicide.

Reckless and wishing to wreak vengeance on the Baron, Marya quits her position as governess to the daughter of Princess Mirsky, after receiving a letter of recommendation from her, and in an attempt to kill the Baron is killed herself. Before going out on her desperate mission Marya told Anna that if she did not return, Anna could have all her belongings. Anna's father dies, and in the midst of her grief over her loss the police visit the house, and when they demand Anna's passport, she is forced to show them her yellow ticket. They tell her she must report regularly to the police.

Learning of Marya's death, Anna takes her belongings, including Marya's passport and recommendation, and, moving to another section of the city, assumes the identity of Marya Varenka.

Anna, with her natural cleverness, learns English, and, seeking to make an honest living, she decides to teach that language to any pupils she can find. An American diplomat, named Seaton, and his daughter Margery begin to play an important part in her life.

SCENE (Seaton apartment)—Seaton dressed for dinner, reading. Margery in. Shows him a ring. Asks him if he is not happy about it. He kisses her and tells her of course he is. Count Rostov is announced with Baron Andrey. Margery says she has told her father. Baron congratulates them. A woman is announced. She is a dinner guest. Mr. Seaton greets her as she speaks to the others.

SCENE—Close-up of Mr. Seaton. He says:

SPOKEN TITLE—"A young countryman of mine is dining with us, Julian Rolfe, a journalist and a mighty clever chap."

Continuing foreground, Mr. Seaton makes this announcement casually.



"YOU HAD BETTER READ IT THRU BEFORE YOU ACCEPT IT," THE INSPECTOR SAID ROUGHLY

SCENE—Full set. As Mr. Seaton says this, Margery laughingly turns to the Baron and Count Rostov and says:

SPOKEN TITLE—"He's going to write some articles on Russia. If you have anything to conceal, beware!"

Baron and Count show in no wise whether they are glad or sorry they are to have a clever American trying to unearth secrets. Butler announces:

SPOKEN TITLE—"Mistaire Julian Rolfe."

Continuing scene, Rolfe appears. He is a straightforward, manly type, with a pleasant smile and a steady eye. He is introduced. The Baron and the Count are charmingly polite to him. Margery greets him easily, while Seaton claps him on the shoulder.

SCENE (small reception room in Seaton apartment)—Margery enters with the Count. Margery is in high spirits and she leads him in. A butler brings them liqueur. They both take some. The butler goes. The Count leans toward her and says:

SPOKEN TITLE—"Galubchik."

Continuing scene, Margery laughs in reply and says:

SPOKEN TITLE—"That sounds like 'carriage check,' but I suppose it's dreadfully nice."

Continuing scene, the Count takes one of her hands and says, with an insinuating smile:

SPOKEN TITLE—"It means 'darling.'"



"YES, IT IS TRUE. I HAVE A YELLOW TICKET"

Continuing scene, Margery is delighted, yet also a little embarrassed.

SCENE—Close-up of Margery. Sudden determination seizes her and she says:

SPOKEN TITLE—"I am going to learn Russian. I am not going to miss any more 'darlings.' You must get me a teacher at once."

Following this the Count arranges with an agency to send a girl who knows both Russian and English to Miss Seaton. Anna, presenting Marya's letter of recommendation, is engaged. It is clear that Rolfe has taken a fancy to the pretty, half-shy girl. She meets the Baron and the Count, and her fear of them as officials of the Okhrana seems a bomb between her and the American, who senses but does not realize the cause for her uneasiness.

SCENE—Foreground of Rolfe and Anna. After a moment he says in a quiet manner:

SPOKEN TITLE—"You know, I believe you could help me very much. I want some inside 'dope' on Russian conditions."

Continuing foreground, Anna at that glances at him swiftly. The word "dope" amuses her. Rolfe begins to explain. Anna sees the Baron approaching and quickly says, "Very well, some other time," in order to stop Rolfe from going on with the subject.

SCENE—Foreground. As the Baron comes up, Margery and the Count come forward. Margery tells Anna she wants her to come the following day. Anna, in her half-shy manner, bows good-by and leaves, Rolfe seeing her to the door. The Baron watches her go. He stands motionless, as tho in no hurry to put the plans he had formed concerning her into execution.

SCENE—Foreground, at door. Anna says good-by to Rolfe. They shake hands and she is gone.

FADE-OUT.

As time goes on, Rolfe manages to drop in on the Seatons on those days that Anna is giving Margery a lesson, and despite the girl's objections, insists upon accompanying her to her home after the lesson is finished. Paviak has also discovered Anna, but cannot remember where he has seen her before. When the censor reports to the Baron that Rolfe is sending out dangerous articles on conditions in Russia, Paviak is called in to investigate and decides that Anna is Rolfe's source of information. Acting under instructions from Baron Andrey, he calls at the Seaton apartment when he knows Anna, the Baron, Count Rostov and the American, Julian Rolfe, are calling on the Seatons at the time.

SCENE (hotel lobby)—Close foreground of Paviak talking on telephone.

SCENE (Seaton apartment)—Mr. Seaton goes to the telephone, answers. Suddenly starts back. He turns to the others and says:

SPOKEN TITLE—"An agent of the secret police wants to see me."

Continuing scene, Mr. Seaton does not like the notion. In answer to Seaton's question, the Baron says he thinks he better have the man in. Margery walks away from Anna and says excitedly:

SPOKEN TITLE—"Let's have him up! I am crazy to see one face to face."

Continuing scene, Julian enthusiastically says yes. The Baron looks at Anna, but she shows no emotion whatever. Julian goes over to Anna.

SCENE (hallway outside Seaton apartment)—Close-up of Paviak knocking on door of apartment.

SCENE (Seaton apartment)—Baron turns to others and says:

SPOKEN TITLE—"I think it better I am not seen here, if you dont mind. Of course, you understand, once an officer of the police enters, I dare not interfere."

Continuing scene, Baron sits in big arm-chair, faces fire so as not to be seen. Mr. Seaton goes to door, opens it, admits Paviak. Paviak steps inside and looks about room, taking in all occupants, his eyes resting on Anna.

SCENE—Close foreground of Anna trembling slightly.

SCENE—Full set. Paviak speaks to Mr. Seaton, who asks him nature of his business.

SCENE—Close foreground of Paviak as he says:

SPOKEN TITLE—"I come from the Okhrana. I am here to ask Marya Varenka a few questions."

SCENE—Foreground of Anna. She is very much frightened.

SCENE—Close foreground of Margery looking at Count Rostov, who stands by indifferently smoking cigaret. Margery clutches his arm. Count Rostov shrugs his shoulders with expression of "I told you so." Margery looks at him angrily, quickly removing her arm from his.

SCENE—Full set. Margery comes down beside Anna. Anna slowly turns, without appearing to notice any of the people in the room, stares in front of her at Paviak, her big eyes wide open, expressionless, her hands folded in front of her. Paviak takes the notebook, begins questioning her, says:

SPOKEN TITLE—"You are Marya Varenka, at one time governess to Princess Mirsky?"

SCENE—Close foreground of Anna mechanically nodding her head.

SCENE—Close foreground of Paviak as he says:

SPOKEN TITLE—"Let me see your passport."

SCENE—Close foreground of Anna. She draws a deep breath, then inclines her head in assent.

SCENE—Full set. Rolfe steps forward and says:

SPOKEN TITLE—"Surely this isn't necessary. We all know Miss Varenka."

Continuing scene, Margery echoes what Rolfe says and stands beside Anna. Paviak answers: "I am sorry, but I must insist."

SCENE—Foreground of Anna. She tells Margery and Julian that it is all right, and she draws forth Marya's passport and credentials and gives them to Paviak.

SCENE—Close-up of Paviak as he glances thru them. He says:

SPOKEN TITLE—"I must inform you that this passport is worthless."

SCENE—Foreground of Rolfe and Paviak and Anna. Rolfe leaps forward registering great excitement and exclaims:

SPOKEN TITLE—"I see what you are up to. Because she knows me and has been helping me, you're trying to trump up some charge against her."

Continuing foreground. Anna beseeches Rolfe to stop. Paviak only smiles and answers quietly:

SPOKEN TITLE—"She says she is Marya Varenka, but Marya Varenka is dead."

Continuing foreground. Underneath his oily calm there is much venom. Anna stiffens, but says nothing. Rolfe looks angry and unbelieving.

SCENE—Close-up of Baron, hidden in his chair. He is enjoying the fear of the butterfly caught in the spider's web.

SCENE—Close-up of Rolfe. In flaming passion, he turns on Paviak and cries out:

SPOKEN TITLE—"I dont believe you!"

SCENE—Full set. Rolfe denounces Paviak. Mr. Seaton tries to calm him. Anna steps forward, and drawing herself up, says:

SPOKEN TITLE—"He is right. I am not Marya Varenka. She left me her belongings. I was a nobody in Russia, without a chance, and so I took her name. That is the one dishonest thing I have ever done."

Continuing scene. At this announcement Mr. Seaton is horrified. Rolfe steps forward, anxious to defend Anna. Paviak, smiling at her in his usual way, continues:

SPOKEN TITLE—"You are Anna Mirrel, a Jewess, tho your features do not show it. I have all these facts."

SCENE—Close foreground of Baron Andrey in armchair. He smiles to himself.

SCENE—Close foreground of Anna as she proudly and with nostrils quivering defends her people.

SPOKEN TITLE—"My crime is that I am a Jewess. But I have been forced to deny my religion, so that I could live like a human being and not like a hunted animal."

SCENE—Full set. As Anna hurls out her long pent-up wrongs, Paviak comes a little nearer.



TREMULOUSLY SHE TOOK THE KEY FROM THE BARON'S POCKET AS HE LAY NOW, MORE EVEN THAN IN LIFE—A THING

SCENE—Close foreground of Paviak as he says:

SPOKEN TITLE—"You will get into trouble if you do not report regularly to the police in the future."

SCENE—Full set. At these words of Paviak it is all that Rolfe can do to restrain himself. Paviak turns and goes.

SCENE—Close foreground of Anna as she faces the Seatons. Hysterically she says to them:

SPOKEN TITLE—"I want to lead a decent life, but how can I? They are trying to push me down, but I defy them."

Continuing foreground, her eyes flash from the intensity of her indignation.

SCENE—Full set. The crowd in the room are still too dazed at the situation to take it in. Anna starts to leave. Rolfe steps forward, but she waves him back. Mr. Seaton, however, speaks:

SPOKEN TITLE—"How dare you come into my family, being what you are?"

Continuing scene, Margery at her father's words tries to intervene, but Mr. Seaton angrily tells her to go into the next room. As she starts to go, Anna proudly looks at them.

SCENE—Close-up of Anna. She says:

SPOKEN TITLE—"I tell you I got that ticket on account of my father."

Continuing foreground. Anna says this with fierce dignity.

SCENE—Full set. Rolfe starts to champion Anna. Margery, in the doorway, longs to comfort her. She tells Anna she believes her. Mr. Seaton orders Margery to leave the room at once. The Count follows her out. Rolfe is indignant at every one. Anna looks at them proudly. Mr. Seaton goes toward Anna, and says, as he bows good-by:

SPOKEN TITLE—"I am very sorry, but you see I must think of my daughter."

SCENE—Close-up of Anna as she replies:

SPOKEN TITLE—"Think of her, then, in my place."

Continuing foreground, Anna looks straight at him.

SCENE—Full set. Anna, with a proud



SHE SAID NOTHING, ATE NOTHING, THOUGHT NOTHING

SCENE—Foreground of Paviak talking to Anna. He says, with a thinly veiled sneer:

SPOKEN TITLE—"I notice that you do not mention the fact that you also have a yellow ticket, which I saw you obtain."

Continuing foreground, as Paviak concludes he says to Anna, "What do you say to that?" Anna looks at him like one at bay. She cries out in answer:

SPOKEN TITLE—"I admit I have a yellow ticket, but it's not my fault. It was the only way to reach my father, who was dying."

Continuing foreground, Anna faces Paviak. The latter returns her gaze.



SHE SAW THE HATPIN IN COUNT ROSTOV'S HAND

SPOKEN TITLE—"I've been driven from my lodging. I've been subjected to every insult."

Continuing foreground, the Baron expresses great sympathy. Anna gets control of herself. The Baron pats her on the shoulder.

SCENE—Full set. The Baron is in this paternal attitude as the servant enters. The Baron turns angrily and asks the man what the devil he means by interrupting him. The servant tells him it was most important. He comes forward and hands the Baron a card.

SCENE—Close-up of the Baron reading.

INSERT—Foreground of card: "Julian Rolfe, New York."

Continuing foreground, anger is evident in the Baron's face.

SCENE—Foreground of Anna and the Baron. As he holds the card he advances a little and remarks:

SPOKEN TITLE—"I have some police business to attend to. Could you wait a few minutes in the next room?"

(*Continued on page* 106)

toss of her head, turns and walks out. Rolfe follows her. The Baron rises and approaches Mr. Seaton to express his regrets at the unfortunate scene that had just occurred.

SCENE (hall outside the Seatons' door)—As Anna comes out, Rolfe appears. He starts to tell her how sorry he is. He takes her hands. She draws away. He puts his arms about her. For a moment she yields, then she stiffens. Determination seizes her. She will not have him drawn into her disgrace. In spite of his remonstrances, she says good-night. She goes down the stairs. Rolfe stands watching her. The Baron comes out of the door. He nods at Rolfe and goes downstairs.

SCENE (the hotel)—Anna comes into the picture. The flame of indignation that had kept her up dies down. A feeling of intense loneliness and helplessness takes possession of her. Suddenly she hears her name called. She looks apprehensively. The Baron appears. He comes up to her, and in a kindly way, pulling out his card, says:

SPOKEN TITLE—"My child, if you are ever annoyed by the police, come to me."

Baron bows. Anna takes card and, thanking him, goes out of the picture. The Baron watches her depart with a calculating smile. He hears steps approaching. He turns as Paviak comes up. He explains to Paviak that Anna has just passed. As he talks to Paviak, he says:

SPOKEN TITLE—"Follow the girl."

Continuing scene, Paviak, with a pleased smile, goes to follow out his orders.

Paviak follows the Baron's instructions, and Anna orders him from her room. Rolfe calls, but Anna, fearing it is Paviak returning, does not admit him. The American writes a note, telling her he loves her, and pushes it under her door. The police agent continues to force his attentions on her, and his persecution finally drives her to the Baron to secure protection from him

SCENE—Foreground of Anna in the doorway. Half tremulously, half confidingly, without a trace of fear, she comes forward.

SCENE—Foreground of the Baron as he greets Anna. She feels almost as tho she were with a friend. He takes her hands, as they are cold. Then he leads her toward the fire. She looks at the Baron.

SCENE—Close-up of Anna as she says:

SPOKEN TITLE—"I've come for the card of protection you offered me."

Continuing foreground, Anna glances at him with untold gratitude in her eyes.

SCENE—Foreground of Anna and the Baron. He says, with every mark of solicitude, "What happened?" Anna looks at him and says:

"WHY DO YOU WANT TO MARRY ME?" SHE ASKED. "I'M A JEWESS." "BECAUSE I, TOO, AM A JEW," HE ANSWERED



Interviewing a Star Behind Bars

Some Studio Secrets of Gladys Leslie, the Autocrat With a Million-Dollar Smile

By HERBERT HOWE



THE MILLION-DOLLAR SMILE

GATHER round. You are going to hear some juicy studio scandal that will make the gossip at the Busy Bees' Knitting Circle seem but extracts from a Sabbath-school text.

Did you know that one of the prettiest—and supposedly sweetest—stars of the screen was thrown into a cell not long ago?

"No!" you exclaim.

Fact! I saw her with my own eyes, and she was sobbing her heart out—said she hoped they'd shoot her soon.

No, she wasn't in for speeding, nor overdrawing her bank account, nor any other fashionable prank. I'll explain it all just as I sleuthed it out.

There has recently dawned on the screen a particularly lovable young miss. Some say she is Mary Pickford, Marguerite Clark and Mary Miles Minter rolled into one. That is not true. She is unlike any one except a party named Gladys Leslie, which happens to be the young lady herself. She is called "The Girl With the Million-Dollar Smile."

There are several reasons for the title. Some say she has raised almost a million dollars by selling smileage books with her smile. Another reason may be that her company thinks the smile will earn her a million dollars. And then, again, there are people who would give a million—and more—to possess that smile. You see it is an exceedingly valuable illumination in these grim days. It does magical things for the young lady—things that no other power on earth could accomplish.

Now for the scandal.

Gladys Leslie is an autocrat. No, you wont believe us until we show you proof. Any one who has basked in the democratic dazzle of hers would never believe she was the least bit imperious. Nevertheless, she is. Naughty Queen Catherine of Russia never exercised a sway more potent over her subjects than does this little American. The only difference lies in their methods. Kate ruled with a scepter, Gladys rules with a smile. The latter is far more effective.

We are telling you in time that you may escape the spell of this smile. Once you have been touched by it, you are her slave for life, and all the wizards of the Arabian Nights couldn't break the charm.

The smile first came into play about eighteen years ago in a certain home of New York City. It immediately took captive four people, a father, mother and two brothers. These happy ones—or hapless, whichever you prefer—have never been able to deny the Smile anything since that day. The Smile gained power with age. When it was sixteen it decided that four people were not enough to sway, so it decided to exercise its magic from the screen. The parents protested, the brothers pleaded, but the Smile swept all objections out of the way, and departed with its owner for the studio.

"Miss Gladys Leslie to see you, sir," piped an office-boy to a certain film potentate in the inner room of the film sanctuary.

"Who the devil is Gladys Leslie?" replied the Shah of the studio. "I'm busy. Cant see her. I've told you not to bother me with these screen-struck——"

But the ogre got no further, for the office-boy, himself bewitched, had furtively shoved a picture upon the desk.

"Beg pardon, sir, she said to leave this," and he turned toward the door.



GETTING READY TO TURN ON HER FULL INCANDESCENCE

The man in the swivel-chair gazed down at the photograph. Ill-fated wretch! He was lost! "Show her in," he murmured, his eyes still focused on the face before him. Then he turned to glance up at the original. She was rather a small person to carry such a large smile. She wore a funny little hat that scooped over her face, but not enough to hide the proverbial little curl right in the center of her forehead, which indicated that when she was good she was very, very good, but when she was bad she was horrid. When Miss Leslie chooses to be horrid, she just stops smiling. That's enough punishment for any one. The magnate cast her and her smile for a small part in support of a star. But the star didn't know the secret power of that smile or he never would have consented to the arrangement. What can a star do when the sun comes out? Nothing. It dimmed him to a shade and won the day.

Then one bright morning the Smile packed itself up and traveled over to the Vitagraph studio in Flatbush, because it had heard that Flatbush was the most desolate spot on earth and hence needed a little brightening. Now it is a fixture in the Vitagraph orbit, and, under the auspices of Albert E. Smith, comes out on the screen about every six weeks.

So endeth the first chapter of conquests of the girl and her smile. But the most interesting part of the song is unsung. It pertains to Miss Leslie's capture of the studio, and its incarceration of her.

The first picture in which the smiling tyrant appeared was "His Own People," with Harry Morey. The part given was an excellent one



THE STAR BEHIND THE BARS PLEADS TO BE "SHOT"



GLADYS LESLIE AT HOME



GLADYS LESLIE APPLIES FOR POSITION AS COOK IN THE DOMESTIC COMEDIES FEATURING EDWARD EARLE, BUT THE DIRECTOR MEASURED HER DIMENSIONS AND CLAIMS SHE WILL NOT FIT THE KITCHENETTE

for Miss Leslie, for all she had to do was to win Harry away from a flamboyant siren named Betty Blythe. This was not an easy task, for Betty has a peculiar incandescence of her own, but it was not the sort to win the rugged Morey. During the course of the production, Miss Leslie, who has most decided views on direction and the details thereof, took a great fancy to Director William P. S. Earle. She liked him because he let her chase pigs down the street of the Irish village, built especially for the picture, and because he didn't shout or tear his hair, as many of his kind do. He had a quiet, sure method that pleased the Smile, and she straightway decided he should be her chief high minister from thence on. It had been planned, however, that he should direct another play for which Miss Leslie was not at all suited. On the last day of the production, Miss Leslie approached him with a pout. When she pouts, her mouth is just about the size of a crimson carnation-bud.

"I want you to direct me right along," said she.

"I would like to, Miss Leslie," was the courtly answer, "but, you see, I've made other plans. I am sure you will do well under any director."

The diplomatic compliment would have won a smile from 'most any star, but not Miss Leslie. The pout persisted.

"No, they cant," said she. "I dont like to be bossed. I mean, I dont like to know I'm being bossed."

Still Mr. Earle remained obdurate, and the young star, glancing up at him, saw that she must institute her ruthless smiling tactics or she would meet defeat, for the first time in her smiling young life.

We need not say what she did. Mr. Earle continued as her director. The result was "The Wooing of Princess Pat," wherein J. Frank



GLADYS WARNS DIRECTOR EARLE TO BUY A SMILEAGE BOOK

(*Continued on page 127*)

Funny Happenings in the Studio and on Location

By HAROLD LOCKWOOD



HAROLD LOCKWOOD, METRO STAR



HAROLD LOCKWOOD AND ONE OF HIS BOY FRIENDS

I'M fine; how are you?

Since writing my page for the last issue of Motion Picture Magazine, we (meaning our company) have shed the dust—and snow—of the East from our cordovas and returned to California, where the sunshine makes hay—and pictures.

If I do say it myself, we traveled extensively in our eight months' absence from the West. From California to New York, to New Hampshire, to Florida, to Maine, to Florida once again, and then to California, is moving considerably, I will venture to say. And now we're right back at the point we started from. I sometimes think that the picture business is getting to be more and more like a one-night-stand proposition every day. Certainly, our Eastern itinerary made us feel that way.

To travel as we did means to meet new people and to see in them mannerisms and customs which, to the foreign mind, have an amusing aspect. For example, we went up into the mountains to do some scenes for one of our Eastern-made pictures, and upon arriving at our location the director discovered that the property-man neglected to bring with him a double-barreled shotgun—a very important "prop" in the scenes to be made.

To go back to town for it meant the loss of a half-day's service of everybody in the company, and as time is our most valuable asset, we inquired of a native passer-by if he knew if we could get a gun at some near-by place. He directed us to a mountaineer's home about two miles away, and, jumping into a machine, several of us were soon speeding toward it.

With our knock, the mountaineer, a grizzled old fellow with shaggy gray hair and piercing gray eyes, opened the door. He eyed us keenly as we made known our errand, and bade us enter. Never in my life have I seen such slow movements in a man as in this mountaineer. He poked across the room, and when he spoke his voice drawled along until each word seemed to have about six syllables, each word punctuated with a thought.

The gun was hanging on the wall, and the old man took it down with the care of a bachelor handling a baby. Slowly he trudged back to the center of the room, pointed the gun ceilingward, pressed the trigger, and—

BANG!

The gun was loaded, but the mountaineer evidently had forgotten it. The bullet tore thru the ceiling and away on its merry flight upward. Then, thru the smoke-filled room, a dawning look could be seen to creep slowly into the old man's face as he remembered that his daughter was at work in the room directly over him. Without so much as a single word—without so much as the slightest sign of concern or worry for his daughter's safety, he slowly laid down the gun on a table, walked leisurely

s to the steps just outside of the door, and, looking up to the second-story window above him, he raised his voice slightly above the chronic drawling tone and called:

"Mary?"

"Yes, papa," came the sweet answer.

"All right," was the satisfied comment, and the mountaineer trudged back to us, and we got our gun.

If thoughtlessness were a virtue, the subject of the following incident ought to be wearing a diadem set upon a fiery halo.

A lot of the linen used in one of our sets was so badly soiled as to render it unfit for further immediate use, and as we needed it the next day (we could not buy another set that would match), our property-man took it out to a none too tidy colored laundress near the studio, leaving instructions to have it ready the next morning.

At the promised hour the linen was returned. The property-man opened the bundle and began to examine the work, but instead of finding it clean and white, the linen bore a suspiciously gray appearance.

"Look here," props said. "This linen looks worse than when I sent it to you. Why isn't it clean?"

"Ah dunno, suh," the colored woman answered, shaking her head.

"And look at this piece," commanded props as he held up a particularly badly done tablecloth. "We cant use the stuff that way."

"Ah dunno what's de matteh," murmured the laundress, still thinking about props' first question. "Ah dunno. I washed all mah clothes in de same water first and dey all come out clean."

Props paid the bill, not because her work was good, but because the woman, who waddled away shaking her head in perplexity, had given him a good laugh.

There are tricks in all trades, and this is a story of a trick that was accompanied by a laughable incident. Speaking of tricks, I want to say that they are getting fewer and fewer with each day. Nowadays, if we want any particular effect, we go out and use the genuine article. The public can distinguish between the real and the unreal too readily. But to get back to the story.

A company I was with some years ago was putting on a snow picture, and the director, a thoughtful and thoro man, wanted to keep up the same wintry atmosphere in his interior scenes (made in the studio, of course) that he had in his exteriors. For instance, when a character entered a room from the outside, he wanted to show just how wintry it was out there by having gusts of snow drive thru the opened doorway. Now, making it snow inside of a studio is a pretty hard job for any mortal to perform, but this director was resourceful and he was equal to the task.

He had everything arranged to get the effect he wanted, and, after rehearsal, he started in to photograph the scene—a long one. Everything went along nicely. The camera clicked, the music droned, and the tension of the workers increased as their emotions were worked up to the proper pitch.

Suddenly the man who was furnishing the snow supply for the scene let out a roar.

"Hurry up!" he commanded. "I'm running out of snow!"

That ended the scene. The tension was broken and the scene had to be done all over again.

Almost every Motion Picture company has on its payroll a location man, whose duty it is to go out and find such spots as the director wants for a picture, and then make arrangements for the use of the selected places, which might be anything—a mansion, a mine, or a cemetery. Naturally, his work entails a lot of running around, not infrequently without result. But seldom does he meet with such an experience as our man did a little while back when he was in search of an overshot water-power mill.

There was no such mill in the country in which we were working, and a man who professed to know where one could be found advised our "scene scout" to travel to a point about forty miles away.

"You go there and ask for John Jones. He's got just the thing you want," our informant told us. Now, John Jones wasn't the mill-owner's name, but it will serve just as well as the right one.

Happy in the thought that he had a clue to what he wanted, our man set out for the forty-miles-distant point. Upon arriving, he inquired of the hotel clerk of the whereabouts of John Jones.

"John Jones?" The clerk was puzzled. Perhaps he thought his inquirer was "kidding" him, so he answered: "I'm sorry, but I dont know where he is."

Now it was the location man's turn to look puzzled. "Why," he explained, "I understood that John Jones was a big man here, and in a town of five or six hundred like this everybody knows where the other lives."

"But we dont know where John Jones is living," the clerk persisted. "You see," he added, significantly, "he's been dead for two years."

To make matters worse, the location man later learnt that there wasn't an overshot water-power mill within two hundred miles of the town, and that there hadn't been any for ten years.

To the People of the Movies—By FRANCES MORRISSEY

I think you are in the same world with us!
You who live your wonderful lives
With us who live our dull ones,
Do you ever do the same things we do?

You young men who play the heroes—
At first, if you made love to the girl convincingly
It was enough.
But then they made you a fighter,
And now you have to jump over six-foot fences
And swing up trees into second-story windows.

(If the movies ever fail
You will simply be driven into burglary.)

And are you always so reckless,
Or are you really as careful of yourself
As we are?

You heroines with the wonderful hair—
Do you have as much trouble keeping it beautiful
As we would surely have?

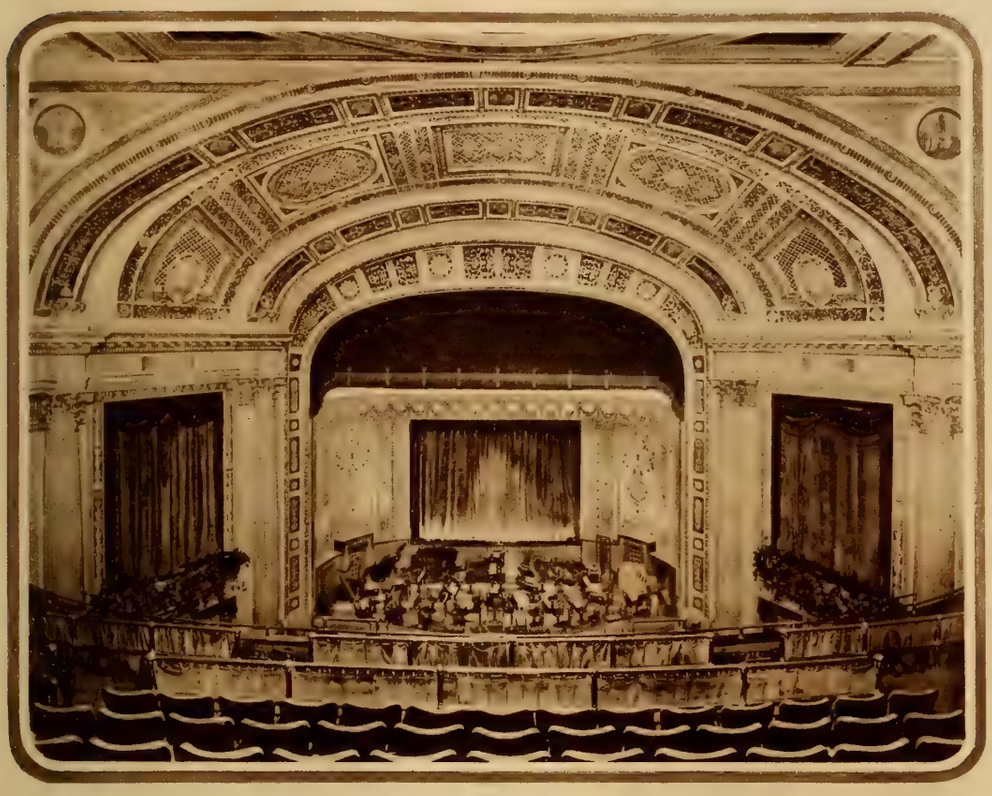
You vampires that lure men to their destruction—
When you are at home
Do you lie on sofas, smoking cigarets,
Or is it possible you ever go to market
And argue about advancing prices
Like we do?

And you comedians—
Can you really have orderly homes,
With chairs that dont get broken,
And food that gets eaten
And not thrown at somebody?

You see the illusions you have made for us—
A world that takes us out of our own—
And so at times we like to forget
That you are very much like ourselves.

The Latest and Greatest Is the Rivoli Theater

Rothapfel's Newest Screen and Musical Temple on Broadway, New York



PROSCENIUM AND ORCHESTRA STAGE, THE RIVOLI

GAY GOTHAM'S latest tribute to the voiceless muse is an outstanding ornament in a city of beautiful playhouses. Due to the genius of S. L. Rothapfel, "the impresario of the screen," the Rivoli rears its snow-white Grecian façade and classic columns with the dignity of an Andromeda. The general scheme of interior decoration is Italian Renaissance, with dominating color tones of gold, ivory and black. "Color symphonies" are literally played by a system of masked and multi-hued lights whose effects blend chromatically with the symphony orchestra of sixty pieces. A novel feature of the Rivoli is "olfactory music," or a system of atomizers which spray perfume — oriental, clover, new-mown hay—and in accord with the orchestra, the screen and the stage settings, literally imbue one's senses with the atmosphere of the play.



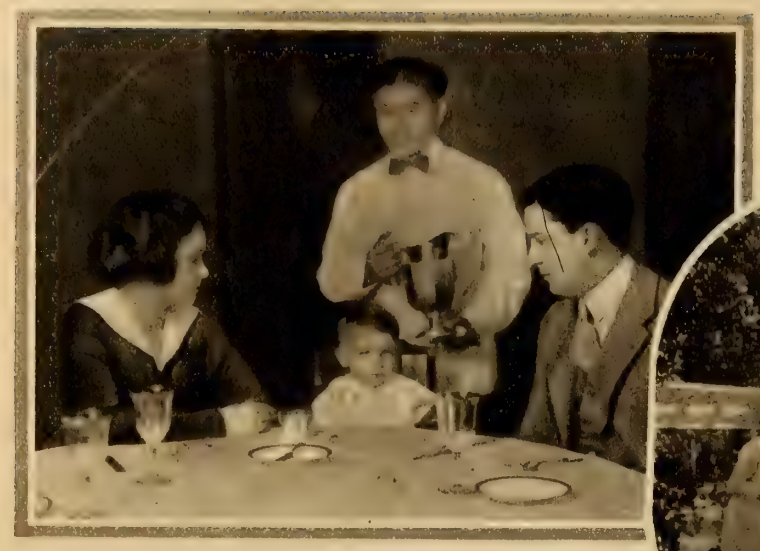
DOME OF THE RIVOLI



GENERAL VIEW OF THE MEZZANINE, THE RIVOLI

And the Seve

Meaning That Bryant Wash "Twenty-One," "The & Co." and "All Home" If We



BEING AN EARLY BIRD, COMPARATIVELY SPEAKING, WE CATCH THE WASHBURN FAMILY—WIFEY, SONNY AND FATHER-DEAR, NOT FORGETTING TOGO—AT THE BREAKFAST-TABLE. THERE'S NOTHING "ALL WRONG" ABOUT THIS SCENE. THEY'RE BEGINNING THE DAY RIGHT.



ONE OF THE FIRST DUTIES OF THE DAY—IN FACT, THE ONLY DUTY ON SUNDAY—IS PICKING ENOUGH ORANGES TO MAKE BARRELS AND BARRELS OF—ER—SOMETHING OR OTHER TO KEEP VISITORS COOL. N. B.—THEY ARE NOT LEMONS. TAKE A LOOK AT MABEL, AND YOU'LL AGREE THAT BRYANT DOESN'T PICK THAT VARIETY.



A STROLL AROUND THE GROUNDS NATURALLY BEGINS WITH THE STEPS OF THE WASHBURN FAMILY. BRYANT THE FOURTH, ON THE GROUND FLOOR, MOTHER ON THE SECOND, AND FATHER, THREE FLIGHTS UP



NOW IN ALL PROPERLY REGULATED FAMILIES, MOTHER KNITS, WHILE FATHER READS ALOUD AND SONNY AND HIS THIRD BEST PAL TRY "AWFUL" HARD TO KEEP QUIET



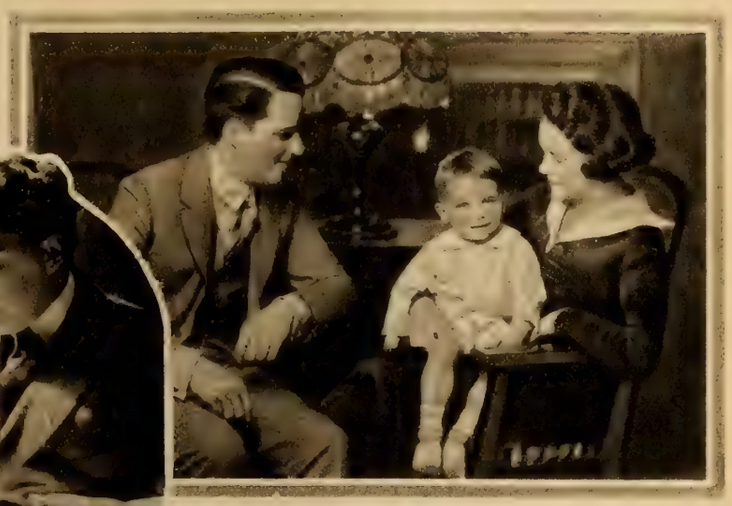
AND THEN, TOO, BEANS "HORNS IN" ON THE PARTY



WITH DAYLIGHT SAVING IN OPERATION, WAVING GOOD-BY AS WE START

nth Is Sunday

burn, Star of the Pathé Plays, Range Rider," "Kidder Wrong," Will Be "At Pay Him a Visit



AFTER DINNER—WHY WASTE A PLATE ON ANOTHER PICTURE OF THE DINING-ROOM?—THERE COMES THE USUAL DISCUSSION WITH SONNY, WHO IS SMILINGLY FIRM ABOUT NOT WANTING TO GO TO BED. AS HE ISN'T "TWENTY-ONE" BY A LONG SHOT, HE FINALLY HAS TO GIVE WAY, AND—



IN THE AFTERNOON, BRYANT, WHO IS AN INVETERATE READER, SNATCHES AN HOUR OR TWO ALONE WITH MARK TWAIN



ANL LIKEWISE, AFTER BEANS HAS DISAPPEARED IN RAPID SEARCH OF A STRAY CAT, THE COMPANY HALTS AT THE FRONT STEPS OF THE FAMILY RESIDENCE



—BRYANT, SR., COAXES MABEL FOR "A WHOLE LOT OF PIANO STUFF"—AND GETS IT



A "CLOSE-UP" OF BRYANT AS WE WOULD FIND HIM IN GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER'S "TWENTY-ONE"



WE CAN CLEARLY SEE THE YOUNG COUPLE FOR OUR BUNGALOW

"My Devilish Says Nazimova

By Hazel Simpson Naylor





MME. NAZIMOVA, METRO STAR, AND HER LEADING-MAN, CHARLES BRYANT, WHO IS ALSO HER LEADING-MAN IN REAL LIFE—HER HUSBAND

"IT is my devilish ambition that has urged me on and on," confided Alla Nazimova. Perched on a straight-backed chair in her dressing-room, looking for all the world like a young schoolgirl in her hand-embroidered smock and short, dark-blue-serge skirt, she illustrated every sentence with a telling gesture.

I had expected that Nazimova, one of the three greatest living actresses on the stage today and the greatest in pictures, would be inaccessible and uncommunicative, but her first words promised an interesting story.

Tiny she is in stature and slender. She radiates enthusiasm and an impression of indomitable will, the conquest of spirit over matter. Her face is slender, a delicious curving oval; her skin of a velvety, olive texture; her hair, blue-black and short-clipped; her eyes —well——

Outside, the first evening shadows were falling, and I, forgetting, spoke my difficulties aloud: "I cannot see the color of your eyes."

With one swift gesture, Nazimova snapped on the electric lights and pulled off her large, drooping, black hat. Then, with a birdlike gesture, she tossed back her shapely little head so that the light fell full upon her face. "See, see!"

"Why, blue—blue as the skies."

She laughed, as pleased as a child, whole-heartedly, joyously. "Oh, yes, what you think—black? No, no—blue!"

The greatest living portrayer of Ibsen's sad heroines —Hedda in "Hedda Gabler," Nora in "The Doll's House," Hedvig in "The Wild Duck"—is full of joy and happiness off the stage. She makes one feel that the world is a happy place, that it is great to be alive.

I wondered how she could play such depressing rôles and still be so happy.

"Dont you understand," she explained, patiently, "it is because I love my work for itself, not for whatever glory it may bring me; not for self-agrandissement, but

"Ambition"

"Makes the Most Unsuitable Role the Part I Love Best"



"GOOD LUCK!" MME. NAZIMOVA, METR STAR, BIDS HER LEADING-MAN, CHARLES BRYANT, FAREWELL AS HE GOES AWAY TO TAKE RIDING SCENES IN THE METRO PRODUCTION, "FATE DECIDES"





for the joy of achievement. I am happy because I'm doing the work I love and there is always something more to do. It is the thing beyond that is the most fascinating. A rôle that is the most unsuited to me is the one I love the best. I throw myself into that character, I make myself be that person. I live another life. For instance, I have just been rehearsing 'Hedda Gabler.' I make everybody miserable, and the more miserable I make them the happier I am, for Hedda was meant to be a perfect cat, understand—yes?"

Madame Nazimova went on to tell me that when she was four years old she sang with a chorus in Switzerland. She still has faint recollections of it. Shortly after that she saw a circus in her native land, Russia. "And, oh," she said, "I did so long to be what you call a tight-rope walker, but I had no sooner decided that was what I was going to be than I wished to be a violinist, and for several years I studied and practiced like mad." But it was not to be. Wh[illegible] Alla Nazimov[illegible] ff- tee sh stag know that." ' cessful pa after which thing else sh No one i the stag and no the f a tr B fro an en sch ' day ova, hour was fil fessor wa speech as I a great clat awkward! knew not whe the floor would thru I would ha have turned an strength to m sweetest voice girl, come, he Danova, to this understood hov

'Little Olga s e e, s h e

help me. There she is in that picture." With one of her quick motions, Nazimova pointed to an old-fashioned group-picture which rested amid the make-up boxes on her dressing-table. Impulsively she drew her chair closer.

"You see, there she is in the picture of our graduating class. Altho I have not seen her for fourteen years, we still write each other. Those six young fellows standing behind her were the ones that graduated with us. The big man with the bushy whiskers is Dancheko, the great dramatist; and the girl sitting there next to Olga? Ah, that is"—Nazimova's supple little hand pointed to her breast, then again to her pictured self—"that girl got the golden medal."

"How splendid! And of course you have kept it?"

Hearty, staccato laughter greeted my deduction.

"My dear child," she laughed, "it went to the pawnbroker's long, long ago. I was not always successful, you know, and one must eat. I may still have the ticket — I do not know.





MME. NAZIMOVA, METRO STAR, AN ADEPT IN PALMISTRY, TELLS THE FORTUNE OF NILA MAC, OF HER CAST IN THE METRO PICTURE, "FATE DECIDES"

"But, it is quite interesting
iat out of a class of fifty-
even—ha, what you call
ifty-seven varieties, only
hose eight graduated. You
ee, money could not keep
ou in, if you did not what
you call make good."

After graduation Nazim-
rder than ever before. For
ck in Moscow, followed by
When the Russian censor
The Chosen People" she ac-
Berlin, London, New York.
ven a star with the Russian
over here," continued Nazim-
ng-lady. For three years I
before. I scarcely knew New
ibled crowd, a cubist picture.
e—that photograph on the left

may interest you," she pointed to the portrait of a lovely woman, which also rested on her dressing-table. "It is Madame Modjeska, whose whole life proved that a great actress can be a great woman. One of the most wonderful experiences in my life was when I was starring in 'The Doll's House.' Madame Modjeska was then sixty-three. One evening, following my performance, she sent her card to me behind the scenes, asking if she could see me. Of course I sent back my consent. She came. She threw her arms around me and embraced me. 'Oh, my dear,' she said, 'I came, I saw Nazimova, and I was conquered!' That was perhaps the happiest night of my life.

"And that picture on the right," she pointed to the portrait of a white-haired man wearing glasses and a scowl. "That is Ibsen. There he sits and frowns at me as I make up to portray his heroines, and when I have put on the final touches, I always look at him to see if he approves. That," pointing to a handsome profile portrait of Eleanora Duse, the Italian actress, "is the greatest actress the world has ever known, and my ideal towards which I am always striving."

"And what do you think of pictures?"

"I like them, but they must be treated with sincerity, the same as every other art. See, I can express sadness," she contorted her vivid face; "or anger," she scowled; "but if I do not feel it," she struck her chest, "in here, then it is nothing but acting. One must live the part to make the picture audience feel it. Many people say, 'But, my dear, how can one live her part in the movies, there are so many interruptions? The lights must be fixed, or it is wait for the camera or for something else to be adjusted.' But, after all, these interruptions are no worse than the technical difficulties encountered on the speaking stage, and no real artist would think of losing inspiration and just grimacing thru her part because a light went out or a book fell down when it shouldn't. Like everything else, the movies must be treated with sincerity. I love them. Doing Joline in 'Revelation' was a positive joy to me. Then again, in pictures you can always improve your work, where if a line is once spoken on the stage you cannot go back and do it over. When I am doing a picture, I have a signal—see, like this——"

Madame Nazimova stood up, her slender figure at attention, her vivid face alight; then she raised her arm aloft, with the first two fingers up, the others down. "No matter where we are, on location, in the studio, doing a long shot or a close-up, that signal means—'Stop, and do it all over.' Whenever I feel that there is one little bit that I can do better, then"—again the signal—"I do that, and Metro—ah, they are such a splendid company to work for—let me have my own way in that, but they say that I use up more film than any one they ever had, and, hush! they charge me for it.

"There is only one trouble with the movies, and that is the falsity of the stories. One cannot live a story unless it is true to life, to character, to experience, and so long as the stories are false, the actor cannot be blamed for acting the part and not living it. I consider myself especially fortunate in the stories that have been given me."

"Do you think you will ever return to Russia?"



MME. NAZIMOVA, ON LOCATION, DISCUSSING SCENES IN "REVELATION" WITH HER DIRECTOR, GEORGE D. BAKER, AND HER LEADING-MAN, CHARLES BRYANT



"Ah, my dear, nobody that has once lived here could ever live in Russia. Under the old régime in Russia, I was like another human being. I could not see fun in anything. I had no sense of humor. I did not even appreciate nature. You cannot possibly imagine the despair and depression that weigh on you over there.

"Out here I was reborn. I began to wake up. I call America my fountain of youth, for here are joy, freedom and happiness. If sorrow comes, why, some greater joy grows from it. It makes you bigger, better; but never, never, whatever you do, let your ambition to accomplish anything make you bitter while you are following its dictates. You must love your work, live for work, and then you will be happy and young. For happiness is the secret of youth.

"I am always happy, but some day or hour I may feel depressed or blue, and right away I know it is my stomach that is out of order or my head that aches, not that I am really sad, and I take a day of rest and then I am well—and cheerful again."

"And are you happiest of all in New York?"

Nazimova leaned forward in her chair and clasped her hands about her knees, her blue eyes became dreamy and with her spell-binding voice she painted a picture for me.

"I love best of all my little country place in Portchester, Westchester County. It is just a small, white-stucco house on a six-acre farm. There is a tiny garage, and a duck-pond with lilies and ducks and banked by green, green shrubbery. There is a wonderful old orchard, and every kind of flower and vegetable runs riot in the gardens. At one side of the house is a smooth, white tennis-court—I do not play tennis myself, but I love to watch other people; and there are dogs and dogs—one of them is expecting babies now, and —I am so worried."

There came the sound of footsteps in the hallway beyond. With a start, I came back from a dream-country to a theatrical dressing-room.

"Ah, how do you do, Miss Naylor!" It was Charles Bryant, Nazimova's tall, attractive husband, manager and leading-man. "My dear"—addressing his wife—"do you realize you are an hour late for your dressmaker's appointment?"

"I am so sorry, but you must blame me," I confessed. How, I wondered, could Nazimova have been so patient in answering all my questions when she knew she had another important engagement? Where was the temperament we naturally expect from a great actress?

My countenance was an open book for Madame Nazimova's perusal, for she said, "My dear child, temperament is only another excuse for temper. I was *happy* to talk to you."

(*Continued on page* 115)

The Screen

As Effectively Rendered by



THE PROPOSAL EMBRACE. "WILL SHE ACCEPT OR WILL SHE NOT?" THAT IS THE QUESTION TO WHICH WALTER MC GRAIL SEEKS AN ANSWER IN THE EYES OF ALICE JOYCE IN THE VITAGRAPH PRODUCTION OF THE ROBERT W. CHAMBERS STORY, "THE BUSINESS OF LIFE"



THOMAS MEIGHAN AND MARY PICKFORD IN "M'LISS"



THE PROPER WAY TO TEEN, AS DEMONSTRATED GLADYS LESLIE IN THE "ANN



MADGE KENNEDY AND FRANK MORGAN IN GOLDWYN'S SQUEEZABLE "BABY MINE"



THE EMBRACE OF 1870. NELL SHIPMAN AND ALFRED WHITMAN IN VITAGRAPH'S WESTERN PICTURE, "THE HOME TRAIL"

FAIRBANKS AND MARJORIE DAW IN "A MODERN MUSKETEER"

Embrace

Some Celebrated Entwiners



THE EMBRACE OF THE SIREN, AS DONE BY BETTY BLYTHE AND WALTER MC GRAIL IN THE VITAGRAPH PRODUCTION, "THE BUSINESS OF LIFE"



EMBRACE MISS SWEET SIX-BY EDWARD EARLE AND VITAGRAPH PICTURE ACUSHLA"



WILLIAM S. HART IN "THE TIGER MAN," WITH JANE NOVAK (ARTCRAFT)



JANE AND CATHERINE LEE



MABEL NORMAND AND TOM MOORE IN "DODGING A MILLION"



PAULINE FREDERICK IN "THE HUNGRY HEART," WITH HOWARD HALL

A Little of My Life

By Marguerite Clark



MARGUERITE CLARK IN "THE AMAZONS"

WHENEVER it is suggested to me to tell the story of my life, I always remember and appreciate the attitude of the farmer who, when asked if he had spent his whole life upon the farm, answered most emphatically, "No, not yet!" For the "not yet" of one's existence is, to me, the only part to be reckoned with or worth the telling. But of my life thus far there is, of course, a little to say, and I will say it, beginning with the first really important event, as all well-regulated life-stories begin.

This happened in Avondale, Ohio, a few years back, we will say, tho not quite so few as many of my little friends all over the world profess to believe. In spite of their theories, I am in long dresses, I do not wear my hair down my back, and altho I sometimes play with dolls, I really am beyond the age when one confesses it boldly and in public.

My birthday is the twenty-second of February—Washington's birthday—a fact which I deplored as soon as I realized that the holiday celebrations on that day are due not so much to the fact of my birth as to the fact of his! Then I grieved very much because I had no birthday entirely devoted to my own use, until a little neighbor envied me my good fortune and I thought better of a contemplated change.

My father was a merchant in Cincinnati and my mother was a young society woman of that city, who had not the slightest hope in the world, I fancy, that her daughter would attain success on the stage, to say nothing of the screen, which was at that time an unknown dream. As far as I know, I have no actor-ancestors nor, indeed, any one who even loved the theater very much, so the desire for the stage in me, like Topsy, must have "just growed."

But grow it did, and circumstances shaped themselves to allow my ambitions to become realized. Both my mother and father died before I was eleven years old and I was left in the care of my sister—I doubt if many parentless children are supplied with as happy and satisfying a substitute as I received.

They tell me that the army of chorus-girls who come from the F. F. V.'s is the largest in the world, unless it is outnumbered by the stars who began their dramatic careers in a convent. But my first aptitude for the stage *did* display itself during the three years which I spent at the Ursuline convent in Ohio.



IN "SNOW WHITE"

I had always been fond of reading, and literally lived in a fairy-world, curled up in a corner of the convent garden when I should have been playing and exercising with the other girls. I have heard that nearly all children, at some period in their lives—scientists say that that is a perfectly normal phase in their development—secretly believe that they are not living the life assigned to them by birth; that they have been adopted in some mysterious way, and one day may expect their real parents, who will carry them off to their proper station in life.

I think that this phase in me took itself out in the feeling that I was really a fairy-person, perhaps even a princess—tho I did not quite aspire to that—condemned to mortal existence until such time as the spell would break and I should be free forever to return to the green or the red or blue fairy-book from which I had issued. Until then, to be sure, I should wear Marguerite Clark's clothes, sleep in Marguerite Clark's bed, study her lessons, and to all appearances be Marguerite Clark, but—the—day—would—come!



TOM WISE, MARGUERITE CLARK AND JEFFREYS LEWIS IN "LIGHTS O' LONDON"—ALL-STAR CAST REVIVAL

One afternoon I was sent with a message to the sister who was rehearsing some of the older girls in a play. It happened that the play was one from the convent library with which I was familiar, and when I arrived the leading-lady was stumbling very badly over her lines. Ordinarily, I was shy and would never have dreamt of speaking to any of the older girls, so imagine their surprise, as well as my own, when I heard myself suddenly piping up, not only with the forgotten lines, but the proper accompanying business as well.

Whether the girl refused to play after that, I dont remember, but the sisters' reproving suggestion that perhaps they would have to let "little Marguerite have the part" was carried out, and I played the leading rôle. That was the beginning, and after that I was usually given the leading parts for lack of any one else to do them, I suppose.

I realized, I think, the years of work and struggle and disappointment ahead of me even if no success should ever be mine—and realized this to a greater extent, perhaps, than most novices do—still my ambition for a stage career shaped itself quite definitely before I was fifteen, and upon leaving the convent I came to New York to study with this end in view.

Milton Aborn chanced to see me in an amateur (with the exception of my dramatic school certificate) production, and offered me my first chance—a position in the chorus of his opera company. Thus I made my début with him in Baltimore, Maryland, and by the time I had a few lines to say in "The Bohemian Girl" and an unknown admirer was sending me flowers at every performance, I began to think that I was doing very well indeed. And then along came a note from Mr. Alan Dale saying that everybody loved me, but that if I loved them, for heaven's sake to please stop singing! I could not sing, it appeared, according to the critic, tho I had been doing so, recklessly.

This may have been one reason why I did not care for musical-comedy, altho I missed its excitement when I left it occasionally for straight comedy and drama. I played with Mr. De Wolf Hopper later, as ingénue soubret in "Mr. Pickwick," following this with "Happyland," a revival of "Wang," "The Pied Piper"—my first child part—finally becoming prima donna and creating the rôle of Nadine in "The Beauty Spot." My first opportunity to star was given me by the Shuberts in their production, "The Wishing Ring."

And how I hated starring and its responsibilities, even tho it meant a mile or two along the road to success! I was at once made to understand that if the house was empty, it was the star's fault not the fault of the play or the weather. If the house was full, the play must be good. If a scene fell down, the star didn't carry it—a slip on the part of any member of the cast could, of course, be traced to the star! Each part, however, with its own particular difficulties, was a stepping-stone for the next, bringing me nearer the work for which I was most happily fitted.



MARGUERITE CLARK IN "THE AMAZONS"

My first telling work was in "Baby Mine," in which I created the rôle of Zoie Hardy. At this time Mme. Bernhardt was playing in a theater near-by, and after my performance I would run to her theater on the chance of seeing her in her dressing-room. Mme. Bernhardt is, to my mind, the greatest actress the world has ever known, and my greatest inspiration. Her portrait as L'Aiglon, with the inscription. "A Ma Gentile Camarade, Marguerite Clark," is one of my dearest possessions.

After one exceptionally wonderful appearance, I wanted to shower her with roses in sheer gratitude, but

every one did that, so I sent her instead a large Japanese doll. Imagine my delight when I found her later in her dressing-room, surrounded by the most exquisite flowers in the world and hugging my doll in her arms!

My Little Theater career began shortly after the closing of "Baby Mine"; first came "The Affairs of Anatole," in which I represented the *raison d'etre* of one of the affairs; and closely following on the heels of this was



MARGUERITE CLARK IN "PRUNELLA"

that very lovely contrast, "Snow White," which I also played in pictures. Since a stock season of "Peter Pan" in the West, this was my first child part, and I realized for the first time the difficulties of playing a child's part when the cast is composed of children. In this play, in which the maids-in-waiting and the dwarfs, with whom I constantly play, are real children, some very amusing things happened.

Altho the play was one which appealed to nearly every age from six to sixty, the audience was, for the most part, a very young one, and rarely a week would pass that some child, more familiar with the fairy-tale than the others, would not caution me, in a loud voice, not to touch the poisoned apple, or let the old witch in the door; and one little lad nearly upset the scene, when the dwarfs find Snow White apparently dead, by trying to break this shocking news concerning the body under the table as soon as the dwarfs entered the door. And, of course, being the only grown-up, it was my duty to remain dead and to hold the scene together at the same time.

To play with children is to have the double task of appealing to the audience and the cast as well, for while a grown-up cast will respond to what may be only a fair interpretation of a child's attitude, a child-cast never will. I try, therefore, always to approach a scene with the mental attitude of a child, to respond impulsively, which is childlike, rather than by studied effect, which is not. And to this end I am continually studying, not only children in all their varying moods, but those who have always best understood them, as well.



MARGUERITE CLARK AND ERNEST GLENDENNING IN THE STAGE PRODUCTION OF "PRUNELLA" AT THE LITTLE THEATER, N. Y.

My last stage vehicle, "Prunella"—that delightful fantasy, played always with more delight than any other rôle—was the direct means of my becoming a Motion Picture star. Mr. Adolph Zukor was attracted by some photographs of this rôle, and considered offering me a contract to appear exclusively with the Famous Players

in the films. He was quite familiar with my work and career, nevertheless he came to the Little Theater again and again to assure himself of certain film qualifications. At length he seemed to think that I would do, and offered me a contract at a salary fifty times as large as I had received for my first work as a star.

I accepted this most attractive offer, and accordingly decided that, altho I did not wish entirely to forsake the stage or to become identified as a film actress to the exclusion of the spoken drama, I nevertheless would consider for a time appearing only upon the screen. For a long time, however, I think I awaited only a suitable vehicle in which to return to the stage, but none appeared, and I am still happily associated with the Famous Players and Paramount pictures, with whom I made my film début two years ago.

These two lines of work are, of course, very different—the method of working in a studio, posing and resting, posing again and waiting to pose—was very puzzling at first, and annoying, with its apparently aimless playing of hit-or-miss scenes, in no particular hurry to begin on anything else when one scene is finished. And the various scenes played thus, in no sequence whatever, are witnessed only by co-workers, an occasional carpenter or maid and a straying visitor or two, not an inspiring audience, since it has no conception of what it is all about.







IN "BAB'S BURGLAR"

On the other hand, there is no monotony of playing the same rôle night after night and week after week, for once played satisfactorily and filmed, the scene passes entirely out of reach, and there is no working up a rôle, no doing better tomorrow, no chance of that certain ease which comes from long acquaintance with a part.

A screen actress leads a more normal life than one on the legitimate stage; she rises with the rest of the world, works thru the world's accepted working day, and finishes, presumably, at its close. She has her evenings—again presumably—in which to enjoy those things which the world enjoys after its day's work is done.

A stage production gives amusement only during the actual working hours of those who make it; a screen actress has the satisfaction of realizing that, tho she may be asleep or idle or working on another production, each evening she is entertaining thousands of people all over the world—in San Francisco or England or New Zealand—without further effort on her part, and will do so until the film is worn out.

Then, on the other hand, she has the none-too-comforting knowledge that a bad bit of acting, an awkward gesture, in the final filming will be just as bad six months hence in New Zealand or San Francisco as it is today. The first time I saw myself on the screen I was in agony over several peculiarities of manner which I never before had the opportunity of observing for myself. And film experience is the best in the world for this very thing. I am sure that I have taught myself more about what not to do in these last two years than I have learnt in all my previous stage career.

The possibilities of the screen are unending—there is practically no scene in fairyland or out that the Moving Pictures cannot most wonderfully represent. Consider the attempts made in certain directions on the stage! To begin with, the space is unlimited, and if the Mahomet in question cannot go to the mountain, the mountain may be removed to Mahomet with the ease of an anthill! And—I may be wrong—many things, in my judgment, have gained rather than lost from picturization, sacrilege tho some may consider the remark.

I refer, for example, to that splendid filmization of "Macbeth" several seasons ago. It failed financially, I

(*Continued on page* 114)

The Story of Sylvia Breamer and How She "Nicked Out"

By ELEANOR BREWSTER



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SYLVIA BREAMER, LEADING-LADY IN J. STUART BLACKTON'S PRODUCTION, "MISSING"



SPEARING FISH, GULF CARPENTARIA. AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES FISHING

WHICH was it to be—life at Bogga Billa among the playful crocodiles, aborigines and iguanas, or life on the stage with a chance to attain fame? For a long time Sylvia Breamer puzzled over the problem, and finally she decided on the stage.

In case you dont know, we'll explain that Bogga Billa is in Boorooloola, and if that fails to locate it for you, we'll go farther and tell you that it is Western Queensland, Australia.

There Sylvia Breamer had been sent by her parents because of her fondness for acting. But the parental scheme didn't work, and now Miss Breamer is a well-known leading-woman in the screen drama, and her work in recent Paramount pictures has won her the praise of discriminating critics.

Let's go back to the Australian phase of the story, and let Miss Breamer tell it. Imagine a charming English accent; picture large, dark-brown eyes, beautiful brown hair, and a charming outdoor complexion. Now:

"You see, I lived in Sydney all my life, and when I grew up and wanted to go on the stage I told my mother about it. She loathed the thought, would have none of it, and she straightway packed me off to my uncle's sheep station—I believe you'd call it a ranch in this country—in Western Queensland.

"The name of the place, Bogga Billa, describes it well. But it was interesting for a while. I used to go out and help the men shear the sheep, and do all manner of things like that. My uncle is a wealthy squatter, and I must explain that the term is used in an entirely different way in Australia. It is not a term of reproach, as it is in America.



"OUTBACK" SHOWER BATH, NORTH QUEENSLAND



NORTHERN TERRITORY CORROBOREE. DANCE OF THE CORROBOREE AMONG THE AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES. PHOTOGRAPHED BY MISS BREAMER



IGUANA, LARGE AUSTRALIAN LIZARD WHICH IS USED AS FOOD BY THE NATIVES



NATIVE TREE BURIAL. FUNERAL SERVICE OF THE AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINE. PHOTOGRAPHED BY MISS BREAMER

"The natives of that country were very interesting, too—the aborigines—and we used to go out at night and watch them in their dances. These dances are very weird, and the natives paint their bodies with some

white substance to make themselves look like skeletons. Then they do uncanny dances by the firelight to wild music.

"When one of their number dies, they wrap him in the bark of trees, cover him up completely, and then place the body high up in the branches. For food the natives eat iguanas—that is, for their evening meals. It's a special delicacy, the iguana. No, it's not a vegetable. It's a lizard.

"At first, the life at the sheep station was interesting, but after the newness of it wore off, my old longing for the stage returned. I had only a little money, but I decided that I must get back to civilization. So I nicked out."

"You nicked out?" Miss Breamer was asked.

"Yes, that's Australian slang for—oh, I believe you say, 'beat it.' It means to take French leave. It was a two-days' journey from Sydney, but I made the trip safely, and without telling my mother or any of my friends, I rented a little room and started out to get a stage engagement. For two weeks I had a difficult time. I had enough money for only one meal a day, and that meal I ate about four o'clock each afternoon alone in my room. It consisted of tea and toast; and, oh, what a furious attack I used to make on that toast!

"Then I got an engagement. The J. C. Williamson traveling stock company offered me a small part in 'Within the Law.' They were going to tour New Zealand. I immediately ran home to tell my mother. I didn't mind telling her when I finally had an engagement, because I thought she'd relent and let me go on with my stage work. She did, finally, and I left for New Zealand. After I had been on the road a while I was given the part of Aggie Lynch in 'Within the Law.' That was a very curious part to me, because the lines are almost entirely of American slang, and, you know, I didn't understand them at first. Neither did the audience, so a translation of the slang phrases was printed on the programs.

"Then I came to this country, and appeared in New York with Grace George in Shaw's 'Major Barbara.'



SYLVIA BREAMER PLAYING WITH CHARLES RAY IN "HIS FAMILY "SKELETON," A PARAMOUNT PICTURE





"THE NARROW TRAIL"

All this time I was hoping to get into picture work, and one day my dream came true. Mr. Ince's manager saw me and I was engaged. That was a day of rejoicing."

Miss Breamer is now working in J. Stuart Blackton's forthcoming picture, "Missing," taken from the famous novel by Mrs. Humphrey Ward, playing the rôle of Nell.

SYLVIA BREAMER IN "MISSING," J. STUART BLACKTON



"SUNSHINE AND SHADOWS AT THE MILITARY WEDDING." "MISSING," J. STUART BLACKTON'S LATEST PRODUCTION. SYLVIA BREAMER AND ROBERT GORDON



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Or, are you too wise to be natural—are you afraid to play hookey from yourself?

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three *By seeing these trade-marks or names flashed on the screen inside the theatre.*

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
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NEW YORK

"FOREMOST STARS, SUPERBLY DIRECTED, IN CLEAN MOTION PICTURES"

Tempered Steel

By BEULAH LIVINGSTONE



COLONEL HENRY CARUTHERS regarded his daughter, Lucille, as some sort of provoking anomaly of human nature. Southern girls, as a rule, were tractable enough. In the next estate to Caruthers Hall there were four daughters in the family, and not one of these girls would dare to contradict her father, or even take issue with him if he were unmistakably in the wrong. "But, Lucille, hang it all, Lucille was different from other Southern women. She was one of those d—d advanced types, who called herself a feminist; wanted to earn her own living; find her economic niche in the world; talked about her rights as an individual, her place in the sun, and all that sort of tommy-rot. Stuff and nonsense," that's what the Colonel called it, and when the Colonel expressed his views on any subject, that settled the matter—the chap who said there were two sides to every argument had never reckoned with this tyrannical and egotistical Southern gentleman of the old school. There were times, it must be confessed, when, in spite of himself, Henry Caruthers couldn't help but admire Lucille's fine, independent spirit; but these were the times when it didn't conflict too disadvantageously with his own spirit.

Mrs. Caruthers was a pretty, refined, truly aristocratic gentlewoman, but a person with absolutely no initiative, "no gumption of her own," as the Colonel said, tho it was to avoid crossing him in anything that she had to become so meek and colorless. If any one had asked Mrs. Caruthers her greatest ambition in life, she would probably have answered, with a little resigned sigh: "To avoid further arguments between Lucille and her father." But tho from fear, a sense of duty, and long habit, which had deprived her of the ability to decide for herself, Mrs. Caruthers usually sided in all family discussions with her husband, she nevertheless, in her mother's heart, gave her love and sympathy to the daughter. Lucille, in her turn, adored her mother with all the tremendous wealth of affection of which she was capable; but she would have given a great deal if she could have influenced her parent occasionally to be independent enough to argue a point with the Colonel. It didn't matter whether it was some such trifling affair as arranging a trellis on the front veranda, giving orders to a servant, or selecting something in wearing apparel for his wife—he always knew it all and there was never any gainsaying his opinion.

"Mamita dearest, why dont you ever assert yourself?" Lucille would say. "You know in your heart that that hat father brought you is most unbecoming, yet you haven't the courage to tell him that you didn't like it." "Best-looking hat she has ever had on her head," the Colonel would put in. "I suppose you are the only one in the Caruthers family who knows anything about good taste in clothes, eh?"—bracing himself for the conflict he had learnt to expect from his daughter. "I think, father, that it would be wiser to leave the choice of wearing apparel to women folks." Mrs. Caruthers looked anxiously from father to daughter and, as usual, tried to make peace, but any further discussion, for the time being, on the relative merits and demerits of the innocent chapeau was brought to an end by the appearance of Rose Madden, a newspaper woman from New York, for whom Lucille had formed a very close attachment, but whom the Colonel disliked considerably, attributing to "this animated lead-pencil" all those "d—d fool ideas on independence" which Lucille had "taken to prating about."

Rose had dropped over to criticize some of Lucille's maiden literary efforts. "Not bad at all, this story," was her abrupt comment; "but it shows considerably more sense of *dramatic* values than literary merit—it could be worked out situation by situation to make a really interesting play." Lucille confessed that her ambition had always leaned more toward becoming an actress than to

Cast of characters of "Tempered Steel," as produced by the Petrova Pictures Company from the scenario of George Middleton.

Lucille Caruthers	Madame Olga Petrova
Richard Sheldon	Thomas H. Holding
Ratakin	Herbert Frank
Edwin Archer	E. J. Radcliff
Rose Madden	Edith Hinkle
Colonel Henry Caruthers	William Carlton
Mrs. Sheldon	Matilda Brundage

journalism, but, of course, the Colonel would not hear of a Caruthers earning her own board and keep. "No, by God, not while he still had a comfortable bank account to his credit. He was quite capable of supporting his family in comfort without a daughter of his painting her face behind the footlights as a means of subsistence." Art for Art's sake would never enter into his calculations as anything but "tommyrot."

"I'll tell you what, Lucille; I've got tickets tonight for the Ratakin Players," said Rose. "Come with me and I'll introduce you afterwards to Ratakin, the leading-man, and ask him to read your sketch."

Lucille, elated at the prospect of meeting a real leading-man and getting his opinion of her ability, hastened to show her mother her manuscript. "It is very good, my dear, but I beg of you, dont tell your father."

"Tell your father what?" broke in the Colonel's none-too-cheery voice, as he entered the room just in time to overhear the last words. Lucille repeated what she had just been telling her mother.

"What! A daughter of the Caruthers write for money! Since when have the men of the Caruthers family been unable to provide for their women folks?"

"It is about time, father, for a Caruthers woman to prove she is something other than a parasite. You may as well know that I am determined to earn my own living."

The Colonel's mouth opened several times, but he was too enraged for adequate words, and, turning on his heel, stalked off in high dudgeon. Lucille appealed to her mother, but Mrs. Caruther's one thought was to placate her angry lord. The determined frown faded from Lucille's brow and a wistful little smile crossed her face. She sighed, regretting the family's unpleasantness and misunderstanding; then her eyes grew wide and dreamy as she fell into a reverie, seeing herself a great actress on Broadway some day and fancying how proud her father would be of her, despite his views, when he read her praises sung in the first-night reviews next day.

While Lucille was at the theater that evening her mother, driven by her husband's displeasure at Lucille's not being home before eleven, to that ever convenient refuge of the oppressed—lies—explained that Lucille had gone to a neighboring plantation to visit Mabel Porter, a girl friend.

Meanwhile, Ratakin, the actor-manager—a selfish, calculating, egotistical Russian—was condescendingly bestowing his best-rehearsed bow on Rose and Lucille. He was at once impressed by the latter's fire and beauty, and upon learning that this talented and ambitious young woman was the daughter of the wealthy Colonel Caruthers, of Caruthers Hall, he passed his well-kept white hands across his brow, talking commonplaces and making his usual pretty speeches for the fair sex, but really chiefly interested in the present situation, only in so far as it was necessary to the completion of the vision going on in the back of his mind. He saw a large, artistic theater, built with Colonel Caruthers' thousands, across the exterior of which, flashed in gay electric lights, the sign, "Ratakin Theater"—Ratakin, the Great, assisted by Lucille Caruthers, in Repertoire. He smiled his blandest, most satisfied-with-himself smile.

"Ah, yes, I can see you have talent. I will read the sketch tonight, and return it in person at your home tomorrow."

Lucille found the Colonel consulting his watch when she arrived home. "The Porters must have been unusually entertaining," he said. There was a note of distrust in his voice, which prompted Lucille, who abhorred a lie or any form of deceit, to say calmly, despite her mother's warning expression and nervous signal:

"I have no idea how the Porters spent this evening. I have been to the theater to see Ratakin." Noting her father's furious expression, she extended her hand, saying hopefully but with a faint suggestion of a catch in her voice:

"Why cant we be friends, father? I only ask for the freedom of thought and action that you yourself would rather die than relinquish." But Caruthers, refusing her proffered hand, stalked from the room.

The Colonel was hardly better-tempered the next day, when, strolling out on the lawn, he found his daughter entertaining at tea a ranting actor, a "painted buffoon." Poor old Caruthers could barely be civil to the man. But Lucille hardly heeded her father's sarcastic remarks after Ratakin's departure. She was treading on golden air. Ratakin, hoping the wealthy Colonel would prove his stepping-stone to fame and fortune, had played his cards extremely well and inspired her with the belief that she had great talent. "My company is leaving for New York next week," he said, "and if you decide to make the stage your profession, dont fail to look me up. I will always have a part for you."

It did not take Lucille very long to make up her mind. She planned to leave for New York almost immediately. In the tempestuous scene with her father, which, of course, had to come sooner or later, the Colonel, pacing the floor with great strides, very red in the face, exclaimed: "If you persist in carrying out this disgraceful plan, you are no longer a daughter of mine. Furthermore, not one d—n penny of my money will you get!"

"I have my legacy from Grandmother Hampton, father; it is not large, but I can manage to live on that until I prove I have an economic value in the world. Why, just because I am a woman, should I be deprived the delight of, in some small way, expressing myself?"

New York! Magic words fraught with many meanings to many minds—to one, a mighty mother of seething humanity; to another, merely a dirty little village on the Hudson; to a third, the center of frenzied finance and industrial opportunities; to Lucille, the City of Golden Promise, the Eureka of long-suppressed cravings to do and to be. What mattered it to her that Ratakin's playhouse proved to be but an insignificant second-rate theater in an out-of-the-way section of the lower part of the city? "Very well," she figured. "Ratakin and I will simply work all the harder and have the joy of looking back some day and laughing as we reminisce over these early struggles."

With the help of Rose Madden, Lucille found an attractive studio in Washington Square, and furnished it in excellent taste with odd old pieces, surreptitiously sent up from the South, by her mother. The daughter smiled tenderly as she unpacked, among a lot of feminine knick-knacks, a revolver. She knew what it must have cost Mrs. Caruthers to handle that weapon.

Lucille's talent and great beauty assured her an immediate success. Ratakin was jubilant. "If the daughter makes a name for herself, the old man is sure to come round, in time," he reasoned. So certain was he that his dream of the Ratakin Players, at the Ratakin Theater, would soon be realized, that he got into the habit of boasting about it to his fellows at the Players' Club. This, coupled with another bad habit—that of overindulgence in the wine that flows—often led him to make the most extravagant statements. Meanwhile, Lucille was applying herself diligently, and proving herself a really remarkable pupil, which success, Ratakin felt assured, was chiefly due to the fact that she had been wise enough to place herself under his tutelage.

It was not very long before Ratakin's new leading-lady began to attract the notice of the up-town public. One day, Mrs. Sheldon, an old friend of Mrs. Caruthers, heard Lucille being favorably discussed by a group of



RATAKIN'S NEW LEADING-LADY WAS RECEIVING THE CONGRATULATIONS OF EVERYBODY

theater-loving friends, who spoke of her as a "find." That night Mrs. Sheldon told her son, Richard Sheldon, a rising young physician, who had known Lucille many years ago, when they were children together in the South, of having heard that Colonel Henry Caruthers' daughter had come to New York and was appearing with Ratakin.

"How very interesting," said Richard, "and how very delightful it would be to renew such a pleasant childhood acquaintance. I will take you to the theater tonight, mother, and we will go back to the dressing-room afterwards."

Lucille was greatly pleased when she received a few scribbled lines on Mrs. Sheldon's card. She sent word that Mrs. Sheldon and Richard might be admitted to the dressing-room at once.

"I cannot believe that this is the same little girl who used to order me about so unmercifully!" said Richard, enthralled by a closer view of this radiantly beautiful woman, whose superior acting he had just witnessed. Lucille, in a fascinating Egyptian costume, answered smilingly, as she removed her clanking bracelets and Oriental headpiece, "And it is hard to reconcile you with the bold little boy who quite broke my heart, in those old days." Then, turning to Mrs. Sheldon, she explained, "Do you remember one Valentine Day, you came to tea with my mother and brought Richard along? Well, there was just a solitary chocolate heart left on the table, when you and mother had finished, which she gave to me. I held the heart in one hand, and a sticky lace-paper valentine that I had painted and pasted myself in the other, and said to Richard: 'Mother bought the chocolate heart, and I made the valentine—which will you have?' He hesitated a minute, but his eyes were all for the candy, which he chose. How well I remember running out of the room, hurt and indignant, throwing the valentine on a near-by table. So, you see, at the tender age of seven, I had my first bitter blow from the sterner sex!"

Lucille was irresistible when she smiled. Richard came close to her side, while his mother examined odds and ends about the dressing-room. "I have a sequel to your story," he said, "which I shall tell you some day—some day very *soon*, I hope." Lucille was a bit disconcerted but by no means displeased with the tender look in his eyes, and it was with joyful anticipation that she accepted Mrs. Sheldon's invitation to spend the following Sunday at her Long Island home.

Ratakin, who had joined the little gathering in the dressing-room, was considerably upset because the invitation had not included him. "I suppose you will forget me, with all your fine, new, rich friends," he complained, but Lucille reassured him at once: "The time will never come when I shall forget what you have done for me, Ratakin, unless thru some fault of your own."

For the following Sunday evening Mrs. Sheldon planned a delightful little reception in Lucille's honor. "Why are you asking Edwin Archer, mother? You know that fellow's reputation," said Dr. Sheldon, looking over the list of invitations. "Because, dear boy, if Mr. Archer becomes interested in Lucille—and I am sure he will—he can put her on Broadway. You know what a power he is in the theatrical world." Mrs. Sheldon cast a shrewd, understanding glance at Richard, when he persisted in not liking the idea of "that rich old roué hanging around Lucille." "But Lucille can take care of herself, under any circumstances," his mother insisted, "and we must do all we can to help such a talented girl

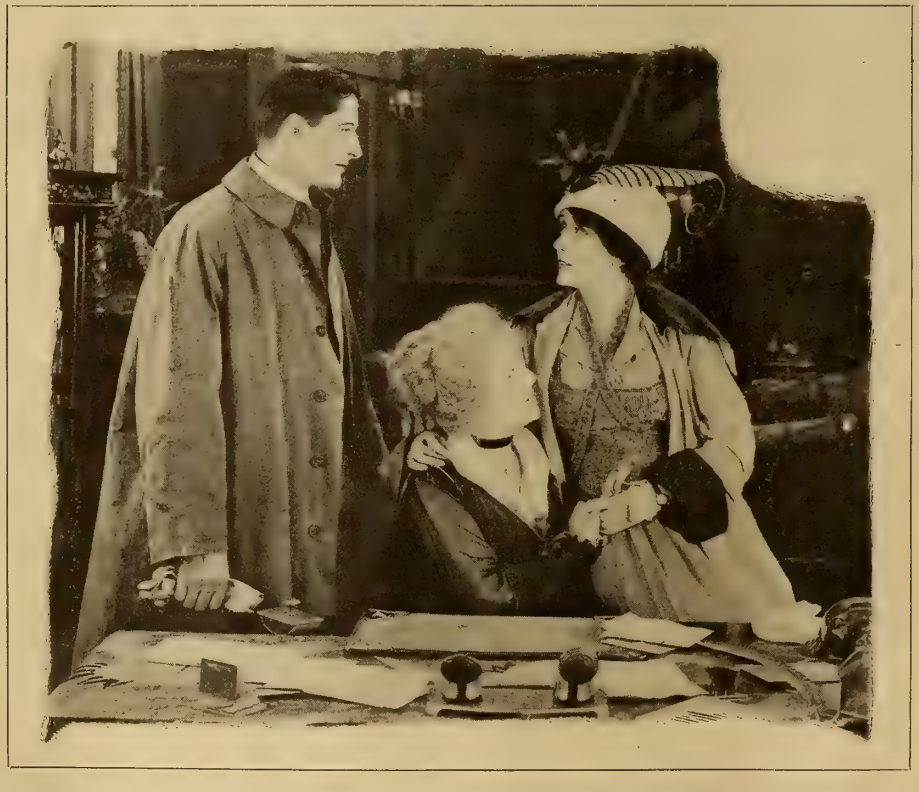


EDWIN ARCHER BECOMES INTERESTED IN LUCILLE

present the best that is in her in a better theater and a first-class production."

With a mother's tact, Mrs. Sheldon made excuses not to join the young folks Sunday morning on a long motor-ride to the beach, and she kist Lucille fondly as she helped tuck her in the automobile. After an invigorating ride and a picnic luncheon, Richard turned to Lucille and handed her a large, worn envelope. To her utter amazement, she unwrapped the little valentine she had made for him so many years ago. "Now I will tell you the sequel to your story," said Richard. "When you ran out of the room in such a pretty huff that day, tossing the valentine on the table in disgust, somehow that chocolate heart didn't look so awfully good to me, after all, and do you know, I put the half-melted candy back on the table and tucked the valentine into my blouse. For many years it has been packed away with other childhood trinkets." Lucille's lovely eyes were irresistibly soft and tender. Richard reached for the valentine, taking her hand with it. But she reminded him that they must be getting back to the house——

In the evening, Mrs. Sheldon's well-laid plans bore fruit — Edwin Archer, millionaire man-about-town and successful theatrical manager, was at once interested in Lucille, both in her personally and in her art. He saw with a trained eye the possibilities of making this talented and beautiful creature a really great actress, and he promised to look over several manuscripts and let her hear from him in the very near future, just as soon as he found the right kind of starring vehicle.



LUCILLE BECOMES A FREQUENT VISITOR AT THE SHELDON HOME

Some days later, Archer called on Lucille and read to her the play which was to give her her big chance. She had prevailed upon him to include Ratakin in this Broadway production, explaining that it was her great desire to show her gratitude to the Russian actor, as, after all, Ratakin had been the one to give her her first start on the stage. She made every effort to include him in all matters pertaining to the coming production, but Archer's attitude was obviously one of tolerating Ratakin simply for Lucille's sake. In fact, the manager didn't even think it worth while taking the pains to conceal the fact that he heartily disliked him.

"Oh, by the way," said Archer, just as he was leaving, "it would be advisable, Miss Caruthers, now that you will be interviewed, you know, as a coming Broadway star and all that sort of thing, for you to take an apartment up-town while you are rehearsing."

"But, to tell the truth, Mr. Archer, I do not feel that I can afford a more expensive place."

"Nonsense, you will soon be making very good money, and, meanwhile, I will arrange it so that you can sign checks for all expenses until you begin drawing your salary."

Lucille finally agreed. She was too untutored in the ways of the world to attach any particular meaning to the significant look in his eyes that accompanied these words.

"This man Archer seems very much interested in you," said Ratakin, as soon as the door had closed. "This part he has given me is absurd—it is so small. I consider it an impertinence to ask me, Ratakin, to play it." Hardly had rehearsals begun when Ratakin insisted upon co-starring with Lucille, but Archer lost no time in giving him to understand that a cheap stock-actor and a Broadway leading-man were horses of quite different color, and that were it not for Lucille he would not have been given any part at all. His pride and vanity hurt, all the ugliness of Ratakin's evil nature came to the surface. "It was I who made you, *I* who gave you my time and talent, and now you would have me—*me*, Ratakin, support you, a nobody." Lucille, who had tried so hard to do Ratakin a good turn by getting him this chance on Broadway, along with her own, could stand no more, and confessed she had done all she could.

"Mark my words, then, Lucille Caruthers, you will learn what it means to desert and scorn me." With a short, bitter laugh and a quick shrug of his shoulders, Ratakin departed. At the nearest saloon he told his troubles to the whisky-bottle and found a more sympathetic listener in each succeeding glass.

Dr. Richard Sheldon was plainly disturbed when he first called at Lucille's beautiful new apartment. He examined the expensive furnishings, struggling with his affection and respect in the light of what certainly looked suspicious. However, the expression in her eyes was so undoubtedly sincere as she said, "All this looks extravagant, doesn't it, Richard, but Mr. Archer assures me I am well within my salary," that a great wave of relief swept over him.

He was again very much upset, however, when, a few days later, at the Players' Club, where he frequently dined with some of his theatrical acquaintances, he overheard Archer declaring argumentatively, between puffs of his cigar, to a group of men: "I tell you, every woman has her price." He flashed a glance at Richard to note the effect of his words, then continued: "To one it is ambition or fame; to another, jewels; to a third, romance; but there are few women you cannot get with gowns and a handsome apartment." Richard whirled about and



"I AM GOING TO SEE THAT YOU DO NOT ACT TONIGHT"

impulsively started forward, a dangerous fire in his eyes. Archer coolly bit at the tip of another cigar and showed surprise, as if seeing the doctor for the first time. Realizing Archer was only laughing at him and that no actual names had been mentioned, Richard looked him long and levelly in the eyes, and then abruptly left the club-rooms.

At last, the great evening which was to mark Lucille's début on Broadway, as the star of a new production, arrived.. Both her dressing-room at the theater and her drawing-room at her hotel apartment were filled with flowers. Rose Madden's tribute was among the most appreciated. Archer's large box of roses contained the card: "To strew in the path of Beauty triumphant tonight," but Dick's wreath and corsage—oh, yes, it was "Dick" now, for there was a distinct understanding between them by this time, that after the opening performance they would announce their engagement—which he brought himself, were, of course, Lucille's most precious offerings. "I am compelled to be at an important consultation tonight, Lucille, dear," he announced in leaving, "but I will come to you after the theater, the very second I can get away."

As soon as Richard had left the elevator, Ratakin, telling the switchboard boy it was unnecessary to announce him, hurried up to Lucille's apartment. She was almost sorry to have answered his knock and admitted him when she saw the unmistakable signs of heavy drinking in his face and manner. He lunged in unevenly, and, without waiting to remove his coat, tho wet and bedraggled, as a heavy storm was raging without, backed against the door, locking it before Lucille could prevent.

"I want you to refuse to go on tonight, unless they give me a proper part." Lucille, amazed at his colossal conceit, and indignant at his having forced her to listen, looked at him with cold and withering scorn that enraged him beyond any words she might have possibly spoken. Her deliberate humiliation was intolerable.

He steadied himself against the table with one hand, putting his other to his hip-pocket. Lucille saw him slowly draw something out, and the fear flashed over her that he might actually have brought a revolver. With the next flash of lightning she saw the evil leer on his face as he muttered, "Dont be afraid; I'm not going to kill you—that would be too easy. But I am going to see that you do not act tonight, or any other night, for that matter, *without me*. Perhaps it will occur to you that, with



RATAKIN PITCHED FORWARD ON HIS FACE

your beauty gone and your eyes blinded, the fond public wont want you." It was not a gun, then, but a bottle of vitriol he had in his hand. Lucille stood terrified and speechless as he raised the bottle with its little skull-and-cross-bones label. The cork stuck fast, and as he toyed with it, his back against the door, he continued, "Even Archer wont want you when I'm thru with you. Maybe you didn't suppose that I knew he was paying for all this, eh?"

Lucille reached frantically for the telephone, stumbling against the table as she did so. In a flash about as quick as the great streaks of lightning which were every minute dotting the sky, it came to her that a revolver lay in that table-drawer. The moment Ratakin's eyes fell on the cork she wrenched the drawer open, succeeding in leveling the gun at the very moment he lifted his eyes, cork in hand, bottle suspended, triumph on his every evil feature. "Put that down and go this instant, or I will shoot." Ratakin was not to be balked. He slowly advanced toward the table, as if to lay the bottle down, then suddenly jerked it back to throw. But at the same instant Lucille fired. The hand with the bottle convulsively closed over it, while the other clutched at his breast as he pitched forward on his face, falling at full length betwixt a Japanese screen and the piano. Outside, the wind howled with unabated fervor, the thunder roared, and the lightning streaked the sky in jagged zig-zag lines, precisely as it did one day long ago, in the South, when Lucille had visited an old negro fortune-teller who predicted a great success and a great tragedy in her life to take place on one and the same evening. It amazed her how calmly she could think back to all that. She could even remember the cunning little picaninnies in the old negro's hut as they had rolled their eyes at the storm, while she calmly stood looking dully at the revolver with a dead man lying at her feet.

A ring of the telephone brought her back to the present. Archer was down-stairs, having hurried to her apartment to find out why she had so delayed. "On the opening night, too!" he exclaimed, excitedly. "What on earth is the meaning of this?"

Lucille pleaded nervousness, illness, anything. "Only postpone the performance until to-morrow," she begged. Archer was beside himself with impatience at such a display of temperament. "Would you ruin me forever, woman? Do you not realize I have thousands of dollars in this production? Where is your gratefulness now, I'd like to know? I'm coming straight up-stairs to put an end to this nonsense and rush you right over to the theater."

Lucille gave a wild look about the room, gritted her teeth hard, and then hastily drawing the curtains to prevent the light from falling directly on Ratakin's body, she grabbed her hat and cape and met Archer just outside the door as he came from the elevator. "Very well, then," she said to herself, "I will go thru with it—perhaps the fortune-teller predicted rightly; at any rate, I will not fail myself nor the others at the performance this night." The strain and excitement she had been under made her appear unusually attractive to Archer as he hurried her into his waiting machine.

It was only at the end of the third act that Lucille's nerves finally gave way. She felt herself sway each time the curtain rose and fell. The people were applauding and applauding, and her fellow-players were waiting their turn in the wings to congratulate her upon a most brilliant success. How different it all was from what she had planned. The one sensation she had was to run away from all this triumph as quickly as possible. But there was no escaping the exuberant Archer. He was wild with joy at her success. As he had planned a little supper party in Lucille's apartment, Archer sent Rose Madden and some of those who crowded into the dressing-room on ahead to order a lavish supper sent up to the drawing-room. Mrs. Sheldon and the others were surprised that Lucille's triumph left her so cold, while all her friends were radiantly happy, but attributed her attitude to nerves and the tremendous strain she had been under. "She will come round all right at the party," they figured, and hurried away to the hotel, there to wait in the reception-room until Lucille arrived at her own apartment.

"I will take you to your hotel," said Archer, when the others had gone and Lucille had changed to street-dress. She assented indifferently.

Arrived at their destination, Archer held out his hand to Rose, and receiving a glance from the hotel clerk



"GO, PLEASE, I WANT TO BE ALONE"

telling him where the others were waiting, hastened to join them and lead the expectant gathering to Lucille's rooms.

To poor Lucille, the corridor from the elevator to her rooms seemed a haven of refuge. But she could not stand all night in the hall. Slowly she unlocked the door, then, summoning up all her courage, entered, and, with a cold shudder creeping over her, turned on the switch. As she stood a minute near the body, deliberating as to her next course of action, a loud tattoo beat on the door. Laughter and many voices could be heard without, and the merry guests were demanding that she admit them at once! Making sure that the body was well concealed behind the screen, Lucille, her heart in her mouth, opened the door and was immediately surrounded. Archer, as master of ceremonies, made a flowery speech of congratulation, then conducted the waiters, bearing huge trays of goodies, into the adjoining room. In vain did Lucille protest, begging them to come another time. She pleaded exhaustion, nerves, illness, but their only answer was to sing her praise.

"We will bear the Queen of Beauty in triumph on her throne!" shouted one of the young men, and strode over towards the screen to look about for a suitable couch or chair, which the men might carry on their shoulders. Lucille, alarmed, knowing any minute one or more of the guests would be apt to discover the body, clenched and unclenched her hands. It was more than she could endure. Flinging her arms wide, a wild look of terror in her eyes, she said, "Go, please, I want to be alone." "Poor dear, she is completely worn out and on the verge of hysteria," said Rose, shoving the guests one by one to the door, like some mother-hen rounding up her wandering chickens.

When the others had gone, Archer, on his way out, stopped for a few tender words of farewell. Hang it all! nothing was panning out as he had planned. As the party grouped about the elevator, he seized his hat and was the last to exit. On his way out he had noticed a soft green hat and gloves lying on a tabouret near the piano. As all the men had departed, an evil suspicion flashed thru his mind. So this was the reason Lucille wished to get rid of everybody. And all this time he, Edwin Archer, was paying for the apartment where she concealed her lover! By God! he wouldn't stand for it. He would see this thing thru. With his hand still on the knob, he returned to the room. He was too blinded by the waves of desire and jealousy surging in his breast to note her tense posture, her agonized, overwrought condition. Her very coldness acted but as a foil to his passion. Lucille resented his return, but he was now more at ease since he believed her to be like all the rest. In caressing tones, close at her side, he whispered: "How wonderful you are, how beautiful—how desirable." Lucille shrank back amazed and angry at his effrontery. "Oh, you needn't pretend with me, Lucille, dearest," he protested. "You know how I feel towards you, and isn't it about time you gave me some reward for all I have done for you?"

"How dare you—I have given you no right to speak in this way, or think such things of me! How *dare* you insult me!"

"You wonderful little woman! You're a great actress, Lucille, but dont act with me. Let's play the game fair—I love you madly. I want you now—tonight, and it's high time for payment." Archer's face changed as Lucille broke away indignantly from his attempted embrace. There was an ugly expression in his eyes and his mouth hardened.

"That's pretty good," he sneered, "from a woman who has a lover concealed in the apartment *I've* been paying for. I have respected you up to tonight, because I thought you were the kind of woman worthy of my respect, but this—this is too much."

Lucille drew back as Archer indicated the hat and gloves. "You speak of having respected me, yet you insult me by trying to surprise me with what you are pleased to call my lover. If you really had respected or understood me, Mr. William Archer, you would know, if I ever take a lover, I am the kind of woman to take him in the open. Now if you want to know to whom that hat belongs, look behind the piano, and then, go!"

Archer stared in blank amazement at the dead man, then turned inquiringly to Lucille.

"He—he threatened me with vitriol. I shot him in self-defense."

"God, but you are plucky! And to think this—this thing was here while you played to-night."

Arthur was quite willing to take Lucille away from the scene of horror and intimated that he could be relied upon to keep still, but Lucille scorned his sympathy almost as much as she did his love. Her only answer was to take the receiver from the telephone and to say in a surprisingly composed tone, "The nearest police station, please."

"Great heavens, woman, what are you doing now?" Lucille ignored him. "Hello, hello, police station? This is Lucille Caruthers talking; yes, Lucille Caruthers, the actress. I have killed a man in self-defense. . . . . yes . . . . I will be waiting." As she gave the address, Archer's expression changed from utter amazement to profound admiration. Lucille turned quietly towards him and a ring at the telephone relieved the tension, as they stared at one another.

"Send him up," was Lucille's answer to the clerk, who announced, "Dr. Sheldon is downstairs."

Richard entered eagerly. He had been detained on an important case and the hours before he could get to his fiancèe had seemed interminable to him. He, of course, had no conception of what those same hours had meant to Lucille. He looked in utter astonishment from her little, white face, to Archer's frightened features.

Lucille explained what she had already told to Archer. Richard immediately knelt down over the body and with the practiced physician's skill began an examination. The bullet, he found, had gone thru Ratakin's left shoulder. He looked at the revolver and saw that only one bullet had been discharged—yet there was a hideous scar on Ratakin's neck, and no mere shoulder wound could ever have caused his death. Richard rose hurriedly and examined the woodwork against which Ratakin had fallen. Just as he expected, the wood was charred and jagged. Lucille and Archer watched him breathlessly.

"Ratakin's death was due to a power greater than any human being's. He was struck by lightning at almost the same moment the bullet entered his shoulder. It was the lightning which killed him, not the shot."

When the police arrived Richard showed them the scars, the revolver, and the burned woodwork, and went over all the necessary data. Lucille turned to the doctor to say good-by and laid a restraining hand on his sleeve when he would have taken her in his arms. "Not now, ... wait until I am cleared," she smiled tenderly.

"Wait nothing—to stand beside such a brave little woman, thru any and every trial, is the greatest honor and happiness I hope to claim."

"Well, I guess you needn't fear me," said Archer, as Lucille still shrank from shaking hands with him. "By Jove! you are the gamest woman I have ever met . . . and besides, no jury in the world would ever convict you." Looking enviously at Richard, he left the room.

In the weeks which followed, both Colonel and Mrs. Caruthers bought enough newspapers every day to

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"OVER THE TOP" (VITAGRAPH), WITH ARTHUR GUY EMPEY, IS GOING TO BE POPULAR WITH THE PUBLIC AT THIS PARTICULAR TIME



"THE WHISPERING CHORUS" IS ONE OF THE MOST BIZARRE, FANCIFUL AND POWERFUL OF PHOTO-DRAMAS



"FRIEND HUSBAND" IS ANOTHER PROOF OF MACK SENNETT'S SURE-FIRE COMEDY TOUCH



"THE HILLCREST MYSTERY" (PATHÉ) IS AS GOOD A DETECTIVE STORY AS EVER CAME OUT OF THE DEVELOPING LABORATORIES



"TWENTY-ONE" IS A
WHICH MARKS
DÉBUT ON THE

Across the

Leading Screen-plays of the Month

"HEARTS OF THE WORLD" (GRIFFITH)

GRIFFITH'S new picture is proof positive that there is no one who can handle the putteed, tortoise-shell-glasses position the way D. W. Griffith can. But it is more than that—it is the greatest arouser of patriotic enthusiasm that has yet been projected upon the screen. The whole can be summed up in one little phrase—it gets you. It gets beneath the skin, down to the very heart of you, until sophisticated audiences rise in their seats and cheer and whistle and shout. It is the simple heart story of a boy and girl. It might be the story of any boy and girl of the present day. This particular boy and girl are the son and daughter of two American artists who have made their home in France. The picture opens before the war, in a tiny French village. The Boy and the Girl have plighted their troth 'neath the blossom-strewn arbor. But there is another who loves the Boy, a young strolling-singer called the Little Disturber. She fails, however, to disturb seriously the serene love of the Girl and the Boy, who are in the midst of their wedding preparations when war is declared, and the Boy, who has found France sweet enough to live in, found her good enough to fight for, and so he departs—to war. There have been excellent screenic reproductions of battle-scenes, but none have been handled with the mastery with which these are. Many of these were taken on the European battlefields, and it is difficult to tell where the real and the make-believe are blended. As the story advances, the little village is captured by Germans, and the girl Marie and the Little Disturber manage to eke out an existence at the village inn, until after enduring all kinds of torture the French recapture the village and the Boy and Girl are reunited. That's all; but the human touches, the pathos, the bits which cannot fail to wring a drop of blood from the hardest heart, are the work of genius. There are several candles of talent which have been lighted by the flame of Mr. Griffith's genius. Perhaps the one that shines the strongest is the work of a child, Ben Alexander, as the littlest brother. If you can watch him in the later scenes and still remain dry-eyed, I give you up. Then there is Dorothy Gish, to our mind the hit of the piece. Dorothy contributes all the comedy touches with a mimicry which is indescribable. Her chewing of a bit of gum, her wink, the little flirty kick of her foot backwards, just the way she shrugs when she knows the Boy is lost to her (the Little Disturber) have a power to stir the audience more than all the Bernhardty poses of her elder sister, Lillian, as the Girl. The two parts, of course, should not be compared. They are entirely different. The part of the Girl, as played by Lillian Gish, will go down in screen history as little short of great. And then there is Bobby Harron as the boy, equally great, and Robert Anderson, who is distinctly original as Monsieur Cuckoo; in fact, each bit is excellently done. "Hearts of the World" is as great as "The Birth of a Nation," with the added value of a timely and soul-touching motive for America on the verge of our great adventure.

H. S. N.



EASANT COMEDY
TANT WASHBURN'S
THÉ PROGRAM



"LA TOSCA" (PARAMOUNT) GIVES PAULINE FREDERICK AN OPPORTUNITY TO DISPLAY HER SUPERB DRAMATIC POWER

Silversheet

Reviewed by Hazel Simpson Naylor

"OVER THE TOP" (VITAGRAPH)

'Tis said that a critic's duty is to be a sampler for public taste. Bearing this in mind, I can say that "Over the Top" is going to be popular with the public at this particular time. Sergeant Arthur Guy Empey, who wrote the book and is lecturing all over the country, takes the part of the hero and places before us in a realistic and kaleidoscopic manner practically every phase of the war, its effects over here and over there. Like a hundred prismatic rays, the different incidents are flashed across the screen. There are the sinking of the Lusitania, the charity bazaars, the indictment of the slacker, a German Secret Service agent at work at our vitals, ground glass in bandages, the boys in the trenches with the rats and the cooties; there are the coward deserter, the American girl endangered by Germans, and the Frenchwoman who has given all to gain information for her beloved France—all interesting in themselves, but unfortunately lacking a cohesive story to mould them into one perfect whole. They are all flashes, interesting in themselves, but lacking the golden foundation of a perfect continuity to hold them together. Empey himself is a powerful success as an actor, being natural, convincing and straightforward. Jimmie Morrison is fine as the coward, while Lois Meredith and Betty Blythe make up the "pretty portion." Nellie Anderson does a memorable bit as Sonia, the old-maid servant. H. S. N.

"SOCIAL HYPOCRITES" (METRO)

The most important item about this picture is that it heralds the return of May Allison to the screen as an individual star, after an absence of several months. Herein sunny May once more sheds the sunshine of her appealing personality across the silversheet, and from her first entrance upon the scene gains one's entire sympathy. She plays a rather superficial part with a depth of understanding that deserves greater opportunities. The story is that of the daughter of an English nobleman who dies an outcast, having been wrongfully accused of cheating at cards. At his death his sister grudgingly gives his daughter, Leonore, a home. There Leonore develops a friendship with the Duchess of St. Keverne and Lord Royle Fitzmaurice (secretly married), also a taste for extravagant clothes which, coupled with the jealousy of Lord Fitzmaurice's wife, nearly leads to disaster. But the wife's put-up-cheating-at-cards denunciation is successfully exposed, and Leonore's troubles end in Dr. Sam's (Henry Kolker's) arms. Marie Wainwright made a decided hit as the Duchess of St. Keverne, who, under the guise of indigestion and bad temper, conceals an aching heart. The scenes between May Allison and Marie Wainwright are charming. The action takes place amidst a wealth of beautiful sets artistically photographed, which, coupled with May Allison's beauty, form a pleasing picture. H. S. N.

"THE LIE" (ARTCRAFT)

Elsie Ferguson's acting is the feat of a virtuoso ringing true in every tone. This has been evidenced in each of her successive

(*Continued on page* 91)



HENRY WALTHALL ENACTS "HUMDRUM BROWN" (PARALTA) IN A SPIRIT WORTHY OF DAVID WARFIELD



"SOCIAL HYPOCRITES" (METRO) HERALDS THE RETURN TO THE SCREEN OF MAY ALLISON AS AN INDIVIDUAL STAR



ELSIE FERGUSON'S ACTING IN "THE LIE" (ARTCRAFT) IS THE FEAT OF A VIRTUOSO RINGING TRUE IN EVERY TONE

Entertaining Our Soldiers in Training

How Moving Pictures Are Helping to Make the Boys Happy in Uncle Sam's Training-Camps

By STANLEY W. TODD



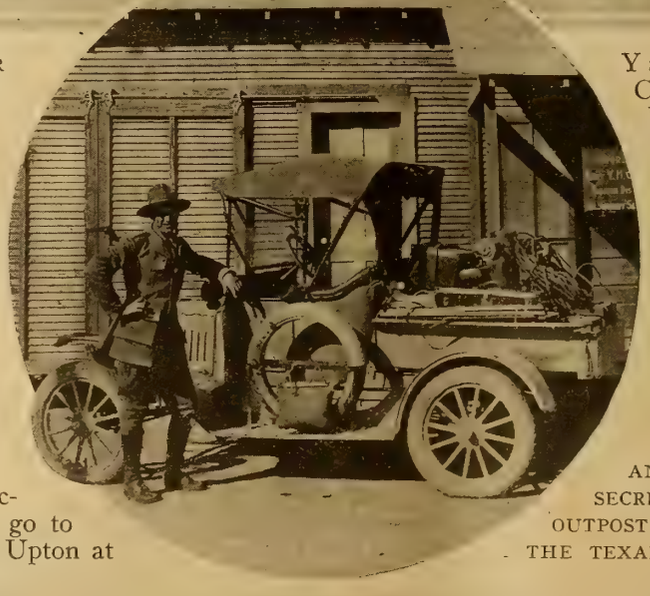
Y. M. C. A. MOVIES AT FORT ADAMS, NEAR NEWPORT, R. I., WHICH WERE ATTENDED BY ABOUT 4,000 SOLDIERS. THIS IS THE AVERAGE NIGHTLY ATTENDANCE

JUST say "Going to the movies tonight?" to a soldier in any of Uncle Sam's ninety-odd training-camps, and his face will brighten up and change into a happy grin.

"Sure!" he will invariably answer. "I wouldn't miss 'em!"

And go he certainly will. For what would the 1,500,000 men the nation now has in training do without Moving Pictures to help entertain them in the evenings?

To appreciate thoroly what Moving Pictures mean in the making of our soldiers, go to any National Army cantonment like Camp Upton at Yaphank, L. I.; Camp Dix at Wrightstown, N. J.; Camp Meade at Admiral, Md., or any of the other thirteen. Nor should we overlook the National Guard concentration camps, of which there are sixteen,



AN ARMY Y. M. C. A. SECRETARY AND HIS OUTPOST OUTFIT ALONG THE TEXAN BORDER



Y. M. C. A. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING, CAMP DODGE, DES MOINES, IOWA



Y. M. C. A. MOVING PICTURE EQUIPMENT IN MESOPOTAMIA

as well as the aviation fields, the naval training stations, embarkation camps and other strictly military centers.

It is at the Y. M. C. A.'s that the "pictures" are shown, sometimes as often as four times a week. You've got to leave a little something for other forms of entertainment! Each of these camps has a khaki-clad population of 40,000 men —which is quite an audience,



CAMP DIX



MOVING PICTURE SHOW AND PHONOGRAPH CONCERT AT ROMA, TEXAS, A BORDER OUTPOST

inasmuch as they all want to be entertained at night. That friend of yours in camp has not lost his "movie habit," even tho he has been drilling for six months and is ready to go "over there." In that respect, a soldier doesn't differ from the rest of humanity.

When Uncle Sam entered the war, a little over a year ago, and started to build up a huge military machine, he realized that "All drill and no play makes Johnny a poor soldier," to vary a well-known quotation. So a Commission on Training Camp Activities was appointed chiefly to see that, as far as possible, good, wholesome recreations were available for every man in camp.

It was such a large task that the commission turned part of it over to organizations in a position to provide club and entertainment facilities. The first of these, of course, was the Y. M. C. A., whose men were on the ground even before the first quota of drafted men reached the National Army cantonments — and Moving Pictures went with them. In the construction of the camps, the War Department had provided for numerous Y. M. C. A. "huts," so that the soldiers could have some place to go at night and have a good time. Subsequently, the Knights of Columbus established their buildings and began a similar work. Some of the camps, like those near San Antonio, Tex., have as many as eighteen Y. M. C. A. buildings. Each of them comprises several club-rooms, and, what is more to the point, a meeting hall, equipped with a Moving Picture screen

and a projection machine. The cantonments are immense military cities, covering from sixteen to twenty-five square miles, and the Y. M. C. A. buildings are widely scattered so that men from almost every company can easily reach them. Then, each camp has a big Y. M. C. A. auditorium, holding at least 3,000 wooden-bench seats. While these were originally intended for professional entertainments, the Moving Picture screen and the operator's booth are important features of the equipment. Moving Pictures fill in on nights when no other event has been scheduled. Usually, feature pictures are shown, and the men have to pay admission.



AN OPEN-AIR BOXING MATCH, CAMP FUNSTON

A significant announcement was recently made by the Commission on Training Camp Activities, when it stated that the Liberty Theaters, built solely for theatrical "shows," would thereafter be used for "the movies" on nights when no "show" was to be given. For admission, "smilage tickets," which any one may buy out of camp and send to their soldier friends, are used, as well as to the other "pay as you enter" events. Recently, some of the boys at Camp Dix complained about the poor "show" presented at the Liberty Theater there. It went to prove that, altho it might not be considered a reflection on theatricals, because of the many difficulties encountered in putting a Broadway play on at standardized camp theaters, obviously Moving Pictures are by far the best way to entertain Uncle Sam's armies during their leisure time, because of the comparative simplicity of handling them, to say nothing of the tremendous popularity of the pictures with the men in khaki.

In the Y. M. C. A. "huts," however, and in the K. of C. buildings, the Moving Picture shows are free, and the boys appreciate them so thoroly that every night brings a packed house—packed beyond anything the people back in town have ever witnessed. At one camp recently the crowd in the hut was so tremendous that, when more soldiers attempted to squeeze in, the back gave way! In the warmer months, particularly in the camps not provided with wooden barracks, as is the case with many of the National Guard camps—tents being used—open-air shows are greatly to the liking of the soldiers. It is an inspiring sight to see thousands of eager soldiers squatting on the ground and enjoying the antics of Charlie Chaplin or Doug Fairbanks. During the summer, when the air-dromes are frequented in the city, the soldiers also go outside to enjoy the pictures. It is not a difficult matter to rig up a screen and project pictures by means of a portable machine using storage batteries.

To provide picture shows in the camps is no small task, for, remember, some of the camps are gigantic in size—you realize that when you walk from one corner to another. Uncle Sam does not provide trolley service. The Y. M. C. A. officials in charge of this work calculate that in all the camps at least 8,000,000 feet of Moving Picture film are shown every week. A Motion Picture show in a National Army cantonment, like Camp Upton, Camp Dix, Camp Sherman or Camp Lee, varies according to circumstances. It usually begins about seven o'clock and may last for an hour and a half—time enough for a feature picture. The boys must be back in their barracks by 11 P.M. sharp, and that gives them time enough to enjoy a show and walk back "home."



CROWD AT MOTION PICTURE SHOW GIVEN OUTDOORS AT CAMP FUNSTON, TEXAS

Each camp of this kind has a circuit, and the films travel from one "hut" to another, according to schedule. In the large camps a film may thus remain for two weeks, till most of the soldiers there have seen it. The work of supplying the camps with suitable film is a task handled for the Y.M.C.A. by the Community Motion Picture Bureau, which rents the reels from the regular exchanges and gets the best material available.

(*Continued on page* 111)

A Double Exposure

(A Comedy of Error, With a Star in Terror)

By FRITZI REMONT and MARTHA GROVES McKELVIE

THE PERPETRATORS

Charlie Chaplin.....The Pursued Romeo
Sid Chaplin.....The Proud Nurse
Fritzi Remont }
Martha McKelvie } .....The Pursuing Juliets
Mutt.....The Tail Bearer
Camera-men, Property Men, Janitor and Producer



"LET'S GET HIS EAR!"

SCENE 1

(*Time*—5 *a. m. Romeo's barroom. Romeo Chaplin asleep on a Louis XV settee. Mutt, the Tail Bearer, on guard. A knock is heard. Voices speak without.*)

Nurse Sid—Avaunt! Who seeks to knock our Romeo? Be ye milkmaids or ice-men that ye arrive at cock's crow?



ROMEO CHAPLIN USING SIGN LANGUAGE

Fritzi—Cowed I may be, yet no milkmaid am I. My friend——

Martha—Nay, *he's* the ice-man. Prithee, doff thy chill demeanor. We seek fair Romeo. Get me, kid?

Nurse Sid—M'lord sleeps. In faith the lizard loves his lounge.

Fritzi (*aside*)—Martha, he hath an evil eye! Canst work a spell?

Martha (*aside*)—Sweet kid, trust thou to me. (*Turning to Nurse Sid*)—Ah, me, thy face is beauteous with the dawning sun. I would impart to Romeo my love of thee.

Nurse Sid—'Tis hard to say thee nay; but I have orders——

Martha—My heart is sad that Romeo appreciates thee *not!* I would but wake him to impart thy worth.

Nurse Sid—Thy reason's keen. I *love* thy bright perception. Perhaps——

Fritzi—Ah, there's thy milkman knocking at the portals! Offend him not—we will await thee here.

Nurse Sid—I'll speed; but move ye not from hence.

(*As Nurse Sid exits, the Juliets gum-shoe thru the perfumed barroom of fair Romeo and approach the beer.*)

Martha (*frothily*)—Sweet kid, observe the beauties of yon couch. Its shades of blue and gold do well bring out the charm of that chap Romeo. List to the music of his slumbers. Mine ear is charmed.

Fritzi (*terror-stricken*)—Thou hast awakened the Tail Bearer! We'll have a bone to pick with him!

Martha—In sooth, he is attached to Romeo by yonder leash. His master's close embrace doth still his bark. I've got his number.

Fritzi—Ah, cub, let's wake the sleeping beauty. Perchance he has some message for the populace.

Martha—Now thou art talking! To get his ear—that is our purpose. Come, sweet, a straw from yonder broom for thee, and I'll go rob the duster. That's the stunt.

Romeo Chaplin (*awakening*)—Who dares disturb my slumber? Mutt, who hath thy tongue beguiled? Ye villains at the portal! Do ye nap?

(*He rushes madly forth and bars the entrance.*)

Martha — Ah, 'tis a bad sign! Hully gee!

Fritzi—This silent drama causes me to weep.

Martha—We'll weep in unison and melt his anger with our tears. Boo-hoo!



MARTHA—WOULDST MAKE HIM TWO-FACED?

Fritzi—But not for long—I have no kerchief!

Romeo Chaplin (*relenting*)—Take thou my scrap of linen; but not one word about it to my nurse!

Martha—A message to the populace we seek. Thy beauty secrets, grace, and wardrobe of extent they would know of. Hand it to me, kid!

Fritzi—Forsooth, thy mustache—is it transient?

Romeo Chaplin—These secrets I needs must keep. My tailor's name, my hatter's—aye, even my barber's—are the jewels in my casket of fame. To steal these for your populace would be, indeed, to rob me of my purse. I can but grieve that I must leave you; but my mirror calls and privacy surrounds my morning toilet.

(*A tiny tip of the hat—south and north gesture with the hands—backward flirt with his merry heels, and Romeo Chaplin exits.*)

Martha—Prithee, sweet companion, pluck up thy courage. To respect his privacy would be to admit defeat. To follow or not to follow?—that is the question. Whether it is better to exit and, by so doing, end it, and whether to follow and crown our efforts with success. Gee whiz! What say'st thou?

Fritzi—Lead on! I'll follow—e'en to his dressing-room.

(*Exit both.*)

SCENE 2

(*Romeo's dressing-room. Romeo seated. Enter Juliets.*)

Fritzi—Sweet coz, let's take an inventory. I had not thought to see so plain a table graced by a mirror of the purest gold.

Martha—Nor had I thought to ever witness our Romeo with powder-puff in hand. He slings the puff with all the grace he used in former days in slinging pies. *Some* boy!

Fritzi—It's evident he buys his mustache by the yard. That slender queue upon his dressing-table hath furnished much adornment for his upper lip.

Martha—'Tis easy to adorn from notion counters. My word! I have a notion trying it meself.

Romeo Chaplin (*interrupting*)—The humor of my toilet seems to touch ye. I do assure ye 'tis a loathsome feat. I'm not stuck on't. Each man doth find some pet aversion in his make-up box. None can exceed the smell of sticky glue within the nostrils—the clipping close of mustache with yon scissor. Alack, I fear me people fail to recognize the beauty of the features I present.

Fritzi—But, lo, our magazines doth all applaud thee. Thy name heads lists of popularity.

Romeo Chaplin—Say not so! I have not yet forgot how ye did leave my name from off the lists of Charm and Beauty in your contests. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." Canst gaze on me and forswear my charm? Canst deny the joy I've meted out? Speak, Martha! Dost recognize my beauty?

Martha—Sure thing! I'll write an epic on't. Igetcha! A Browning sonnet will have nothing on't!

Fritzi (*jealously*)—Turn hither! Be not one-sided!

Martha—Wouldst make him two-faced? Shall his attention be thus divided? Cut it out!

Fritzi—Nay, but he must speak to *both* of us at once.

(*Quiet reigns the while fair Romeo proceeds with paint and powder.*)



FRITZI—TURN HITHER! BE NOT ONE-SIDED!

Martha (*shivering*)—'Tis silent as the tomb of Capulets. Oh, Romeo, what meant the town crier when he wakened me from slumber yester week calling, "Uxtry! Uxtry!"?

Romeo Chaplin—We sought an understudy for the worthy Mutt. He quite outgrew the part we had him cast for. A fence they had erected on the lot, leaving a goodly hole for me to crawl thru. The still-blind pup I dragged in after me, the

while the camera ground upon our entrance. Three months had passed before they shot the scene, which showed our exit on the other side, and when I found that Mutt had gained three feet in length, I swear, sweet ladies, I quite almost died.

Fritzi—So that means retakes and another pup? Dost love animals, Romeo? I note Mutt loves thee dearly. Yet I'm not astounded at his sudden growth. That bone——

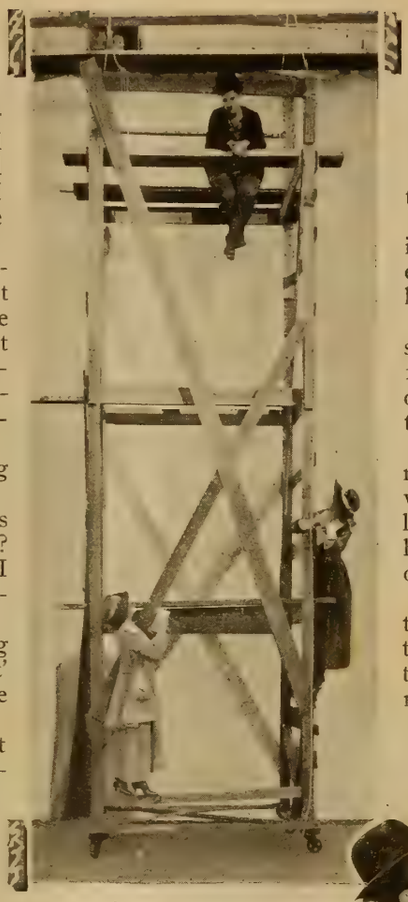
(*Enter Nurse Sid; interrupts.*)

"—— is bleached. I bring a link of sossidge.

Romeo Chaplin — What's this that pains m' nostrils? Shades of Hamlet! How I hate a smell! What hath deceased?

Martha — That missing link, I trow, aint goin' t' hurtcha! Perchance it is the gum that Fritzi chews!

Romeo Chaplin — M' pet abhorrence is cheap sweetmeats. M' sensitiveness to odors is most keen. In Lunnon, my dear gran'ther gave us pence to buy the English lollipops. M' own I saved and bought the sweets of better value. A wad of gum I simply cant abide. Excuse me, dears; I'll seek fresh air outside.



MARTHA—WE'LL GET YOU YET, YOU UP-STAGE ACTOR, DURN IT!

(*Exit Romeo.*)

Martha (*to Nurse Sid*)—Fair Romeo's elusiveness is most distressing.

Fritzi—His chief amusement is to keep us guessing.

Nurse Sid — I'd follow! Since ye've gone this far, pray falter not. Go hitch your wagon t' a star!

Fritzi—Nay, the wag is on the dog.

Martha—Forsooth, we'll go. He'll have *some* time shaking us! *Good night,* Nurse!

SCENE 3

(*The Outdoor Stage.*)

Fritzi — The beauties of this place do quite enthrall me. The vastness of those steppes——

Martha—Doth get your goat! I, too, am much impressed. This studio's perfections can find no equal on the Western coast. Both art and service he hath well considered. *I'm* strong for him!

Fritzi—We'll surely find him here. This sweet, seductive odor from the citrus orchards will attract him.

Martha — He may have come without to gather lemons. Hope he dont hand us one.

Fritzi — Altho I've always thought him on the level, that rising genius now has gone up-stage, hoping our verbosity to elude.



MARTHA—MY, WHAT AN EARFUL!

Martha — How dost thou know, sweet and wise guyess?

Fritzi — I heard a sneeze that seemed to come from heaven. We'll hurry up. My dear, it's almost seven.

Voice from above — Is there no mercy sitting in the clouds that sees into the bottom of my grief?

(*Romeo Chaplin discovered on top of scaffold.*)

Martha—Art thou an angel that thou now dost seek the wings? What are you up in the air about, anyway?

Romeo Chaplin — I much prefer a chance at life upon the scaffold to public death in some great magazine.

Fritzi — We offer but the cup of public favor. Wouldst thou spurn it?

Martha—We'll get you yet,

(*Continued on page* 110)



ROMEO CHAPLIN—SIC 'EM, MUTT!

Our Animated Monthly of Movie News and Views

Duetted by FRITZI REMONT and SALLY ROBERTS

THAT which most generally affects filmdom unpleasantly is carrying of currency instead of silver and gold. The banks are under orders to give out the long green wherever possible, as so much gold and silver have been withdrawn and hoarded in deposit-boxes or dug-outs. This might seem trivial to the Eastern fan, but in the West it is almost a tragedy. We've walked about with jingling pockets, inviting daring hold-ups and harboring ill feelings toward the police department because gunmen never seem to be rounded up, and now it's just a case of carrying crisp currency. One feels so poor when carrying a lightweight pocketbook, for those silver dollars surely did feel like real money. Besides, we never have had any use for pennies before, but now that bread is twelve cents, crackers seven and taxes are imposed on cabaret and movie entrance fees, this lil' ole country is flooded with new Lincoln pennies. What a CHANGE we see nowadays!

Gladys Brockwell has been divorced, after all. She stated as one item of mental cruelty (the latter being ground enough for a California divorce) that her husband never would take her anywhere, but preferred to sit indoors night after night, cutting her off from all friendships. By the way, her mother is but thirteen years older than Gladys, and looks not that many years older than her young daughter. Miss Brockwell's mother was married at twelve, and Gladys was born a year later. Nobody will believe that the parent-child relation exists between them. They have the same likes and dislikes and are real pals.



YOU'RE A MODEST PERSON, OF COURSE, BUT WHEN YOU SIT FOR A PHOTOGRAPH YOU CAN HARDLY WAIT TO SEE THE PROOFS, CAN YOU? IT'S JUST THE SAME WITH MADGE KENNEDY. WHEN SHE APPEARS IN A NEW MOTION PICTURE FOR GOLDWYN, IN THIS INSTANCE "THE DANGER GAME," THE PROOFS COME IN THE FORM OF "TEST" FILM, OFTEN FIVE MINUTES AFTER THE CAMERA CEASES CLICKING. THE STAR'S CAMERA-MAN, WILLIAM FILDOW, IS SHOWING HER A TEST OF A CLOSE-UP, WHILE HER DIRECTOR, HARRY POLLARD, LOOKS ON

Pauline Starke is another girl who really owes her movie career to her mother. Mrs. Starke was forced to support her child, and thru a friend's influence was appointed wardrobe mistress at the old Majestic-Reliance. That temperamental little daughter of hers called at the studio for mother very often, was noticed by different directors, and soon received extra work while still attending school. She understudied Bessie Love and has worked very hard, taking up any duty assigned her. Her rise has not been meteoric at all; it is the outcome of real work. At seventeen she is being starred by the Triangle Corporation, and her mother is now employed as wardrobe mistress at Culver City. They're not worrying about the wolf at the Starke home nowadays.

Ethel Clayton is in California and will remain there for some time. She is trying to recuperate after the shock of Mr. Kaufman's death and will not return East until about June first, to make pictures for Paramount.



WILLIAM FARNUM, THE WILLIAM FOX STAR, KNITTING IN ORDER TO QUIET HIS NERVES PRIOR TO THE BIG FIGHT SCENE IN "ROUGH AND READY," A FOX PRODUCTION. THIS FIGHT IS DECLARED TO BE ONE OF THE MOST SENSATIONAL EVER SCREENED

Constance Talmadge has invested her savings in a Hupmobile and is as vivacious a driver as she is an actress. Her mother fairly hangs onto the dainty upholstery of the car as Constance sends the Hup skimming around curves in Hollywood. Some one said that if Connie keeps up her wild driving, she'll remove the bile from Hupmobile—and everything else!

Baby Marie Osborne has as many honors thrust upon her as any full-grown star. She boasts of two directors, two camera-men, a maid, an automobile and a wardrobe which would make a princess sit up and take inventory. While out driving recently, Marie's hat would persist in hopping off, tho it was of the variety which sits far down on the head. Finally the infant starlet remarked petulantly, "I wish you people would sew an *elaskut* on my hat so I could use my hands for something else'n holding my bonnet!"

Kathleen Clifford has written her own five-reeler and engaged Kenneth Harlan as leading-man.



NOVEL IDEA FOR USHERS! THE USHERS AT LOS ANGELES MILLION-DOLLAR THEATER ARE ALL GIRLS DREST AS CADETS



MARGERY WILSON AND FRENCH QUARTERMASTER-SERGEANT G. R. WOLF (POSING ON LOCATION)

David Griffith and the Gish girls plus mother left Los Angeles on April first to be present at the première of "Hearts of the World" in New York. I'm told some additional scenes were shot since its California presentation, and that changes will be made in the film. The day I viewed it, children were in hysterics all about me. Little boys, who hate tears and despise showing their hearts, wept aloud and sniffed during the entire six-minute intermission, with lights ablaze, so that they could be seen by the multitude. Wild hisses greeted close-ups of the Kaiser, too. By the way, lots of the foreign scenes have been interpolated from Captain Kleinschmidt's film of the war, which was to be officially used as first conceived, but had to be abandoned. Everybody out here is saying that Lillian Gish is the fac-simile of Sarah Bernhardt—the resemblance is certainly striking at times. And where does Dorothy Gish get that funny little Charles Chaplin kick? The travelers will be away from Los Angeles only one month, as the new Griffith production is to be under way early in May.

Sophye Barnard, who is known as the "Cheer-Up Girl of the New York Hippodrome," and who has been entertaining us on the Orpheum circuit, is to do a picture for the Balboa program. She is the wife of Lou Anger, manager of Arbuckle Comedies. Miss Barnard loves equestrienne sports, but had her *fill* the other day, when she and the horse sank suddenly into a water-hole. She fell off the horse and was rescued by some soldiers who had witnessed the accident. Miss Barnard is not accustomed to these little oases and thought it was but a shallow puddle, and her astonishment at finding twenty feet depth was ludicrous, even tho it might have turned out disastrously for lively Sophye.

Paralta studios are making money "hand over fist," and Robert Brunton has again bought a car. That man ought to run a garage. Mrs. Brunton is the joy of all our smart shops, for she is one of those who need not consider price when selecting a garment, and anything that appeals to her taste is promptly shipped to the Brunton home.

Jackie Saunders is mighty proud of her young brother, Edward. He passed a physical examination with a total of 100 per cent. and is planning to study aeroplaning in the photographic service of the air division. He's an experienced camera-man, anyway. Mr. Saunders has been juvenile lead at Balboa for three years, having come out from Philadelphia. His last work was for Gloria Joy features.

Lew Cody looks so funny without his lip-fuzz. Edith Storey made him take it off. Much coaxing, tonics and brushing had brought the little thing to a state in which it might be christened a mustache without causing its owner to pay dues in the Ananias Club. Lew says he doesn't think he will ever have patience enough to raise another crop.

George Periolat has been down for spring shopping. Dear knows why, for he confided to me that he owned thirty-five silk and silk-crêpe "shoits." He and George Fisher are very close friends—used to live together in Santa Barbara until Mr. Fisher left the A. The Georges told a couple of war stories at a dinner given by Edgar Regan, of the Griffith forces. This is George Fisher's output:

A darkey had been called by the draft board and hobbled painfully to the draft offices. His feet, full of bunions and subject to fallen arches, bulged out of clumsy shoes. Sambo waxed profane as he stumbled up the steps, calling his feet about everything evil under the sun. The examiner put Sam thru the usual test.

"Sorry, but we cant take you, altho you're physically perfect in every respect but one—you've got flat feet."

"Oh, boss, and here I'se been cussin' dem tootsies all de way ober here, and now dey's gona save mah life! Come, sweet puppies; le's go home!"

George Periolat says his tale is *stronger.* A countryman from 'way back arrived at the enlistment bureau and asked for examination. After the examination was all over, the officer in charge said, "You cant qualify for enlistment because you have flat feet."

"What's that got to do with it, sir?"

"Why, you couldn't stand the marches we have to make. We cant take a man who's liable to give out after a mile or so and have to be carried in an ambulance!"

The rube scratched his head ruefully. "Now aint that a gosh-dinged shame? Here I walked a hundred mile right acrost the mounting an' all, fer to enlist, and you wont have me, an' I've gotta walk them pesky hundred mile back agin!"

Dr. Bruce Gordon Kingsley, nephew of Charles Kingsley, great novelist, plays at the Kinema Theater, Los Angeles. A funny incident happened this week while the news weekly preceding "The Whispering Chorus" was run off. An assistant organist was down in the pit, following the pictures, under Dr. Kingsley's supervision, and when the inexperienced one saw the Hearst-Pathé pictures of French soldiers marching he became mixed and started the "Wacht am Rhein." The genial doctor waved his hands frantically and whispered hoarsely: "For goodness' sake, stop that noise and play the 'Marsellaise,' or the management will be coming down here and killing us in this trench!"

Subtitle in the latest Norma Talmadge film interested me intensely, for it ran, "And so those two sailed out on an *uncharted* sea." Wonder where that was?

There was a time when Motion Picture actors and actresses were not entirely welcome in social gatherings, but they are having their innings now, for not a fête of any kind is considered complete without a star. Society folk have taken up the picture people, and Red Cross entertainments depend on the presence of some popular actor. Lately even the department stores are considering the advisability of having aid from the Motion Picture field. Many run advertisements of players posing in their costumes, and now Hamburger's huge store is the gathering-place every other Wednesday at noon of the Motion Picture Theater Owners' Association. An elaborate luncheon is served and many players contribute the entertainment. The last one was very lively, for among those present were Dorothy Phillips, Carmel Myers, Monroe Salisbury, Ruth Clifford, Harry Carey, Mae Murray, Robert Leonard, Franklyn Farnum, Lon Chaney, Juanita Hansen, Jack Mulhall, William Stowell, Marie Walcamp, Priscilla Dean and Mary MacLaren. The exhibitors are amused by the stars, who prepare special stunts or speeches, well-known directors are always present to make suggestions to exhibitors, and the latter will freely express their views on the drawing power

of every new picture released. This coöperation, it is hoped, will result in better service and improved productions. Of course, the presence of the filmites causes a big rush to the Hamburger café every other Wednesday.

The Symphony Theater made a feature of presenting Harold Lockwood and Pauline Curley several nights after the first performance of the evening, showing the stars in off-stage appearance as well as on the screen in "Broadway Bill." Mr. Lockwood has fortunately lost flesh and looks more like his old college-life self. He attributes his fine physical condition to the hard training in the Maine woods, where he not only worked hard for the picture, but chopped wood, cooked mess, washed dishes and shoveled snow-paths until he almost dropped asleep in his tracks by 8 P. M. Life in California, with its constant automobile-riding, is opposed to the preservation of svelte figures, alas!

Sylvia Breamer has been working from nine to six-thirty daily in Commodore Blackton's new feature, "Missing," in which she plays the young wife of the missing soldier. Miss Breamer is mourning the loss of her dearest chum, Enid Bennett, for, she says, "When a girl's married, she is lost to her pal!" The two girls had a beautiful bachelor apartment at the Engstrum, and since Miss Bennett's marriage Sylvia feels like a lost baby. Their friendship began back in Australia, where both played in a stock company.

Goldwyn has closed a deal for three pictures from Selexart Pictures, Inc. "Blue Blood" will star Howard Hickman, "Social Ambition" will raise Rhea Mitchell and Howard Hickman to unusual stellar heights, and "Honor's Cross" ought to put a crown of glory on Rhea Mitchell alone. Elliott Howe directs the first-named picture, and Wallace Worsley megaphones the other two.

An April fool's night "drahma" was staged at the Kinema for the Red Cross. The array of ushers alone was a drawing-card, for Earle Williams, Norman Kerry, Charlie Ray, Elliott Dexter, Wally Reid, Warren Kerrigan (now fully recovered from his lameness), Thomas Meighan and handsome Harold Lockwood appeared in "boiled shoits" to do the honors. Among the actors on the stage were Earle Williams, MacDowell and Gale, cartoonists, Charlie Van Loan, Charlie Murray, and five feminine stars whose names were held back as a surprise, which made the hit of the evening.



THIS IS THE TREE THAT BOBBY VERNON PLANTED. AND THIS IS THE ROCK THAT BILLY MASON THOUGHT WAS COMING TO BOBBY FOR PLANTING THE TREE WHERE IT IS IN EVERYBODY'S WAY. AND THIS IS THE GIRL, ELEANOR FIELD, WHO HOPES BILLY'S AIM WILL GO WRONG, AS SHE IS BOBBY'S TEAMMATE IN CHRISTIE COMEDIES AND IS NOT READY FOR A VACATION YET.

Sessue Hayakawa was a first-nighter at the Million Dollar Theater when his "The Honor of His House" was presented. Tsuru Aoki accompanied him and our Japanese colony turned out in full force, and Los Angeles has a little city of 7,500 Japanese within its gates, so we can look quite Oriental on occasion. Mr. Hayakawa has taken a five-acre plot in Hollywood for his new studio, plans are now being considered, and his new pictures will be released under Haworth Pictures Corporation. The architecture will be one of the prettiest things in Los Angeles, the chief offices, dressing-rooms, etc.; being in Japanese pagoda style, and Japanese gardens, a tea-house and other features will tend to attract visitors from the East, as well as our local "nosies." His first story bears the working title of "Butterfly's Son."

I bumped into Thelma Salter at Venice a few Sundays ago, as we both made for the Esplanade theatre showing "Stella Maris." Thelma is losing her baby ways and is becoming rather shy. When asked if she intended living at the beach for a time, she replied that mother had just brought her down for the day and that they would go home after the show. She produced a diminutive "hankie" and wept copiously when Mary Pickford, her ideal screen actress, was whipped as the slavey in her famous dual-rôle play.

A five-carat romance has just come to light right on Broadway, New York. Dame Rumor does not deny that author-actor-soldier Guy Empey has proffered a $3,000 engagement-ring to dainty Marion Sunshine of the "Going Up" company. Maid Marion is one of the daintiest dancing ingénues behind the footlights, and three years ago was tempted from the stage to pose for the Gaumont Company.

Mary Pickford and Doug Fairbanks have found the time, in the midst of their Liberty Loan campaign, to file their income tax returns in New York. The collector will not divulge the amount they poured into Uncle Sam's coffers, but it was intimated that both checks were written for six figures and almost touched the seventh.

Mary and Doug almost created a riot when they recently appeared in New York's financial district and sold Bonds to their fans from the steps of the Sub-Treasury Building.



FROM STAGE TO SCREEN IS A STAR'S REGULAR ORBIT THESE DAYS, BUT ENID MARKEY HAS REVERSED THE COURSE OF THE STARS BY RECENTLY DESERTING THE SCREEN TO PLAY IN CALIFORNIA STOCK

On The Appropriateness of Dress

By D'IRWIN NEMEROV of Russek, Fifth Avenue



Time was when mankind had one costume, and only one, for all occasions. Royalty wore ermine, in court or when a-hunting. And the peasantry looked the part, however rich or poor they might be. So queens looked bedraggled and milkmaids foolish when out of their environment.

Times have changed. Wisdom has come thru the trials of our forebears. Each occasion demands its dress. Appearances aside, clothes themselves enforce an obligation. One can walk but awkwardly in a tea-gown thru fields and woods, or lounge uneasily in boudoir cap and riding-togs. Every woman from her own experience can draw an even finer distinction. Every actress at least will recall the ease of slow and gentle movements with period costumes and how hard it is to act otherwise. Clothes, nothing but clothes do it! They are as inflexible as steel in their demands. With their cumulative little nudges and pushes against one's physique here and there, they enforce a gait and manner peculiar to themselves. Concur with their demands and all is grace and ease. Strive against it, halting awkwardness ensues. Premature physical tiredness and mental fatigue is the penalty of bad taste.

Therefore the woman of wisdom will see to it that she is always appropriately gowned for the time and place in which she chooses to be, and her clothes will be ever in harmony with the chords of her endeavor.

Dorothy Dalton in sport tailleur of black Roshanara treco, vestee of plaited Bartholdy linen and vest of brocade, accentuating all the grace and daring that characterize her art.

Anita King, in sport cape dress of foulard and satin, the contrasting colors of which serve to symbolize the range of her loveliness.

Ruth Clifford in organdie garden mode, whose effectiveness is made more so by the green foliage and bright flowers in whose midst it will be worn.

The Diplomatic Director

By JOSEPH FRANKLIN POLAND

DIPLOMACY, as an expression, is much overworked nowadays; but as a quality it is still exceedingly rare.

Bill is a diplomatic director. To be diplomatic, it is not necessary to be a Moving Picture director (altho, at that, it probably pays the best nowadays); but to be a director, one *must* be a diplomat. Many other things a director must be, in addition, and Bill is all of them, and there is a separate story about each. But, since it ranks foremost, this is about Bill's diplomacy.

Bill's tactfulness is the real article, because it is subtle and defies analysis. His is not the diplomacy defined as "remembering a woman's birthday but forgetting her age." Bill, in giving her the remembrance, would somehow convey the impression that, in his mind, she couldn't be half so old as her own lowest estimate.

Why, I've heard that man call down a temperamental star of the first magnitude in such a way that she actually took it as a compliment! When Bill kicks to the technical director about his "sets" not being built on time, he does it so that the technical chief goes off chuckling—and incidentally gives orders to rush work on the sets. And when, during scene rehearsals, Bill waxes sarcastic with particularly stupid extras, he makes them see the joke; and once their sense of humor is appealed to, their common sense gets to work. If you see "types" turning away from Bill with smiling faces, dont be too sure that he has engaged them: likely as not he has told them that he wont have any parts for them for a month—but he has told them so in his own kindly way, and has sent them off feeling like real human beings. Any one around the studio can tell you half-a-dozen anecdotes about Bill's wonderful gift of tact. And there are times when he has used it to mighty good advantage.

There was the case of Schroeder, for instance.

Schroeder tended the bar of a café near the studio, and got along very nicely until once Bill used him in a picture, in his real true-to-life rôle of a bartender. After seeing himself on the screen, Schroeder was bitten hard by the movie-germ, and announced his intention of renouncing the café for the studio.

Schroeder's wife objected strenuously to her liege lord's ambition to emulate Fairbanks or Chaplin—Schroeder not being built along those gentlemen's lines, athletically or artistically. Her protests went unheeded until she appealed to Bill to save her husband from his folly. This was when Schroeder had already spent several weeks holding down a bench in the yard, awaiting his call to create a new type of movie hero. Meanwhile he was earning no money.

Bill agreed to help Mrs. Schroeder. He sent for her husband.

"Well, Schroeder, want to act in pictures all the time now, eh?" queried Bill, with magnetic sympathy.

Schroeder admitted his ambition, also his talents, at some length.

Bill listened, then resumed, gravely: "Well, you're a good type. There's no doubt you'll make the best bartender in pictures——"



THE REAL "BILL," DIRECTOR "BOB" VIGNOLA

Schroeder was half-pleased, half-dubious; did Bill mean that he could play only bartender rôles?

"Absolutely!" breathed Bill. "You've found the one character you can play perfectly—it's up to you to play it. Now, whenever I need a bartender type, or one of the other directors want one, we'll call on you. Of course"—checking Schroeder's thanks—"that may be no more than two or three times a year. We're getting away from barroom stuff almost entirely——"

And then it began to dawn on Schroeder, as Bill had foreseen, that he would be giving up a regular job as a bartender to assume a similar but very irregular one in the movies—and chances were he'd make less money at the latter! All the romance of the situation quickly fled.

"Well, if I gotta be a bartender," he opined, "I guess I'll stick to the real mahogany and brass rail. Thanks. Good-day."

So he went back to mix drinks for the thirsty, to the joy of all concerned—including the thirsty—for he was a splendid mixer.

That is a good example of Bill's diplomacy in operation. But perhaps the oddest instance—from the viewpoint of situation, at least—was the episode of the grouchy millionaire.

Over in Jersey (somewhere near Montclair, as the censors will have it) was a dyspeptic millionaire who

(*Continued on page* 125)

DEAR READERS,
THE other day
I HAPPENED to notice
That EVERY MAGAZINE
And ADVERTISEMENT
And BILLBOARD
I LOOKED at
SHOWED an actress WEARING PAJAMAS
And I WANTED
To tell YOU
THAT
Altho their NIGHTIES
Might have more FRILLS
And 'CORDION PLEATING
And fancy GIGGERMARIES THAN MINE
THEY STOLE the style
FROM ME
SEE.
BABY MARIE OSBORNE.



© Evans

BABY MARIE OSBORNE



The Answer Man

This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies, or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them—this is the only movie encyclopædia in existence.

GENTLE reader, come hither, and I will conduct thee on a pleasant journey. Let us commune together with Wit, Wisdom, Mirth and Nonsense as our companions. Leave Care behind, ye who enter here, and doing thus you will not find her when you make your exit. This way, please. Step right in, for the show is about to begin.

DOROTHY L. F.—Your letter was very chatty, and I hope you have fully recovered. Thanks for all the kind remarks. It is a dangerous thing to live on flattery, for in that way we put all our happiness in the keeping of others. But I seem to thrive on it.

HOWARD 1ST.—I beg your pardon, sir, but we had a picture of Marguerite Clark on the November 1917 Magazine cover, and she was interviewed in December, 1917. Used for a by-product. Ah, now you want to know my name and I'm going to tell you. It is A. N. Swerman.

BETTY OF MELROSE.—You suggest a gallery of the Magazine fans. Why not? Say a small gallery of about twelve hundred pages. As Emerson says, you speak so loud that I cannot hear what you say. We have had pictures of Irving Cummings, and there was another in the June Classic Gallery.

MILDRED, BATON ROUGE.—You ask how Olga Petrova got in the movies. She was a well-known stage star who early showed unmistakable screen possibilities. Never investigated that, but will if you like. Egad, how you do soar up and say things. You dont care a bit for Doris Lee who played opposite Charles Ray and think he ought to have better opposites. You say you have only 48 pictures of Charles Ray and you are badly in need of new poses. Charles, you are summoned to DeGaston.

IMA KRANK.—We can hardly publish the story of "Les Miserables." Entirely too long and replete with character-building incidents. Wouldn't you rather read Victor Hugo's novel and get the whole thing? Everybody should read this greatest of all novels. Surest thing you know—an interview with Jewel Carmen will come along soon. No, you're all wrong.

MINNESOTA LAD.—You're right, my boy, but real human beings are scarce in this world. Ha, ha to your first, no to your second, and as to your third, why is it that pretty girls always seem to be the most popular? *Vide.*

MARY CURIOUS.—Why, that was Lewis J. Cody as Jim in "Painted Lips." Pauline Curley appears to be Harold Lockwood's present leading-woman. Carmel Myers in "My Unmarried Wife." You dont think it is quite right to reissue pictures of 1912. Some of them do look rather ancient, but I have seen some that are just as good now as ever.

BROWN EYED DAISY.—Yes, Richard Barthelmess in The Valentine Girl." It took some time to look it up, but the key of the Bastille was presented by Lafayette to Washington. It is a large key, antique in shape, and still hangs in the main hall of Washington's home at Mt. Vernon, as a prized relic.

BERKELEY GIRL.—No, I dont approve. Women are not out in the world in the same sense that men are—not fighting individuals in a scramble. You must have the wrong title of that play. Do you know who else played in it?

I WILL KNOTT.—No, that's not so. It is an impoverished capital that has no dependent towns; and it is a poor love that will not overflow in affection and eager, kindly curiosity and sympathy, and the search for fresh mutuality. Dont you agree? It seems to me "The Conquest" was done in pictures some time ago. Una Maxwell is in Australia, I believe. I would like to have a long talk with you some time if you can arrange it. Stop in any time.

RUTH E. B., WOBURN, MASS.—Harry Browne was Rodney in "Big Sister" (Lasky). Harry Mortimer was Tom in "Her Great Price." Elliott Dexter in "The Masquerader." Charles Clary in "The Rosary." That's pretty old stuff. Art, like some beautiful plant, lives on its atmosphere, and when the atmosphere is good it will grow everywhere, and when it is bad, nowhere. So in your case?

ENGLISH BOBBY.—Charmed indeed, old top? Why not? I want you to be a friend of mine. Fox didn't produce that picture. Mary Miles Minter was sweet sixteen last April 1st, but she cant say she has never been kist, because we know, dont we, Bobby?

GEORGE WALSH ADMIRER.—Five-reel films run about 260 scenes. We have several books for sale on photoplay writing. Francis Ford has just completed "Berlin via America." Regina Quinn was the girl in "The Pride of New York" (Fox). Monte Blue was Pepo in "Betrayed" (Fox). Marguerite Marsh in "Casey at the Bat." Haven't been to see the Dodgers yet.

C. W. C.—Dont shoot, I'll come down. You stand there and have the nerve to wish upon me the good fortune of becoming a producer some day of pictures. I am now getting $9 a week, real money, and am sure of it, hence am quite content to be the Answer Man. No, Lillian Walker is in New York now. I'd like to frame your letter.

BUNNY LITTLE.—Well no, not that bad, people dont stare at me on the streets. You know I really look like a human being. Yes, Arthur Ashley and James Morrison are always the cowards, but just you see Jimmie Morrison go to it in "Over the Top." He'll make your hair stand on end. J. Stuart Blackton is not President of this Magazine just now. He is Vice-President. The change was made necessary by reason of his absence in California.

M. E., CHATTANOOGA.—Well now, do you doubt me when I say Jack Pickford is married to Olive Thomas? You say he is such an infant. And you expect to hear of the engagement of Virginia Lee Corbin and Francis Carpenter. Tra la, la, also tura lura lu. Give them a chance, you're Russian. You take the prize for gossiping. I dont think there was any one you forgot either. *Vale!*

ERR.—To err is human, to forgive unusual. No, that was Betty Gray and not Carol Holloway in "Blood Heritage." Celluloid was invented by Hyatt in 1870. That's gone up too.

The Answer Man

LOYDE C.—Remember that there is nothing that need be said unkindly. Your letter was much ado about nothing.

E. C. A., ROCHESTER.—Get busy! There's no trouble so great that cant stand up in a busy brain. William Sherwood in "The Jury of Fate" as Donald, Claire Du Brey was Princess Dione in "The Rewards of the Faithless" and William Hinckley was Mr. Blair in "The Secret of Eve." Yes, Rita Jolivet and Mons. Maupre in "The Honor to Die." No.

HOMER D., 14.—Grace Cunard and Francis Ford in "Broken Coin." Robert Leonard and Ella Hall in "Master Key."

LIBERTY.—Darrell Foss was Sport Morgan in "The Girl Glory." Harry Ham was the brother. Ann Brody in "Princess of Park Row." Well, those who despise actors must despise themselves, for are we not all actors?

INQUISITIVE.—I'll see that you get roses for saying that. Lorraine Huling in "Fall of a Nation" as Billy's sister. Thomas Chatterton is directing. As Aunt Eliza says, with audacity, one can undertake anything, but one cannot accomplish everything. I agree with Eliza.

DOLLY LOVES YOU.—Pinna Nesbitt was Sonia in "The Black Monk" (World). Come, cheer up, dont be blue. The world is divided between people who think they might have done worse and folks who believe they're going to do better. Which class are you in?

MERRY LIPS.—Yes, I answer the questions in the Classic also. Margaret Nichols and Fred Newburg in "When Baby Forgot." You may come again. Yes, indeed, a good many of my readers are *non compos mentis.*

LA-DY.—Of course I attend church—once in a while. The Lord is gracious, and when He sends dull preachers, He mercifully sends sleep to comfort His afflicted people. Yes, I think Miriam Cooper has a particular style of beauty that attracts. I thank you one thousand times.

THALIA.—"Lone Wolf" was taken at Hudson Heights, N. Y. Oh thanks, but I'm sure I could never answer the Sphinx. I often wonder how I would taste when I am being ruminated upon as cuds of old acquaintance. Douglas and Mrs. Fairbanks are not getting a divorce.

LOIS H.—Moving Pictures are the clearing house certificates of the patents and sales companies. They were first discovered in America by a man named Edison twenty-five years ago and have been discovered by nearly every one else since, dod bless um!

O. U. KIDD.—Pauline Frederick and Frank Losee in "Sapho." The word Mizpah means to watch out; to look. In wedding rings it has the significance of "The Lord watch between me and thee." So watch out.

HELEN P.—Paul Willis chat is en route. Gish sisters are in California now. Yes, of course if you enclose a stamped, addressed envelope you will get a réply by mail.

SILVER SPURS.—Beware of the fury of a patient man. Let them come easy. You will get that interview with Niles Welch some time sooner or later. Our ideals are our better selves.

PEASE.—J. K. Murray was the General in "Fortunes of Fifi." Ella Hall and Antrim Short in "The Girl Next Door." You just bet you are always welcome. You know that's true, it's sometimes hard for a man to adjust his religion to fit his business.

ZELDA, CORSICANA.—Yes, there are all kinds of signals. Signals to be used at sea were first contrived by James II when he was Duke of York, in 1665. I agree with you about the titles. "Another Foolish Virgin" was played by Alma Ruben. Your Castle coincident was quite out of the ordinary, wasn't it?

ENGLISH BOBBY.—You ask how many of us are there? Not so many. Oh yes, we have lots of English subscribers to our Magazine. Absolutely. To be backward in taking sides for fear of committing yourself to a losing cause, may be politic to your own intelligence, but in the estimation of brainy folks it is a species of feline idiocy worse than fits. B natural, but dont B flat, even if you have to B sharp.

GLOOGOOS.—You say you would like to send Blanche Sweet a comb and brush set for a gift. I fear she would not see the point. Joe King was John Warfield in "The Answer."

ME.—Well, I was glad to hear from you, but you didn't sign your name. Advice to parents—"Cast not your girls before swans." Just you watch out.

P. C. I., PICTON.—Your letter was very newsy. France is hard-hearted. Caillaux cant get a leave of absence from prison to prosecute libel suits against the newspapers. Treason in Paris is a serious matter.

BABETTE.—Your letter was interesting. We are always glad to hear what you like and what you dont like. That's how we are able to give you readers what you want.

ALICE B.—You too think Olga Petrova uses too much make-up. Your number is 23,987. So, your friend is a baldhead. He combs not, neither does he brush. I shall recommend the hair tonic I have been using for 60 years. You should get up in time to exercise every morning. I do.

THEDA BARA FAN.—The five commandments of the Bolsheviki are as follows:—1. All men and women should work. 2. They should be organized into unions. 3. Each union should have its central governing council. 4. These councils should constitute all the governments there are in the world. 5. All businesses to be owned by the men and women at work in them. Alan Forrest was Grayson and Mary Miles Minter was Phyllis in "A Bit of Jade." You say A. M. after my name means both Master of Arts and Answer Man.

JOHN BARROW.—You say "adverting to that hump upon the nose of Anita Stewart—give me the name and address of the guy that referred to that hump in so flippant a manner. I will set Bill Hart on his trail. If that hump is a hump it is the darlingest hump that ever graced the face of an actress. You betcha that hump is all right. I concur in your version and sentiments! Thanks, old man."

U., 53.—Thanks for the clippings. Any film company will send you some film if you ask for it. Send a dollar and try. Most colored pictures are done by hand.

PATTY G.—Well, you had quite an experience. I think you should go home. Your mother and father know what is best for you. No one is satisfied with his own fortune, or dissatisfied with his own wit. The man who says I was not the first and only genuine and original Answer Man can go to—where the woodbine twineth.

PANTHEITE.—Oh yes, I know Pansy quite well, and she writes as sweet by any other name. Yes, let me hear from you, now that you are a club member.

MAREETTA.—You want a short biography of Sessue Hayakawa's life. Watch the "Who's Who" department. Ho ha, he he, and likewise ho ho. 'Tis better to have loved and lost than to marry and be bossed. How about it?

MRS. G. L. H.—Your letter was one that I am proud to show the Editor. Louise Vale was Andrea in "The Witch Woman." Guy Oliver was with Artcraft last. Myrtle Gonzalez was the girl in "It Happened in Honolulu."

FRANK L., NEW YORK.—So Wallace Reid is your favorite. Ah, he is a fool who cannot be angry, but he is a wise man who will not. Why dont you buy out a controlling interest in your temper?

G. M. CREIGHTON.—Why, of course I like you. How could any one help liking such a charming chap? If a man is a hustler he gets busy and secures a key to the door of success. Why dont you get busy?

BESSIE K.—Kathlyn Williams was Jane, Raymond Hatton was John and Elliott Dexter was George in "Whispering Chorus" (Artcraft). You know you didn't leave much space between the lines, and that is what I certainly like. But you should believe in competition. It is a necessary condition of progressive life.

VASHTI.—Your first letter? Well, we are glad to know you. Sorry, but I cant tell you what your handwriting indicates, unless it be good breeding. Carlyle Blackwell was Robert and June Elvidge was Alice in "The Way Out" (World).

The Answer Man

BOBUNK.—Alma Hanlon was Diana in "The Whip." Write to her again. Everybody should have some kind of a temper. A disturbed temper is apt to falsify the scales of justice. Even Jesus had a temper and He was the most perfect of men. James Levering opposite Marguerite Courtot in "Feather Top." Irving Cummings in "The Whip." Dorothy Dalton was Evelyn and Robert McKim was John in "Unfaithful."

WALLY BUG; G. M. G.; PRETTY; PEARL WHITE ADMIRER; KADS; ESTELLE B.; E. A. P.; MISS E. M.; F. M. H.; PATTY; MONEY; MISS LOVE; VERA K.; WALDO L. H.; HARRY K.; FRANCES D.; CATHERINE M.; DOROTHY U., and A. L. R.—Better luck next time.

GIRLS.—Private Samuel Flesher, No. 2098824, Can. Special Hospital, Witley Camp, Surrey, England, is an American soldier who has been wounded in a German air raid on London and would like to hear from some of our American girls.

MARIE D.—Why, no; William Russell doesn't look like an Indian, but he has all the good qualities of one and none of the bad ones. Martin Kenney was the butler in "Blue Blood and Red." Doris Pawn was the girl. Charlie Chaplin's "A Dog's Life" is released thru the National Exhibitors' Exchange, and it's a winner.

ANNABELLE M.—Young ladies should set a good example, because young men are sure to follow. Frank Campeau was Bill Madden in "The Man from Painted Post." Why, I thought your letter was very interesting—sure and it was. Rae Martin was with Biograph.

LORENA.—You refer to George Larkin and Ollie Kirkby, who were recently married in California. Next? Fay Tincher, she of the spit-curl fame, has joined the World Film Co. Charles Ray was the prince. Why, yes; Jack Pickford in "The Spirit of '17." Katherine McDonald was Flora.

HULA DULA.—D. W. Griffith's last was "Hearts of the World," and his next big feature will be "Women of War," with Dorothy Gish and Robert Harron. Wyndham Standing in "Rose o' the World." Evelyn Greeley was Margaret in "The Beautiful Mrs. Reynolds." Conway Tearle in "Stella Maris." You dont expect me to know from that description, do you? I am not a wizard.

BLONDE CURLS.—*Avec plaisir* will I answer you. To go back into ancient, or at least medieval history, Ernest Truex was Artie in "Artie, the Millionaire Kid." Lulu May Bowen in "When a Man Sees Red." Ralph Kellard is playing on the Broadway stage now.

ELEANOR J. C.—Hardee Kirkland was Javart in "Les Miserables." You refer to John Bowers. Why not join a correspondence club? Joseph Kilgour is playing in the stage play "Oh, Look," on Broadway. William Duncan's next serial is "The Woman in the Web."

BELVA LEE.—The present national change in time will not affect the tempo of the "Minute Waltz" or the "Dance of the Hours," and I dont see how it can affect "The End of a Perfect Day." William Cremans was McGraw in "All For a Husband." Irving Cummings' last picture was a Fox. Oh, surely Warren Kerrigan answers his letters. There's no doubt in the world but that Mary Pickford would write to you if she knew what an ardent admirer you are. Charlotte Burton doesn't support William Russell now—it's the other way round. It's quite apparent that Wallace Reid is a parent. (Stand a little back, O Gentle Reader, for these air puns are apt to go off at any minute!)

CÆSAR'S GHOST.—Oh, so you have been called a fanatic. I'm sure you have been misjudged. I've been called out of my right name so many times that I dont know when I am being spoken to. Dont know how I can help you. Why, yes; I would be delighted to receive a lock of your hair. It might match my whiskers.

MIKE D.—Francelia Billington was the leading-woman in "The Sea Master." Oh, but you must find friends. You know every human soul has the germ of some flowers within that would open if they could find sunshine and free air.

BEGINNER.—You refer to Herbert Spencer, who wrote: "No one can be perfectly free until all are free; no one can be perfectly moral till all are moral; no one can be perfectly happy till all are happy." You say you just wrote to me because you need sympathy. Of course I shall try to be kind to you, for they tell me I'm a kind old man.

CHRISTOPHER CUCUMBER.—You say whiskers are going to be in style after the war. Then I shall be right in it, unless I get bald on my chin as I am on my head. Marshall Neilan is directing only. That George Walsh chat will come along soon.

MRS. C. B.—Yes, Marguerite Marsh is a sister to Mae Marsh.

W. L. D.—Try the studios. Yes, most of our Motion Picture queens give largely to charity. It seems to be a quality in the profession. The best philanthropy is that which enables the recipient to support himself. The worst charity is the one that makes the recipient dependent.

S. SUDBURY.—Why, yes, I can refer you to good authority on photoplay-writing, but why not select from the list at the bottom of Mr. Phillips' department? Send a stamped, addressed envelope. Gertrude Aster was Louise in "The Price of a Good Time."

MARY C.—Roscoe, attention! Mary says she is tired of seeing that old plaid shirt on you, and wants you please to make a change. Sorry you find it so hard to attach yourself to work. That which causes us to lose most of our time is the repugnance with which we naturally have to labor.

DORA S.—I thank you, gracious lady. You pay me a high compliment. Herbert Rawlinson in "The Flash of Fate." Ah, but chastity is the mother of abstinence.

HELEN MAC.—June Caprice was born in Arlington, Mass., in 1899. She has had no stage experience. Mr. Fox discovered her one day at a baseball game. You say your desire is to be a reporter. Very exciting work, all right, and requires a lot of imagination (particularly when you cant get facts).

SYZYGY.—Matt Moore was with Selig last and Tom Forman is in the service. Francis Ford is in California. Robert Leonard is playing and Max Linder soon will be. It was William Lloyd Garrison who said: "My country is the world; my countrymen are all mankind," but if he were alive he couldn't say that now.

BONDANNA.—Rodney La Rock was the brother in "Filling His Own Shoes." I have no choice. I like curly hair as first choice, and straight hair better than curly hair. "The message to Garcia," to which you refer, was written by Elbert Hubbard, who went down on the *Lusitania*.

LADY BALTIMORE.—You mean the Vivaphone Co., that produced "David Copperfield." Eric Desmond was David as the youth and Kenneth Ware when he was a man. Edna May was Emily and Alma Taylor was Dora. I am sure if you write to Mary Pickford she will answer. Yes, write to our Sales Manager for the back numbers. Yours was enjoyed very much.

BETTY H.—It is with narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles—the less they have in them, the more noise they make in pouring it out. No, you dont have to be beautiful, rich and have a college education to get in the movies. You have to be able to act and screen well. Of course the wives dont get jealous when their husbands kiss the players, but it must be done before the camera only.

RAYMOND MC.—But you know, Raymond, when a man decides he is sensible enough to select a wife, he is too old for the frivolous maidens he would like to marry. Most of the players get a salary and some receive a royalty also. Oh, there are many more studios in California than in New York.

BERNICE.—They are no relation. So long as your conscience is clear. Conscience, you know, is to the Christian what the lighthouse is to the sailor—it guides him on his course. Louise Fazenda in "The House of Mirth." Richard Rosson, of Vitagraph fame, is now with Keystone.

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shadow dramas. It is none the less so here. "The Lie" is scenarioized by Charles Maigne from the stage play of Henry Arthur Jones and delves deep into the hearts of two sisters, one noble, self-sacrificing and pure; the other selfish and weak. Miss Ferguson takes the part of the elder sister, who shoulders all the blame for her sister's transgression and loses the man she loves. Miss Ferguson could wring tears from a stone. She is the lachrymose heroine de luxe. She makes one think of the Lady of Shalott, of Julia Marlowe in "Joan d'Arc," who have hitherto possessed the key which unlocks the doors to one's deepest emotions. David Powell, Percy Marmot and Betty Howe are all exceptionally fine in support of Miss Ferguson. H. S. N.



"THE SPLENDID SINNER" (GOLDWYN) IS A MARY GARDEN TRIUMPH AND A GREAT IMPROVEMENT ON HER "THAIS"



"TARZAN OF THE APES" (NATIONAL FILM CORP.) IS A SPECTACULAR PHOTODRAMA THAT SHOULD PLEASE EVERY ONE

"LA TOSCA" (PARAMOUNT PRODUCTION)

In "La Tosca" Pauline Frederick has an opportunity to show her superb power of dramatic acting. Picturized from Sardou's immortal play, it is necessarily a plot coined from carelessly dropped notes and obvious theatricalisms which, however, are acceptable as the very spirit of that artificial period. Jules Raucourt does very well with the rôle of Mario, whom the beautiful Tosca loves so violently as to cause his capture because of her jealousy, while she assassinates Baron Scarpia in a wild endeavor to save Mario from the fate that she herself brought upon him. A heart-tragedy, well handled. H. S. N.

"THE LIFE MASK" (PETROVA PICTURES)

This is a mystery story. It will interest you, altho it will not penetrate beneath the surface. There is a girl, and she has to marry a man she doesn't love to save her step-mother from the fate of a "forgeress," and incidentally she sends her real love away to war. On her bridal night a former "love affair" of her husband's turns up. Later the bridegroom attempts to enter the wife's boudoir, only to be repulsed with such fervor as to make him fall and irreparably injure himself. There follow days of illness which are torture for every one around the temperish invalid, until the wife, her old nurse, the trained nurse, the forger mother and even his "loveress" all long for his death. And then one night he shuffles off this earthly coil from an overdose of morphine, and the young wife is accused and—but that's what you want to go to see the picture for, to be surprised. "The Life Mask" is beautifully produced in every essential. Madame Petrova makes a handsome picture at all times. H. S. N.

"THE SPLENDID SINNER" (GOLDWYN)

A Mary Garden triumph is this second silent opera of the Metropolitan prima donna. It is a great improvement on "Thais." Miss Garden is here superbly beautiful and interesting. Ah, la, la! such gowns, such hair, such poise, such—well, you have heard often of the Mary Garden back. Frankly, the whole of Mary Garden is more than alluring to the optic nerves. Here you have a beautiful woman in a story which, altho at times guilty of the *lese majeste* of it couldn't have happened—witness the former lover walking by the future husband without recounting the past for the simple reason that back in the bungalow Mary has threatened him with a gun—is daringly original. The last reel, and the final execution of Miss Garden as the Red Cross nurse who was caught by the Teutonic enemy while delivering plans of their lines for her wounded soldier-husband, is a photographic finale worthy of a Shakespearian pen. H. S. N.

"TARZAN OF THE APES" (NATIONAL FILM CORPORATION)

A thrilling, spectacular drama that contains a little of everything, including wild animals, African jungles, English lords and ladies, ships, yachts, dance-halls, fights, villains, heroes, high-brows and low-brows. A very pretty story connects them all nicely, and we are conducted from one period to another and from England to South Africa as if years were but minutes and leagues were but inches. The photography is superb, and the acting, for the most part, fine. The story is so absorbing and so well handled that one wants to sit right thru to the end of the seventh reel and see the young ape-man win Enid Markey, the heroine, and have them return to England to wrest their landed estates from the usurpers. But it doesn't take us that far. With a murmured "I love you, Tarzan," and the usual embrace, "Finis" is flashed and we are to imagine the rest, which is perhaps just as well. J.

"HUMDRUM BROWN" (PARALTA)

There are those who merely stand and wait, and it is of one of these that this Walthallian screen story is woven. It is three reels of delightfully human, homey and homely characterization plus one reel of thrills to bring it to the necessary whipping climax and happy ending. The three reels of characterization are rendered by Henry Walthall in a spirit worthy of David Warfield. You will like this story of the small-town plodder, who meets tragedy, from the burning of his Sunday trousers to the failure of the country bank and the losing of his savings and job, in a stoical, Pilgrim-Progress manner that wins out.

H. S. N.

"TWENTY-ONE" (PATHÉ)

At last the long-awaited début of Bryant Washburn on the Pathé program has been accomplished, and we are glad we witnessed it and hope it will not be another age before his second one is on the projection machine. "Twenty-one" goes to sleep in the beginning, thru no fault of Mr. Washburn's, but wakes up and speeds along to a whirlwind finish. It is a comedy of a rich young mollycoddle who is sick of his station in life and a bully of the lower strata who is equally sick of his. They resemble each other mightily (Why shouldn't they? The handsome Bryant delineates both characters), so they change places with many amusing results. H. S. N.

"HIS MAJESTY BUNKER BEAN" (FAMOUS PLAYERS)

Another of those pleasing duets by Jack Pickford and Louise Huff. The motive of Harry Leon Wilson's play, namely, that as a man thinketh so is he, is somewhat lost sight of in the

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Alma — Alma — Reuben, Reubens, Ruben or Rubens? Which will you have it? This lovely young Triangle star's patronymic has been all of these. At the present time we believe the simplified way is Alma Rubens. In spite of her bucolic cognomen, Alma acts as well by any name.



"UNCLAIMED GOODS" (PARAMOUNT) IS ANOTHER PLEASANT VIVIAN MARTIN RELEASE



"LOVE ME" (INCE-PARAMOUNT) IS PASSÉ SCREEN DRAMA OF THE SEASON OF 1914



MADAME PETROVA MAKES A HANDSOME PICTURE AT ALL TIMES IN "THE LIFE MASK" (PETROVA PICTURES)

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celluloiding, but the comedy element is so well presented as to make the casual observer unconscious of this fact. Louise Huff is prettier than ever and ideally visualizes the little Flapper, who just perfectly knew she'd know the man whom she would marry the first time she saw him. H. S. N.

"THE HILLCREST MYSTERY" (PATHÉ)

This Irene Castle photoplay is as good a detective story as ever came out of the developing laboratories. It is replete with action, thrills and mysteries, while the suspense is admirably sustained. The plot is too involved to recount here, concerning, as it does, the murder of a shipyard owner on the eve of his turning over his yards to the United States and the eventual discovery of the real culprit. Irene Castle is at her best, and she is ably assisted by Ralph Kellard and Wyndham Standing. H. S. N.

"THE WHISPERING CHORUS" (PARAMOUNT)

Screen the bare plot of Cecil B. De Mille's latest offering and we have bold, grewsome, overwrought melodrama; add the artistic touches—the double exposures, punchful titles, picturesque setting and vivid character-drawing—and we have one of the most bizarre, fanciful and powerful photodramas of the year. Raymond Hatton as John Trimble, the craven, drunken and drug-craving husband, quite "runs away with the piece." We suppose that Kathlyn Williams could have demanded more camera, but in not doing so she showed her and Mr De Mille's good judgment, as it is a harmoniously well-balanced cast. The motive, moral and appeal of the piece are a psychological study of John Trimble. At times it becomes abnormal psychology, but we are so gripped with the unfolding of his weak life that his gradual descent into hell on earth is entirely consistent. The climax of his misery, where he allows himself to be sent to the chair rather than ruin his wife's career, is singularly touching. The allegorical dénouement, where his freed soul, "the soul of him that was," meets and caresses the soul of his wife's still unborn child, "the soul of her about about to be," is consummate with artistic delicacy in its handling. E. M. L.

"LOVE ME" (INCE-PARAMOUNT)

Dorothy Dalton's latest effort is hardly inflammable enough to require a fireproof projection booth. It is passé screen drama of the season of 1914, trimmed with a few modern touches, but suffering with an antiquated plot. The girl who marries into a *nouveau riche* family and wins their affections by permitting herself to be placed in an equivocal position in order to shield her sister-in-law, lost the bloom of novelty years ago on the stage and is no débutante on the screen. Miss Dalton's wholesome personality permeates her rôle of the untrammeled Western girl, but the contrasted parts of the social climbers are a bit overdone—at least they dont appear human. "Love Me" is casual, mechanical and creaks at the joints. Dorothy Dalton should plant her foot down firmly and demand better vehicles for her undoubted talent. E. M. L.

"FRIEND HUSBAND" (PARAMOUNT-MACK SENNETT)

This is the proof that a comedy based on an old idea, the old plot of stealing a baby in order to become rich uncle's heir, can be renovated and made excruciatingly funny with the help of original touches. The original touches are a very clever cat, "Pepper," who performs with the sagacity of a person, and the beloved "Teddy." H. S. N.

"UNCLAIMED GOODS" (FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY)

"Unclaimed Goods" is a direct refutation of that old saying, "There's nothing new under the sun." For if ever a plot was novel, this one is. It deals with the adventures of a young girl whose father sends her to Gold Center as a tagged bit of livestock in the baggage-car. When she is taken to the Wells Fargo office, it is discovered that no one is there to claim her. So she is held as unclaimed goods. The adventures that follow thick and fast are very amusing and excellently done. Vivian Martin does some splendid work and seems to be progressing by leaps and bounds. Harrison Ford is an able and likeable assistant, while the villain is—despicable. H. S. N.

"THE FACE IN THE DARK" (GOLDWYN)

This picture-story by Irvin S Cobb is a decided departure from the has-been-done-before pathway. It is an entertaining mystery tale of a young girl whose sweetheart is arrested for robbing a bank. She plays detective and discovers that all trails point to her father, with the result that her sweetheart is freed. Eventually it is discovered that her dad was only associated with a notorious gang in order to round them up—he was a Secret Service official. Mae Marsh makes a captivating little Sherlock Holmes, and her work is deserving of praise thruout the picture. Niles Welch makes an ideal sweetheart, and one regrets only that he isn't on the screen more. He has a more than pleasing personality. H. S. N.

"A DOG'S LIFE" (CHARLIE CHAPLIN PRODUCTIONS)

This is the first of the Chaplin three-reelers, and I consider it his best. Heretofore there has been a sameness to all of his comedies, and it was a question of how long he could keep it up successfully without making a radical departure from his old slapstick methods. In this farce there is no pie-throwing and none of the usual dodging of missiles that strike the unintended innocent party, and there is considerable ingenuity displayed thruout, intermingling pathetic incidents with comic ones. A remarkable mongrel cur shares the honors with the star. It does just the right thing at the right time, and its loyalty to its master and its master's affection for it are cleverly used to play upon the sympathies. In the end, Charlie has married the girl he had befriended, and in their cozy home we see a cradle tenderly watched by the couple, in which we finally discover—not twins, or triplets, as we gleefully expected, but the aforesaid mongrel and a litter of pups, a very funny and fitting finale to a very clever play. Anybody who cannot enjoy this farce should consult a specialist. THE P. P.



ENID BENNETT

Starting her stage career in "Everywoman," Tom Ince's azure-eyed and coral-cheeked Australian star bids fair to play "every woman" on the studio stage as well. Enid Bennett's recent range of rôles has run the gamut from high emotionalism to farce-comedy.

Photodrama in the Making

A Department of General Interest to All Readers, Showing
How Photoplays Are Plotted, Written, Submitted and Sold

Conducted by HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

Staff Contributor; Lecturer and Instructor in Photoplay Writing in the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences; also in the Y. M. C. A. of New York; Author of "The Photodrama" and "The Feature Photoplay," and many Current Plays on the Screen, etc

A COMPLETE PHOTOPLAY SYNOPSIS

NOTE—More than half the inquiries STILL received by this Department ask HOW and in WHAT FORM Photoplays are submitted and sold NOW in this year 1918. The following Photoplay SYNOPSIS is a fac-simile copy of the Photoplay which I sold. Furthermore, the form and style are identical with the Photoplays I am writing and selling TODAY. This play was bought by The World Film Company and produced by them in 1917, Alice Brady taking the part of the *widow*. Hence this is the SALABLE FORM. This is the seventh instalment of the serial publication of the Synopsis.

A SELF-MADE WIDOW

By Henry Albert Phillips

SYNOPSIS—(*Continued*)

Part III.—To the Ends of the Earth—(*Continued*)

In the meantime, Crosby has returned to his furnished room, where he lives with a very suspicious lady whom we do not pay too much attention to yet. Crosby is a clever forger and his specialty is that of raising checks. It was this knack that he practiced when signing Fitzhugh's name to the marriage certificate. The name that was signed to the death note he copied to perfection. Shortly after this he is sent up for six months for complicity in another crime.

When Sylvia is mysteriously summoned from her work in the millinery shop, she is quite as much surprised and awed by the fine gentleman and Butts as all the other peeping milliners are. She is asked if she is Mrs. Castleton and, as usual, replies emphatically that she is. They then ask her to prove this statement, and she produces her wedding certificate, which is unimpeachable. The gentlemen leave, saying that she will hear from them again in a few days.

Within a week a fine automobile appears with Butts and the attorney, and Sylvia is told that since her husband died intestate, she as his wife is entitled to enjoy the estate until it is settled on her legally at the end of the year. The eavesdropping milliners hear this. Sylvia is now like one in a dream-come-true. As tho it were a dying request, she asks that she may be permitted to take her only friend as a chaperon. And so Mrs. Tootle is whirled away with her, to the gaping amazement of Blue Bank.

Thus Sylvia continues actually to experience things that not even her wildest dreams of Romance had dared cherish. She arrives at the magnificent estate of which she is ostensibly now the sole heir. There are acres of gardens and greenhouses and carriages and cars and liveried servants in the Enchanted Castle. And instead of Sylvia Smith, she bears one of the finest names in the whole country, Sylvia Castleton. But above all things is the magnificent collection of family jewels that is now placed at her disposal. Gowns galore she has made from the generous allowance that is sent her by the attorney.

On the deck of a tramp steamer is Bobs and a blackened stoker who has just emerged from the stoke-hole to get a breath of air. He is black with soot and stripped to his waist, and there is a look in his face as tho he were not yet sure of things and especially of this horrible experience. All his spare time Bobs spends reading books he can borrow from the Captain. He remarks to Castleton: "SINCE YOU'RE TAKING A HACK AT MY SIDE OF LIFE, I'M TAKING A PEEP INTO YOURS."

Mrs. Van Dusen is fairly disgusted on learning the details of Fitzhugh's dying Romance, but Lydia conceives a sudden respect for her erstwhile betrothed in thus selecting a woman of his choice. At least it took away the odium of her having driven him to suicide rather than marry her.

(*To be continued in our next*)

BOUQUETS AND BRICK-BATS

The Story is the thing!

When will they be willing to see it?

The Story and the Author are the last things they think of. The author gets by far the least percentage of profits from the vast gross receipts that are so carelessly thrown about and wind up with a dead loss or slim net profits.

This Photodrama is going to rise on the talent of the author. It cannot fall into oblivion, no more than any other Art can, and the Producers who recognize the prime necessity of the Story and the cultivation of the worthwhile author are bound to succeed.

You dont learn this great big Art of the Photodrama overnight. It is distinct from editing a magazine or newspaper, or writing a story or a stage play. It is NEW, difficult and requires a *special talent*.

Some months ago the Artcraft-Paramount-Select combination announced that they intended spending One Million Dollars in advertising their pictures.

All very well and good. Their advertising has been of a very high order. It has been clever, artistic and widespread.

Yet it has a vital fault. It promises us every inch wool —and we get yards and yards of shoddy mixed with the wool.

If the plays were as consistently good as the advertisements, we would not even murmur. But they are not in the same class with the advertising.

If the million dollars had been spent in making one-hundred-cents-on-the-dollar plays, they would need no "paper" inflation. The public would get the million dollars' worth in merit which it really pays for and not miles of paper camouflage which it swallows in good faith.

The Artcraft-Paramount-Select Program seems mainly that of adapting the works that have succeeded in *other branches* of artistic effort in such a manner that they become unrecognizable on the screen. They succeed in inverting the old proverb and make a sow's ear out of a silk purse.

WHY in heaven's name do they persist in this second-hand policy when they might be running a first-rate, first-hand shop?

Their authorized agent announced the other night that they paid anywhere from $750 to $4,000 for sound Literary or Stage cattle on the hoof willing to be dealt with in their screen slaughter-house. Yes, and I know that they bought a fairly successful stage animal for $10,000 less than a month ago! What a price for a barbecue of warmed-over steer!

Now this is HOW they take perfectly nice moo-cows that have been known to give quarts upon quarts of golden milk night after night, entice them away from green pastures into a stuffy study, hit them over the head with a typewriter and six months later forever dim their former glory by serving them up in the form of lukewarm Goulash to a host of roast-beef audiences. Shades of Hoover!

I think it was Paul West, adapter extraordinary in the Paramount abattoir, who recently confessed some interesting facts.

That poor, gentle, tho eccentric Bossie, "Jane Eyre," was the subject. He said, in effect, that once upon a time he had considered Jane a veritable cream dairy of Romance. He returned in his maturer days for the purpose of putting the poor thing out of her misery and justified the deed by convincing himself that she was just a plain, simple, buttermilk hoax. He was disappointed in her and her progeny.

(*Continued on page* 116)



"I simply *must* do another picture!" declares Jane Cowl, and her marvelous eyes glow their marvelous glow. "The stage no more satisfies me than the screen. I *must* have *both!*" Thus the much-starred Jane Cowl, who wrote "Lilac Time," with Jane Murfin, and bears France's valiant spirit in it, and who has made Goldwyn's "The Spreading Dawn" epochal, with her Patricia Vanderpevl. To the victor the spoils! To Miss Cowl both stage and screen!



Read now to overcome the unattractive appearance that cuticle cutting gives your nails

What causes hangnails

You need never again have them

THE famous specialist, Dr. Edmund Saalfeld, says that hangnails have two causes.

If the cuticle is allowed to grow up onto the surface of the nail, the skin will tear, become detached and form hangnails. Hangnails also come from improper or too vigorous treatment of the cuticle.

To prevent hangnails, your whole effort should be to keep the cuticle *unbroken*.

This is exactly what Cutex does—it removes the cuticle without injury—it leaves the skin at the base of the nail smooth and firm—unbroken.

Even people who have been most troubled with hangnails, say that with Cutex they have been entirely freed from this annoyance.

The right way to manicure

In the Cutex package you will find absorbent cotton and an orange stick. Wrap some of the cotton around the end of the stick and dip it into the Cutex bottle. Work the stick around the base of the nail, gently pushing back the cuticle.

Almost at once you will be able to wipe away the dead surplus skin. Then rinse the fingers in clear water.



When you see how smooth and firm Cutex keeps your cuticle; how lovely it makes your nails look, you will never go back to the old cuticle-cutting method!



Apply Cutex Nail White underneath your nails directly from its convenient tube, then spread it under evenly and remove any surplus cream with an orange stick



Beautiful Lillian Gish, the Madonna of motion pictures, says: "I have Cutex to thank for a quick wonderful manicure. Never before has my cuticle been so smooth and even, my nails so shapely"

(Photo by Hartsook, Calif.)

Remove all stains from underneath the nails by applying a little Cutex Nail White. Finish with Cutex Nail Polish.

Until you have had a Cutex manicure, you cannot know how attractive your nails can be made to look.

Even when the cuticle has been mutilated and broken by cutting, Cutex restores the firm, smooth outline at the base of the nail. It quickly removes overgrown cuticle, does away with hangnails and dry, rough skin—all the nail troubles quickly disappear. Try it. See for yourself. Notice how quickly it gives your nails the well-groomed shapeliness everyone admires.

You can secure Cutex at any drug or department store. The cuticle remover comes in 30c, 60c and $1.25 bottles. Cutex Nail White is 30c. Cutex Nail Polish in cake, paste, powder, liquid or stick form is 30c. Cutex Cuticle Comfort for sore or tender cuticle is also 30c. If your favorite store hasn't it, order direct.

Send 15c for a complete Midget Manicure Set

Send the coupon now with 15c (10c for the set and 5c for packing and postage) and we will send you a Midget Manicure Set of Cutex preparations, complete with cotton, orange stick and emery boards. Get it today. Address **Northam Warren, Dept. 807, 114 West 17th Street, New York City.**

If you live in Canada, send 15c for your set to MacLean, Benn & Nelson, Limited, Dept. 807, 489 St. Paul Street West, Montreal, and get Canadian prices.



This complete manicure set sent for 15c

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 15 CENTS TODAY

NORTHAM WARREN
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Who's Who in Starland

ALMA RUBENS—Born in San Francisco, Cal., 1897. Black hair, dark eyes, 5 feet 7 inches tall, weighs 130 pounds. Unmarried. No stage experience. Began screen career as leading-lady for Douglas Fairbanks in "Reggie Mixes In" and "The Half-breed." Best pictures: "Truthful Tulliver," "The Americano," "Master of His Home," "A Woman's Awakening," "The Firefly of Tough Luck," "Gown of Destiny." Recently joined Pathé.

JUNE CAPRICE—Born in Arlington, Mass., 1899. Light brown hair, gray-green eyes, 5 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 105 pounds. Unmarried. No stage experience. Has been identified only with Fox. Prominent pictures: "Caprice of the Mountains," "The Ragged Princess," "Little Miss Happiness," "A Modern Cinderella," "The Heart of Romance," "The Mischief-Maker," "A Child of the Wild," "A Small-Town Girl," "Miss U. S. A.," "Unknown No. 274," "Sunshine Maid"; latest release, "A Camouflage Kiss."

ALMA RUBENS



JUNE CAPRICE

NILES WELCH — Born in Hartford, Conn., July 29, 1888. Blond hair, blue eyes, 5 feet 11 inches tall, weighs 160 pounds. Married. Three years' stock experience. Has been with Vitagraph, Kalem, Metro, World, Universal, Pathé, Famous Players, Technicolor, Selznick. Pictures of note: "One of Many," "The Kiss of Hate," "Shame," "A Royal Family," "Emmy of Stork's Nest," "Gates of Gladness," "Always in the Way," "The Crucial Test," "The Blossom and the Bee," "Miss George Washington," "The Secret of the Storm Country," "The Gulf Between" and "Her Boy."



NILES WELCH





WM. S. HART

CONSTANCE TALMADGE — Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., April 19, 1899. Golden hair, brown eyes, 5 feet 6 inches tall, weighs 120 pounds. Unmarried. No stage experience. Joined Vitagraph in 1915—first picture, "Uncle Bill." Has been with Triangle-Fine Arts; now with Selznick. Worth-while pictures: "In Bridal Attire," "Father's Timepiece," "Green Cat," "The Peacemaker," "The Moonstone of Fez," "In the Latin Quarter," "Intolerance," "The Girl of the Timber Claims," "The She-Devil," "Betsy's Burglar," "The Matrimaniac," "The Microscopic Mystery," "The Lesson," "The Honeymoon," "Scandal" and "The Studio Girl."



CONSTANCE TALMADGE



THOMAS MEIGHAN

WILLIAM S. HART—Born in Newburgh, N. Y., December 6, 1876. Brown hair, gray eyes, 6 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 184 pounds. Unmarried. Moved West to North Dakota in year 1876. Was refused admittance to West Point because his father was an Englishman, unnaturalized. First theatrical engagement in London (carried a spear). Returned to New York, joining Daniel B. Bandmann's company. When 24, played with Modjeska. Starred in "The Man with the Iron Mask"; supported Julia Arthur; starred in "The Squaw-Man," "The Barrier," "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," "The Virginian." Joined New York Picture Co. in 1914. "The Bargain" first picture. Has appeared on Triangle-Ince program; now with Artcraft. Best known pictures: "The Aryan," "Hell's Hinges," "The Return of Draw Egan," "Between Men," "The Square-Deal Man," "The Narrow Trail," "The Silent Man," "Blue Blazes Rawden" and "Wolves of the Rail."

MAE MARSH—Born in Madrid, N. M., November 9, 1895. Auburn hair, blue eyes, 5 feet 3 inches tall, weighs 118 pounds. Unmarried. No stage experience. Entered pictures under Griffith via Biograph; later with Reliance-Majestic, Triangle-Fine Arts, Goldwyn. Well-known pictures: "Sands o' Dee," "Man's Genesis," "The Escape," "Home, Sweet Home," "The Great Day," "The Birth of a Nation," "The Wharf Rat," "The Little Liar," "The Marriage of Molly-O," "Hoodoo Ann," "A Child of the Paris Streets," "Intolerance," "Polly of the Circus," "Sunshine Alley," "Cinderella Man," "Beloved Traitor," "Fields of Honor." "The Face in the Dark," her latest picture.

MAE MURRAY—Born in Portsmouth, Va., 1894. Blonde hair, gray-blue eyes, 5 feet 3 inches tall, weighs 115 pounds. Has been married. Original Nell Brinkley girl. Dancer of prominence in Ziegfeld's Follies. Burlesque of Motion Pictures led to picture engagement. Identified with Lasky, Famous Players; now Bluebird star. Best pictures: "To Have and to Hold," "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," "The Dream Girl," "The Big Sister," "The Plow Girl."

MAE MARSH



GEORGE WALSH—Born in New York City, 1892. Brown hair, brown eyes. No stage experience. Has always been associated with Fox Film. Pictures: "Blue Blood and Red," "Hell-a-Poppin' Valentine," "The Island of Destiny," "The Book Agent," "The Kid Is Clever," "Some Boy," "This Is the Life," "The Beast," "The Serpent," "Gold and the Woman," "The Yankee Way" and "Pride of New York."



MAE MURRAY

DONALD HALL—Born in Murree, North West Province, East India, August 14, 1888. Gray eyes, dark-brown hair, light complexion, is 5 feet 9 inches tall, weighs 170 pounds. Married. Stage experience—musical-comedy. Baritone lead in "Floradora" and "The Girl Behind the Counter"; has played with Anna Held, Fritzi Scheff and other well-known Broadway stars. Began screen career with Vitagraph in 1914. Has been with Selznick, Astra-Pathé, Metro and Universal. Best-known pictures: "The Law Decides," "The Man Who Went Sane," "The Crucible of Fate," "A Daughter's Strange Fate," "The Scarlet Runner," "The Moth," "The On-the-Square Girl," "Alias Mrs. Jessop" and "The Raggedy Queen." Recently seen with Bessie Love in "The Great Adventure." Noted for his dignified carriage and courtly manners, every gesture being that of a prince.



GEORGE WALSH

THOMAS MEIGHAN—Born in Pittsburgh, Pa. Dark, wavy hair, blue eyes, 6 feet, weighs 190 pounds. Married to Frances Ring. First appearance with Henrietta Crosman in "Mistress Nell." Appeared with Elsie DeWolfe, John Mason, with William Collier in "The Dictator," all-star revival of "The Two Orphans," leading part in "College Widow," three years with David Warfield in "The Return of Peter Grimm," "Broadway Jones" in London, in original production of "On Trial" on Broadway. Always affiliated with Famous Players-Lasky pictures. Pictures of note: "The Fighting Hope," "Blackbirds," "Out of Darkness," "Puddin'head Wilson," "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," "The Sowers," "Sapho," "Sleeping Fires," "Her Better Self," "The Heir to the Hoorah," "The Slave Market," "The Mysterious Miss Terry," "Arms and the Girl," "Eve's Daughter." He is one of the well-known-leading-men set, and is now free-lancing it, not being permanently identified with any stock company.



Ashamed of Corns

As People Should Be—They Are So Unnecessary

The instinct is to hide a corn. And to cover the pain with a smile.

For people nowadays know that a corn is passé. And that naught but neglect can account for it.

It is like a torn gown which you fail to repair. Or a spot which you fail to remove. The fault lies in neglecting a few-minute duty—just as with a corn.

Any corn pain can be stopped in a moment, and stopped for good. Any corn can be ended quickly and completely.

All that is necessary is to apply a little Blue-jay plaster. It is done in a jiffy. It means no inconvenience.

Then a bit of scientific wax begins its gentle action. In two days, usually, the whole corn disappears. Some old, tough corns require a second application, but not often.

Can you think of a reason for paring corns and letting them continue? Or for using harsh or mussy applications? Or of clinging to any old-time method which is now taboo?

Or for suffering corns—for spoiling hours—when millions of others escape?

Can you think of a reason for not trying Blue-jay? It is a modern scientific treatment, invented by a famous chemist. It is made by a house of world-wide fame in the making of surgical dressings.

It has ended corns by the tens of millions—corns which are just like yours. It is easy and gentle and sure, as you can prove for yourself tonight.

Try Blue-jay on one corn. If it does as we say, keep it by you. On future corns apply it the moment they appear. That will mean perpetual freedom. A corn ache, after that, will be unknown to you.

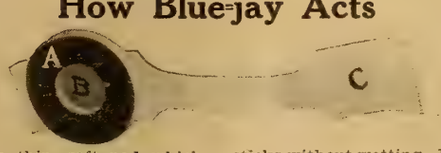
B&B Blue-jay For Corns

Stops Pain Instantly—Ends Corns Completely

Large Package 25c at Druggists

Small Package Discontinued

How Blue-jay Acts



A is a thin, soft pad which stops the pain by relieving the pressure.

B is the B&B wax, which gently undermines the corn. Usually it takes only 48 hours to end the corn completely.

C is rubber adhesive which sticks without wetting. It wraps around the toe and makes the plaster snug and comfortable.

Blue-jay is applied in a jiffy. After that, one doesn't feel the corn. The action is gentle, and applied to the corn alone. So the corn disappears without soreness.

BAUER & BLACK, *Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.*, CHICAGO and NEW YORK

GREEN ROOM JOTTINGS

In his new comedy, "Moonshine," **"Fatty" Arbuckle** plays a government officer in search of stills. No, not picture stills, but whiskey stills.

Little **Mary Anderson** has been engaged by the Hayworth Company to play ingénue for Sessue Hayakawa. **Marin Sais** has also signed a contract to play leading-lady in the Jap's own company.

The marriage of **Ollie Kirkby** and **George Larkin** is announced. Congratulations!

Here is a **Sweet** announcement. **Blanche** has returned and will start production immediately under the management of Harry Carson. Her pictures will probably be released on the Select program.

Bill Hart has invested every dollar he owns in Liberty Bonds except $824, which is in War Savings Certificates.

Ethel Clayton has signed a contract to star in a series of Paramount Pictures. She will commence her first picture at the West Coast Studios of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation early in June.

Chester Conklin is so stuck on his talents as an actor that he is doing a wall-paper picture.

The latest star to form a company of her own is **Marie Doro.** More definite announcement promised for next month.

Betty Blythe, who takes the part of Madame Arnot in "Over the Top," recently persuaded an aviator at the Keen Aviation Camp, Long Island, N. Y., to take her up. After alighting, Betty declared she no longer cared for earth after visiting heaven. The birdman refrained from comment.

And now **Herbert Howe,** whose writings you have enjoyed in this Magazine, will mark time in the tank service at Camp Colt, Gettysburg, Pa., instead of on a typewriter.

Raymond McKee, who made such a hit in Edison's "The Unbeliever," has completed the official Red Cross picture, "The Spirit of the Red Cross," and has enlisted as a sergeant in the Medical Corps of the army. He says any letters would be mighty welcome—address care of Friars' Club, N. Y. C.

"A Dog's Life" in this particular case was not very long. The little mongrel, to whom is due a full share of the success of **Charlie Chaplin's** new picture, had to be shot shortly after the completion of the picture. He was suffering from a severe attack of rabies; but he played his part—well.

All the Paramount-Mack Sennett beauties are polishing up their bathing-suits for the summer season. Ought not to take 'em long!

Lillian Gish will star in David W. Griffith's first Artcraft picture.

Can you imagine a more thrilling combination than **Elsie Ferguson** starring in Robert W. Chambers' "The Danger Mark"?

William Russell and **Harold Lockwood** enjoyed respective birthday celebrations on April 12th.

Mack Sennett is so busy he has his barber cut his hair at the studio. Wonder who cuts his pictures.

Polly Moran believes in bonds—both matrimonial and Liberty.

Charles Gunn, Paralta leading-man and one of the most active members of the Officers' Training Camp in Hollywood, volunteered to roast the "weenies" and toast the corn at the recent out-of-door party given by the camp. Mr. Gunn did all he was ordered to do; but he wore several of his fingers in bandages for a week following as a result of getting too close to his job.



MABEL NORMAND

Louise Huff says Jack Pickford loved to tease her about her Southern accent. Louise says, "Picky was always saying, 'Huffy, are you white or Southern?' We shall all miss Jack terribly, but are very proud he is in the Navy."

The Balboa Producing Company has ceased operations owing to lack of funds—a very good reason. Its accounts will be settled via the bankruptcy route.

Mary Charleson contracted a severe case of pneumonia while she was appearing opposite Henry Walthall in "Springtime." As a number of the scenes had already been celluloided, it was decided to discontinue the production until Miss Charleson could return to the studio.

Earle Williams has been nominated a "Big Brother" of the 159th Infantry, stationed at Camp Kearney. To clinch the relationship, he drove his Cadillac car, piled high with smokes of every description, to the camp to provide a "company" smoker.

The screen has been nosed out by the stage in the matter of the Mary Roberts Rinehart "Tish" stories, which were to have been made into a photodrama; but, instead, will be seen on the stage next season. After that, we shall probably have an opportunity to see the screen version.

Having lost her claim against Vitagraph, **Anita Stewart** has presented herself at the studio, ready to begin work. She will make up the time lost, which, according to her contract, the court says belongs to Vitagraph. "The 'Mind-the-Paint' Girl" will be her first vehicle.

What's this we hear? "The Echo" is **June Elvidge's** new picture. John Bowers is the leading-man.

Francis X. Bushman takes the part of a fighting parson, and **Beverly Bayne** is the girl he wins in "Cyclone Higgins, D.D.," than which nothing could be more appropriate.

Charlie Murray says that soda fountains are as popular with beer drinkers as the Germans are with the Allies.

Harry Depp, whose forte is playing women rôles in comedies, is going around on crutches as the result of a little voyage into the land of drama. While playing in a Triangle feature picture, Harry failed to get out of the way of a taxi, and his foot was run over, several bones in his ankle being fractured.

Wallace MacDonald was arguing with his director, Raymond Wells, about the announcement that John Emerson and Anita Loos were going to write and direct for Fred Stone. Wallace shook his head. "It sounds unpropitious," said Wallace. "They say a Loos Stone gathers no moss."

Cecile B. DeMille says that if there is a good moon, you never miss the stars, and so it is with a picture production if you have a good story.

House Peters and **Anna Lehr** are being starred in a State Rights feature by Edward Warren Productions, Inc.

Charles Swickard is still somewhere in Arizona finishing up "The Light of Western Stars," Zane Grey's story in which **Dustin Farnum** will make his independent début.

Alice Joyce, having completed "The Strength of the Weak," is now at work on an O. Henry masterpiece, "Find the Woman."

Marc Klaw, of the theatrical firm of Klaw & Erlanger, has arrived in Los Angeles. Asked if he was considering a Motion Picture venture, Mr. Klaw said, "The Motion Picture industry is in its infancy, and I dont like babies." All great men make mistakes sometimes!



GRAF'S
HYGLO
Manicure Preparations

It is easier to manicure with these preparations

—one removes the cuticle and cleans the nails
—one tints and polishes the nails

You will like *HYGLO* manicure preparations because *two take the place of four.* They are convenient and easy to use, and keep your nails always dainty and attractive without needless trouble and expense.

Manicure this newer way—have lovelier nails than ever. First, file your nails to the shape you like best. Then wrap a little cotton around the flat end of an orange stick and dip into

Graf's HYGLO Cuticle Remover and Nail Bleach (combined)

Rub lightly over the surface of the nails, and under the tips, to remove stains and discolorations. Dip cotton into the liquid again and run along base of nails, gently pushing back the cuticle and allowing to soak for just a moment. Then wipe away loosened cuticle with orange stick (no cutting is necessary) and see how attractive your nails begin to look. Next rinse your hands in clear water, dry thoroughly and finish with Graf's *HYGLO* Nail Polish.



Photo by Hartsook, L. A.

MAY ALLISON

Popular star of the screen says: "The idea of combining cuticle remover and nail bleach was a happy thought indeed. I am delighted with this new preparation. The HYGLO Nail Polish is an old favorite of mine because it tints and polishes the nails exceedingly well."



Hyglo Nail Polish, Cake Forms, contain as much material and last equally as long as cakes of many times their size. This is because they are compressed into a small form to prevent wasteful crumbling and breaking.

Graf's HYGLO Nail Polish (and Nail Coloring, combined)

HYGLO Nail Polish tints and polishes at one time. It acts almost instantly and gives the nails a soft, tinted lustre that is waterproof and lasting. *HYGLO* is entirely free from gritty substances that scratch and scar the nails. And it is delicately perfumed. Try it. You'll like it, we know.

Send 6 cents in stamps for HYGLO Sample Outfit

This outfit includes a small bottle of *HYGLO* Cuticle Remover and Nail Bleach, a sample of *HYGLO* Nail Polish Powder, an orange stick, emery boards and cotton. Send for it today and see how much easier you can manicure—and how beautiful you can really keep your nails. Once you have tried *HYGLO* Manicure Preparations we are sure you will prefer them to all others.

Graf's *HYGLO* Manicure Preparations are sold at leading stores. *HYGLO* Cuticle Remover and Nail Bleach (combined) costs 25c in an extra large bottle. *HYGLO* Nail Polish, powder, in dainty celluloid tube, costs 25c; cake forms, 25c and 50c. Order direct from us if your dealer is not yet supplied.

Send this Coupon and 6c for Sample Outfit

Graf Bros., Inc., 123 West 24th Street, New York.

For the enclosed 6c (in stamps) please send me the HYGLO Sample Manicure Outfit.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

LITTLE WHISPERINGS FROM EVERYWHERE IN PLAYERDOM

Harold Lockwood is to be the hero in the screening of four popular novels which the Yorke-Metro Company has purchased for him. They are, "Lend Me Your Name" and "Pals First," by Francis Perry Elliott; "The Yellow Dove," by George Gibbs; and "A King in Khaki," by Henry Kitchell Webster.

William Duncan shed the pursuing dollars of Pathé and remained a Vitagraph serial star. Not but what the Pathé shekels were just as good, but Vitagraph came across with more numerous ones. His new Vitagraph serial will be released July 15th under the title of "A Fight for Millions."

Harry Carey has just signed a new two-year contract with Universal. Before becoming a picture actor, Carey was a cowboy, street railway superintendent, an author, lawyer, actor, manager, director, athlete, prize-fighter, miner, expert swimmer and engineer. All's well that ends well!

Chairman George J. Denis, of **Charlie Chaplin's** draft district in Los Angeles, announces that the little fellow, despite persistent rumors, has been placed in Class Five and is not likely to be called for some time. He weighs only 110 pounds and is not in the best of health.

Mae Murray says that no girl can hope to make a success in films unless she has shapely legs. She must be symmetrical from the shoe-laces up. Sooner or later she will be called upon to display her supporting cast. No matter how beauteous her facial features, if her underpinning is not artistic, she wont get across.

Norman Kerry, the pride of Chesapeake Bay, and **Constance Talmadge,** the play-actress, are contemplating matrimony—and to each other!

Mme. Lina Cavalieri, who has just finished her work in "Gismonda," a very elaborate Famous Players-Lasky production, will next be seen in a modern drama in which she will portray a well-known grand opera singer—a rôle in which she should feel quite at home.

Maud Hill went into a manager's office for an engagement the other day. Said the manager, "No, no—not with that face. We want a French type—not an Irish beauty." Miss Hill is still in doubt as to whether she would rather be the latter or have a job.

Marie Prevost, of the Mack Sennett forces, was very nearly drowned during the filming of "His Smothered Love." Miss Prevost was out on a rock when a big wave came along and swept her off. Teddy, the dog, saw her head bob up, and, after fighting his way to her, caught her dress in his mouth and finally reached the shore. Miss Prevost's head was under water during the swim to shore and she was unconscious when pulled out of the sea, but was finally resuscitated.

Cleo Madison, who was one of the earliest of the women directors and for several years a Universal star, has returned to the screen after an absence of nearly a year on the legitimate stage. Cleo will appear in the National Film Company's next production.

Chet Franklin, one of the famous Franklin boys, has been called into service at American Lake, Wash. Sid Franklin will therefore direct Norma Talmadge single-handed.

After an absence of eight months, due to a fractured leg, **J. Warren Kerrigan** will begin work at once at the Paralta studio on "Toby," from the novel by Credo Harris.

Roscoe Arbuckle has been placed in Class 5 by the Los Angeles draft board. Roscoe seems to be a little over weight. They didn't even put him on the scales, just gave him the once over and that settled it.

Joe Citron and **Allan Dwan** were going up in the elevator of the Los Angeles Athletic Club the other day when they passed the bar, which is in the rear on the third floor. Said Joe, quick as a flash, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." A good joke. Want to know why? The town went dry and they had to close the bar.

Thanks to her leading-man, Hale Hamilton, playing hero off the screen as well as on, **May Allison** was saved from a bad accident while taking exterior scenes for "The Winning of Beatrice." Miss Allison stood up in the car before it stopped, catching the heel of her slipper in the hem of her gown. Mr. Hamilton caught her!

Anna Q. Nilsson, working on her second Metro picture, has been learning the use of the lariat under the expert guidance of Bert Lytell. Miss Nilsson has mastered the knack sufficiently to be able to "rope" her own horse.

Liberty Loan buttons are more popular than diamonds in the Metro studio just now. Perhaps in many cases the disappearance of the latter causes the appearance of the former, which is a change for the better.

Edith Storey has taken up aviation and intends to master it at all hazards.

The lace gown worn by **Nazimova** in "Toys of Fate" was made entirely by hand by an order of Italian nuns and took over a year to complete.

Having finished "The Firefly of France," **Wallace Reid** is starting on another *Saturday Evening Post* story, "The Source," and will probably go up to the Lasky lumber camp in Washington for filming of many of the scenes. Ann Little is scurrying around hunting a blonde wig which she must wear in this production, as she is again to be Wally's leading-woman.



JEWEL CARMEN

Mary MacLaren has finished her first production for Bluebird and is resting at home, while her sister, **Katherine MacDonald,** Bill Hart's leading-woman, is taking a short vacation until the "bad man" returns from his Liberty Bond trip. Miss MacDonald is going to do two pictures with Mr. Hart before hitching her wagon to another star.

Altho **Alice Brady's** favorite indoor sport is making Select Pictures, her favorite outdoor one seems to be catching trains. No sooner did she return to New York from Boston, whither she had gone to make a Liberty Loan speech, than she received orders to catch the train for Asheville, North Carolina, to film outdoor episodes of her next picture.

The Christie studio combines lights with daylight in all their sets. "This," elucidates Al. Christie, "gives Christie comedies their pleasing high lights."

Ashton Dearholt, since assuming the rôle of heavy juvenile in Universal's serial, "The Brass Bullet," changed the color of his car from modest blue to a dashing yellow. Also it has been noted that he drives entirely with the cut-out on his car open. This is an example of what those serial rôles will do to good-looking, unassuming young men.

Joe Rock, Vitagraph comedian, has harkened to the lure of the mountains and now spends his leisure time cutting dirt-steps in the mountainside which leads up to a log cabin, where Joe is bachelor of all he surveys.

Gladys Brockwell has designed a slipper which will be known by her name. It consists of merely a platform following the outline of the bottom of her foot and the smallest place possible for her toe to slip in. The heel is rather high, but practically all of the foot is visible as she walks and there is perfect freedom of movement. The trouble with the Gladys Brockwell slipper is that it is designed only for pretty feet.

Willard Louis takes the part of a detective effectively in Fox's "Her One Mistake." He is an adept in the matter of make-up, and, with a cigar and a few touches, he can be the typical "bull."

"The Hand at the Window," the latest Triangle production, featuring Marjery Wilson and Joe King, is the screen adaptation of "In the Spring," a magazine story by John Morosco.



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The Movie Dictionary

COMPILED BY "THE PHOTOPLAY PHILOSOPHER" WHILE VIEWING AND REVIEWING THE MOVIES FOR THE LAST SEVEN YEARS AND JOTTED DOWN IN HIS NOTEBOOK. THE MORAL (AND IMMORAL) LESSONS HE HAS LEARNT FROM THE STAGE AND SCREEN AND FROM THE VARIOUS LOBBIES AND AUDIENCES ARE HERE GIVEN FOR THE FIRST TIME, AND THEY WILL BE CONTINUED EVERY MONTH.

Automobile—A modern contrivance invented to help a person to put up a big bluff. Also a first aid to the uninjured. The first thing a player buys when he or she becomes a star. There are two kinds: Fords, and all others.

Bigot—The other fellow.

Coquet—A female general who builds her fame on her advances. **Coquetry**—The ammunition she uses which is more deadly than shrapnel, judging from the army of men that fall before it. Woman's natural inheritance.

Cowboy—A hero. He is always brave, virtuous and daring. He seldom works, and his principal occupation is killing Indians, rescuing pretty girls and chasing villains.

Democracy—A form of government wherein all persons can safely be treated with equal disrespect, but a great improvement on the kind that we are now threatened with.

Example—Contagious behavior. Particularly those examples we see in every photoplay.

Fly—Something that is seen on the screen all too frequently.

Genius—Any player who can become a popular star without a press-agent.

Hope—The bridge that spans the river of disappointment.

I—The star of the play who always takes the center of the scene and insists that the other players must keep in the background.

Idiot—One who disturbs everybody around him by reading the titles aloud or telling what comes next. See Jay.

Jay—See Idiot.

Kinetoscope—Boston for movies.

Leader—The printed words in photoplay that are supposed to say what the actors cant act. Since we go to see a play, not to read a book, leaders should be few and far between.

Movies—Polite slang for Motion Pictures. The word was not coined, but simply grew, in spite of all we could do to stop it.

Nazimova—The Bernhardt of the films.

Obesity—See Arbuckle.

Powder—A substance applied to the face to stop up the pores of the skin, to make old women a little more ugly, and young women a little less pretty. But it's the fashion, so 'nuff said.

Q—See the Answer Man.

Rag-time—A kind of classic music that the pianist plays to accompany death scenes and other solemn occasions in the pictures, probably because it's so heart-rending to most refined ears.

Sympathy—The one charitable gift of some people. Much needed by certain of our screen comedians, and even more so by most of our comedy writers.

Toilet—The arsenal of coquetry. See Coquet.

Whisky—Trouble put up in liquid form.



Omar Once Again

By FREDERICK MOXON

"We are no other than a moving row
Of Magic Shadow-shapes that come and go." —*The Rubaiyat.*

Methinks old Omar, if alive today,
Would verse-philosophize some newer way,
And going homeward, when the reels were done,
Have something like the following to say:

"We are The Public, sitting row on row,
Watching the Magic Films that come and go,
While Fun and Pathos, mingling, teach our hearts
How close to Nature is the Movie Show.

"A Pair of Tickets (cheap enough, I vow),
A Cosy Seat, a Candy Box, and Thou
Beside me, in the restful Semi-Dark.
The Movie House were Paradise enow!"

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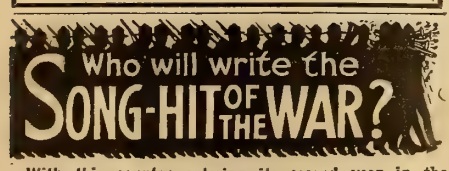


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Scenarioizing a Great Play

(*Continued from page* 46)

Continuing foreground, Anna rises instantly and prepares to go. As she reaches the doorway she turns, thanks him, then exits.

SCENE (library)—The Baron rises from his chair lazily as Julian is shown in by the servant. The Baron bows courteously. Rolfe acknowledges his salutation, gets down to business directly. He says:

SPOKEN TITLE—"I've come to ask your help. Anna Mirrel has disappeared."

Continuing scene, the Baron smiles lazily and says, "Why do you come to me about it?" Rolfe replies forcefully that he wont be satisfied until he finds her. The Baron then observes:

SPOKEN TITLE—"Mr. Rolfe, I warn you not to be carried away by that young woman. Her type is common in Russia."

Continuing scene, the Baron then propitiatingly tries to tell Rolfe that he is wasting his sympathy. Rolfe stops the Baron.

SCENE—Close-up of Rolfe as he exclaims indignantly:

SPOKEN TITLE—"Let me inform you, Baron, that I expect to marry Miss Mirrel."

Continuing foreground, Rolfe looks directly at the Baron.

SCENE—Foreground of the Baron and Rolfe. The Baron is slightly embarrassed. His one thought is to get Rolfe out of the room. He tells Rolfe he will be glad to do what he can for him. Rolfe thanks him.

SCENE (the inner room)—Anna is seated, calmly waiting. She is too tired to think.

SCENE (Baron's library)—Foreground of Rolfe and the Baron. Rolfe says:

SPOKEN TITLE—"The important thing now is to find her."

Continuing foreground, the Baron shrugs his shoulders and answers:

SPOKEN TITLE—"I do not know where she is. A thoro search shall be made and I shall report at once."

Continuing foreground. With that the Baron bows. Rolfe says "Good-night," and exits.

SCENE—Full set. As Rolfe goes out, the Baron walks to the fireplace. The servant enters and the Baron says:

SPOKEN TITLE—"You may go for the night. I do not wish to be disturbed."

Continuing scene, the servant turns and goes out. The Baron crosses after him and locks the door. Then he goes to the other room and, opening it, calls Anna. Anna appears.

SCENE—Foreground of Anna as she comes forward. She is waiting for her card of protection.

SCENE—Foreground of the Baron. He stands beside the table. As he calls Anna, she comes into the picture. He offers her some brandy, but she refuses. He tells her it is good for her. As he holds the glass to her she feels it would be ungrateful to refuse. She takes it, then she says:

SPOKEN TITLE—"It's very late. Please give me the card and I'll go."

Continuing foreground, the Baron smiles at her, and he remarks:

SPOKEN TITLE—"You're cold, my child. You must get warm first. Sit by the fire."

Continuing foreground, the Baron pushes her toward the chair, and then, pulling out her hatpins, places her hat on the table.

SCENE—Close-up of Anna. She is uncomfortable, but she does not know how to avoid the situation.

SCENE (Baron's library)—The Baron stops in front of her, pulls her toward him and says slowly:

SPOKEN TITLE—"I'll cancel the yellow ticket and you shall be left in peace if you'll be sensible tonight. Do you understand?"

Continuing scene, Anna, as she realizes what the Baron means, rises and retreats from him in horror. With a short laugh, the Baron seizes her by the wrists, draws her to him and kisses her. Finally she struggles free and flies out of picture toward door.

SCENE—Foreground of the door. As Anna in terror reaches it, she finds it locked. She shakes it, and pounds, but in vain. Then she turns wild with fear.

SCENE—Full set. The Baron smiles grimly. He says at last, as he comes near her:

SPOKEN TITLE—"You have everything to gain and nothing to lose."

Continuing scene. Anna watches him with terror. Still she does not move.

SCENE—Foreground. The Baron tries to seize her by the shoulder. Anna manages to elude him, flies over toward the fireplace, out of the picture.

SCENE—Foreground of Anna as she reaches the table. She glides around it so that it is between her and the Baron. He comes toward her. She lowers her eyes.

SCENE—Close-up of Anna's hat, with the hatpins showing.

SCENE—Foreground of Anna at the table. A thought seizing her, she sidles in front of the table so that the Baron cannot see her hand as she puts it back of her upon the hat. The Baron seizes her by the other arm. She begins to pull out the hatpin.

SCENE—Close-up of Anna's hat with the hatpin being slowly removed.

SCENE—Full set. The Baron seizes Anna and attempts to crush her to him. At the same time he drags her toward the portières leading to a third room. Anna suddenly plunges the hatpin into his heart. Baron staggers, falls, holding onto portières. Anna stands watching Baron, fascinated. Baron raises himself on portières, which he pulls down with him. Anna stands as if petrified, looking neither to left nor right. She picks up hat and coat, always conscious of what is lying a few feet from her, rushes toward door. She suddenly remembers key in Baron's pocket, shivers at the idea of touching him. Slowly goes toward Baron, sinks down on her knees, fumbles in his clothes, finds key, quickly rushes back to door, her body quivering. With shaking fingers, Anna turns key in lock and disappears.

SCENE (the police station)—Anna walks in and goes up to the inspector in charge and speaks:

SPOKEN TITLE—"I have killed Baron Andrey."

Continuing scene, the inspector is outraged and horrified at her confession. He calls two officers and Anna is seized and led off. The inspector then, much excited, telephones.

SCENE (Count's study)—He is in foreground, languidly playing a piano and smoking. Hearing his telephone, he lazily answers it. As he hears the news which means that he is the Chief of the Okhrana, his nonchalant manner slips

from him, and he becomes cruel and directing in a moment.

SCENE (hotel lobby, morning)—Julian comes in. He looks wild-eyed and disheveled. In a dead way he meets the concierge. The latter hands him a note. As Julian sees the writing he starts quickly, opens the note and reads:

INSERT—Foreground of note: "My Dearest—This is to explain I went to Baron Andrey. He had promised me protection from the police. He deceived me. In self-defense I killed him. I am giving myself up. Good-by. Dont try to see me. It is an ugly business. ANNA."

Continuing scene, in great haste Rolfe starts out at once.

SCENE (Anna's cell)—Anna sits there in the morning light, not moving, utterly indifferent to what happens.

SUBTITLE—"Count Rostov Replaces His Uncle as Head of the Okhrana."

SCENE (interior of Okhrana as per 2)—Rostov enters and grimly takes his place at the table. Paviak is present. Rostov says:

SPOKEN TITLE—"Bring in the Jewess who killed Baron Andrey."

Continuing scene, as two officers go to execute his order, Paviak looks puzzled.

SCENE—Foreground of Paviak, remarks to the Count:

SPOKEN TITLE—"Forgive me, your excellency, but the newspapers say the Baron died of heart failure."

Continuing foreground, the Count looks at him sharply and answers:

SPOKEN TITLE—"I announced that to save an ugly scandal. That will not prevent me from punishing the girl as she deserves."

Continuing foreground. The Count looks the epitome of cruelty. Paviak accepts the situation as quite natural.

SCENE—Full set. Anna is brought in. Anna turns her eyes to the Count. Count looks at her steadily. Their eyes meet, his with an expression of cruel vigilance, hers with the expression of a sleep-walker. Count orders men to search Anna. One of the guards tears off Anna's coat. Goes thru pockets. She slowly hands him leather bag. Guard empties its contents on table. She takes off hat mechanically, stands holding one hatpin in her hand. Hatpin matches one with which she stabbed Baron, which is lying on Count's desk. Count asks her to hand hatpin to him, compares it with pin lying before him. Anna, catching sight of other hatpin, starts back for a moment. She staggers slightly, quickly pulls herself together. Count glares at her, orders guards out of room. All exit with the exception of Paviak out of room. Count Rostov turns to Anna.

SCENE (hallway outside Okhrana)—Rolfe rushes in, speaks to attendant. Attendant at first refuses to take Rolfe's name in, but Rolfe is persistent. Attendant opens heavy doors, enters, leaving Rolfe outside.

SCENE (interior Okhrana as per 2)—Attendant approaches Rostov, hands him Rolfe's card. Count expresses that attendant is to show Rolfe in. Two officers lead Anna out thru other door. Rolfe is ushered into room. Count meets Rolfe with outstretched hand. Rolfe's eyes have desperate gleam, his jaw set. Count asks Rolfe to be seated. Rolfe refuses to sit. Remains standing, says:

SPOKEN TITLE—"I want to see Anna Mirrel."

Continuing scene, Count Rostov is nervous. Talks to one of his attendants in whispers, turns back to Rolfe, says:

SPOKEN TITLE—"Those held for murder can see no one."

Continuing scene, Rolfe stands, nervously thinking the matter over.



You, too, can have a youthful complexion like mine—it isn't a question of age at all

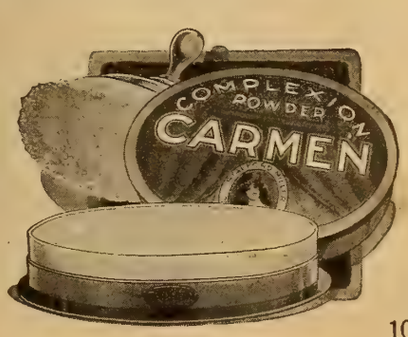
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PORTRAITS OF THE GREAT STARS

Each card contains a portrait of a great star, including Marguerite Clark, David Warfield, Julia Marlowe, Alla Nazimova, E. H. Sothern, Willie Collier, Blanche Bates, Rose Stahl, Blanche Ring, Frank Daniels, Anna Held, Grace George, James O'Neill, Ellen Terry, Henrietta Crosman, Frances Starr, Margaret Anglin, Eddie Foy, Mrs. Fiske, Harry Woodruff, Mrs. Leslie Carter, Cissy Loftus, and other well-known stars. Most of these great players, and most of the others, have already made their appearance on the screen, and every one of them has made stage history, as many of them are now making Motion Picture history. Why not take advantage of this opportunity to make a collection of the portraits of these great stars, even if you do not want to use the cards to play with? (Please note that this set of cards has no connection with the set of Motion Picture cards in our new game called "Cast.")

Only 50 cents a pack, in handsome telescope box, mailed to any address, postage prepaid, on receipt of price. (One-cent stamps accepted. If a 50-cent piece is sent, wrap it in folded paper and enclose in envelope in your letter. An unwrapped coin sometimes cuts thru the envelope and is lost in the mails. It is perfectly safe also to send a dollar bill by mail.)

THE M. P. PUBLISHING COMPANY
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

SCENE—Close-up of Rolfe as he remarks:

SPOKEN TITLE—"How can you hold her for the death of a man whom you officially announce died of heart failure?"

Continuing foreground. Rolfe looks sharply toward the Count, then changes his directness of manner and observes:

SPOKEN TITLE—"Of course, if it were not heart failure I have Miss Mirrel's confession in my pocket, which would make interesting reading for the world at large."

Continuing foreground, Rolfe waits to see how his remarks will sink in.

SPOKEN TITLE—"Mr. Rolfe, we happen to know that you killed the Baron yourself in jealousy. You must face the consequences."

Continuing foreground as the Count says this. Rolfe looks at him and laughs.

SCENE—Close-up of Julian as he says:

SPOKEN TITLE—"You cant railroad me into Siberia on a blank charge."

Continuing foreground, Julian waits defiantly.

SCENE—Full set. The Count gives the order to arrest Julian. Julian tells them not to touch him. Nevertheless they seize him.

SCENE (American Consulate's office)—Close-up of Consul at telephone. He looks at watch, calls number.

SCENE (Okhrana as per 2)—As they start to lead Rolfe out, telephone rings. Rolfe smiles. Paviak answers telephone, turns to Count.

SPOKEN TITLE—"The American Consul would like to speak to Mr. Julian Rolfe."

Continuing scene, Count angrily says:

SPOKEN TITLE—"He's not here."

SCENE (Consulate office)—Consul shaking receiver in violent rage, calls number.

SCENE (interior Okhrana as per 2)—Paviak, taking down receiver, listens quietly, turns to Rostov, repeats message, says:

SPOKEN TITLE—"He says he has an appointment with Mr. Rolfe here in ten minutes, and he is coming directly."

SCENE—Foreground of Rostov talking to Paviak. Paviak warns him that it would not be wise to arrest Rolfe.

SPOKEN TITLE—"Your excellency, we cannot afford to run the risk of international complications."

SCENE—Full set. As the two officers step back from Julian, he advances to the table and says:

SPOKEN TITLE—"The girl's life and my silence or the Baron's reputation—which?

Continuing scene, the Count tells the officer to summon Anna.

SCENE (the cell)—Anna is pathetically sitting in cell. The officer calls her and she rises, indifferently.

SCENE (Okhrana)—The Count and Paviak stand conversing in low tones, while Julian waits. Anna appears. As she comes forward dully she raises her eyes and sees Julian. With a sharp intake of her breath, she murmurs the word—"Julian!" The Count comes forward.

SCENE—Close-up of Count. He says, slowly, much against his will:

SPOKEN TITLE—"Anna Mirrel, you are free. You must leave Russia at once."

SCENE—Foreground. As Anna hears this her eyes open, then suddenly her nerves give way, and she is almost fainting as she turns to see Julian. He takes her in his arms. She asks:

SPOKEN TITLE—"Why should you want to marry me? I am a Jewess."

Continuing foreground, Julian answers proudly and emphatically, thus explaining his every action in the story, "Because I also am a Jew."

She snuggles into his arms and clings to him.

IRIS OUT.

Patter from the Pacific

By HARRY HARDING

Clara Kimball Young has arrived on the Coast and will make several features here for Select. She has finished work on "The Reason Why."

Seems funny to see pretty Ora Carew playing a bold, bad adventuress in the latest Pathé serial, "The Wolf-faced Man," produced by the Diando Film Company. Ora is a mighty sweet little girl and looks it, too. She believes that a feminine heavy should look attractive and not look as if she had a sign tacked on her back, "Look Out, I'm Dangerous!" Three well-known stars will be presented in the new Diando serial—George Larkin, Betty Compson and Ora Carew.

Louise Glaum is finishing work on her latest feature, "Shackled," at the Paralta studios. Louise does not play a vampire rôle in this picture, but a real nice young lady. Reginald Barker started directing the story, but was called off to take charge of the filming of Thomas Dixon's "The One Woman." Wallace Worsley succeeded him.

The National Film Corporation are going to produce a sequel to "Tarzan of the Apes," which made such a decided hit when it was shown in New York recently and which has been smashing all sorts of records thruout the United States. Elmo Lincoln will probably play the rôle of Tarzan again in the new production.

Monroe Salisbury has a new characterization in his latest Bluebird feature which he is making at the Universal studios. "Silent Smith" is the title of the picture and the character is being delightfully handled by Monroe, who seems to play them all with equal care and thought. Ruth Clifford is playing the leading rôle opposite him.

The rumor that Lloyd Hamilton would shave his famous comedy mustache off has proven quite true. "Ham," as he is best known to photoplay fans thruout the country, will appear in his next Sunshine comedy as a country boob, the type that he played five years ago at the Kalem before the "Ham and Bud" comedies, when he was playing opposite Ruth Roland with Marshall Neilan directing. He will still keep his character name of "Ham," however. Ethel Teare is his leading-lady again in this picture.

D. W. Griffith's "Hearts of the World" is still packing them in at every performance at Clune's Auditorium in Los Angeles. The picture has received a splendid ovation at each performance, and the local critics all proclaimed it greater than either "Intolerance" or "The Birth of a Nation." Dorothy Gish adds many a laugh to the picture and is responsible for the comedy relief. There are many real battle scenes in the spectacle that are marvelous. It is certain to go over with a bang any place at any time—except in Germany, Austria and Turkey.

The American Film Company has decided to place Edward Sloman in charge of the directing of all the Mary Miles Minter pictures in the future. He has met with great success in the ones that he has so far directed for this popular little star.

Nell Shipman and her company have returned from the Mojave Desert. While there they lived and traveled in prairie schooners. Miss Shipman was heard to remark, "Oh, I wish those schooners were filled with something fizzy!"

And summer is here. Everything fine. Lots of sunshine, flowers and everything. All studios working full blast.

Letters to the Editor

(*Continued from page* 12)

have been printed. Let me say that the girl who played the difficult rôle of Marcia in "Paradise Garden" really carried off the stellar honors of the film. If "J. M." knew *real* acting when he saw it, he wouldn't think of beauty first. She was not pretty, but something more—she acted the real life vampire that one sees every day. Such a portrayal of a bold creature with her brazen smile makes Theda Bara look to her laurels. The Valeska Suratt type of vampire does not appeal to me, because I'm very much afraid if we had such strange, weird creatures roaming around at large to make married men their prey, the poor male sex would find this world a very unsafe place to live in.

Hundreds of replies have poured in in wrathful answer to a letter published in the April issue. We publish W. J. Stansbury's, Los Angeles, Cal., because it contains a scholarly summary of all the others' thoughts:

Have just spent a little time reading the April issue of your wonderful Magazine, which surely keeps one abreast of what's new in movieland and also helps while away a few hours in a pleasant manner. The object of my writing this letter to you is for this reason: after reading a few of the "Letters to the Editor" my ire was so aroused that I felt I must retort in some way, hence this effort.

Have been a movie fan for a number of years and consider the movies one of the things that make life worth living. Have never written to a movie or any other magazine before, as I realize that they are bothered enough now without reading my truck, but I cant sit down and read what Miss Mary Morton and Miss Evelyn Bayless have to say without trying to take a little of the wind out of their sails.

In the first place, they say that Francis X. Bushman, Earle Williams and King Baggot are all "has-beens," and then at the end of their letter the aforementioned young ladies say they are a couple of nuts in their teens. Well, that accounts for such a raw statement. It hasn't been very many years since I was in the teens myself, and I can still remember how reckless I was in making assertions without anything to back them up.

Mr. Bushman has been in the movie business quite a long time, and his face is certainly not new, but to say that he cannot act and that he is unpopular is surely a wild statement. I'm not a Bushman fan, but in all fairness to him wish to say that in my humble opinion he is a very good actor or he wouldn't hold his job; also that he must be popular, as he has won several contests, and in the present contest now running in the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE his name is ninth on the list, being the fifth man on same. It seems to me that if he was unpopular he would never have acquired a position so high on the list. Then again, how do these little maids from school reconcile the remark made in one instance that Bushman cannot act and then towards the end of their letter say that he has polish and gentlemanly ways? That in itself denotes good acting.

Next comes Earle Williams. But why waste time writing of him? He doesn't need my little help to clear him of these

(*Continued on page* 113)



THESE MOTHERS' SONS ARE FIGHTING FOR YOU

25 Cents Lent to the Government Will Help Save a Soldier's Life

These God-given women—over a million strong—are giving their boys to make this a safe world for you and for me. And they ask nothing in return. Gladly they give what is more to them than their own lives without even a single complaint. Perhaps you and I can't go to war; perhaps we're needed at home. But that doesn't let us out. We've got to do our bit just the same.

And now comes Uncle Sam and says: "Lend me your pennies — 25 cents at a time. I need them to help win this war and to save our boys' lives."

For today wars are fought with money, and every penny counts. 25 cents isn't much. It's a sum you can easily spare every few days, and you'll probably never miss it. But just think what 25 cents multiplied by a hundred million—the number of people in this country—amounts to. It's twenty-five million dollars! So you see, your pennies are needed—no matter how few you can spare.

You Don't Give—You Lend

The mothers of this nation are giving the lives of their boys — yet you are not asked to *give* your money, but to *lend* it at 4% interest.

How can any man or woman, any boy or girl, fail to serve and lend their pennies when their mothers are *giving* the lives of their boys.

And your money is as safe as your country. WAR SAVINGS STAMPS are backed by the entire United States and issued by the Government.

Surely there isn't a single person out of the hundred million who will fail to heed this call-for-thrift from good old Uncle Sam.

How You Can Make Your Quarters Work for You

There are two kinds of War Savings Stamps—25c. Thrift Stamps and $5 stamps. The $5 stamps sell for $4.18 during July, 1918, and for 1c. additional each month thereafter, during 1918. That is, $4.18 in July, $4.19 in August, etc. The Government will pay you $5 for each of these W. S. S. in January, 1923.

The 25c. stamps sell at all times for 25c.—The price does not change. When you buy your first 25c. stamp at the post office or any bank or store, you will be given a Thrift Card with spaces for sixteen 25c. stamps ($4.00 worth).

When the card is filled take it to the post office, pay 14c. additional—if you do it in March, after that 1c. additional each month, and you will receive a $5 stamp, which is described above.

Your Money Back. If you are obliged to sell your $5 stamp any time before January, 1923, the Government will buy it back from you at more than you paid for it. Its value increases 1c. each month, as it earns interest.

War Savings Stamps are for sale at post offices, banks, department stores, cigar stores, and other authorized agencies.

National War Savings Committee
Washington

W.S.S.
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July Motion Picture Classic

Interviewing Constance

Just before Constance Talmadge started for the Coast, Roberta Courtland went to interview the little star and found her right in the midst of packing. And Constance didn't look like a sure 'nough star at all; she looked just like any other girl—a smudge on her nose, her hair up in curlers and a lot of fun in her eyes. She told Miss Courtland all about herself, and if you read the July Classic you'll learn about Natalie Talmadge, the third sister, whom they hope to make a star some day.

Their Honeymoon

Enid Bennett is married. Of course nearly everybody knows it, but we doubt if everybody knows the particulars—where she spent her honeymoon, or how Fred bought her the pedigreed bulldog which now rivals him for Enid's affections. Fritzi Remont hunted the happy couple up when they came back to earth—and the studio—and she has a lively, newsy story for you in the July Classic. This ought to be of particular interest to Australians, who are proud of their representative on the shadow stage.

Filming "Fatty"

Fritzi Remont is very busy on the Coast these days, but her busiest day was when she met and endeavored to interview "Fatty" Arbuckle. He was trying to guide a trolley-car safely around the Lasky lot when she sighted him, and was having a mighty rough time. Between dodging the trolley and other items, Mrs. Remont put in a strenuous day, but she got her interview and some screamingly funny pictures of "Fatty" playing motorman.

Other Good Things

Louise Glaum says "I've vamped enough," and promptly proceeds to tell you her future plans; Mary Pickford tells how she fooled even her studio friends with her Unity Blake make-up; Viola Dana wants to vamp, but Husband-Director John Collins wont let her; Geraldine Farrar gives a few hints to lazy Americans; and you will also learn "Why Husbands Leave Home." Just for the latter bit of information, you should be convinced that you positively need the July Classic, but when you take into consideration all the other good things, you'll simply have to buy it.

Motion Picture Classic

175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Sunshine May"

(*Continued from page* 37)

The flowers of the garden go to the hospitals and orphan asylums. And every time she is down South for a bit of a trip she gladdens the hearts of the old veterans at the Confederate Soldiers' Home, with her gifts and, what is more rarely given by the majority of famous folk, her own presence. She comes into the big, gloomy building where the pitiful remnants of the proud gray army sit in the sun and dream, like a dash of fresh air or a handful of sunshine. Corncob pipes, tobacco and various little gifts, whose value is enhanced by the charm of the giver, find their way to the old fellows of whom the whole South is proud, but of whose cheer and happiness, I'm afraid, we think little.

This is a side of May Allison that few of us, who dont know her personally, can appreciate. She isn't merely "a famous movie actress"—she's a girl, humanly sweet and lovable, with human faults as well as virtues. She is proud of the fact that she makes a good many of her own frocks and that she is a splendid cook and housekeeper.

Some day, she says, when she is at the very height of her career, she is going to return to her home in north Georgia and be a regular "country gentlewoman."

"I'm going to raise chickens, blooded stock, prize-winning vegetables for the county fair, and entertain just as many people as I can crowd into my house. And as for flowers—well, I'm going to raise roses so big they'll look like cabbages, and petunias and phlox and pansies. Oh! I'm going to have a splendid time," she sighed, looking up at a beautifully framed picture of the big Colonial house which hung above her on the soft, gray-green walls.

"Mother and I have tried to keep everything just as it used to be," she went on, dreamily, almost as if imagining herself back again in the home she loves with all her heart. "The big white house, set on a knoll and surrounded by big shade-trees, is always cool in summer and warm in winter. On the left, and rolling a bit down the knoll from the house, is the orchard—in spring, a beautiful sight, with the apple-blossoms pale-pink, the snowy-white of plum-blossoms, pinky-white of peach-blossoms and the ivory of pear-blossoms. Looking from the big veranda down into the orchard is like looking over a heavenly carpet of pale pink and white, ending in the soft green of the woods over in the 'pasture lot.' On the right from the house is my garden, all the roses and stately flowers at the back and the rest coming down to a border of pansies; and back of the house, some little distance, are the barns and outhouses, and below that the servants' quarters and tenant-houses."

She sighed a bit, as memories of all the dear, beautiful place had meant to her swept over her.

"Mother's health isn't a bit good and I am frightfully worried. The doctor says she would be much better down South, but now that I am again acting at the studio, the dear, patient, little lady refuses to leave me and stays on here in New York because she knows I am happier with her here. But I may have to persuade her to go for at least a short time and see if she cant get her health back. As for me, my pictures are being taken without breathing space between."

And so in the few brief vacations this lovely lady takes, you can picture her "knee-deep in June," working happily among her flowers, entertaining her guests—reigning regally in the home of her ancestors!

A Double Exposure

(*Continued from page* 81)

you up-stage actor—durn it! (*They climb the scaffold after him.*)

Fritzi—The name of your new picture—tell it quick!

Martha—This hanging here in mid-air makes me sick!

Romeo Chaplin—"A Dog's Life" I am now portraying, and that I do it well goes without saying.

Fritzi—Thy answer pleases me. Come down, I pray. We have some more to do, some more to say.

(*And now again he seeks the fifteenth Louis and grabs a trombone, playing madly—bluey!*)

Martha—My, what an earful! He plays off the key, and with *intent*, it surely seems to me! Whadyuknow about it?

Fritzi—This is too much! First came the sign, "Keep Out"; next, Romeo sought to hide, and now he'll drive us out with this brass trombone slide.

Romeo (*aside, with violintent*)—Perhaps the violin would greater charm lend to the scene. I play left-handed on this instrument.

Martha—Look, Fritzi, look! His instrument's a Strad.

Fritzi—He cannot stop too soon to make me glad.

Romeo Chaplin—Would ye insult me? Just for that ye'll leave! Here, Mutt! Show 'em out! Avaunt! Sic 'em! Atta-boy!

Fritzi (*dramatically*)—

"The quality of mercy is not strained—
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven,
It is twice blessed.
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes."

Martha—

I'm glad to find that Mutt is not well trained.
We've lingered here from cock's-crow until seven
To be thus blessed.
Let's go! And blessing him that gave—pull up our stakes!

FADE-OUT.

A GOOD PLACE FOR WILHELM

The white-hot lava in the crater of Mt. Kilauea was seething and spurting in the Hawaiian pictures at the Rivoli Theater, New York City, one Sunday afternoon, when a lady in a center loge gave an exclamation that indicated she had found something she had been looking for. "There," she remarked emphatically to her companion, "there is exactly the spot where I would like to see somebody drop the Kaiser."

A FIDO THAT WASN'T A SLACKER

More dog! Little Mary McAllister has been putting on dog, too. The child carried a twenty-five-pound specimen around with her while filming various scenes, and, between that and doing boxing bouts, she has developed biceps to be proud of. Recently they planted some young trees on the studio grounds, and old dog "Tray" watched the men digging holes and putting what looked like a bean-pole into each excavation. A few minutes afterward little Mary was amazed to see her poodle rush in with a twig in his mouth, frantically dig a hole, and try to plant the stick upright, using his patent-leather nose for pushing purposes, as he is accustomed to doing when he buries his pet bone on meatless Tuesdays.

Entertaining Our Soldiers in Training

(*Continued from page 78*)

Enlisted men and Y. M. C. A. secretaries act as operators; they all do the best they can under difficult circumstances, and needless to say, the soldiers are duly appreciative.

There has been some discussion as to whether the boys were seeing the best and latest productions that the great Motion Picture industry could offer. At the beginning perhaps they were not, but, then, it was a gigantic task to get things started so that Uncle Sam could quickly train the gigantic army of more than 1,600,000 men which he raised with such amazing speed. It is a wonder he did so well under the circumstances. It has taken time to get all of the camp recreations in good working order, and the men of the second draft, now being called to the camps, are finding things much improved.

So it is with the movies. To make sure that the soldiers were well taken care of in this regard, Raymond B. Fosdick, the chairman of the Commission on Training Camp Activities, called upon the leading producers in the Motion Picture industry for aid. As always, the industry responded promptly and patriotically; it had before lent its coöperation in every way open to it. As a result of a conference with Mr. Lee F. Hamner, general supervisor of camp Motion Pictures, the Producers' and Distributors' Motion Picture Committee was formed, to work on a coöperative basis with the Training Camp Commissions, not alone of the army, but also of the navy, so as to extend and augment what the Y. M. C. A. was doing. Mr. P. A. Powers, a prominent Motion Picture man, is chairman, and all of the prominent film producers are members. One of the significant results of this organization is that the very best productions are furnished to the camps at rentals that merely pay for the actual expenses and that give no consideration of profit for the producers. In other words, the movies, as we have come to know them in an affectionate sort of a way, are doing their bit, too.

What do the soldiers like the most, is the question naturally asked. To answer it with the greatest accuracy, we had better say: "All of them!" Their tastes vary, of course, just as do those of the folks back home. Military training tends to erase individualism, for armies, these days as always, are great bodies of men all doing the same thing at the same time. That is what our boys are going to do—kill Germans. But that doesn't mean that they lose their individuality completely. Uncle Sam, by his selective draft system, has tried to avoid that very thing. And so it is with the pictures. They are selected to fit all tastes.

Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin, Marguerite Clark, Francis Bushman, "Bill" Hart (dont forget him!), to say nothing about all of the other film stars that have so many adherents, are all familiar names to our soldiers. If the men know that a favorite is "showing" on any particular night, you're sure to find a big audience ready when the lights go out and the screen unfolds all of the wonders for which it has become famous. If we were to select, off-hand, the most popular "brand" for the soldiers, we would say "Bill Hart stuff" and "Fairbanks stuff." That is to say, the men like red-blooded, energetic Americanism—strong, clean pictures with a punch. They go wild when Doug, rescuing the fair maiden, climbs up the perpendicular cliffs of the Grand Canyon; they applaud until their hands ache when Bill Hart pursues the gambling-house proprietor, who has kidnapped the heroine. They go into ecstasies over the Mack Sennett type of rapid-fire, knockabout comedy.

Did some one say "Censorship"? As applied to the soldiers, it is hardly called that, nor can it be with justice. All of the films are reviewed and those considered most suitable are selected by Community Bureau experts. It is not a namby-pamby proposition. All those "rough and ready" pictures that make such a hit with the men "get by" easily, excepting where there are scenes that Uncle Sam does not consider good for his boys, from a military standpoint. No drinking scenes, obviously, or anything that might lead from the straight and narrow path—and the path is indeed merely a white chalk-line for soldiers. Efficiency is the watchword in the American army, upon whom the bitterest part of the burden is to fall for the defense of civilization. "Home and mother stuff" does not pass, for why make our soldiers homesick and discouraged with their strictly disciplined life? The limitations, outside of these, are mighty few, and the boys in the camps are seeing all of the best that the Motion Picture can offer them.

We have not spoken of how Uncle Sam is using Motion Pictures in helping train his men; it is, indeed, a story all by itself. Bayonet drills, boxing, military tactics and a host of valuable military information is transmitted by the screen, and the Y. M. C. A., as well as the Knights of Columbus and other welfare organizations in camp that show Moving Pictures, are only too glad to lend their facilities to Uncle Sam whenever he calls upon them. Some day, when German autocracy has been thoroly whipped, with Uncle Sam's boys putting in the finishing touches, the historian will undoubtedly record the part which the Motion Picture played in helping train our men for war. It cannot omit to give credit for its help in an even more important service—keeping up the splendid spirit and high morale of our soldiers. For this alone it has earned a service flag that will become a glorious hallmark in the years to come.

Moreover, the Motion Picture has gone "over there," and is now giving its meed of service in inspiriting and encouraging our brave warriors, now about to enter into the greatest adventure that the world can offer. God bless all of them!

THE REALIZATION OF DREAMS

By Peggy Lincks

While on location th' other day
Our leading-man just quit;
They picked on me to take his place,
And I made the most of it!

Our leading-lady walked with me
To see the sun arise,
And, bending my brown head to hers,
I gazed into her—make-up box!

She sat beside me 'neath a tree
And dug holes in the sand;
She seemed so fragile and demure
I slyly stole her—powder-puff!

Yes, clutching that dear powder-puff,
I spoke of that and this,
And as she raised her face to mine,
I boldly snatched—her lipstick!



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Giving Away the Old Answer Man

No—Not His Identity—But What Our Readers Think of Him

THE other day a most unusual occurrence took place. The Answer Man failed to make his appearance. No—it wasn't an attack of illness from overindulgence in the candy and cigarets his many admirers send him; just a short vacation the Editor granted him as a reward for faithful service.

Out of the kindness of my heart I delved into the mountain of mail piled upon his desk, thinking to clear a little of it away in order that he might not come back to a triple amount of work. And inadvertently I stumbled upon his secret:

What the readers of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE *really think of him.*

And so I am going to shoot these down to the printer before the old Answer Man gets back and—hush—scalps me.

I have omitted the questions in the letters, as they will be answered in the regular Answer Man Department:

This being probably my first, last and only letter to you, do allow me to say I greatly admire your wisdom. I am sure Solomon himself could not do half so well in putting the public's curiosity to flight. Ever since your first appearance before the public I have always, on opening the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, read your answers, and then I have been perfectly satisfied to read the rest of the book as the Editor "choosed" to "dish it out."

Having said my say, I must hie me to that soul-inspiring task awaiting me—dishwashing.

"BOBBETTE," Huntington, W. Va.

DEAR OLD ANSWER MAN—Have been intending to write you for lo! these many moons, but have been a little backward, as I notice you grumble every now and then at letters being too long. Will endeavor to say what I have to say in small space.

Am delighted to see that the Magazine has been made larger, and I have already made arrangements for my copy. There is some class to the Classic, but I just cant wean myself away from the old favorite Magazine. Quite needless to say that if the Answer Man was not in it, I would not buy another copy.

It is gratifying to note that your salary has been increased from $8.00 to $9.00 per week, and I am sure that none of this will be squandered in vice, as it behooves a boy of near four-score to lay by a few nickels for a wet day, and I believe you will do this without any advice from me. A couple more raises of similar proportion, and I hope to see you branch out as a producer. Not of speeches, but of pictures.

Your being a bachelor as well as myself, and no barber bills to pay, rather draws me toward you. In fact, when I got the dear June number I had my supper on the stove and neglected it to read the Answer Man, and had to prepare another, as it burned almost entirely up. (Please keep mum to Hoover!)

If this letter is not too long, will write again some time and try to get hold of a piece of chocolate for you.

A FAN, C. W. C., Vulcan, W. Va.

DEAR, CLEVER, WISE ANSWER MAN—Have been very ill, but your department has helped to keep me from being lonesome. I like you best when angry. If you did not get foolish letters you could not be sarcastic, and then there would be nothing to laugh about. I have lost three children, so am glad to have something to laugh at. I am pleasant to every one and hide the ache in my heart, for I must go thru life childless. I have the best husband in the world and will have to be contented with his love. Perhaps it will ease the disappointment if I confide in the dearly loved Answer Man. Will you hand my votes to the proper one? Am sending them to you, as I like you best. I missed voting for the best plays. I was too ill to care at the time.

DOLLY LOVES YOU, Detroit, Mich.

DEAREST ANSWER MAN—I wonder if you can *ever* forgive me for having neglected you so horribly. But, Grape Nuts, "There's a Reason!" I've been in bed for three weeks, with a trained nurse, and was out yesterday for the first time. I've had pleurisy, and the horrid old doctor wont let me return to school till June.

People praise the actresses and actors, some do praise the directors, but, dear me, you'll please forgive me if I want to say a word for you, wont you, Mr. Answer Man? I really think you're *wonderful!* I honestly do! You have splendid, perfectly fine ideas, and oh! such excellent advice. I do think one gains something by reading all the answers, not for the answers, but for the good advice you give. It *is* helpful, and please dont deny it!

"Bestest" best regards to you and every one that has anything to do with the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

DOROTHY L. F.
37 Corlies Ave., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

DEAR ANSWER MAN—Honest, the old MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE wouldn't be "nothing" without you. You're just absolutely *great,* and I nearly kill myself laughing over some of your sayings. You surely are "on the job" and "put it over" some of the "fool-killing" question-askers—like mine, for instance, but I'm preparing for the shock. "I know I'll catch it." "Let me down easy," please, mister.

M. P. J.

REAL WHISPERS

By Grace G. Bostwick

They've got their nerve—asking a quarter for *this* show!

No trouble at all. (Aside)—It's funny they have to sit here when there's empty seats all over the house!

Wouldn't that kissing make you sick? And I'll bet she gets a hundred apiece for 'em!

That's always the way—you just get interested when a bunch crowds into the row in front of you!

You needn't tell me Mary Pickford's married! Why, she's making over five hundred thousand a year!

Whew! I thought this town was dry!

That elbow-pusher got hers all right, that jolt!

Help! I hear an onion!

Well, I'll be darned!

"My Ideal Girl"

(*Continued from page* 33)

boasting of intimacy with Ibsen, Schopenhauer and the Greenwich Village poets.

"As for eyes, they should be able to misbehave, like Anna Held's, but never with any one but her *vis-à-vis*. As to color, that verges on the specific. Everything depends on the man and the hour whether the hue should be heavenly, ebony, champagne or another shade of liquid brown.

"As for tresses, it matters not save that they are her own. I prefer a permanent wave to that which is kid-curled, and the color should be fast.

"The ideal woman would know how to manage her complexion so that it wouldn't come off on the ideal man's coat.

"Mentally, she should be neither underdone nor overdone. The same holds for her dress.

"The one decoration I admire most on a woman is the Red Cross.

"EDWARD EARLE."

"My ideal woman?

"I guess you mean the little girl I'd swim the Pacific for or get out and do the day-labor stuff for.

"It's easy to write the part you've picked for her—as easy as thinking about the swell feed you'd order, only you haven't got the price, or dreaming of sunny California when you're paying a visit to Boston in a New England fog.

"My one best bet in the girl line is a doll with a crop of dark-brown hair, a figure with curves that would make a major league pitcher turn green with envy, and a disposition like a kitten. Her ace is a pair of dreamy blue eyes that would make a dumb guy sing like Caruso.

"She is the kind that would meet me at the gate when I finished the day's rough-and-tumble at the studio. She'd lead me to a regular meal, then dig up my pipe and sit on my lap while I told her what happened since morning.

"I wouldn't care if she didn't know a white-light café from a pinochle deck and thought a dry martini was a new-fashioned breakfast food.

"When she spills a few words about her mother, I want to see that sweet, sad-like sort of look in her face and in her eyes. When she goes to the movies and sees Frank Keenan in one of his big scenes, I want her to pull the weep-stuff and act natural.

"I want her to be just like the Janes that sent the old boys out to victory in '76, the kind that loves youngsters and the kind that believes 'Home, Sweet Home' is the only song that was ever written.

"HAROLD LLOYD."

THE HERO OF FILMDOM.
By ALLEN F. BREWER.

You may tell of the stars of Filmdom,
And the wondrous parts they play,
As they gleefully slide
Down a precipice side
In their perilous labors each day;
Thru a jungle they recklessly wander,
Or afar on a cannibal isle,
They'll daily appear
With nary a fear,
As they earn fifty thousand the while.
But the hero we never see pictured,
In daredevil deeds on the screen,
Who's never in sight
As the ladies' delight
To rescue the photoplay queen—
Is the man in the hot little closet,
Cooped up in the back of the hall,
Who labors and cranks
Out the photoplay pranks,
And the drama of thrills for us all.

Letters to the Editor

(*Continued from page* 109)

Southern kiddies' charge. His high position on the contest list shows his popularity, and his wonderful success on the screen speaks for itself. Of King Baggot I know very little, so will not write of him.

What takes the cake, tho, is the truly remarkable assertion that Charlie Chaplin looks more like the chief mourner at a funeral than a comedian. It has been my sad duty to attend several funerals, and I can truthfully say that I have never seen any one laugh at one, but the writer has seen people double in their seats from laughing at Charlie Chaplin. We laugh at some so-called comedians more because of the effort they made to win the laugh than from anything particularly funny they did or said, but in Charlie's case it is different. He is a real comedian. Why? Because he makes you laugh in spite of yourself, and that fact always proves the true comedian. Do these young ladies think that Charlie's pictures dont draw and that some noble-minded producers give him a $1,000,000 salary every year just for pure charity's sake and because they think he is a good fellow? Nay, nay, my dears; he gets the coin because he earns it and a whole lot more for his backers. If these Southern belles will take the "Dixie Flyer" some day and take a little trip to Philadelphia or New York, or any of the other great centers of population, and visit some of the leading theaters where a Chaplin picture is being shown and see the long lines of people waiting to get into the theater, they will soon be convinced that Charlie has the real ability to get the laughs in most people's eyes.

It is a perfectly natural custom for a picture fan to take a liking to a certain player and to boost that player for all he or she is worth. That's all right, but for any one to say that their particular favorite is the best simply because they think so is all wrong. Most young men when they are proposing tell the girl in question that she is the most beautiful, sweetest and nicest girl in the world. Now when they all say that we know that somebody is lying, because every girl cannot be the most beautiful, the sweetest and the nicest.

I have a great deal of faith in the producers and know that while they make mistakes, same as everybody else, they also know from experience what the general public wants and, so far as they are able, give it to them. Of course they cant go out and get good stories just like you would pick an apple, but in my humble opinion they, in most cases, do very well with the material they have in hand.

Alyce Haurer, of 364 Page St., San Francisco, wants to get her opinions in the swim. So here goes:

Since so many other people write and give their opinions of the stars, I guess I might just as well be in the fling. I shall give my opinions without fear or favor. I shall begin with Clara Young. Why, oh why does she still hang on? Hasn't she made enough money by now to retire? She is beautiful, I admit, but she cannot act. She dotes too much on her good-looks. She is afraid if she emotes a little she will disarrange her hair. Her ex-husband says he made her what she is today. I must say he made a very poor job of it.

It really grieves me that the public does

(*Continued on page* 124)



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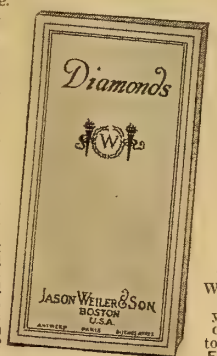
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"A Little of My Life"

(Continued from page 63)

believe; many really great things do that. Where on the stage could the remarkable effects of Lady Macbeth's journey down the long stairway with the candle in her hand have been so beautifully accomplished? Or the scene in which all Birnam Wood comes to Dunsinane—those thousands of men advancing thru the meadows with the protecting, leafy boughs held before their faces—a veritable forest? Pictorially wonderful, and even the lines are not lost, as those who saw the exquisite if silent rendering of the lines, "Stand not upon the order of your going, but go at once," will remember. Think of the generation to whom plays like this may be a splendid visual memory rather than associated with a much belined schoolbook or a few quotations! (Who said that Shakespeare has written more quotations than any one else he ever read?)

My screen work has been fairly well divided between children's parts and fairy plays, "The Amazons" contrasting, with its tomboy rôle, with the dainty magic of the fairy tales, "Seven Swans" and "Snow White." Some of my best pictures are these: "Wildflower," "The Amazons," "Seven Swans," "Snow White," the interesting Bab stories of Mrs. Rhinehart, "Bab's Diary" and "Bab's Burglar," the idyllic "Prunella," and my latest, "Rich Man, Poor Man," yet to be released.

I make on an average eight pictures a year, each followed, if possible, by two weeks' rest out of town. But usually many things interfere. There are interviews to be arranged, costumes to consider, plays to read (for I select my own pictures), photographs to sit for—indeed, fifty things to do which take all the time there is.

I receive, like all Moving Picture actresses, many letters, averaging fifteen hundred a week. I try to read them all, but if I cannot, some one does, and every request for a photograph is fully granted. Usually eleven hundred of the letters ask for photographs. Figure this out in terms of a dozen for yourself!

And for the many who have asked I will say this: I live quietly with my sister at Central Park West in the winter and spend the summers at Rye, New York. I never entertain at large parties or appear in public restaurants or places of amusement—I have, as it were, no "public private life." I am not married, and to those who say that I "look fifteen" I will say that, obviously, I am older than I look.

I am not a champion swimmer or skater or dancer; indeed, I am not a devotee of athletics at all, disloyal to my profession tho this may be. I have no favorite cat, dog or horse. I have several cars, but no favorite, and, more often than not, I appear in a picture, when a car is necessary, in one which I have never before seen.

I do not feel that because I am an actress and more or less in the public eye I am therefore more qualified to discuss and write upon subjects political, scientific or those benefiting womankind. My impressions of the styles of 1918 would mean very little. I have no time to think of styles at all—so little, in fact, that I am obliged to pay an excellent price to have this thinking done for me. I do not know the influence of the war upon drama or dress, nor do I feel that my explanations, tho an actress, of the psychology of any current murderess could possibly be of value. Those with more time on their hands should be more fitted to consider these things.

To stage-struck girls, however, I have one thing to say. So many of them ask me "how I did it." I am still doing it and in the same way.

Tolstoi tells of a peasant who, while plowing a field, was asked by a priest how he would spend the rest of the day if he knew that he were to die at its close. His answer to the priest is much the same as mine to those who ask how to spend the time between now and success. The peasant answered, "I would plow." And this surely is the only way to gain anything worth while and to keep it. I know, because I am still plowing.

ORGANIZE A WAR SAVINGS SOCIETY

Our readers have been invited to "back up" our soldiers at the front by joining or forming a War Savings Society. Full information will be supplied upon addressing the War Savings Society Bureau, 51 Chambers Street, New York City, or the National War Savings Committee, Washington, D. C.

Members of War Savings Societies promise to avoid competing with the Government for labor, materials and transportation by buying only what they need and only when they need it, and agree to invest their savings weekly or monthly in Thrift or War Savings Stamps or in Liberty Bonds.

A War Savings Society may be formed within a society, class or club, or in any group of people who work together or eat together, who play together or otherwise frequently "get together." The Society will include all members of the group who are willing to sign the patriotic agreement to individually support the Government in two ways—(1) by each doing his buying thoughtfully and (2) by loaning his savings to the Government.

There will be a chairman and secretary whose first effort will be to secure as members of the War Savings Society all members of the group, each one signing the application blank and promising to purchase a certain number of Thrift or War Savings Stamps every week or every month. From time to time, the secretary will check up the stamp purchases of the members so that none may neglect their promises. Weekly or monthly reports of the total purchases and total number of members will be sent to the National War Savings Committee.

At such times as the members may determine, ten minutes or more will be given to the War Savings Society of that group for war savings and other wartime discussions. In some offices or factories occasional brief, informal talks may be practicable. For these talks and the more formal meetings speakers will be suggested and material will be supplied from time to time.

WARNING!

By R. W. Farrelly

When first I met whom I adore
  Beyond the utterance of rhyme,
Her powdered hair, the dress she wore
  That night bespoke ye olden tyme.
When I beheld her classic face,
  I worshiped every curve and line,
And knew the years could not erase
  Her image from this heart of mine.
My love for her has never waned,
  Tho from the screen on you she smiles,
And I, to hold the love I gained,
  Would follow her across the miles.
I know that she to me is true,
  And that she acts the siren part,
But, as her husband, caution you
  Not to attempt to steal her heart.



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Lovely DORIS MITCHEL writes:
"I was advised to try the Princess Tokio Preparations to save my skin, and take pleasure in reporting that they have given me the utmost satisfaction. . . . Make my face as smooth as velvet."

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The Princess Tokio Beauty Treatment is a simple secret. It is used in the privacy of your own home—will not inconvenience you, and takes just a few minutes. In practically no time it restores the lost lustre to your skin. It puts youth in your cheeks! American women, who have taken advantage of our offer, consider the Princess Tokio treatment a most precious treasure—for this treatment makes them look as fresh as a rose.

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Photodrama in the Making

(*Continued from page 95*)

Did any of you who had been enthralled by "Jane Eyre" see "Woman and Wife"? Is it not a fact that the adapter gave us only the by-products there of the hoofs and hide and horns of the lamented Jane? What an odor, where once we had been ravished by new-mown hay!

(We will take up the Constructive side next time.)

WHAT YOU WANT TO KNOW

E. E., Palestine—The address of *The Moving Picture News* is 729 Seventh Ave., New York.

H. J., Eastport—The value of a scenario based on the life of Mme. Roland, or on any other historical incident, would not merit the work. Time is coming when the screen will be the Book of History as well as Life, but not yet.

E. C. S., Lynn—All Companies want *Synopsis only.* They buy five-reel material only, except the Drews. The rate is from one hundred to five hundred dollars. Limit your Synopses to two or three thousand words. They should not hold manuscript more than five weeks.

E. H. H., Pomeroy—I do not approve of Agencies. Companies, I think, are honest; some of their employees might be dishonest. The market is not flooded with GOOD stories. It will pay only those amateurs who have the TALENT to write. Five-reel Synopsis should take about two thousand words or more.

Mrs. H. G. S., Akron—A fair education *is* necessary to become a writer. I think you can learn from my Synopsis exactly what is necessary to put in and leave out.

J. C. W., Montgomery—Send Synopsis only. Do NOT try to lay out the Play.

C. E., North Conway—A Selling Service can do nothing for you that you cannot do better for yourself.

H. W. Y., Staatsburg—I can get little idea of your Photoplay from your description.

Mrs. M. G., Huntington—Regardless of your understanding of the matter, TODAY producers want *Synopsis only.*

R. G. M., Grassmere—If you will send me 12 cents in stamps, I will send you a Complete List of Photoplay Markets.

L. M., Montreal—I do not know of any Producers who are conducting training schools for their scenarioists.

H. L. K., Woodstock—Putting at the head of the manuscript "Fiction and Dramatic Rights Reserved" is no protection, except in case of sale. To copyright a Synopsis one must first have it PRINTED, privately or otherwise.

D. M. H., Detroit—A 1,500-word Synopsis would be acceptable. It is advisable to divide the Synopsis into parts, or rather BUILD it in five parts.

In connection with Mr. Phillips' series of articles on photoplay writing, we wish to suggest a list of valuable reference and text-books. We will be pleased to supply them at the prices named:

"The Photoplaywrights' Primer." By L. Case Russell	50c, postpaid
"Writing the Photoplay." By Arthur Leeds and J. Berg Esenwein.....	$2.10, postpaid
"The Art of the Moving Picture." By Vachel Lindsay	1.35, postpaid
"The Photodrama." By Henry Albert Phillips...	2.10, postpaid
"The Universal Plot Catalogue." By Henry Albert Phillips	1.25, postpaid

Tempered Steel

(*Continued from page 73*)

furnish the newsdealer's new sitting-room with the profits. All the Colonel's anger with Lucille melted the moment she was in trouble. This has ever been the way with a certain pig-headed brand of parent whose heart is just as tender as the next one's, if you can just succeed in touching it—and the old Colonel was true to the type. Mrs. Caruthers was glad that there were tears in his eyes and that he was not embarrassed at their dropping down his cheek, the day his newspaper headlines read: "Actress tried for manslaughter freed. Lucille Caruthers, star of 'The Reckoning,' acquitted. Jury out only ten minutes. Verdict—Serge Ratakin killed by lightning," etc.

At that very moment Lucille and Richard were alighting from an automobile at the gate.

"See who is here, dear," said Mrs. Caruthers, utterly happy for the first time in many trying months. The Colonel rose to face his daughter. Lucille held out her hand, a bit uncertain of her welcome, but her father's face quite reassured her. Throwing both arms around his neck, she nestled there like a tired child, until the Colonel putting both hands on her shoulders, looked admiringly into her face, saying, "I'm proud of you, my brave girl. . . . God! what a pity you weren't a man!"

"I am thoroly satisfied, dad, to be just a woman, but see, I've brought you a son"—introducing Richard, whose eyes followed her adoringly, in the rôle of handsome young husband.

A PERFECT DAY

By Harry J. Smalley

Today has been a perfect day. When you arose this morning you were greeted by blue skies, a smiling sun and a cooling breeze. All the day things broke right for you. You made money or earned your wages, and no one touched you for it or them as the case may be.

In the evening you attended your favorite film theater and viewed a five-reel comedy-drama in which there were no

Vivacious, vivid, voluptuous, virtueless vampire Venuses, vilifying vapid, verdant, vealy victims!

No licentious libertines lavishing lawless love; luring lovely, lonesome ladies!

No weak, wayward wives, wantonly wooing wicked, worthless, winsome whelps!

No heedless, hollow-headed husbands happily hugging hoidenish hussies; harming happy homes, hurting honest hearts!

No vindictive, venomous, vivious, voluble villains vehemently venting violent vengeance!

No shocking, sexy situations, shootings, stabbings, sluggings, stealings. Silly, stupid, slushy scenarios!

But instead, you saw:

A clean, wholesome play of love and pathos, woe and laughter. Of sobs and chuckles; smiles and tears. A simple story of home and heart and happiness and the out-of-doors. Wherein the characters were human and moved and acted like the human beings you are acquainted with! A bit of tempest; a lot of sunshine; heart-gripping and soul-stirring—yet not maudlin. And so:

When you have put out the cat, locked the doors, opened the windows and wound Big Ben, you can hit the feathers truthfully and happily, murmuring:

"This is the end of a PERFECT day!"

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page* 90)

JIJJIE.—Sorry to hear you are so blue, but when you read this I'm sure you will be over it. Chester Conklin notes it a remarkable fact that no worn-out collar ever gets lost in the laundry. Its mangled remains are always sent home to its next friend.

JOHN B.—You ask if Charles Ray is any relation to X-ray. I dont know whether he is responsible for X or not. X may be his son, or great-grandfather—an unknown quantity, you see. Bertram Grassby is with Fox in California.

REITA M.—Yours was a humdinger. Did you know Father Brown of Digby? You say you would like a new star opposite Dustin Farnum now. "The Beloved Blackmailer," with Evelyn Greeley and Carlyle Blackwell, was taken at Haines Falls, N. Y.

U-53.—Are you still periscoping around? Send the picture, please. There aren't any boys left, that's true. It takes three generations to make a gentleman, but only one gentleman to make a generation.

EDITH.—Thanks. It has been said that Mr. Roosevelt has already written or dictated more words than any man of whom history preserves a record. A crushing proof of mediocrity! Napoleon is every hour recalled by his apothegms—flashes of his dazzling genius—striking as his victories.

KU KLUX KLAN.—You are a *bon diable*. Yes, Lou-Tellegen. Helen Holmes isn't playing now. If you cant lose your "friend" any other way, lend him some money. "Also ran" is a racing term. When a horse does not finish first, second or third, they say he "also ran."

DOC R.—No, you can just bet the girls would like to correspond with the soldier-boys. Let me have your address when stationed and I will fix you up. Why dont you stop in to see us before you go? Good luck to you.

DOROTHY D.—It took some time to find it, but the Emerald Isle expression was first used in a song called "Erin" to her own tune. Dorothy Dalton was born September 22, 1893, in Chicago.

JEAN M.—Anita King was born in Chicago. She is 5 feet 4 inches high and weighs 130 pounds. Auburn hair and hazel eyes.

SLEEP.—You ask who are the parents of Baby Marie Osborne. I have the pleasure of informing you that they are Mr. and Mrs. Osborne.

PEGGY; WALSH FOREVER; ELLIS C.; CRYSTAL; AURORA; HAZELLE M.; STELLA R.; EVELYN N.; BLACK-EYED VAMP; ISABELL S.; V. E. S.; J. M. S.; GERTRUDE S.; ALICE; MORENO-STOREY ADMIRER; CLARA V. N.; WELMA R.; RAY SIMON; GERTRUDE B.; MERGE S.; RUNT; R. D. M.; MAX S.; DAISY; DOT C.; THERESA K.; IRVING A.; WM. S. ROSE; L. H. S.; FRANCIS K.; HATTIE W.; RITA B.; WM. D.; MARY JANE V.; RALPH B.; LUCILLE B.; BEATRICE L.; MAY L.; MILDRED B.; FAY OF THE ALPINE; LEONA K.; ETHEL L.; WM. MCK.; I. W. D.; ALICE C.; SWEET PICKLES; MARION MC.; EVELYN K.; FRANCIS B.; WM. H.; HENRIETTA E.; MRS. E. C.—I was glad to hear from you all, but your questions have been answered elsewhere, so you must locate yourselves among the alsorans.

GRACE.—Your account of the baseball game is quite funny: "The game opened with Glue at the stick and Smallpox catching, Cigar was in the box, Strawberry Shortcake played short and Corn was in the field. Cabbage was manager, because he had a good head. Egg was umpire, and he was rotten. Cigar let Board walk. Song made a hit and Sawdust filled the bases. Then Soap cleaned up. Cigar went out and then Balloon started to pitch, but went up in the air. Ice went in and kept cool until he was hit by the ball. Then you ought to have heard Ice Cream! Lightning finished the game and struck out six men. Lunatic was put out, because he was off his base. Bread loafed on third, and Light was put out on first. Crooks stole second. Knife was called out for cutting first base. Grass covered lots of ground, and the crowd cheered when Spider caught a fly. Steak was put out on home plate. Clock wound up the game by striking out. If Door had pitched he would have shut them out."

REJECTED GLOOGOOS.—Heap much thanks for the many cards you sent me.

BESSIE MCCOY.—Thanks for the photo of your little one. Yes, Irving Cummings is his real name. Sorry I cant help you about the studio proposition. You have my deepest sympathy.

BEATRICE DE BARDI.—No, indeed, I am not Mr. Brewster nor Edwin M. LaRoche. I'm my own sweet myself. Girls, it's a tough job guessing, isn't it? But why put yourselves to so much trouble? Your limericks were very good, but we are not using them now. Remember me to Sonny.

CECILE AND DODO.—Thanks with all my heart for the delicious chocolates. I'm afraid the pansies are too perishable to come from St. Louis. Yes, Victor Sutherland did play the leading part in "One Day" some time ago. I voiced my sentiments elsewhere about that. Dont come to Brooklyn unless you are sure.

WIB F. C.—Why, of course I would be happy to have a copy of your book, and you can just bet I'll read it. Haven't heard of any of Edna Ferber's work being done in pictures.

THU JAYS.—I fully appreciate the book of "Mother Goose" you sent me. I particularly enjoyed the verse on the fly-leaf, which was as follows:

The old Mother Goose had no Answer Man,
She had a broom, a stick and a frying-pan;
Attended the wants of Little Boy Blue,
And the old woman who lived in a shoe.

Her gander white and big black cat
Were clever, indeed, but what of that?
In wit and humor they cannot compare
With the Answer Man of snow-white hair.

This gift, a father of a multitude,
With a bit of love and more of fortitude,
We must admit, 'tis true! 'Tis true!
Old Mother Goose bestowed on you.

I haven't reached my second childhood yet, but when I do I shall enjoy reading those verses again.

H. L. V. S.—Why, the person was ignorant. True love, I think, is not simply felt, but known. Well, I guess Charles Dickens is the favorite author of a great number. My dear, we are always glad to use different players' pictures in the gallery, but they dont seem to see the advantage of having decent pictures taken. Only the finest example of photography usually gets into our gallery.

MUTT & JEFF.—We pay for our interviews, and our staff here go and interview the players at their homes, or at the studios. Thanks for the maple sugar. It was the real thing from Vermont. Good luck to you.

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Select the ring you want or the stick pin and send the coupon. When it comes, pay only $3.50 on arrival **Wear it 10 days.** If fully satisfied, pay balance on easy terms as given under the illustrations. Otherwise return the ring or pin to us and we will refund any money you have paid. You risk nothing by accepting this offer. So send while it holds good.



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Send me.....No..... .on 10 Days' approval, If satisfactory, I agree to pay $3.50 on arrival and balance at rate of $3.00 per month. If not satisfactory, I will return same within 10 days.

Name.....

Address.....

F. C. S., SITKA.—Thanks for yours. Of course I enjoy your letters. No man is worthy of a woman's love. No woman is worthy of a man's What say you?

MARGARETTE K. T.—What, a new letterhead? New job, I suppose. I'm sure I acknowledged those snaps. You ask how old is Old Black Joe, and what makes a wild cat wild. Search me in vain.

JULIUS C.—Thanks for the necktie, Julius. It shows you have very good taste. You know pretty soon I'll be getting my food and clothes and everything from the public. Then I can spend my $9 00 per on Liberty Bonds and W. S. S. You can reach Wallace Reid at the Athletic Club, Los Angeles, Cal.

PATTY.—I believe she was. Anita Stewart is now playing with Vitagraph. But you should obey your mother. Let me hear how you make out.

MARGARET P.—I think your plan is perfectly wonderful, and I am sure you would have no difficulty in obtaining such a position in California. I just dont know the ins and outs of such a position, but most players maintain a secretary and your letter sounds most capable. You just send along that cake you speak of. I'm sure it wont keep a week. When a package comes in addressed to the Answer Man, the office boy grins from ear to ear and almost feels as happy as I do.

THU JAYS.—My greatest desire if I were twenty-one—would be to travel all over the world. Have you read Emerson's essay on "Love"?

MAGGIE.—Dont know where you get your information from, but Carlyle Blackwell is not married to Pearl White. Thomas Carnahan was Chris in "Chris and the Wonderful Lamp." You want us to have some more limericks in the Magazine.

WANGANI.—Sorry, but I cant tell you about that play. Raymond McKee of "The Unbeliever" is now Sergeant McKee in the Medical Corps. Mail will reach him if sent to the Friars Club, New York City.

K. NELSON, N. Z.—Please dont say I'm a hard case and very sarcastic. Of course your letter didn't bore me. Yes, to one and two. Lottie Briscoe has come back and is with Metro. Victor Sutherland in "Daredevil Kate."

NORAH H. GIBSORNE.—But pride is the thing a political orator uses to point with. Violet Mersereau in "Autumn." Yes, little Bob White played in "Lost in Transit." Do write again.

MISS ANZAC, HERBERTON.—No, no, S. Rankin Drew is the son of Sidney Drew who is the husband of Jane Morrow. Vola Vale in "The Silent Man." Congratulations and good luck.

BLUE EYES.—John Davidson played in "The Beautiful Lie," "Souls Adrift" and "Spurs of Sybil." You say when Pauline Frederick was "Double Crossed," why didn't H. B. Warner? That's as bad as "Will the man in the moon be drafted?" which so many have asked me.

MARTHA A. D.—My, but you dont care a great deal about Francis X. Bushman, do you? Why, Hobart Bosworth was in vaudeville last. Yes, Irving Cummings in "Sister Against Sister." Well, sometimes I dream inquiries, sometimes not. You would like to see Olga Petrova play opposite Sessue Hayakawa? Would he kiss her black little lips?

DOUGLAS, AUSTRALIA.—The stranger was W. B. Davidson in "The White Raven," and Richard Tucker was Austin. D. W. Turner in "The Dawn of Love." Yes, there are a lot of alsorans now.

TASMANIA.—Yes, William Hinckley. Too old is right.

ONTARIO GIRL.—I hope you do not belong to that class who read merely that they need not think. Good reading makes you think. I provide you with ideas, not brains. Yes, Roland Bottomley is with the R. F. C. in France. He played in "The Neglected Wife," but I am sure he hasn't one.

HOP HARRY.—Yes, indeed, I get lots of letters from Australia, and I enjoy every one of them. No, no, Broadway isn't the only street of importance in New York, but it is some busy thorofare.

LENORE.—May Allison is busy working in pictures now. You say you are 16 and you have a sister 14, and now I know all about you. Quite true. You had better keep on the right side of me—I'm a little hard of hearing in my left ear.

VAGABOND, SYDNEY.—Perhaps the celluloid wasn't of the same quality we use over here. Why, that was Dorothea Abril, and you didn't care for her? Sorry you have the blues, but you must not be such a prude, and perhaps you're too reserved to be a prune.

TOM MOORE ADMIRER.—Nothing the matter at all with my teeth. Perfect condition. I can eat anything that comes along except nails. Clara Horton is a little girl. Tom Moore is now playing in "The Fair Pretender." The Editor would gladly have a picture of him if he would have some taken.

METRO, MELBOURNE.—You have me wrong, in fact you haven't me at all. No, Florence Lawrence, Romaine Fielding and G. M. Anderson are not playing now. Mr. Anderson always had a liking for the stage. First it was the stage coach and now it is the speaking stage. My dear boy, why dont you join one of the correspondence clubs?

J. H. H., SYDNEY.—Not yet. Pearl White is playing in "The House of Hate."

ST. JOHNS.—I'm so sorry I neglected to mention among the clubs the Lady Anne Schaefer Club, with Miss Bessie Davis, Hollister, Cal., as the secretary. Thanks for the nice things you say about this department. You know, you dont know how happy I am if I can please you.

MY DREAM BOY.—Tom Moore with Goldwyn. Forgive me. As I've said before, I'm kept in a cage where thieves cant break thru and steal. Little Mary McAllister was in to see me the other day, and she is one of the sweetest, most interesting little misses I have ever met. We had a dandy chat, and I believe she liked the Answer Man. Ask her.

GALWAY BOY, IRELAND.—Courtenay Foote isn't playing now. Tom Powers was in to see "Over the Top" the other night, and he looks more like Jimmie Morrison than ever. He is in the service.

LEATHER NECK.—Some one said that the reason our Magazine was so popular was because it gives the truth; briefly, so that people will read it; clearly, so that they will understand it; forcibly, so that they will appreciate it; *picturesquely*, so that they will remember it; and accurately, so that they may be wisely guided by its light. Your letter was a corker.

DARLEY, 16—Norma Talmadge is in New York. Send for a list of manufacturers.

R. G. M., TIENTSIN, CHINA.—And how did you get over there? No, no, Metro is a separate company, likewise Goldwyn and Paralta, but Hart, Triangle and Lasky are under Paramount. William Hart thru Paramount.

MISS KAHLER.—Olive Thomas was born in Charleroi, Pa., Oct. 20, 1898. Mary Miles Minter has a sister and mother and grandmother. They all live in California. She is playing opposite Wallace MacDonald now for Triangle.

LEON M. C., CHICAGO.—Thanks for sending me the silk flag, which, you say, is a token of your appreciation of my infernal and eternal optimism. Yes, indeed, the brain is a complicated mechanism to understand. Mildred Harris in "The Doctor and the Woman."

LOYOLA, 76.—There's no way I can get that William Desmond information for you. Why, Kitty Gordon married Sir Beresford. Montagu Love was educated in England.

MEMADATE.—Remember that the tears of penitents is the wine of angels. Well. Glen White was Quasimodo in "The Darling of Paris." Thanks, but I took a lemonade instead of the smoke, because it is more refreshing these very warm days.

KOOKABURRA.—Thank you, most gracious lady. Dont know of any other books. Thanks for the fee.

ISIPINGO.—But isn't the tongue the ambassador of the heart? You say William S. Hart is quite a favorite in Australia. He has a few admirers here, too. The transparent photograph film was invented by Eastman in 1888.

OLIVE & RITA.—May Allison's first picture by her own company is "Social Hypocrites. Will tell you later about Blanche Sweet. A theory makes more noise at the start, but a fact makes the best finish.

RUBY, CHRISTCHURCH, N. Z.—Yes, that's the way it is, the players get divorces and marry the property of some one else. Trolley cars were not invented until 1884 and were not in use until 1887, so that film was wrong. Mae Marsh in "The Face in the Dark."

JACK NEALON.—Glad to hear from you again. Well, I wouldn't want to start anything like that. Emily Stevens, Walter Miller and Leo Delaney in "The Slacker." Thanks.

EXPERT P.—G. M. Anderson is in New York City now. Madge Kennedy is with Goldwyn. As a side-line an assorted lot of genial, mirthful smiles is a good one to carry. Try it.

J. N., PITTSTON.—Confession of faults makes half amends. You're forgiven. Of course you wouldn't get turned down. We will have that interview in an early issue.

MISS MONTANA.—Thanks for the sweets. Thoroly enjoyed them. You know how to make candy, all right.

VIVIAN.—I find that the man who shot and killed Archduke Franz Ferdinand of Austria was Gavrie Prinzip, and because it was revealed that he was a cat's-paw for higher powers, he was sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment. Not Ray, but Alfred Vosburgh. Warren Kerrigan is with Paralta. Sorry I dont please you.

HIMIE G.—Mary Miles Minter, American Co., Los Angeles, Cal. Charlie Chaplin's first picture under his new contract was released April 15. No, I am not a poor, infirm, weak, despised old man. Are you?

FUNNY, QUEENSLAND.—Yes, 18. Why dont you look on your map? Let me hear from you again. Very good, a Ford boat a day keeps the U-boats away.

ADELE H.—I now have Maude Douglas' address. She is not a player and has never been in a studio. Why did you ask about her?

THE MYSTIC ROSE.—Ah, but fame never lets one lie down contentedly on a deathbed. Be satisfied. No, Miss Naylor didn't tell me any more than she told you about that bracelet that was soldered on Pearl White's ankle. I have already inquired. No, I have never seen it.

J. P.—On May 3d all the forms for the July Magazine went to press. Letters received after that date will be answered in the August or later issues. Of course our magazines are read by a great many men. Children cry for it, women die for it, men lie for it.

MARGARETTE K. T.—That reminds me. When I drink the spacious bowl, drinking, I enlarge my soul; and with young men ever gay, dance and am as young as they. Tra, la! You say you liked "Stella Maris" better than "Amarilly of Clothes-line Alley." That was the smile of Norman Kerry.

LYDIA E. G.—Thanks for the "Kiss Me" gum. I couldn't very well give Mary Pickford some. Rose Coghlan for many years divided stellar honors with her brother Charles, now dead.

ANTOINETTE G.—Thanks for the card. A man's work is bound to confess his age. George Du Maurier is a rare exception—also myself. At sixty Du Maurier wrote like a young man, "Trilby" and "Peter Ibbetson." But he then found his literary talent for the first time, which accounts for his freshness and buoyancy.

H. R. A.—Thanks. I enjoyed yours. Doug Fairbanks hasn't been over to see us yet. He's been kept busy with the Liberty Loan.

WHITIE B.—Anita King is not playing now. Yes. You bet they are convenient. Did you know that Chicago has more telephones than all France, and a single office building in New York contains more than there are in the whole of Greece? No, I haven't seen "Hearts or Diamonds."

ORIENTAL THEDA.—Theda Bara in Los Angeles. Mae Murray with Universal. He, he! let me not burst in ignorance. What time is it when the clock strikes fifteen times. Cuckoo for yours!

PADDY, 23.—Thank you. Earle Williams is in California. He does. Your letter was immediately ushered in to the Editor. Thanks. Haven't you heard that men who are long on words are likely to be short on deeds? Take heed.

DOTSIE, TEXAS.—You say you are head-over-heels in love with Mahlon Hamilton. There's nothing I can do for you. You are afflicted with a *furor scribendi* also. Better watch out.

LELA F. T.—I am glad you write to our dear boys over there. You know life consists largely in getting a sense of proportions. If we were all suddenly reduced to one inch in height, with everything about us on the same scale, we would never notice the difference. Those stars will come back soon, no doubt.

BETTY OF MELROSE.—No record of Ruth St. Clair. That was the September 1915 issue with Irving Cummings smoking. My character is necessarily composite—the honesty of publicity men has made me virtuous, the modesty of stars has made me retiring, the perennial youth of ingénues has made me hustle, and the blessedness of stage married life has kept me single.

ESTHER G.—Yes, Eugene O'Brien's acting is always high-class, whether "The people's prayer, the glad diviner's theme, the young men's vision or the old man's dream." Billie Burke's child's name is Patricia Ziegfeld. You seem to think I have plenty of patience.

CALEDONIA PLUNCKETT.—Glad to know you. But the finest language is chiefly made up of unimposing words. Mary Miles Minter's eyes are blue. Gertrude McCoy in "His Daughter Pays" will be released thru Piedmont.

GERALD.—Elsie Ferguson was born in New York in 1883. Relieve yourself by writing to me. A burden in the hand is worth two on the conscience, you know.

FRANK HUMBOLDT.—Some companies will sell you stills. Write Artcraft. Ethel Teare will play with Lloyd V. Hamilton for Fox.

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REJECTED GLOOGOOS.—You say you would like admirers of J. Warren Kerrigan, Marguerite Clark and Mae Murray to write to you—Joseph Grant, S. O. O. M., Portland, Ore.

KID.—Yes, J. W. Johnston was the lead in "The Man in the Box." Count that day lost whose low descending sun sees no fresh scrap in Russia's realm begun. But I'm betting that we are going to hear from Russia in a big way soon, and in a way to strike terror to the heart of Germany.

SERIAL QUEEN ADMIRER.—You liked Ruby Hoffman's work in the serial. We shall have a chat with Harry Gsell very soon. You say Mary Pickford is the only one in her family who belongs to the movie screen. Pray, what's the matter with Jack and Lottie? Yes, I enjoyed "Oh Boy" also.

ANITA STEWART ADMIRER.—What's that? Woman never does anything wrong, but she does some things at the wrong time. The first American actor was named John Martin. He made his début in Philadelphia in 1790 and, like many of his successors, he lived poor and died young.

EAGLE-EYE JIM.—Exceptions to Alma Rubens and Billie Rhodes. Did you ever stop to think that many a child goes astray because the home lacks sunshine? A child needs smiles just as much as the flowers need sunbeams.

HELEN R.—You ask who is the tallest, the smallest, the oldest, the youngest, the richest and the poorest player. This way to the cell, please. Dorothy Phillips is being directed by Allan Holubar.

J. M. D., CAMBRIDGE.—Thanks muchly. No, Edith Storey is with Metro. It was Andrew Carnegie who said, "We have abolished slavery from civilized countries, the owning of man by man. The next great step that the world can take is to abolish war, the killing of man by man."

ALBANY, 22.—The best teacher is experience, my dear. You think that the reason Bill Hart does not put more love in his love-scenes is because of his lack of experience.

N. W. S.—You refer to Melbourne MacDowell. Olive Thomas is playing right along. You like Bill Russell's horse, "Babe." I believe that horses, dogs and ladies are my favorite pets. No, I haven't red flannels. I like linen better.

FRED S. O.—I know of no film company who starts beginners. I doubt if there are any. Glad to hear from you. Frank Mills was Bertram in "The Golden Claw." Wedgwood Lowell was Graham.

MAHLON HAMILTON FAN.—Why, after leaving the office I sometimes go over to the Vanderbilt or Waldorf for dinner, then to a picture show, then to the theater. Yes. Mahlon Hamilton's interview in the Classic was quite interesting and it was all true. A lie has no legs and cannot stand, but it has wings and can fly far and wide.

MARQUIS.—Charles Gunn was Paul in "Sweetheart of the Doomed." That was released in November, 1917—"Zeppelin's Last Raid."

BLUEBIRD.—Pythias, for whom the Knights of Pythias was named, was an ancient Greek, the friend of Damon, and it was fidelity to him that caused the name of Pythias to live in the hearts of men. Both lived in the fourth century before Christ. Give me the name of the publisher of those songs. I dont know them. I dont keep track of all the songs that are published.

MINERVA.—I haven't heard it. Yes, Paramount. Never trouble your stomach and your stomach will never trouble you. Your letter was very witty.

M. Mack, of 52 Jackson West, Hamilton, Ont., writes a long but interesting letter to the Answer Man and draws the latter's fire:

TO THE ANSWER MAN—I have just finished reading questions and answers in connection with your contest, and wish to say that in my opinion you owe fully 50% of your questioners the one-hundred-dollar bonus, because you have not answered their questions in full. You merely make reply.

For instance, "What is life?" To this you reply, "Life is a comedy-drama in which too many of us are amateur actors." That answer is all right as far as it goes, but it does not go so very far—it is too incomplete. The questioner does not refer to human life alone. He simply states "life," and "life" may mean human life, bird life, plant life or animal life. Thus your answer cannot be correct, as it does not apply to the above. Therefore I beg to repeat that question, "What is life?"

In another answer you refer to "life" as the "soul's nursery." "Comedy-drama" and "soul's nursery" do not run along together, so once again I hardly think you are correct.

Again, you are asked as to what is to become of you after your remaining 24 years are up. You make reply by quoting the title of a song, "Where Do We Go from Here?" That is not an answer. You simply quote a question and add a few sentences—most incomplete.

You say Lincoln is alive in his seeming death. That is only too true—Lincoln will always live. But you say that the Kaiser is dead in his seeming life. All I can say is that he is some live, dead one. Every day he is causing untold suffering, ruin, death—and then you dare to say he is dead? Ah no, Answer Man, the Kaiser is very much alive. May I tell you, you are entirely wrong in that? When you have survived a London air raid or two, and have had a few nights on the briny, dodging subs, I do not think you'll dare to say that the Kaiser is dead. Good-night—NO!

To the question, "Why do people die?" you do not give a correct answer. I just forget in all what you say, but I do know that you say in your belief people die "for death is the beginning of life's greatest adventure." Death is positive, therefore there is no "adventure" to it.

I am but eighteen years old, a mere stenog', and not very good at that either, and I do not pretend to match my 18 years with your 76. But if I were answering any of the above questions I'd give one little word which I think governs in this world and the next, and that little word is "law." Am I far from right?

As far as nonsensical questions go, you win. Your wit is just the best thing yet, and that is why I think you fail in answering "profound" questions. Wit will never answer a deep question, and that is where you are wrong in trying to do so.

And now comes my turn to question:

(1) In your opinion, why is it that the Christian races (such as the Armenians) are permitted to suffer so horribly at the hands of non-believers (Turks)?

(2) Why is it that the sharper, no matter how low-down he is in thought and deed, always comes out ahead of the conscientious plugger who wouldn't harm a little fly if he could help it? You understand what I mean to say, dont you, even if I dont make it so very clear?

(3) Where did the names of the different months come from—February, March, May, etc.?

(4) What is the difference between a cigar and a canary?

(5) "There's one born every minute"—now I'm one, and why is that?

The Answer Man's reply:

(1) Assuming that the Creator is a loving God, He works in mysterious ways His wonders to perform. No living man is wise enough to see why He permits churches and His worshipers to be destroyed, while saloons and dives are safe from the enemy's shells, nor why the World War is permitted to go on at this length. Yet did He not send a flood once?

(2) You're wrong—he doesn't. His advantage is only temporary. Honesty always comes out on top. But the plugger must have something more than conscience and industry. He must be alert—bright if not sharp.

(3) Look in any unabridged dictionary for each.

(4) Dont you really see any difference?

(5) There's a new fool born every minute except the minute you were born.

Patter from the Pacific

BY HARRY HARDING

An earthquake rocked the city of Los Angeles on April 21st, causing two deaths and breaking numerous panes of perfectly good plate-glass in the different department stores, as well as other slight damage. The towns of Hemet and San Jacinto were almost completely destroyed by the tremor.

A ball game has been arranged between the "Movie Stars," comprised of stars and directors from the various studios, and William Fox's Sunshine Comedy team for the benefit of the Red Cross. Charles Ray, Robert Harron, Jack Conway, Eddie Cline, Lee Moran, Al Ray, Ford Sterling, and Charles Parrot have been selected to represent the "Movie Stars," and tickets are going very fast. Slim Summerville and Bobby Dunn of the Sunshine forces are having secret practice every evening.

The Moving Picture stars have been a tremendous help in putting Los Angeles "over the top" in the Third Liberty Loan campaign. Not being satisfied with merely buying Liberty Bonds, several of the stars sold bonds to the public at various places. When called upon to make a personal appearance during the running of his latest feature, Charles Ray came on the stage, and instead of talking about himself or the feature, gave the packed house a four-minute talk on why they should buy Liberty Bonds.

Dick Willis, the well-known film man and poet, has arrived back in Los Angeles after a several months' business trip in the East.

Los Angeles is now "dry," and therefore considered a nine-o'clock town, but there's a lot of twelve-o'clock fellows in it.

Al Whitman, Vitagraph star, went to all the trouble of growing a mustache for his last feature, and now his present story describes him as "mustacheless." In the future Al will resort to crêpe hair for his upper-lip disguises.

Four new noises in Los Angeles—the new cars of Henry King, Charles Ray, Mack Sennett and "Pathé" Lehrman.

"Ham" has broken out with the German measles, so Lloyd V. Hamilton, as he is otherwise known, is now interned in his home.

Theda Bara broke all Liberty Bond selling records at the imitation British tank in Los Angeles by more than $21,000. The previous record was $17,000, held by the Paramount stars, Dorothy Dalton, Theodore Roberts and Wallace Reid, but when Theda rolled her eyes everybody bought, even the ladies.

Edward Coxen and Vivian Rich, who used to be partners in the films made by the American Film Company, are playing together again. They are being co-starred in a prohibition propaganda film being made by Thomas Ricketts. It will be like old times again to see Vivian and Ed playing together.

Wyndham Standing, the well-known English actor, arrived in Los Angeles with his wife, after being rejected by the United States Army, in which he enlisted. The day after he arrived he was engaged by the Clara Kimball Young Film Corporation to play opposite the popular star, and the next was working at the studio. Pretty fast work, we call this.

Gloria Hope, sixteen, and very pretty, who was with Ince for a year, being featured in "The Guilty Man," "Free and Equal," and several other films, has just been engaged by D. W. Griffith to play an important part in the present feature he has just started to work on.

Speaking of Griffith, I know that thousands of film fans will be delighted to hear that Henry B. Walthall, the "Little Colonel" in "The Birth of a Nation," is back with the world's greatest director again, and has commenced work in Griffith's latest feature for the Artcraft program.

Henry Otto is in the Clara Barton Hospital, suffering from a rheumatic attack. There is no chance for Henry to get the "blues" with the steady stream of callers that come to say "hello" every day.

Bessie Barriscale is in the Big City now, visiting her sister, who is seriously ill. She started work on "A Wife's Conscience," but was called East before she had completed one week's work.

Ford Sterling has again returned to the Mack Sennett fold. This is Sterling's second return. He is playing a movie star in a two-reel laugh-splitter with Louise Fazenda, Jack Cooper, Roxana McGowan, and Gene Rodgers, which Eddie Cline is directing.

Ida May Parke, one of the few women directors, has made such a success with her Universal productions that she is shortly to do a super-feature for Carl Laemmle.

Ann Little declares that she would like to divide her time between New York and Los Angeles on a fifty-fifty basis, working six months before the camera in one place and the remaining six months in the other.

Director Ted Sloman, of the American Film Company, had a wonderful celebration last week. His daughter, Leslee Eva Sloman, celebrated her first birthday in the land of the free. It's a proud papa, this Sloman.

Florence Vidor, the popular Lasky leading-lady, has just completed work in Cecil B. De Mille's production, "Old Wives for New," and has been given a three weeks' vacation, which is highly appreciated by Florence and which she means to make the most of. She has used up one week already visiting all the shops in Los Angeles, but I suppose that's a woman's idea of a vacation.

Monroe Salisbury has received many inquiries regarding the necklace he wore as the Indian in the Bluebird production, "Red, Red Heart." It was given to him by the Indian Princess Neola when her husband died, and he treasures it very highly.

Mary Anderson, nicknamed "Sunshine" because of her disposition, has completed work in Sessue Hayakawa's first production at the head of his own company.



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Questions That Stumped the Answer Man

He Rewards the Scholars and Wits Who Put His Knowledge and Drollery to Shame

Feeling seasonably windy in March, I issued a challenge to all my clientèle, from humble lord cardinals to exalted boiler-makers, to ask me four questions that I couldn't answer. I now notice I must have been nearing my second childhood, or else old age rushes in where youth fears to tread. In the self-sufficiency of the armor of my knowledge, I blindly thought that it was impenetrable. But there are questions and questions! Unfortunately for me, my egotistical challenge was copied profusely by the newspapers, with the result that my $100 of hoarded gold is being sought after by every greedy interrogator in the country. For quite a few care-free weeks, I answered the endless barrage of questions *just like that!* They were my easy, matutinal exercise. I was so fond of them that I even rushed a few of my answers into print. Literally, tons of unanswered questionnaires surrounded and engulfed my desk. My brain, sharpened to a hissing edge, began to dull. The most fairy-like, little question became a giant that brutally cudgeled my encephalon. I hereby confess that, thru stressed numbers and an overdose of thought and work on my part, I have been tripped up, floored, set by the heels, flabbergasted and befuddled by many of the questions directed at me — or, more properly, my pocketbook. I could write a book upon the resourcefulness, intelligence and tireless enthusiasm that governed me in selecting the prize-winning questions. But modesty forbids! There is only one moral, and it applies to only me. Never again will I spread the wings of braggadocio outside the four walls of my den. Now that I am parting with my savings, all my savings of a lifetime, I do so without regret. The incubus of a million added questions has been lifted from my lily-white shoulders.

Now, who is the sage who has asked me the most sensible question that I could not answer? I acknowledge her to be Frieda Heaney, Smithtown Branch, N. Y., and here is her bullet-proof question: "If there is a loving God watching over His peoples, how can He sanction the frightful destruction and sufferings of the present World War in order to carry out a reformatory plan of evolution?" My $50 in gold has already sped into her yawning pocketbook. (If Frieda, or anybody else, could answer this question satisfactorily, I would almost be willing to double the fee.)

Who is the king's jester who has dumbfounded me with the most unanswerable fool question? I acknowledge her to be Bertha E. Moore, 2613 Thirteenth St., N. W., Washington, D. C., and her foolish query is: "If Charlie Chaplin and Doug Fairbanks were twins, which one would they resemble the most—Charlie or Doug?" My twenty-five golden ducats are already gleaming in her purse.

Furthermore, who is the esoteric philosopher that has confounded me with the most profound question? I acknowledge him to be Stanley F. Widener, 461 North Garey Ave., Pomona, Cal., and his stickler is: "When world peace comes, will it be as the offspring of a decided victory for one side or the other, or will it be as the result of a change in the points of view of the combatants?" My fifteen minted shekels now repose in his bluejeans.

Finally, who is the prince of wits that has shackled me with the wittiest shaft? I present him to you as Frank Dill, Salt Creek, Wyoming, who suggests the following sartorial crisis: "If, thru war economy, pants are to be shortened, I would like to know at which end, and how much?" My ten golden doubloons are now resting in his old stone jar.

To all the high-brows, roughnecks, checker players, prime ministers, fools, flirts, freaks and Solomons who have competed in the Answer Man Contest, I say a benedicite, also so-long!

Your attack has been glorious, wonderful, overpowering, and with a humble and chastened spirit, I beseech you to follow me back to my old quarters, furnished with eight-point type and plenty of it.

Yours to the death,

THE ANSWER MAN.

"Letting George Do It"

(*Continued from page* 41)

Indiana; after that to New York. I started out from that happy hunting ground for a couple of seasons in vaudeville, touring the country. Then I went back home for a visit."

"Waddayamean, *home?*" quoth the I. W. W., writing vigorously.

"Republic, Michigan; that's where I made my début in this world."

"Why, you're a Michigander for sure. I dont know where Republic is, but I'm glad you decided to forsake it for Los Angeles. Dont tell me you're going to marry a Michigoose, or all the fans will suffer heartaches," anxiously pleaded the I. W. W.

"No danger. When one works as hard as I do, has a mother to support, and every spare moment is taken up in thinking out make-up, rehearsals, and a few little hours for sleep, there is not much time left for falling in love," answered Mr. Fisher very positively.

"But surely you have not lived all these years without a heart-flutter for some one?" continued the I. W. W., who was beginning to feel sentimental.

"I almost had it happen once," mused George reminiscently. "I got all ready to propose to a girl, put on my Sunday suit, spent an hour in trying to make conversation which would lead up to the point gracefully, and then got stage-fright such as I've never experienced in my entire stage career. In fact, I was still shaking when I found myself safely on her front door-step with the dire words left unspoken. Now I'm thankful for those shakes. Why, that girl is married and has seven children. Just think, I might have been in Eddie Foy's class if my tongue had been in good working order."

"How old were you when you first loved a lassie? All young boys have an experience of that kind, and I'm sure yours will prove interesting," was the I. W. W.'s rejoinder.

Mr. Fisher laughed until the nail-kegs on which he and the rabid interviewer sat wobbled dangerously. "That was a real tragedy, one that I shall never forget. I had long entertained a deep affection for a mighty pretty girl in the country school. We used to walk home together, but I had never dared to call on her. One day, a day which I thought would be the most satisfying in my young life, I bought a two-bit box of candy—dont you know all those fancy things they give you in cheap boxes of sweets, with a bright pink rose pasted on the lid? Well, I went out with a 'to the victor belong the spoils' air, rang the bell timidly, and was ushered in by the mother of my beloved. She told me that Peggy was out on an errand and asked me to wait. I wanted to leave at once, but as her mother would not hear of it, saying Peggy always spoke so highly of me and would be so *dee*-lighted to have me call, I had to compromise by sitting on the front porch to wait for the young lady. You see, I was only fourteen and this society stunt frightened me."

"But surely, that is not the climax of this thrilling tale." The I. W. W. never seemed to get enough.

"I'm almost ashamed to tell you the rest. I was so nervous that I opened the box of candy and began to eat absent-mindedly, watching the road and thinking an hour seemed like eternity. After a long time, Peggy arrived, took one look at the box of sweets which *had* been, viewed a gum-drop and a hard strawberry which had been nibbled and discarded as I did not like their flavor, and then gave me a lecture which made the day turn into blackest night. She sped into the house and never spoke to me again as long as we lived in that burg."

After the I. W. W. had recovered from this naive confession, she probed further. "How about your first real party?"

"A terrible fiasco. I was beginning to think that perhaps after all I was rather a good-looking boy, when, at seventeen, an invitation came to a real party. Mother refused to let me go. I never did know just why, but I was brought up under the old-fashioned régime and she always knew where my two brothers and I spent every hour. No, they are not on the stage; both are successful business men in the Middle West. I was bitterly resentful, for I had looked forward to going to this affair. Mother retired early that night, while I was doing my lessons for the next day. I decided I would go, anyway; had nothing but a gray 'store suit,' but thought my looks would make me a winner.

"Well, when I arrived, all the boys had on their Tux's, and—would you believe it?—not a girl would look at me or dance with me. It wasn't a bit like a story-book would have staged the scene, and I left disconsolately at ten o'clock, crept in by way of the kitchen window, and never did let mother know about my self-inflicted punishment."

The Indefatigable Western Writer sympathized heartily, but ached for more news. "Did you sing while on the vaudeville circuit, Mr. Fisher?"

"No, but my experience as a warbler began early. In fact, I was soprano soloist of a church in Republic for many years. When my voice changed, I entertained dreams of becoming a legitimate stage star. I'll reveal my secret hopes to you, too. In spite of my love for the Motion Picture field, my pet ambition is to be starred just once in a wonderful play in New York. I want to read my name in big type in the New York dailies; want to play in a drama which will fill the biggest playhouse in that city for a year or so. Modest aspiration, isn't it? One might as well aim high, even if it all resolves itself into a mere day-dream. I would be satisfied to spend the remainder of my days in Motion Pictures if I could make just one stage success."

"Wasn't it Emerson who told us to hitch ur wagon to a star?" mused the I. W. W. encouragingly. "Motion Picture work surely does add to a man's popularity; you are young and a hard worker, why shouldn't you achieve your ambition? By the way, have you ever loved some special make-up?"

Mr. Fisher grew enthusiastic suddenly. "Have I? I should say so. I loved the make-up which I used for the Christus part in 'Civilization.' But when it comes to a real part, I'll admit that my best opportunity for heavy emotional work has been found right here with Miss Barriscale. We are doing Monte Katterjohn's newest photoplay, 'The Inside of the Cup.' I played with Miss Barriscale at Culver City some years ago, before I left for the North to work with Mary Miles Minter and Juliette Day, you know. I also finished recently a good part in 'Alimony,' in which I co-star with Lois Wilson, and my director has promised me a starring vehicle within the next year."

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a costume while doing 'The Inside of the Cup'? The I. W. W. fingered her camera affectionately.

"Would you like me to put on the togs I'm to wear in the bal masque scene? Come over to my dressing-room while I do the lightning change act."

The dressing-room boasted one lonesome chair, one phoney mirror, three walls full of clothes, a floorful of assorted shoes, and a horizontal board on which a fine display of make-up goods formed a parade. The chair was promptly placed outside for the I. W. W., while Mr. Fisher retired to what looked like anything but a leading-man's dressing-room. The I. W. W. had expected framed photographs, silver brushes, soft lounging-chairs and a smoking-stand. Even Miss Barriscale's room is unornamented; the Paralta studio is distinctly practical and utilitarian in its tendencies.

A Roman warrior, who jingled like the "Night before Christmas when all thru the house," stept forth hastily. "Please hook me in the back, I cant reach that clasp," he begged. A funny harness, which seemed built of gliding casters and horse-reins, held up a set of breast-plates and short white ballet skirt jingling with steel plates. The elusive glove-clasp between the shoulders so occupied the I. W. W.'s attention, that she quite jumped when a derisive voice called: "You're not cold or anything like that, Georgie, are you?" Those Gunga Din uniforms are a little inclined to make a Fisher Frappé when the mountain winds blow over the big lot.

I've got a better one than this old Roman," said George. In two minutes he emerged clad in a tigerskin and sandals.

When he emerged again, Mr. Fisher said affably: "Let's visit the commissary and dally with the fleshpots. I'm chilly and hungry, aren't you?"

And the I. W. W. was overjoyed to say, "Yes, thank you."



SEEING'S BELIEVING

Mr. Tarleton Winchester, Publicity Manager of Pathé, proving to Hazel Simpson Naylor, Associate Editor of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, that the million-dollar look in Pathéplay settings is backed by the real thing in Mexican onyx mantels and silver-gilt candelabra. After having viewed equally beautiful sets housing the working of Fannie Ward and Milton Sills, Antonio Moreno and Pearl White, Gladys Hulette and Creighton Hale, Miss Naylor was willing to be convinced that at Pathé all's gold that glitters.

Letters to the Editor

(*Continued from page* 113)

not appreciate to a greater degree good acting, such as Florence Reed, or Geraldine Farrar. Florence Reed is not only good to look upon, but she can act. It is born in her; she plays with feeling. She can act and she is not afraid to let the public know it. Miss Reed is very popular in San Francisco, because S. F. knows what's what. Geraldine Farrar is beautiful, wonderful, far more so than Clara Young could ever hope to be. She is a wonderful emotional actress also, and if she would play vampire parts the public would forget that Theda Bara ever existed. Still, I must admit that Miss Bara is a fine actress, and she certainly can die far better than the majority of our famous actresses. Theda Bara was born July 20, same as me, so naturally I am very fond of her. If she believes in planets, my life is scheduled to be exactly the same as hers.

Now Wallace Reid is a mighty good actor, and I just cant see why they put him in those romantic plays. I am sure Wally longs for bigger things, and he ought to get them. If somebody doesn't write him a good story soon, I shall write one myself. His acting in "Carmen" proved him to be the coming E. H. Sothern.

Why people go wild over Bessie Love and Dorothy Gish is more than I can understand.

Webster Campbell is a real good little actor, and he doesn't get a chance. They should star him, for he certainly will be very popular. June Caprice tried to imitate Mary Pickford but failed. Bessie Love thought she was the future Pickford. She failed. They all try, but fail. Mary Pickford has the personality and sweetness that they lack.

Success has gone to the head of Douglas Fairbanks. I know Doug is great. I am in love with him myself, but the trouble is that he is too much in love with himself. He is crazy over publicity. I believe if some one did not recognize him he would die of shame. I know how he acts. I have seen him. Why, he has the reporters at his heels morning, noon and night. You know a little publicity now and then will not affect the best of men, but too much am too much. So Doug will surely lose favor in the eyes of the public as quickly as he gained it if he does not look out. At the present time he is the reigning hero. People are wild about him. They will go miles and miles to see him, but there are lots of things that he must keep out of the newspapers. People get tired of seeing his picture in the papers all the time. Scandal has made some people, but as surely as it makes some, it is going to ruin him. He is still my favorite male actor, but with a little less publicity I should like him better. We must admit he has got it over all the rest of them, and I surely enjoy him.

Now there's Alice Brady. You'd have to go a long way to find a prettier girl than she, and she certainly knows how to dress and act, too.

SHE SHOULD HAVE DRINKLESS DAYS

Sad to say, wines and liquors are indulged in in all countries nowadays. While in Paris recently, a certain actress, once noted for her beauty, who had too continuously followed the prevailing custom, was looking in the public mirror at her red nose, and in despair she exclaimed: "But where have I caught such a nose?" The parrot from behind her screamed out: "At the buffet, madam, at the buffet!"

The Diplomatic Director

(*Continued from page 86*)

had the most wonderful estate imaginable. It abounded with natural and artificial beauty, with wonderful lawns and gardens, pergolas and fountains—everything, in fact, to make the mouth of a director water when on the lookout for wonderful exteriors. But it had never been photographed, altho for five years movie directors had been vainly striving to gain admission with their companies.

The grouchy millionaire absolutely refused to let a Moving Picture company enter the grounds. He went so far, finally, as to station guards at various points, and to plant savage dogs at several vantage points. Intruders might penetrate the grounds, but their stay would be necessarily brief.



DIRECTOR "BOB" VIGNOLA

Bill made up his mind to use that estate in a picture. He had a weak story to produce, a ! figured that only marvellous backgrounds would save it.

Despite the good advice, scornful laughter, and vigorous protests of his fellow directors, Bill took his co1 pany over to Jersey. But instead of assaulting the millionaire's citadel at once, he put up with his people at an inn near-by and spent a day learning about the wealthy one's personal habits and eccentricities. Bill was a good general, you see.

He strode into the inn that evening with a quizzical smile and a reflective eye.

"Jimmy," he said to his assistant director, "I've found out that our dyspeptic friend is crazy about golf and dotes on statistics. Especially statistics: he has 'em at every meal, and to him the world is a double-columned ledger, and all the men and women merely digits on it!"

"Have some nice warm dinner," interjected Jimmy, "and maybe you'll feel better. Myself, I think the heat's got you."

Bill only laughed: "I'm not raving—I've thought up a scheme, that's all, son."

Next morning he stationed the entire company outside the gates of the estate, and then, armed with only a golf-bag, he penetrated the outer defenses and was soon lost to sight among the trees.

A few minutes later some dogs were to be heard barking frantically.

"They've got him treed," guessed Jimmy gloomily. "Here's where we all get pinched for house-breaking, or something."

At that precise moment Bill was sitting safely, if not comfortably, in the fork of a tree up which he had hastily clambered. Below, four ferocious bull-dogs were voicing their desire to chaw him up artistically—if only they could reach him.

On this scene came John Howley, chronic grouch and owner of millions. He seemed fiercely glad to see an intruder treed.

Bill recognized him at once from his photographs, but nevertheless called out with dignity:

"Hey, gardener! Tell your master to call off these dogs, my good man!" (He was posing like a ten-twenty-thirty hero.)

Howley, taken aback, stuttered: "Look here, I'm John Howley, owner of this——"

"Owner of these dogs," cried Bill, not at all feazed. "Then call them off—I came here to play golf, not to be masticated by hungry canines. Why dont you feed them? By the way," he went on, "these are mighty attractive golf-grounds. Where's the bunker?"

Howley's manner became less ferocious at the mention of golf. But, "These aren't the golf-links," he explained. "It's a private estate——"

"Oh, I see!" said Bill, registering comprehension. "This is the home of that old financier who Smith says cant play golf, but thinks himself a world-beater. Smith's going to teach me how to play."

Howley swelled up with indignation: "Do you mean Sandy Smith, of the golf-club? Why, he doesn't know a niblick from a brassie! Say, young man, step down here, and I'll give you a few pointers——"

"Call off the hounds," stipulated Bill.

Howley had the dogs removed in care of a gardener, and then enthusiastically fell to work explaining golf to Bill. During the course of it he spoke thus: "You see, *I* own this estate. And by the way, how much do you think it costs to keep it up per day? per hour? Do you know my income per minute on——"

"No," interposed Bill, seizing his chance, now that Howley's second vulnerable point was open to attack. "But say, do you know that the yearly salaries of Bill Hart, Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks and Charlie Chaplin are equal to the interest at four per cent on fifteen, eighteen, twenty and twenty-five million dollars, respectively?"

"Who are these persons?" queried Howley, blinking. "Railroad presidents?"

"Railroad presidents!" echoed Bill, with fine scorn. "No! They're Moving Picture actors."

Howley started to speak, but Bill didn't give him a chance: "You think you know statistics, Mr. Howley! Do you know that there is enough movie film used each year to go around the world eight times, with enough left over to fresco the Woolworth Building? That more than three hundred pies—custard pies—are used each month in slapstick comedies? That——"

Howley came up for air, and hurled a statistic at Bill: "There are three hundred thousand miles of steel rails in this country——"

"Pshaw!" retorted Bill. "What's that compared with three billion?"

"Three billion of what?" gasped Howley.



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"Three billion miles of paper," roared Bill, "on which movie scenarios have been written!"

"Speaking of the scarcity of paper," quickly interpolated Howley, "do you know that two hundred and thirty——"

"No!" shouted Bill, "but do *you* know that, at the rate people are writing scenarios, and letters and poetry to their favorite movie stars, there wont be any paper left in just three months and eleven days? Do you also know," he hurried on, "that five million women asked themselves last week, 'How does Marguerite Clark do it?'"

"Are these statistics true?" wondered Howley.

"Yes — only more so!" returned Bill vigorously. "I haven't started yet to tell you about the fifth greatest industry——"

"It *is* a tremendous industry, isn't it?" said Howley, beginning to be properly respectful toward Moving Pictures.

"Is it?" cried Bill. "Oh, boy, I should say so. Do you know that if I call a movie company here right now, I can take fifty outdoor scenes in five hours? That those scenes," he hurried on, as Howley started to protest, "will be shown to millions of people daily for several years, causing, it has been computed, two billion laughs, three billion tears, one hundred snorts to the month?"

Howley was weakening under Bill's eloquence—Bill could see this. Seeing movies in the guise of statistics fairly fascinated the old financier.

"Do you know, further," inquired Bill, who was getting hoarse and actually desperate, "that every minute I stand here talking to you, and not taking pictures on these grounds, costs my company five dollars? Because my leading-lady alone receives three dollars every minute she works!" Bill didn't explain that she usually worked only three hours a day.

At this Howley capitulated: "Bring them in!" he said. "It hurts me to think of so much money being lost."

When Bill's astonished but admiring company arrived in answer to his summons, they found Howley offering a cigar to Bill, reminding him that a million more cigars were being smoked this year than last. To which Bill replied that cigaret-inhaling had fallen off fifteen per cent.

Well, it was all over but the shouting—and Bill did that thru his megaphone while taking the scenes. Old Howley was geniality itself to Bill, to whom he had taken a strong liking. Bill joked and smiled with him until he forgot to take his dyspepsia tablets—and he swore he felt better without them. He insisted on Bill's using his servants as extras, and even volunteered to play the butler in the Big Scene! But Bill drew the line at that.

For the three days that they spent there, Howley treated the whole company royally, having lunch served for them every day, refreshments always at hand, etc. And when they left he was genuinely sorry, and vowed he would go to the movies every night, in order not to miss the picture with his estate in it.

"How did you do it, Bill? You're a wonder," said the ingénue, as they sped towards the New York studio.

Bill grinned: "Always seek the cosmic chord of the individual's ego," he replied, and continued, seeing her blank look: "In his case it was golf and statistics, so I played on those two chords until we were in complete harmony."

"Oh, I see," said the ingénue. "Find a person's hobby, and then jolly him on that line till you get what you want, eh?"

And perhaps that's as good as any other way of expressing Bill's secret.

Interviewing a Star Behind Bars

(*Continued from page* 48)

Glendon was suitor to the Smile. And when I journeyed out to the medieval castle of concrete which floats the Vitagraph banner, I learnt that Obdurate Earle was still directing her, this time in a play called "Miss No-Account."

After wending thru the twisting passage, up-stairs and down, thru mysterious doors marked "No Admittance," and subterranean passages that made me fancy I was in the Tower of London and might any moment plunge thru a trap-door to the dungeon of death, I arrived in Studio 5 where the Smile was domiciled. I found her home all right. It was a rather shabby, old-fashioned place, with quaint pictures in oval frames on the wall and elaborate crocheted throws over the backs of the rocking-chairs. It appeared as tho the occupants had been evicted. I inquired the whereabouts of Miss Leslie.

"She is in the cell for the afternoon," replied a brawny Cyclops shifting sets.

"In the cell!" I exclaimed. Then I was right. This *was* a castle of medieval horrors, where beautiful little girls were thrown into cells and brutally mistreated. Feeling in a gallant, heroic mood, I demanded the whereabouts of the cell, and was surprised to be told quite politely that it was in Studio 8.

I climbed over barricades of furniture and prop paraphernalia, and plunged down another long, narrow passage. At a sudden turn I beheld a Red Cross card outside a heavily paneled door.

"What does that indicate?" I asked of my guide.

"Oh, that is the room where we take the players who are injured or killed."

Immediately I fancied I heard groans from within, altho my companion claimed there was no one in the First Aid ward at that time. My suspicions were aroused more than ever, but I continued on the way. Soon we entered another vast glass enclosure. Directly before my eyes I saw a man leaning on a bayonet. His face was covered with blood, and a scar disfigured one cheek. His uniform was heavily camouflaged with mud and torn at the throat and sleeves.

"More atrocities," I muttered.

At that moment the man turned briskly and flashed a lightning smile that equaled the million-dollar one of which I have boasted. The white teeth and sparkling brown eyes actually made his face handsome despite the smears of blood, dirt and beard.

"That's Sergeant Empey," I was told. I wanted to stop long enough to ask him what the fight had been about and what the other fellow looked like, but I was hurried on thru more passages and more studios. In one I saw the lovely Alice Joyce weeping bitterly among rare porcelains, tapestries and carved furniture. In reply to my query concerning her grief, the guide tersely informed me that "Miss Joyce had just lost a lot of money."

"Do you dare tell me that the divine Alice has been in a rummy game?" I demanded irately. I was getting tired of the explanations the serf was giving me.

"Oh no, she lost it in 'The Business of Life.'"

I asked who was to blame for the outrage, and he said Robert W. Chambers, and that Miss Joyce was very, very happy playing the part. Maybe she was, but she didn't look it. I started to approach her, but some one bawled at me brutally, "Keep out of the scene or you'll get shot."

Having no desire to be shot even in the rescue of such a radiant creature as Alice Joyce, I plodded on my way in search of the encaged Smile.

At length I beheld it. But ah, how changed it was! The Smile was sobbing behind a checker-work of bars. All I could see in the gloom were golden curls and a very white face sparkling with dew tears.

"How long has Miss Leslie been in there?" I demanded.

"All afternoon," replied the serf.

"When will she be released?"

"When she has finished crying."

I rushed forward regardless of camera-shots and introduced myself to the persecuted maiden. She glanced up from her business of weeping and turned on a smile that fairly brought a rainbow in the tear-drenched atmosphere. Then she extended a very small hand thru the cage, murmuring:

"Oh, such a relief to smile again! I love to cry, but it makes me so tired. I do wish they would shoot me and have it over with."

When a pretty girl is so afflicted that she longs to be shot, she has my sympathy. Truly life is dreary when we mortals long for death. I learnt afterward that Gladys meant she wanted to be "shot" by the camera. Being shot by the camera means simply the process of passing into the land of shadows—the screen. Your flesh and soul remain behind, but your shade goes marching on. While I was thus cogitating, the young lady suddenly passed thru the iron bars as swiftly and magically as does Houdini. I knew she didn't come thru a door, because there wasn't any. And altho she is tiny, she couldn't pass between the bars.

"How did you get out?" I asked, as I beheld her standing before me.

"Thru the wall," she replied, with beautiful nonchalance. "I mean thru the side where there isn't any. It's rather hard to explain, you see, but if you will move around a little to your right, you will see that the cell has only three sides. I am rehearsing a scene for 'Miss No-Account.' Just sort of priming the tears, you know. Mr. Earle, my director, has gone in search of another camera. The one he was using didn't work properly."

"I see," I exclaimed, after weaving my way out of my perplexities. "Then it is your picture self, and not you, that is sentenced to punishment?"

The gold-ringleted head nodded brightly, as one rather chubby hand wiped the tears from an eye, thereby smudging up the yellow powder on the cheek.

"And those are genuine tears—not glycerine?"

"Yes, real tears." And then with a roguish perk of the mouth—"You see, we must economize on glycerine these days and develop our natural resources."

The tragedy of tears was fast evaporating before me, and I was glad I hadn't dashed out and called the Flatbush cops before making an inspection myself. Not that the cops would have arrived in time to save her, but I would have felt conscious-stricken to have awakened them for nothing.

"Well, this studio certainly is strong for real 'atmosphere,'" I remarked, breathing freely once more. "Even the guide seems to believe that this is the land of the real instead of the make-believe."

"The 'atmosphere' of the make-believe is much more real than the real" was Miss Leslie's paradoxical reply. "We recently wanted genuine Indian 'atmosphere' for one of my pictures, so we traveled



eight hundred miles to an Indian reservation. When we got there we found braves playing tennis, the squaws riding around in Fords and the pappooses dressed up in Buster Brown suits."

This anecdote testifies to the reality of Miss Leslie's smile. It is not affected, but is inspired by a genuine sense of humor. It sometimes is rather upsetting to her associates, particularly when she institutes a period of joyfare, and just wont stay put in any set, but dashes around like a kitten on a catnip orgy.

Recently when Edward Earle and Agnes Ayres were filming scenes of the one-reel domestic comedies in which they starred, Miss Leslie came dashing into the set wearing an attire that was betwixt-and-between that of a Swedish housemaid and Mrs. Noah of the Ark.

"My!" she exclaimed. "You people certainly have a beautiful set. You ought to see mine. It looks like something that the rats couldn't rent. Let me play with you. Wouldn't it be fun if I played your cook—or something?"

"A cook on a star's salary! Nothing doing!" cried Earle.

"No, and I'd never have a maid with a million-dollar smile serving grapenuts to my husband," broke in Miss Ayres, who plays "Sweetie" to Earle's "hubby."

Just then Director Earle arrived in search of his vagabond star. He quietly approached her, knelt down and with great care took her dimensions with a tape-measure, then scratched his head.

"You wont do," he replied gravely. "Their kitchenette is three by four and you are two by five."

"You win," exclaimed the Smile, and trotted back to her garret ready for work. Had the director assumed dictatorial methods, however, she would probably have insisted upon playing prune-bearer in the comedy, but when worsted with her owns weapons she readily acceded.

Another evidence of the Smile's autocracy is the smileage tax which she levies on every one from the colored porter to the president. She seems to have an inexhaustible supply of coupons. Indeed, some have accused her of counterfeiting, because they claim the Government couldn't turn them out fast enough for her consumption.

"I am tempted to believe you are giving aid to the enemy," remarked Webster Campbell, as he made his twentieth contribution to the smileage fund. And Webster should know, for is he not foiling spies every day in the New York State picture in which Governor Whitman appears? Webster bases his suspicion on the argument that Gladys, thru the medium of her smileage fund, will have all our troops in the movies when they should be in the front-line trenches. You probably know that the object of the smileage campaign is to provide Sammies with amusement while at rest-billets behind the lines. As Miss Leslie has two brothers "Over There," she is particularly interested in the propaganda.

But the smileage girl does not spend all her time in pranks—not by any means. I was told that she is one of the hardest workers in the studio.

Miss Leslie may smile and yet be serious. She has made a very extensive and intensive study of picture production during her short career before the camera, and she is quick to catch any false note. When her director had returned and the party adjourned to the home set, the star suddenly found a flaw in the 'script.' It seems that she was supposed to enter the place for the first time, glance around with a smile and exclaim, "Oh, aint this a nice place!"

"That will never do," declared the star, "because I have registered that expression in two other scenes, and it is about time I become a little sophisticated."

As she was about to make her entrance, she exclaimed, "Do you know the dome light isn't working? We must have more light on the scene."

The man who manipulated the illumination had not noticed that the "dome" had gone out; thus little Miss Leslie had saved several feet of film and a "retake."

When I was ready to make my departure, I said:

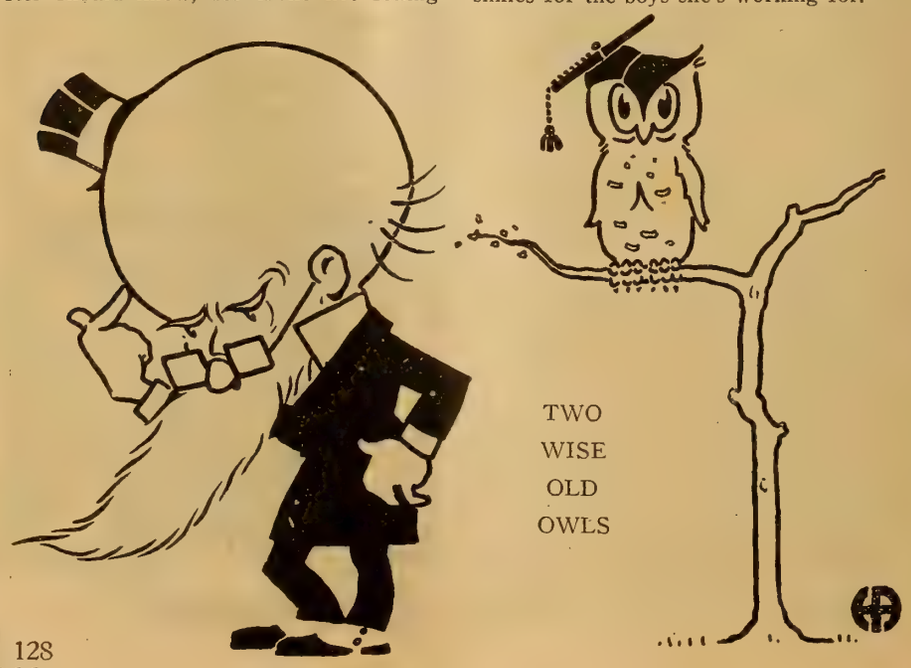
"I am going to call you the American autocrat."

"Autocrat?—American?" murmured the star, giving me only about $500,000 worth of the million-dollar smile. "There isn't any such thing as an American autocrat—unless you mean a person who makes people do the right thing in a democratic way."

"I do," I replied.

"All right," she cried, turning on the illumination full power. "Then buy a smileage book!"

And I did, and I hope that when you see that smile of the best little autocrat that ever plugged for democracy, you'll rush right out and buy a whole book of smiles for the boys she's working for.



TWO WISE OLD OWLS

PRESENCE OF MIND OF DIRECTOR REICHER SAVES EDITH STOREY FROM 600-FOOT FALL

Edith Storey, Metro star, feels that she owes her life to Frank Reicher, her director, for only Reicher's presence of mind saved her from a plunge of 600 feet from a precipice into a rocky abyss.

Miss Storey and her supporting cast in "The Claim" were on location in the mountainous region about twenty miles outside of Hollywood, Cal., where Metro has its Western studio. The scene being filmed was one of two men in a contest to the death on the verge of a dizzy cliff, and altho Miss Storey was not required to appear in it, she became absorbed in the situation and gradually edged closer and closer, without realizing how near to the verge of the precipice she was approaching.

Director Reicher also was deeply engrossed in the scene, but he had warned the two actors of their danger and had instructed one of them that he was to stop on signal three feet from the rocky rim. Before it was time for the signal, however, Miss Storey was a scant yard from the edge of the declivity, her back to the yawning chasm. Then Reicher saw her peril. He feared to shout a warning, for had Miss Storey made an involuntary backward step she would have plunged over to instant death. So, thinking quickly, he turned to her and quietly said:

"Just hold that pose, Miss Storey! Dont move a bit!"

With an actress' instinct, the star stood rooted in her tracks. Reicher advanced to her, took her hand, and then slowly led her back to a place of safety. And she wasn't told until her return to the studio how narrow had been her escape.

THE COMFORTER

By L. M. Thornton

I hadn't anything to do
With Jimmie gone to war;
I'd read the magazines all thru,
Some comfort seeking for.
But all the while I missed the lad
In training camp away,
And so, to keep from being sad,
I sought a picture play.

And would you guess I did just that,
And think of what I found—
A bunch of soldiers busy at
A Southern training ground;
A mimic battle, trenches, foe;
Thru eyes a little dim
I watched, but leaving, felt as tho
I'd had a glimpse of Jim.

Here's another of those "Hashimura Togo" postcards which has just reached the management of the Rialto Theater, New York City:

"DEAR SIR—Please excuse me to communicating you. Am one of the most admirers of movie. Of late I have a habit to collect every movie theater's program in world, and I can collect as many as I cant count. But I am very sorry that I have no program of Rialto Theater, the most opulent and most beautiful movie hall in the world, every man say. By above reason I should be much obliged if you will kindly send me one program. If you wish, I'll send you some Japanese programs.

"I remain,

"Yours sincerely,
"MASAO KATO.

"176 Chome Idamachi, Kojimachi Ku, Tokio, Japan."



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NONSPI has been in use for years—is recommended by millions of women and indorsed by leading chemists and physicians. One bottle will convince YOU that it is a friend no woman can afford to be without.

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The Nonspi Company, **2622 Walnut Street, Kansas City, Mo.**

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Yet there is one thing that will bring a smile to his face and a joy to his heart that none of these can give; that only you can give—
your photograph.

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